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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXV.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1908.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXV.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1908.

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A LITTLE QUEEN O' MAY

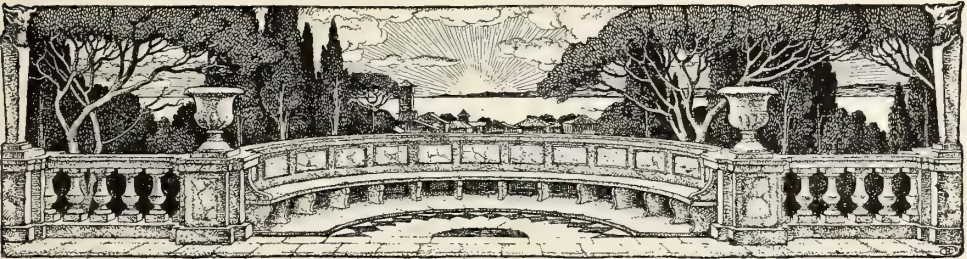
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No. 7

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THE GARDEN

BY KATE HUDSON

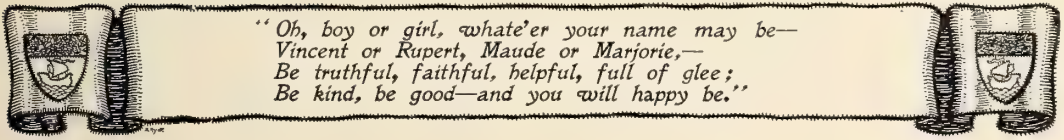
IN sun-kissed islands, leagues and leagues away,
There lies a garden bright with flowers gay,
And in the garden grows a stately tree;

Beneath the tree's green branches widely spread
And bearing flowers, white and pink and red,
An arbor stands built of carved ivory;

And in the arbor there 's a table, made
Of fragrant sandalwood and all inlaid
With rings and curlicues of ebony;

This matchless table does a casket hold
Fashioned of rubies set in ruddy gold
And fastened with a diamond-studded key;

And if you turn the key, and open wide
The golden casket, you will find inside
A parchment scroll, on which these words you 'll see:



*“ Oh, boy or girl, whate'er your name may be—
Vincent or Rupert, Maude or Marjorie,—
Be truthful, faithful, helpful, full of glee;
Be kind, be good—and you will happy be.”*

THE YOUNG NETTERS

BY GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS

"MR. HARDY! Mr. Hardy!"

A boy sprang into the narrow street, and vigorously waved his cap at an approaching motorist.

The car came to a stop beside him, and the driver called cheerily: "How are you Billie-boy! Anything special?"

"Yes, sir," came the quick answer. "Meeting you has saved me the ten-mile tramp to your house and back, for father wanted me to go over and tell you about the three hundred dollars he owes you."

"What about it?" the words were crisp and sharp, while the features of the speaker became stern and cold.

"He says," the boy continued manfully, "that on the first of last month when he could n't pay you anything, he promised *double* payment this month, but—"

"But he cannot, eh?" interrupted the motorist, somewhat icily. "Well, then, how much *has* he for me?"

"Nothing, sir," was the quiet answer. "And the fact is, Mr. Hardy, he is almost completely discouraged. He counted on the early mackerel, you know, sir. He fitted out the sloop and started south with the seiners and other netters, but from Hatteras to Cape May not a school of fish was sighted by any of them. Three quarters of them never even wet a line, sir, so finally they all returned home in disgust. They claim it the most disastrous trip for—"

"Yes, yes, I've heard all that, Billie," broke in Mr. Hardy hurriedly. "Where is your father now?"

"He had n't the money to refit the sloop," the boy answered readily, "so he is going as seine-bearer for Ted Bigelow on the *Marion C.* The whole fleet is refitting with a rush, and will start away this very afternoon—headed this time for the Nova Scotia coast."

"On the strength of some newspaper report probably!"

"No, sir, not that. Two haddockers came in and each reported seeing two of the Gloucester fleet racing from off that way, to be first to the New York market with their catches. One had twenty barrels, the—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," Mr. Hardy again interrupted. All tomfoolery, all tomfoolery, every bit of it! That's my idea! I'm a lawyer, and not a fisherman, Billie, but I venture to say that

what the fleet will go chasing after two hundred miles away are right here at our own back door. That's my idea! They've been scared offshore down there in those southern waters, I take it, and no doubt the set toward the New England coast began a week or more ago, so that for somebody hereabouts large catches will be the order of things. That's my idea.

"Now, then—about that money. I've always liked you, Billie-boy, and in order that your father might keep you at school I loaned the money to him to buy the sloop after he'd lost his schooner on the Grand Banks, but frankly I'm tired of his dilly-dallying methods. The trouble is he's lost his grip; the tide of adversity is sweeping him off his feet and he has n't taken an overgrasp so that he can hang on and eventually win out. What I say is this: no matter how dark things look don't lose your grip. Hang on to the situation and something will surely happen; that's my idea!

"Now about the *Nettie Ann*; there's another party after the sloop, Billie, and I am carrying to your father a notice to the effect that he must live up to the conditions of the sale and pay me the money long overdue at or before noon tomorrow or lose the craft. You understand? At high noon to-morrow, I get my money or take the sloop! I intend to deliver my notice in person. Would you like to ride along with me?"

"No, I'm not going home just yet," the boy answered slowly, as he stepped back upon the plank walk again, and as one bewildered gazed after the blue car now rapidly disappearing.

"Hello, Billie!" sounded a voice just behind him. "I'm dead sorry—honest!"

Willie Mitchell wheeled sharply. At his right stood a bright, sturdy lad, his dark clear eyes flashing angrily while his deep tanned face bespoke the sympathy he had voiced.

"Hulloh, Bob—you here?" Billie said confusedly.

"Yes, I came along just in time to hear those last words. I was headed for your house. I'm all alone; mother's gone down to Wellfleet for a day or so, and dad is scudding around Long Point, the first of the fleet to get away, too." Bob said this rather proudly, adding: "Have you heard the news, Billie?"

"What news?"

"A lot of Harvard chaps came in on the morning train. I believe they call themselves the His-

tology class, whatever that is. Anyway, they've jogged out the State highway intending to take the back shore at Race Point. The talk is that some big-wig at the college has offered cash prizes for odd things in animal and plant life, so the class came here on their spring vacation."

Billie was not yet wholly recovered from his discomfiture at the lawyer's parting words. He listened as one but little interested, yet murmured disdainfully, "Hah, what plant or animal life is there on the dunes, or on our back shore?"

"Oh, they'll find things all right," Bob declared with energy. "It's a walking laboratory, Billie. Microscopic and a lot more things we chaps down here would n't know how to handle, or want to know perhaps, but that's not what I'm driving at. George Corea met them and he says it's fine—they're out for fun, all of them, and there's high jinks every minute—pranks on each other—college yells and songs, and—but I say, Billie, let's trudge over to Race Point and see the show ourselves. Will you?"

Billie seemed lost to the words as he gazed afar out over the placid waters of the beautiful harbor. Suddenly, however, he roused himself. "I can't, Bob—that's a fact! I've heard all you said, but all the while I've been thinking of what Mr. Hardy said to me just now. He said while the fleet was chasing some two hundred miles after them, he believed the fish were right here at our back door. I've got an idea, Bob, it's this: Josh Hardy is a mighty shrewd man. He's what they call a close observer. He is n't a fisherman, as he says, but his fathers before him were, and no doubt he knows a lot more about the business than he lets on. Anyway, I'm going to act on his suggestion. I'm going out to the grounds in the *Nettie Ann*! Father's away now and it's up to me to save the sloop. Yes," he repeated determinedly, "I'll save the sloop! I'll do it now, too!"

"Alone?" queried Bob in wonderment.

"No! Not if you'll come with me! Will you? Dare you? *Dare you?*"

Billie was intensely excited and his keen eyes searchingly scanned the face of the boy before him.

Billie was a tall, husky lad; every ounce of his well-knit frame seemed to be bone or muscle. In school athletics he was a tower of strength alike on diamond and gridiron, and therefore was a general favorite among the boys.

Two years his junior, considerably shorter in stature, yet none the less sturdy, was Rob Taylor. Both were Provincetown boys. Provincetown is essentially a fishing town, about half a dozen fisheries contributing to its maintenance,

and so each had been born and reared in the exciting atmosphere of sea-going life.

Bob was quick to answer Billie's question. In a quiet businesslike way he said, "I'm your man, Billie. When shall we start?"

"Right now, Bob! You go down to the wharf, will you, and get the oars and all the truck out of the shed and into the dory. I'll skip home for the food part of it and the toggery and to mention to that little mother of mine that I'm going out with you for the night. Lively, Bob, for we've got to be on the grounds within three hours, sure, that's sunset."

"TOGETHER, Bob, up goes this jib! Now, then, a-hoy! Up she goes. Sway away! Sway! *There*, that's done—and all right too—*good!* Now, up comes the anchor! Bob, old man, we'll have both hands full now! No, sirree, I'm blessed if it is n't the light bower! Hurrah for my dad! Come on, Bob. Up she comes—and then away we go!"

The mackerel season, that spring was a dire failure, and, while there was little prospect for a very large catch, unless "down Nova Scotia way" and too far for the boys, yet a moderate success of seining so near to Boston would be profitable. A short run to the city and the fish would bring a high price as *fresh* fish.

"Just think of it, Bob," said Billie, "if they average only twenty-five cents a piece we will only have to catch twelve hundred to make three hundred dollars!"

By the time they arrived at the place they hoped would prove good fishing-grounds it was quite dusk. They threw a buoy overboard, and, bringing the dory close up, tumbled into it, and pulled away into the gathering darkness.

No easy task that was before them.

Picking up the buoy they rowed for some distance and then after placing a lighted lantern at the top of a short pole which passes through it, they brought forward and securely fastened to the buoy the first end of the first of a long connected line of nets, each eighty yards in length, and tied end to end. The top, or cork rope of these nets floats, while the bottom or foot rope, between which are eighty meshes, sinks to a depth of eighty-four inches.

The sloop's bulky form offered a surface upon which wind and current pushed and pulled and tug, tug, tug, the *Nettie Ann* steadily drifted backward not alone keeping the line of netting straight and untangled, but forcing Billie to work as only one can backed by a stout heart and willing spirit.

Night came on—and utter darkness. But they

lost no time in pulling up the nets that were set first and taking out the mackerel caught by their gills in the meshes. After emptying one net they would drop it back in the water and proceed to the next one; and so on to the end of the row of nets and then back to the beginning, the buoy of the first net being marked by a lantern. The luck was poor—only about a hundred having been landed by this laborious process. They had to work quickly for the dog-sharks were thick, and made short work of the imprisoned mackerel.

Billie and Bob had taken turns. First Billie would row out the dory and draw the nets, then they would change places. About one o'clock, as they had reached the last net Billie felt a decided resistance to his first cautious pull; then he pulled harder and the net did not yield.

"I wonder what the mischief I've got this time, Bob," he called to his companion back in the sloop. "I can't budge the net!" He knew, however, he was too far off to be heard.

He leaned over as far as he dared and drew cautiously on the foot-rope. Instantly the great stretch of moonlit water about him yielded to a disk of luminosity that was churned out from the center of the net which shook and thrashed violently about while the little dory was like a cork upon a raging sea. At the same moment he saw two widely opened jaws which disclosed rows of wicked-looking teeth. A half beast, half fish-like monster head with great glassy eyes became silhouetted against the background of phosphorescent water.

Billie Mitchell was horrified! A wild terror seized him and he was about to let go the rope when there flashed upon him the words uttered by his lawyer friend but a few hours before: "No matter how dark things look, don't lose your grip. Hang on to the situation and something will surely happen." The words rang in his ears. "Hang on! Hang on!"

"I will hang on," the boy exclaimed determinedly. "I'm up against something awful, that's certain, but I'll hang on!"

Seemingly the creature had previously exhausted its strength in its maddened efforts to break away from the weak but yielding meshes that hampered its movements, for the violent lashing soon ceased, fortunately for Billie, as his well-laden dory was far from being on an even keel, and might have overturned and left him at the mercy of the strange, unknown monster.

"This net cost father eighty dollars. I've got to save as much of it as I can," Billie said firmly, and securing the portion of the slack in his possession by placing it against the gunwale and bearing his knees heavily upon it, he again leaned

over, and drew in, slowly, carefully, a long, hard, even pull, and again came the frenzied struggle of the entangled monster.

"If I lose—you win," Billie muttered determinedly. "The whole net will be ruined, too, and the catch lost. I'll try again. Perhaps you are strangling yourself, though, you old critter; yes, I guess that's exactly what's happening. Now I can see that the cork rope is wound about those big forward fins, and the more you fight, the more tangled up you get. Yes, I'll hang on!"

Again he secured another promising portion of the eighty yards of netting and again were the waters churned, and so the fight went on, and again and again was it on, and the long hours of the night rolled away. In the far eastern sky was a streak of gray; day was dawning!

"Ahoy there, Billie! Ahoy!" shouted a voice from—somewhere.

Billie recognized the voice of the lawyer, and looked up from the net.

A launch was bearing down upon him, and the next moment was amidship starboard.

"This is Professor Higgins, Billie," called Mr. Hardy cheerfully, "an old college friend of mine. He's down on the Cape with some of his class, as no doubt you heard yesterday. We've been having a night of it, fishing off here in the good old way, hand lining, they call it. I took twenty-six to his twenty, all good small mackerel too, but what's wrong here, anyhow? We boarded the *Nettie Ann* just now, and had a chat with the youngster. He's half wild at your non-appearance. What's the trouble?"

"Go around on the port side," Billie said quietly. "Keep at least ten feet astern or something might happen." Then to make something happen he pulled in hard on the rope and there followed a mighty upheaval of the waters.

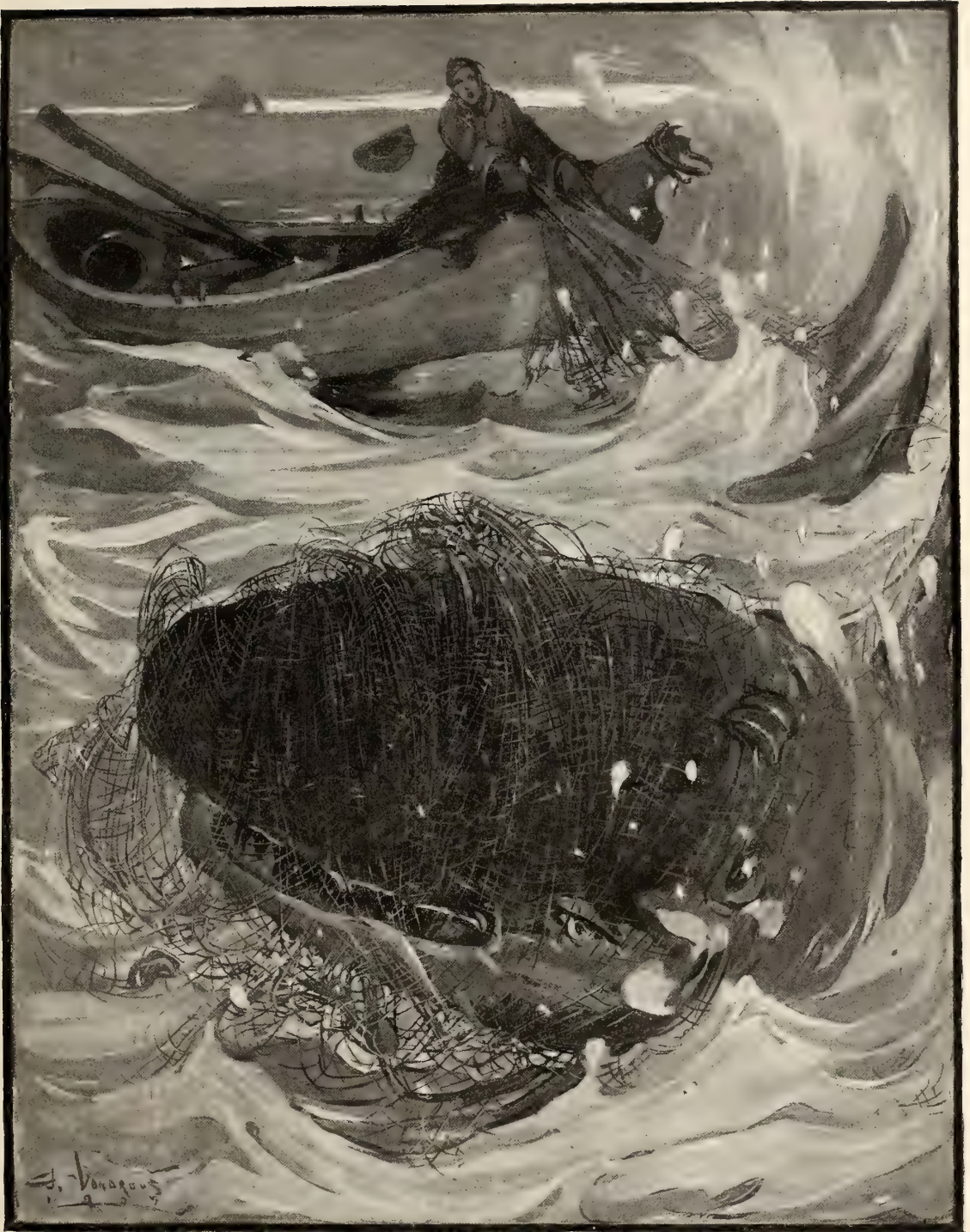
The professor stood up aghast until the struggles ceased, then he gazed into the sea and the next moment was prancing about like a mad man.

"Oh! Oh! Hardy, Hardy! Look, will you. Look! The pirate of the ocean! Nothing beneath the waters can withstand it! Fish of every description flee before it as do the animals of the jungle before the jaguar! It's a king killer-whale! Oh, what a rare specimen it is! Twenty feet in length at least! Boy, how much will you take for it?" he called eagerly.

"Three hundred dollars," Billie hazarded the amount of his parent's indebtedness, being naturally the first figure to come into his mind.

"Then it is mine!" the professor fairly shouted. "Mine, mine! I shall myself mount it, and what an addition it will be to my labora—"

"Hold on, professor, it is n't yours yet," the



"I WILL HANG ON," THE BOY EXCLAIMED DETERMINEDLY."

lawyer broke in quietly. "You 've got to make fast to it first. Run alongside again, will you, so I can get into that dory with my young friend; then you go back to the *Nettie Ann* and get whatever tackle you think you will need."

The excited professor was already again amidship and as his companion stepped into the dory, he speeded away the launch at a terrific pace.

Going forward, Mr. Hardy leaned over the boy's shoulder and said kindly, "What a night you 've had of it, Billie, but your work is almost over, this king of the sea is all but exhausted now, I take it! This all proves you possess one excellent trait in your make-up. Do you know what I mean?"

"No, sir, what?" Billie mumbled from between set teeth, for his heart was a bit bitter toward this man, for was n't he going to take away the sloop from his father? How could he but be bitter?

Unheeding his tone the lawyer answered gently: "Perseverance! You are not the boy to lose your grip. Beyond question you have got a good fare, Billie. Yes, I think it will prove a fine haul, and when the professor secures this monster, we

will both help you draw in the nets. If I mistake not, a good, fresh easterly will come up with the sun, and with that behind her all the way, the *Nettie Ann* will get to Boston in less than no time."

"Did you see my father?" the boy ventured to ask, his lips quivering, despite his efforts to be brave.

"No, I did not," Mr. Hardy answered quietly, and, taking an envelop from an overcoat pocket, he continued: "See, Billie, bear witness that I tear up the notice and cast away the pieces! I have changed my mind about the disposal of the sloop, and before noon to-day I shall deed it over to you in your own name."

"Mine? My own?" Billie cried in joyous astonishment.

"Yes, your own," Mr. Hardy said cordially. "I admire pluck, my boy. You have had here something to test your nerve and perseverance, and you have won! All the world loves a hero. Yes, Billie, the *N. A.* is your own property. You 've earned it, well earned it. You 've caught a big catch this time, and here comes the professor. Good luck to you, Billie!"



"ADVENTUROUS YOUNGSTERS
BEG TO BE LOWERED WITH
THE EMPTY BASKET."

A VILLAGE IN THE TREE-TOPS

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

So far as I know—and I have traveled the world over—there is but one place in civilization where a whole village is built high up in big forest trees. Of course, in savage lands, especially in cannibal New Guinea, tree-houses are common enough, and so are dwellings propped on stilts out in the shallow seas. But then the occupants are always terrified lest fierce raiders come

to burn and kill and kidnap; and while in their tree-top huts or sea-propped homes they feel themselves secure and in a position to espy the stranger from afar, and accost him from a safe distance.

Vastly different, however, is the charming village of Robinson near Paris. You may call it the Coney Island of the French metropolis; but there is no noise, no vulgarity, nothing but a quiet appreciation of lovely scenery, and a wholesome resolve to spend a few hours in novel surroundings, away from the fret and turmoil of a vast city. Robinson was "invented" by Jacques Guesquin, a humble *rentier*, a man who had made a little fortune in Paris, and then retired into the suburb to "plant his cabbages," as the French say, alluding to their ideal of the country life.

But that was sixty years ago. Monsieur Guesquin cast about for a likely site for his retirement, and hit at last upon the vicinity of Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses, only seven miles from the

city. A lovely spot. The quiet lane was hedged with wild rose, and ran along the shoulder of the hill, flanked by immemorial elms and immense chestnuts, survivals of the great forest that once encircled all Paris.

Here old Guesquin built a cottage, but soon



A TYPICAL TREE-HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

found he must occupy his mind with other things besides planting cabbages. For his had been an active life. He therefore decided to open a little store, and thus keep his slender capital from diminishing too quickly. He wondered why the weary brain-workers of the city close by had never found out this retreat. He presently bought another plot of land, higher up the lane, and there built a second cottage—why, he hardly knew himself; he was even wiser than he knew.

“Some one may come,” he thought vaguely. Then he had a fine idea. He began to nail massive beams to the mighty limbs of an elm on his tiny estate, and on this novel platform he built a summer-house, reached by a staircase within the hollowed trunk. This afforded the old fellow a

delightful panorama of the lovely valley of the Seine, as he sat and smoked his pipe on a summer’s eve, looking down upon the city where he, too, had so recently borne the heat and burden of the day.

One morning some young students from the great Sorbonne University found Guesquin on his perch, and with merry laughter insisted on joining him, even at the risk of perilous overcrowding, such as might well have resulted in a tumble into the wild-rose brambles, thirty feet below. These lively college boys were in truth the making of this novel resort.

“What shall we call it?” they wondered. And immediately the utter loneliness and the lofty lookout in the tree suggested Defoe’s immortal hero. “Let’s dub it ‘Robinson’!” cried one, in a flash of inspiration. With that the lads ran away to spread the fame of the charming spot.

Soon there was not a tree within a mile or so of Guesquin’s that had not a restaurant or pleasure pavilion clasped within its leafy bosom. All Paris was delighted with the notion, and the country roads were fairly

lined with “explorers,” all seeking the now familiar effigy of Robinson Crusoe at the entrance to the novel village.

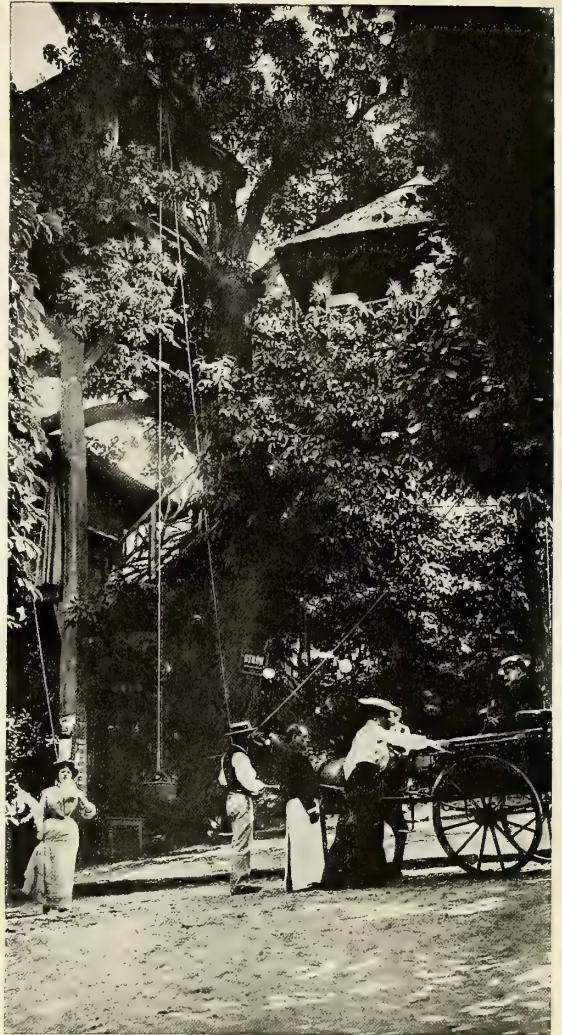
Shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, donkeys and ponies were added to Robinson’s attractions. The place is now the great resort of middle-class families, especially on a Sunday afternoon. During the week there is a constant succession of wedding parties, especially of the working-classes.

These good folk have a merry time. They go

for pony rides, take walks in the woods, besiege the swings, have their portraits taken under the forest trees, and finally tramp up the creaking stairways that lead to the restaurants in the air. Of these there are entire streets, and the service is arranged by ropes and pulleys from the kitchens below.

You can imagine nothing more restful than a quiet luncheon thirty or forty feet up among the foliage, whose gaps frame such charming pictures of the smiling valley of the Seine, with the far-distant towers of venerable Notre Dame, and the slender outlines of the Eiffel Tower. The rough plank dining-tables in the tree-tops are covered with dainty napery and shining silver; and vast is the delight of the boys and girls of the party every time the head waiter's basket is raised by rope and pulley, and lifted eagerly over the parapet of the tree-house. A lucky package indeed, full of savory dishes, delicious pastry and iced drinks; its advent is greeted with shouts of laughter and much clapping of hands.

Adventurous youngsters beg to be lowered with the empty basket; so that a common sight as one strolls beneath the mighty trees is some little fellow apparently descending from the sky in a basket swinging giddily at the end of a cable, and anxiously watched by the benevolent host below, who has all kinds of surprises in store for his young guests, as befits a true inmate of Robinson Crusoe's own village.



A PARTY OF ARRIVALS AT THE TREE-TOP RESTAURANT.

After luncheon the merrymakers descend to earth once more for a walk in the woods or a donkey ride, retiring later on to the tree-tops. Here dinner is served at about seven, and the giant boughs lit up with fairy lamps, just as the purple dusk descends upon the far-stretching valley. The children amuse themselves with fireworks, and the good-natured waiters haul the bolder spirits among the little ones up and down with the pulley gear.

Before nine, however, the aërial village is deserted, or rather given over to the birds, who look forward to a rich harvest of crumbs. And then father and mother, boys and girls, take their seats, in the big char-à-banc, and drive slowly off down the sweet country lanes toward the mighty city of Paris now a blaze of twinkling lights.



A WAITER SENDING UP THE LUNCHEON.

THE ADMIRAL'S LAST VOYAGE

(Columbus at Valladolid, May 20, 1506)

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

I AM that Christopher that knew no rest,
Urged by one thought, one faith, one hope to
be;

Christ-bearer? Aye! I bore Him to the West,
Beyond the Unknown Sea.

There was a day the cannons of the fort
Echoed the shouting and the loud acclaim,
When the long walls of Palos and the Port
Resounded with my name.

That was the day the vision of my youth
I saw acknowledged among actual things.
What says the Scripture? "He who speaks the
truth
Shall gain the love of kings."

I spoke the truth; I proved it; that great Queen
I justified. She praised me. What remains?
The memory of darkness that hath been,
And bitterness, and chains.

Those lonely days,—ye came not to me then.
Who so deserted, so distressed as I?
Ye sought me not, yet now, good gentlemen,
Ye come to see me die.

I found a world! As though one grasped a star,
Presumptuous, to gather only pain!

Ah, well! Salute, before he sails afar,
The Admiral of Spain.

My fair new land shall yield you spice and silk,
Pearl of the sea, and treasure of the mine;
A goodly land, of honey and of milk,
Aye, and of oil and wine.

Men of my race and yours shall call it home,
Remembering me, and this shall be my fame,
That little children there in years to come
Shall reverence my name.

The waves are high before my vessel's prow;
Once more I go to seek a land unknown,
The Lord of earth and ocean grants me now
This one last voyage alone.

My bed is drifting like a bark at sea;
Look you, where yonder two white angels
stand,
The land birds of the Lord, to prove to me
The shore is nigh at hand.

This world's an island. Nought we have to leave,
Who thought ourselves so rich while we did
live.—

"Into thy hands, O Lord!" Thou wilt receive
The spirit Thou didst give!



"THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS"

(From the bronze doors of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington—designed by Randolph Rogers)



KATRINA

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN

KATRINA came to our school,—
Her seat is next to mine,—
She used to live in Germany,
Beside the river Rhine.

Her cheeks are pink as cherry blooms,
Her lips ten times as red;
But none of us could understand
A word Katrina said.

Her eyes are like my best big doll's,
Her hair is just the same;
I'm sure I never *could* pronounce
Her father's funny name.

She's such a different kind of girl
And from so far away
You'd think she would feel sad and strange
And lonely all the day.





She fixes our hair ribbons straight
 She pins us when we tear.

But no! Katrina always smiles;
 She's made us all her friends,—
 When anybody's pencil breaks
 Her own she always lends.

She fixes our hair ribbons straight,
 She pins us when we tear.
 I never saw a little girl
 So useful everywhere.

She always comes to school on time;
 Her desk is just as neat!
 I'm sure I'm twice as careful
 Since Katrina shares my seat.

It makes me have some new, new thoughts,—
 Some kindlier thoughts!—to know
 That, though I cannot speak to her,
 I love Katrina so.



HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER IX

THE LICENSED POET

THE group about the camp stared in open-mouthed amazement, while Snip barked hysterically and the stranger having completed his bow, returned their regard with merry, twinkling eyes.

He was rather small in stature and slight of build, with a round, much freckled face, an extremely stubbed nose, a wide mouth, a pair of intensely blue eyes and, crowning all, a thin crop of the most violently red hair that you can conceive of, red hair of that peculiar shade which usually wins for the possessor the nickname of "Carrots." In age he appeared to be somewhere—most anywhere, in fact—between thirty and thirty-five years.

But it was neither face nor figure which excited the wonder and amusement of the campers, but the attire. To begin at the ground and work upward, there was, first of all, a pair of low tan shoes; then came a pair of striped stockings; then, strange to relate, a pair of voluminous white trousers which hung about the wearer like the folds of a deflated balloon and reached down one leg almost to the ankle and on the other scarcely below the knee. They were decorated in the queerest way, too, for on the side of one leg was a disk of red, and on the other a black star. Above the trousers was what seemed to be a brief space of red flannel, and surmounting this was a light blue Zouave jacket, much faded and stained, trimmed with a deal of tarnished silver braid and many silver buttons. Above this was a high collar and a black dress tie, and as a finishing touch to the incongruous apparel he held in his hand a high silk hat upon which the level rays of the sun scintillated dazzlingly. Roy was the first one to find his voice.

"H-how do you do?" he stammered. But Dick's amazement got the better of his manners, and—

"Who the dickens are you?" he blurted.

The stranger's broad, smiling mouth drew itself into lines of decorum and, with the silk hat held at his breast, he advanced toward them with measured and dignified tread. At three yards' distance he stopped, drew himself up with his right knee bent until only the toe touched the ground, thrust his left hand into a pocket of his huge trousers and pulled them out for half a yard on that side, stretched the silk hat straight

before him, crown down, at arm's length, threw back his head, and—

"Lady and gentlemen!" he announced grandiloquently. "I have the honor to introduce to your attention the world-famed Signor Billinuni, late of the Royal Hippodrome, Vienna!"

Harry gasped, Snip redoubled his barking and the others stared in amazed and admiring awe. There was a moment of silence, save for the frantic voice of the indomitable Snip. Then—

"It 's Seth Billings!" cried Chub.

"It 's 'W. N.!' " murmured Roy.

"It 's the poet!" exclaimed Harry.

"More familiarly known," laughed the man, abandoning his pose and extravagant manner, "as Billy Noon, at your service."

"Oh!" cried Harry, scrambling somewhat confusedly to her feet. "You—you've come to supper, have n't you? Won't you—won't you be seated?"

"After you, my dear young lady," answered Mr. Noon gallantly.

"We thought you were n't coming," said Chub. "We were just sending Dick over on a relief expedition with some clothes. What happened? Did you get wet?"

The guest had laid aside his tall silk hat and seated himself on the bench at Harry's side. At Chub's question his smiling face instantly took on an expression of thoughtful gravity.

"Have you ever," he asked Chub, "been immersed in the Hudson River with your clothes on?"

Chub assured him that he never had, feeling rather apologetic about it. Mr. Noon sighed.

"Then you don't know what it is to be thoroughly wet. I was so wet that after I had removed my apparel I was obliged to go in bathing to get dry."

Harry gasped and looked puzzledly at Mr. Noon's sober countenance until Chub and Dick and Roy burst out laughing. Then Mr. Noon laughed also, and Snip, who had been nosing nearer and nearer, took courage to sniff at the new-comer and, recognizing an acquaintance, to strive frantically to lick his face.

"Hello, 'K 9,'" said the guest of honor, patting Snip, "did you deliver that note I gave you?"

"Yes, he did," answered Harry. "And we were so surprised, because Snip does n't like strangers usually."

"I never have any trouble making friends with



"'I HAVE THE HONOR TO INTRODUCE THE WORLD-FAMED SIGNOR BILLINUNI.'"

dogs," said Mr. Noon. "And that 's a lucky thing for me, because in my present pursuit I meet all kinds of dogs, and if I did n't get on with them pretty well I would n't do much business."

"Oh, are you a dog doc—I mean a veterinary surgeon?" asked Harry interestedly. But the other shook his head.

"I have been a good many things," he said, "but I have n't tried that yet. It's a good idea, though," he added thoughtfully, "a very good idea. I'll keep it in mind."

Dick, assisted by Roy, had been transferring the delayed supper back on to the "table," and now all was in readiness for a new start. Mr. Noon sniffed the aroma of ham and potatoes and tea with frank appreciation. Then he sighed comfortably.

"Well, I'm glad I decided to waive the conventions and accept your kind invitation," he remarked as he accepted his helping. "You see, as soon as I sent that note I regretted it. I said to myself: 'Billy, you've made a mistake. You've missed a good meal because of over-sensitiveness. These kind friends don't care what sort of clothes you wear. Forget your pride.' So I overhauled my wardrobe and found—these." He looked down at the blue jacket and the flowing white pantaloons and sighed. "They are all I have left to remind me of my former glory. Faded but dear to my heart," he sighed, "as the scenes of my childhood."

Whereupon Harry looked very sympathetic. "Well, it's a mighty nobby coat," said Chub cheerfully, between mouthfuls. "Were you in the army?"

Mr. Noon shook his head and chuckled.

"No," he answered. "These garments were worn by me when I traveled with Northcott's Great United Shows. I was Signor Billinuni, the celebrated European Clown. That explains the pantaloons. The coat I wore in the parades. I played the trombone in the band." He sighed again. "Those were indeed glorious days!"

"A circus clown!" cried Chub. "Say, that 's

bully. I've always wanted to meet a real clown!" And the others murmured assent; all save Harry, whose face fell.

"I thought you were a poet," she faltered.



"'IF YOU START WITHOUT UNHITCHING,' SAID CHUB, 'YOU 'LL TOW THE WHARF OFF!'"

Mr. Noon turned to her and smiled apologetically.

"I have been a great many things," he said, "but I can't truthfully claim the poet's mantle. I own to a certain ability in the felicitous rhyming of words, but nothing more, nothing more." He waved his fork on which a slice of fried potato was impaled and smiled modestly about the circle.

"But I think your verses are perfectly lovely!" cried Harry.

"You are too kind," he murmured with a bow. "Which reminds me that I owe an apology, never

rightly expressed, for the liberty I took with your commissariat." They all looked rather blank; all except Dick. "I had arrived on this island but an hour before and the problem of supper was occupying a great deal of thought. To be frank, I had in my pantry a little coffee, a fried egg left over from dinner and—and a can of mushrooms, I may better say *the* can of mushrooms."

"Mushrooms!" repeated Roy curiously.

"Yes. You see, I happen to be inordinately fond of mushrooms. In an extravagant moment I purchased a can of them; they cost me sixty cents. Naturally, they can only be opened on some occasion of special importance, an occasion which has not yet transpired. So, to all practical purposes, the can of mushrooms was non-existent. Well, considering the problem confronting me, I took a walk about my new domain and stumbled on your camp. It was empty. 'Providence,' thought I, 'has befriended me. I will investigate.' I assure you, young gentlemen—and young lady—that I took no liberties beyond what you know of. Said I, 'I will take of their plenty, paying as I can, now in a verse and later, maybe, in something more practical.' So I took half a loaf of bread and perhaps half a pound of butter, the whole valued at about eighteen cents, let us say. In return I left two verses worth, at market rates, about two dollars. My conscience was at rest and my stomach at peace."

"Why," exclaimed Harry, "then we owe you a dollar and seventy-two cents!"

"Eighty-two," corrected Roy. But the Licensed Poet raised his left hand, which at that moment happened not to be busy, in a gesture of disavowal.

"The market price, dear young lady," he said, "is not my price. My price for the verses was about eighteen cents."

"Oh!" murmured Harry, a little mystified.

"Thanks for the fish," said Dick. "They were fine."

"You are very welcome. I was so fortunate as to catch eight that morning."

"Here on the island?" asked Chub interestedly.

"No, some distance up the river, near where a small stream enters."

"I know the place," said Chub eagerly. "We must try it some time, fellows."

"Then you have a boat?" said Roy.

"Yes," answered the Poet. "The *Minerva*. She is neither large nor beautiful, but she does very well. I bought her for four dollars and a half, throwing in a set of dentist's instruments. The instruments originally cost nearly twenty dollars, but they were no longer in their first bloom."

"Are you a dentist, too?" asked Harry, shrinking a little away from him.

"I was a dentist for a brief space," was the reply. "But I never had any heart for the profession. I am by nature, though I say it myself, very gentle. If I had my way there 'd be no pain in the world. Naturally, extracting teeth was not an agreeable task; I believe that in most cases I suffered more agony than the patient. Would it be a breach of manners to ask for another small piece of the ham?"

"No, indeed," declared Dick, replenishing the guest's plate. Although he had been talking almost constantly since sitting down, the Poet had managed to do full justice to the viands. Harry was at first pained to observe that his table manners did not match his speech; he relied rather too much on his knife, for one thing, while there was also a marked tendency to fill the mouth somewhat too full and to talk while it was in that condition. But presently Harry recollected that the poets of whom she had read had all been notably eccentric and, in some cases, even more disregarding of the social niceties than Mr. Noon.

"Are you going to be here long?" asked Roy when the visitor's wants had been attended to.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "It is a convenient spot and very attractive and peaceful. I love peace and Nature. I have led rather a busy life heretofore, and now to sleep under the trees when I want to, to lie on my back in the sunlight, to watch the water ripple past the boat—these are delights for which my soul has long yearned."

Harry breathed a sigh of ecstasy and forgot then and there that the Poet had ever been a dentist.

"Then you 're just camping out?" asked Dick curiously.

Mr. Noon waved a slice of bread airily and smiled gently across the twilight water.

"I am combining business with pleasure, sir. After the day's work is over I am the owner of the yacht *Minerva*, taking a pleasure cruise down the Hudson River. During the day I am an agent for the enlightenment of mankind and more especially for Billings's 'Wonders of the Deep.'"

"You 're a book agent!" exclaimed Dick.

Mr. Noon bowed.

"Right the first time! Although I prefer the word canvasser. I am selling sets of Billings's great work, I may say his masterpiece—"

"Seth Billings!" cried Chub.

"On the contrary, I believe his given name is Horace," replied Mr. Noon. Whereupon they explained about the words found on the back of the slip of paper and their interpretation of

them. Mr. Noon found this interesting and amusing, but not enough so to divert his attention from the supper. Harry pressed preserves and cake on him and he politely helped himself.

"It must be hard work," said Roy. "Selling books, I mean."

"All work is hard if you make it so," was the reply. "In the same way the hardest work may be easy if you enjoy it. I enjoy selling books. To be a successful book agent one must be a general. Every engagement requires special study. The prospective customer is the enemy to be surrounded and captured. Your ammunition is address, tact, patience, the ability to read character and the power of presenting your wares attractively." Mr. Noon took a third helping of preserve and cake and warmed to his subject. "To sell a set of books to some one who wants them is nothing; it brings no warmth to the heart. To sell a set of books to some one who needs them but does n't want to buy them is worth while but still lacks the highest artistic touch. But to sell those books to a person who does n't need them, does n't want them, and will never use them—that is an accomplishment!"

"I should think so!" muttered Roy admiringly.

"Yes," resumed Mr. Noon, smiling reminiscently, "yes. One of the most artistic sales I ever made was a set of Somebody's 'Animal Kingdom'; six volumes, half morocco, profusely illustrated by the world's foremost artists, to a gentleman who at first protested that he did n't want them. I pictured those books to him so graphically, so attractively, that he found he could n't be happy without them."

"But that does n't seem to me to be quite—quite fair," said Roy. "It was a good deal like—like cheating."

"Roy!" murmured Harry distressedly. But Mr. Noon only smiled gently as he gazed over the empty plates.

"No, indeed," he replied, "the books were good; they deserved all that I said of them; the gentleman was quite able to afford the books; and the possession of them made him happier than he had been before. We should always keep in mind the Final Good."

Roy looked perplexed but not convinced.

"Only this afternoon," continued Mr. Noon, leaning comfortably back on one elbow, "I made a creditable sale and at the same time met a most agreeable gentleman. This afternoon was one of the bright spots in the life of a canvasser. I waited on a Doctor Emery who keeps the school over here, and—"

"Why, that 's my father!" cried Harry.

"Yes, so I learned," replied Mr. Noon easily.

"In fact, I introduced you, my dear young lady, as an entering wedge, so to speak. I mentioned that we were, in a manner, occasional guests at the same summer resort—"

"But you 'd never seen me!"

"Pardon me, but I had seen you several times. One morning I passed you on the river in my boat. Once or twice I have seen you here at this camp when I have been out looking for wood or communing with Nature."

"Oh," said Harry. "And did you sell papa a set of—of—"

"Billings, yes. He preferred the buckram binding. We had a very pleasant chat, besides. A most interesting gentleman, I found him."

The Licensed Poet arose. It was almost dark.

"And now," he said, "having spent a busy day after an early arising I find that mind and body yearn for repose. You will pardon me if I take my departure early? I have enjoyed your hospitality greatly, appreciating both the kindness which prompted its offer and the excellent repast provided. I only regret that I am unable to return it. Some day I shall hope to do so, but at present I am so situated that—"

"That 's all right," interrupted Chub. "We were mighty glad to have you, and we 've enjoyed meeting you. If you 're round here for awhile I hope you 'll come again."

"Thank you," responded the Poet earnestly. "And perhaps, although I cannot entertain you at my board, you will call some time and view my humble abode."

"Sure," said Dick. "We 'll come around some time, maybe to-morrow."

"I hope you will. Good night, and again thanks. Good night, my dear young lady." The Licensed Poet bowed low to Harry, his ridiculous white pantaloons lighting the twilight.

"Good night," said Harry.

"Good night," echoed the others. The Licensed Poet turned toward the woods, waved his hat, set it jauntily over one ear and moved away, among the trees.

"Please," cried Harry, "Mr. Noon!"

"At your service, my dear young lady," came the reply.

"Won't you—would you mind—could n't you compose a—verse before you go?" she asked as she was starting to follow Roy and Dick who were to take her home in the canoe. There was a moment's silence. Then the Poet's voice came back to them—

"Thanks, all, for this pleasant occasion,
And pardon my leaving so soon.

That you 'll spend a delightful vacation
Is the wish of your friend Billy Noon."

CHAPTER X

ADVENTURES WITH A LAUNCH



HARRY did not accompany the boys, much as she wished to do so, when next morning they went down to Silver Cove to bring back the launch. The canoe held only three safely and they did n't want to take the rowboat. They promised to stop at the landing on the way back and pick her up.

The launch was awaiting them in the freight-shed and they spent a busy half hour getting it out of its crate and into the water. For the latter task they enlisted the services of two employes of the wharf. When she was finally afloat she proved to be a very pretty little boat. She was six-

teen feet long and four feet five inches broad, painted green below and black above the water-line. The engine, of two horse-power, was placed well toward the stern. There was a neat brass steering-wheel, brass flag-sockets, brass cleats and a round disk of brass let into the forward deck which puzzled them all until investigation proved it to be the inlet to the gasolene tank.

"That 's so," muttered Dick, "we 've got to have gasolene, have n't we?"

"Well," Chub answered, "you might get along with tomato catsup or witch hazel, but gasolene launches seem to take to gasolene better than anything else."

"You run away," said Dick. "Only thing is, I don't know how much the stuff costs or where you buy it. I 've only got about three dollars with me."

But inquiry solved the matter for them. Gasolene could be bought at the next wharf above and the cost of it was only about twenty cents a gallon. Roy stuck his head through the little door under the forward decking and reported that the tank, according to his belief, would hold only some ten gallons. Dick sighed with relief. One of the

freight handlers took a great interest in them and their boat and proved invaluable, producing a rope with which to tie the boat up to the wharf, giving them the address of a man who could make flags and poles to occupy the fascinating sockets and lending practical assistance when, presently, they started to get the engine to running.

I desire to say right now that some one ought to apologize for the behavior of Thomas H. Eaton during that trying period, and as Thomas H. Eaton has failed to apologize himself I 'll do it for him. Chub sat well out of the way of the "near-leather" cushion in the bow and just simply bubbled over with advice and observations. The engine consisted of a mysterious vermilion-enamelled cylinder about fourteen inches high flanked on one side by a strange contrivance of brass, called, according to the card of directions which hung from it, a carbureter and which looked like a small soup-bowl adorned with valves and springs. In front of the cylinder was a heavy iron wheel which appeared to operate a piston and a shaft. From the back of the engine a brass rod slanted away until it disappeared under the flooring. On top of the cylinder there was a contrivance of steel and porcelain which screwed into a hole, and from this an insulated wire ran to a set of dry-cells tucked under one of the seats.

Well, it was all very confusing and mystifying, and unfortunately their friend the freight handler knew nothing about gas-engines. The card of instructions contained a great deal of printed matter and several diagrams, but after Dick and Roy had read it carefully over the only things they were certain about were that it was necessary to fill the tank with gasolene, lubricate all bearings with cylinder-oil or grease and turn the fly-wheel to the right. So Dick went off in search of gasolene and presently returned struggling with a five-gallon can of it. This they poured into the tank. There was a small can of cylinder-oil and one of graphite in the tool drawer, and, while Roy read the directions, Dick poured oil or smeared grease. When that operation was completed Dick looked as though he had been an engineer all his life. Roy said he ought to have some cotton waste to wipe his hands on and the freight handler again proved a friend in need, producing a bunch of the desired article as if by magic.

Then Roy read the directions for starting the engine again, while Dick turned valves and fussed with things generally and Chub approved or disapproved as he thought proper.

"Close switch," read Roy. "Have you done that?"

"Yes, long ago. What next?"

"Open relief cock, j."

"Yes, open the relief cock, *jay*," echoed Chub.

"All right. Now what?"

"Flood carbureter by depressing m."

"What 's 'm'?" growled Dick. Roy consulted the diagram.

"Hanged if I know," he muttered finally. "There does n't seem to be any 'm' here."

"Go on to the next letter," suggested Chub.

"Oh, here it is. It 's that little thing on top of it there. No, the little jigger; that 's it."

"The stuff 's coming out on top," said Dick doubtfully.

"Better stop then; I suppose it 's flooded. Now let 's see. 'Flood'—you 've done that. 'Turn wheel over to right until engine starts. Then close relief cock, open oil-cup and regulate carbureter as directed.'"

"Well, let 's try it," said Dick. "Where 's that handle thing?"

"Behind you on the floor."

"If you start without unhitching," said Chub, "you 'll tow the wharf off; yank it right out by the roots and tow it away; and maybe we 'll all be arrested for stealing a wharf."

"You keep still, will you? Maybe, though, we 'd better do that, Roy."

But the freight handler returned at that moment and solved that difficulty by untying the rope and holding it. Then Dick inserted the handle in the rim of the wheel and turned it over. There was a mild click and a little puff from the relief cock, but the launch did n't dart off toward the dim distance.

"Huh!" said Dick. "What 's the matter with it?"

"Try it again," said Roy. Dick tried it again. Then he tried it several times. Then he said "Huh!" once more, got a new hold and turned until he had a crick between his shoulders and was as red in the face as a lobster. Roy studied the directions.

"That 's funny," he murmured.

"What I like about these motor launches," observed Chub to the world at large, "is the ease of manipulation. You pour a little gasolene into a tank, open a cock, turn a handle and—zip, you 're off! Simple! There 's nothing simpler!"

"Say, if you don't subside," said Dick, turning a red, scowling countenance upon him, "we 'll put you out of here. And that goes!"

Chub subsided for a moment, smiling cheerfully. Dick bent over the wheel again. After another full minute of labor, he stopped, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and sat down on the seat.

"Let me try," said Roy. He took his turn. Over went the wheel with a click, there was a soft sigh through the relief cock and nothing more exciting transpired. Now and then they studied the directions anew and examined everything all over again. Once in awhile the carbureter came in for another flooding. After Roy the freight handler had his go at the wheel. He turned and turned, proving superior to exhaustion, and would doubtless be turning yet if Dick had n't forced him away from the wheel.

"Must be something wrong," said Dick wrathfully. Roy silently agreed. Chub looked wise.

"Have you drowned the carbureter lately?" he asked. No one paid any attention to him.

"It must be the battery," said Dick helplessly. "Maybe we 're not getting any spark. The directions said there should be a spark. Now let 's see." He studied the situation in silence for a moment. Then, "I know," he said. "I 'll bet something 's wrong with the wiring. What time is it?"

"Quarter to eleven, nearly," Roy answered.

"Then supposing I go up to the village and find some one who understands electricity."

"Well," said Roy doubtfully. "But suppose the trouble is n't with the battery or the wires? Would n't it be better to find some one who knows about gasolene engines?"

Dick agreed that it would and they consulted the freight handler. He thought a long while and finally said that there was a man named Hodgson who had "one of them boats." But it also transpired that Mr. Hodgson was extremely uncertain as to his habits and the freight handler could n't suggest a place where they would be likely to find him.

"Well, there 's no use looking all over the town for him," said Dick disgustedly. "I 'll try her once more. Flood that thing, will you?"

"One good turn deserves another," murmured Chub. Roy flooded the carbureter for the twentieth time, remarking pessimistically that pretty soon they 'd have to buy more gasolene, and Roy "turned her over" again. This time there was a real business-like sound from somewhere inside the engine and a puff of vapor came through the relief cock.

"Did you hear that?" cried Dick.

"Yes," answered Roy hopefully. "It sounded almost as though it was going to start. Try it again."

"When is a fly-wheel not a fly-wheel?" asked Chub. "Answer: when it does n't fly around. Good!"

Dick bent over the wheel again and turned, but the engine, as though quite satisfied with its brief

sign of life, refused to evince any further interest in the proceedings. Dick turned again and again, getting redder and redder, hotter and hotter, madder and madder.

"Oh, hang the fool thing!" he exclaimed disgustedly, standing erect to ease his aching back. "I'm going to ship it back and get my money." He looked wrathfully at Roy, who maintained a noncommittal silence. Then he stared aggressively at Chub. But Chub was gazing off down the river and humming "My Father's the Engineer." Then he challenged the freight handler. But that obliging man kept a discreet silence, looking the while properly sympathetic, even shaking his head once. Dick grunted and turned his regard to the stubborn engine. But he got no satisfaction there. So, giving it a contemptuous kick and chipping off half an inch of beautiful bright red enamel, he subsided on the seat and studied the blisters on his hands.

"I'll try it again," suggested Roy not over eagerly.

"What's the use?" growled Dick. "You'll only break your back."

"Let me have a whack at it," said Chub cheerfully, getting up. "I have an irresistible way with engines, Dick."

"You!" snorted Dick. "All you can do is to lie around and make a fool of yourself. You're about as much help as a—a—"

"Book of directions," said Chub cheerfully. "Where's the handle? Thank you. Inserting the handle in the rim of the wheel, our hero, with a superhuman effort, spun—"

Puff! Puff! Puff!

"It's going!" yelled Roy.

"What'll I do with the rope?" shouted the man on the wharf, holding on to it for dear life.

"Let go!" cried Dick, jumping for the wheel. He reached it just in time to turn the bow away from a spile, and with a grazing bump the launch swung into the stream, pulling the canoe after it.

"Good-by!" cried the freight handler. They waved to him as the boat's bow turned up-stream.

"Puff, puff, puff!" went the engine.

"Chug, chug, chug!" went the exhaust.

"Does n't she go great?" cried Dick turning to the others.

"Fine," answered Roy with proper enthusiasm.

"When you understand her," remarked Chub haughtily.

"Get out," said Roy. "No wonder she started after the way we'd worked with her!"

Chub looked grieved.

"Of all the unappreciative fellows I ever knew," he said sadly, "you're the worst! Dick does n't

talk that way. Dick realizes that if it had n't been for me you'd be at the wharf there yet. Dick is decently grateful and—"

"What the dickens did you do any more than we did?" demanded Dick. "You turned the wheel and she just happened to start."

"Happened!" murmured Chub, smiling pityingly. "Very well, think that way if you want to. It does n't hurt me. Ingratitude only shows—"

"Look out!" yelled Roy. Dick worked quickly and narrowly avoided running down a rowboat containing two men. As they went by they were forced to listen to a number of uncomplimentary remarks. But Dick did n't mind. The launch was running, and that was all he cared about. To be sure, she was n't making very great speed, but Dick explained that by assuring Roy and Chub that she had n't got warmed up yet.

"I'll bet I could paddle faster than this," said Chub.

"I'll bet you could n't," answered Dick indignantly. "She's going a good six miles an hour."

"Six miles an hour! You know well enough that if an able-bodied midsow came along it would make this boat look as if it were standing still. But there's no way to prove it, unless we use Roy for a log and tow him astern."

"I'll prove it all right," Dick persisted. "We'll start at the big bridge and go up the river to Slicer's Landing; that's just six miles."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Chub affably, "but what I'm saying is that she is n't making any six miles an hour now. I don't know what she might do to-morrow. Why, you might grease her hull, or get Roy to swim under water and tow her."

"When you say we're not making six miles you don't know what you're talking about," Dick growled. "Does he, Roy?"

"Don't ask me," said Roy. "I don't know anything about it. I would like to suggest, however, that you turn the boat a bit so as to avoid running into that point. Thank you, Dickums; I feel more comfortable."

"It's a mighty poor launch that won't make six miles," muttered Dick as he swung the boat's head farther toward the middle of the river.

"Dick, you're stubborn to-day," sighed Chub. "I refuse to argue with you any longer. I will only remark in closing that this fine boat is not making any six miles per hour."

"And I say she is," answered Dick warmly. "If she is n't I'll—"

The chugging of the engine stopped, there was an expiring wheeze from somewhere, and the launch rocked silently and lazily on the water.



A TRAGEDY



BY DORIS WEBB

THIS is the short, sweet, sorrowful tale
Of Jessica Jenkins Jones;
She planted a packet of seeds with pride
While her dog looked on with his head on the side
And thought, "She's burying bones."



When Jessica left, he dug like mad
In search of the luscious bones,
So Jessica's garden it does n't grow,
And Jessica's dog is cross, and so
Is Jessica Jenkins Jones.



THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY CHRIS. JORGENSEN

CHAPTER XIX

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"



THE council of war was ended and the captains all went silently down our gangway, each entering his own gig; and, as every captain's gig wears a golden arrow on its bow, like so many darts shot from the flag-ship's quiver, they each sought their own target—their own ship.

Everywhere ammunition lay at hand, the guns were loaded, and, although I have hundreds of times answered the order "Cast loose and provide," that night there came a sound in the closing of the breech-blocks that I had never heard before. The click of the steel was gone, and a muffled something that shut in a full charge went through my being. I cannot tell what it was; but I know that every man who fought a gun that day realizes what I mean, and it were impossible to make one who has never heard it understand.

It was news to me that the order "Clear for action!" included the clipping of every man's hair close to his head; the surgeons say hair is as dangerous as cloth in a wound. The climate invited the wearing of "birthday shirts," while for trousers (our only garment) many substituted bathing or boxing trunks.

The surgeons are a jolly good lot of fellows, and an emergency hospital was fitted out in the ward-room for their accommodation.

From the moment we loaded and trained our guns there was not half the excitement manifested that has accompanied every one of our boat-races, and yet no pen can portray the sensations that alternately raged and slept within our breasts that night.

There were not clouds enough to hide the moon, but we lighted no running lights, and our stern lights were set in deep funnels that shone *only* astern, and in a feeble glimmer, just sufficient to gauge our distance, for we ran in close order.

The flag-ship was in the lead, with Navigator Calkins on the standard compass-stand, listening to the heaving of the lead. "No bottom at ten," or "By the mark seven,"—and so the whispers

ran through the night, the only sound to break the awful stillness as we picked our way through strange waters; and they were planted thick with deadly mines, which, even as we crept along, would often burst so near that some of our ships got the spray flung by the explosions.

The bells were mute. To the soft swish of the waters the hours dropped off until midnight, when the smoke-stack of the despatch-boat *McCulloch* took fire and gave the enemy our bearings. It was all they needed.

A shell whizzed between the flag-ship and the *Baltimore*, and burst in the water beyond. The *Boston* immediately cut loose with an 8-inch, and the *Petrel* with a 6-inch shell, but it was so dark we could not locate their batteries.

We signaled to the *McCulloch*, "Are you all right?"

The "O.K." she flashed back was the prettiest signal I ever read; it was like a meteor, and when it went out the flag-ship signaled to the fleet to cease firing.

It was during the starboard watch below that five of us crept away together and told one another things we had never told before. One man gave the stage name of a well-known actress as that of his mother, and I for the first time owned that my father was a bank president. Addresses were exchanged, and with them, promises that we would write if—well, if anything happened. Then, solemnly laying our hands upon our cutlasses, we vowed never to surrender, even though our ship did, and that we would fight as long as there was a glimmer of life left within us. This we swore as the Southern Cross rode out of the water and stood dead ahead on our bow.

It was the first time I had ever seen it, and yet I did not even notice it was beautiful; for I was filled with a sensation I have felt before—felt when in darkness I have groped in a melon-patch where I knew the bulldog slept unchained.

Having run the forts, we swung to the left out of range and slowed down until the ship scarce stirred a ripple on the water. We were commanded to lay by our guns and rest. Was there a man who slept? I know only of what happened in the after-turret with its two 8-inch guns.

The ammunition-hoist that served us both was the dividing-line of the crews: we were eight to

a gun, each with a separate and distinct manhood, while as a gun-crew we were the combined vital parts of a steel monster that, gorged with destruction, lay sleeping in darkness.

I knew her as a mother knows her child, and twenty times I took the battle lantern in my hand, and, letting the tiniest of rays peep through its sheath of steel, looked caressingly upon the slumbering gun to see if all was well.

How I longed to waken her, to make her roar, and set all the batteries to screaming! But I must wait, and as I waited I leaned my head upon her and looked out through her ill-defined port-hole into the night.

Just to the right of Corregidor there lay an island. While I looked, something darker than the night traced slender grasses upon its crest, and they grew and grew into leaves of palm that softly fanned the breath of the tropics across the waters.

The breath of the tropics! Like vaporous moon-drops that fall in honey-dew on certain plants, it spread its oozyiness over our naked bodies and then it crept into my lungs and tried to smother me in the dark; but the lights of Manila cut through the gloom, so like a familiar picture that I had looked down upon from a hillside in my boyhood that I let go the battle lantern, went wandering away, away, and while I thus groped through the past, zigzags of lightning streaked the sultry night and flashed upon my heart images that had grown dim at sea.

Oh, the faces of my loved ones, never before so beautiful, so dear to me! Fearlessly they filed before the cannon's mouth, each in his or her turn, like the ghosts of Macbeth. I knew it was a phantom of my fancy and yet I wanted to whisper good-by to them as they passed. I tried to clear my throat, that I might speak, but my voice was gone. Inside my neck a cube of steel incased a ball of something that pressed and pained, but would not be swallowed. I tried again and again, but the pain crept up the sides of my head and out across my shoulders; so I turned away and joined my comrades, where stories and jokes were flying in whispers, but no one spoke again of the past nor of the morrow, and the night dragged its interminable hours along.

The lightning had ceased. From over the hill-tops beyond Manila a sob of light like a purpling mist bespoke the resurrection of the sun.

At eight bells—four o'clock in the morning—coffee was served, and once more quarters were sounded.

At a pace of six knots the *Olympia* took the lead, and with every man in the fleet at his post we steamed toward the mouth of the Pasig

River, where masts and spires were forming silhouettes against the dawn, which hastened to show us our mistake (they were foreign merchantmen) and to disclose the enemy.

The Spanish squadron, protected by great booms hung with chains, and by lighters of stone and water, lay in line from Sangley Point to Las Pinas, and we swung our course and rode into the fray (for already they were shelling us from the forts) with a leisurely grace of manœuver that we could not have excelled on a Presidential review. And our hearts were threatening to burst from an intensity of desire as we listened to the calling of the ranges, and writhed under the order that passed along the line, "*Hold your fire until the bugle sounds.*"

The sun flashed his beams like a benison on the breaking of battle-flags from every flag halyard of America's fleet, and her seamen hurraed until they were hoarse as they slowly continued the advance and the orders still ran down the line, "*Hold your fire until one bugle sounds,*" and an 11-inch shell from the city's bastion passed over our quarter-deck. It sounded for all the world like a heavy freight-train going at full speed over a high trestle, but it did no harm. "A range-finder," some one said, and in the silence that followed, every one was thinking what might have been had the projectile sped ten feet lower. And still there was no order to answer this salute!

With cutlass and revolver buckled about his waist every man was at his station. Moments seemed hours. I sat upon the gun-seat repeating to the rhythm of the engine's throb, "*Hold your fire—hold your fire—hold your fire until the bugle sounds,*" while my fingers grew numb upon the spark.

Everywhere shells were flying and mines were bursting, while we, with guns trained to deal death and destruction, were only on parade.

Through the peep-hole that held the hair-sight of my gun, I saw the Spanish battle-flag break on the enemy's batteries, and we cheered, for they had answered our defiance, and still the orders came faster, "*Hold your fire!*"

For less than a moment I would close my eyes for rest, for I was gun-pointer. The hair cross in the sight was growing indelible upon my vision, and then in the calling of the ranges I heard distinctly, "*Twenty-one hundred yards,*" and following it the bugles sounded "*Fire!*"

My eye was on the sight, my hand upon the bulb. That choking thing in my throat fled before the flare of the bugle, and I pressed the spark with as little concern as I was wont to do at target practice.

A quiver ran through every nerve of the ship as we on the pivot guns joining the starboard battery let loose a broadside into the enemy's fleet and left the *Olympia* in a cloud of white smoke that clung to us and enveloped us like a bank of fog.

The great gun, with a recoil of thirty-six inches, had belched her pent-up venom. Riding back on her trunnions, she slid again into battery

gun-port, I saw the Spanish ships with masts tilted and lopped away pouring a stream of fire and steel toward us. The water was hissing from their contact, and we cheered the sight while the tub of water beneath the gun-breech turned inky from the swabbing. And up the hoist came fresh charges.

The carriage stopped at the breech. No. 5 shoved in the shell. Another turn, and the first



COMMODORE DEWEY'S STATE-ROOM ON THE *OLYMPIA*.

Copyright, 1907, by Enrique Muller.

as No. 2, with crank in hand, stepped out to meet her; and for the first time it occurred to me to count the turning of the crank—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven turns of the crank made by a stalwart arm, and the breech-block flew open.

Leaning down from my seat, I picked the spent electric primer from the breech and tucked it away in the folds of the neckerchief tied about my head—a souvenir of the first shot that our gun-crew fired.

A gentle morning breeze had fanned away the veil of smoke; and, catching a glance through the

charge of powder stopped to follow the shell; another, and the second charge; and the truck ran back into the ammunition room below as I counted eleven turns of the crank and the breech was again closed upon a full charge. The kid took a fresh primer from his belt, and, adjusting it, signaled with his hand, "Ready!" and again we fired. So perfectly did each man know his part that our division officer had only to sit in the turret and look on.

We were going bow-on toward the enemy when the *Reina Christina*, flag-ship, cut loose her barge, swung away, and came to meet us. We cheered

her, and the order came, "Concentrate your fire on the flag-ship." We sent an 8-inch shell from stem to stern, through and through her, and still, like an enraged panther she came at us as though to lash sides and fight us hand to hand with battle-axes, as in the olden Spanish wars.

Our ship had made its turn and the port batteries were manned, when an order came to train the big guns on the forts. We were aching for one more at the *Reina*, but our first shot at the fort dismounted one of her guns, exploded a magazine, and set fire to the arsenal. The strident echoes of the explosion sounded through the din of the combat, and we yelled in triumph. The battle-



COMMODORE DEWEY.

fever was on us. Again I turned and counted eleven twice—when the breech-block opened, and when it closed—again the white veil shut out the picture.

When it lifted our gun was out of training, and I had leisure to look out. I noticed that the admiral's flag was gone from the *Reina Christina* and that boats were pulling away from her, and then I saw the flag break on the foremast of the *Castilla*. It was the signal that withdrew our attack from the *Reina*, and then—great heavens! what was it? We were struck!

Under our own broadsides we had quivered; now we reeled, we careened. Were we sinking? Had they fired us? But the firing was incessant, and the ship, righting herself, was making the second turn. When I had counted eleven twice again it was all forgotten, and we were literally pouring destruction upon the enemy. The *Castilla* was sinking. A madman (Admiral Montejó), leaving her by the lee side, returned to the *Reina Christina* with his flag, while a cry arose on our ship, "Here comes a torpedo-boat!"

"Where?"

"There!—there!—here!—no, there!—she's gone—no, here she comes!—the smoke! Where

is she? There, rounding the *Castilla!*" and a 5-inch shell struck her amidship, broke her back, and she went down, bow and stern sticking out of the water like a bent straw with ends protruding from a goblet. Then, while I watched a tattooed fly undulating with the brawny muscles on the back of No. 4 of the port gun, I twice again counted eleven when a second torpedo-boat, undaunted or maddened by the fate of her sister, came at us, and we drove her back and beached her.

Slowly we advanced upon our enemy; gallantly they came to meet us. The destruction we were dealing grew momentarily more visible, and when the newness of battle had passed (as it does in an inconceivably short time), I began to wonder what they had been doing to us. When I had counted eleven twice again, and our gun could no longer be brought to bear upon the enemy, I nerved myself to look into the dead faces of my shipmates. Going up out of the turret, I ran along the sun-scorched sanded decks and when I had made the round I thought I must be dreaming, *for every man was fighting at his post!*

I stopped to watch the onset—just as a projectile struck and burst against our aft turret. It made a dent like the concave side of a wash-bowl in her armor-plate. A warm stream trickled down my leg as I felt the ship turning, and returned to my gun just as the bugle sounded, "*Cease firing!*" Some one in crossing the bridge had remarked that they (the enemy) must have ammunition to burn.

In the confusion of noises only one word, "Ammunition," caught my ear, and we ceased firing and all steamed out into the middle of the bay to inventory shells—and incidentally to breakfast.

I found time to pick out a bit of steel and another of shin-bone, where I had felt the warm blood, and I bound it up without reporting to the sick-bay. I never felt a pain until three days later, and then I was quite unable to stand upon the injured leg.

Another among the *Olympia's* wounded (if I dare to call my scratch a wound) was Jack Heaney, the bo's'n's mate. Watching the battle with his hand resting upon a gun-shield, he had three fingers shot away. Jack already wears five enlistment stripes, and while his hand was being dressed he anxiously inquired if the loss of his fingers would debar him from future enlistment. Not a bit of it! It only set the seal of battle upon him, and Jack is good to pipe quarters for half a century to come.

The Spaniards evidently thought we had gone out to bury our dead, and while they thought us thus engaged, the batteries on Cavite kept up an

incessant firing; but the range was too long; we were never safer in our lives; and after there had been a conference of commanders on the *Olympia's* quarter-deck, and each had gone back to his own ship to report that not a man had been killed in the engagement, the Asiatic squadron for the

ships would meet on manœuver we would wildly cheer each other, although there was not a sound to our voices, for it was lost in the din of the combat.

Some one was heard to ask in all seriousness, "I wonder if they will report this racket in the



COMMODORE DEWEY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE *OLYMPIA*.

moment was like the mad-houses of the world turned loose. When reason returned, again our battle-cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" rent the air, and we went back with vigor to the fray.

We fought the enemy's line, passing five times up and down its length of ships and forts, cutting our path like a figure 8 (and all the time the navigator was sounding). Whenever our

San Francisco papers?" Of course they will, but I am wondering *who* can tell the tale? What words can paint it? Can the pen tell how men go down in battle?

I saw boats freighted with wounded men go over the sides of sinking ships; but they flaunted Spain's flag defiantly at us and we shelled them under; I saw tongues of fire licking up the decks

of doomed vessels. These are but a few of the horrors I saw, and oh, I heard such noises! The dull boom of the big guns and the spiteful snapping of our main batteries mingled with the clatter of musketry!

Ah, here is the place to say just one word for the poor marines, to record their excuse for living. What could we have done without them?



"WE CHEERED THEM AS THEY SANK."

They were our sharp-shooters, cracking rifles through loopholes and sponsons, aiming for gunners on the enemy's ships. They were also our line of communication, calling ranges, and carrying orders that the bugle could not make heard.

And while we on deck were seeing these things, what were the "black-gang" doing?

Down there underneath the water, in a furnace-room that only Dante could portray, they heard

the din and felt the shock of battle. They could not see, but counted the times we were struck (the *Olympia* received thirteen hits all told), and they stood at their posts as though out on a cruise, and ever and anon in the hushes a voice would call up through a ventilator or a hoist, "How are you making it?" An answer like "Just sunk another torpedo-boat," or "They have abandoned the *Reina Christina*, and she is all afire," would drive them wild with a joy they would make manifest by beating upon the furnace-doors with their shovels.

When some one writes of all these things I hope he will not omit mention even of the "galley-hatch gang," they who long ago filed the hinge-screws of the alcohol chest until its lock became a howling joke, for with the fingers the screws could be removed and in the watches of the night its spirits let out.

However, the night before the battle, after the decks were cleared, to a man the "old guard" rallied about their standard, vociferously declaring, "No Dutch courage for us; we will fight a sober battle." Then, with something of the air that characterizes a burial at sea, they slid the chest overboard.

It was in the very excitement of war, while we were out beyond the reach of the enemy's shells, that I felt impressed as never before with the perfect workings of the human, as well as of the mechanical, parts of

a man-of-war. While we breakfasted, Bill Bartley was securing a piece of sheet-iron over a hole a Spanish shell had put in our side, and, lest the enemy on our return might gloat over the sight of our bandaged wound, it was even painted before we went back to complete the destruction we had begun.

I do not believe that one half of the horrors of that day can ever be told; and for deeds of



"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF SPAIN'S WRECKAGE."

courage and daring—on our own ship, in the hottest of the fight, a cleaning-stick broke inside one of the main batteries' guns, and it had to be trained in, in order to poke the broken bits out; it was its officer who went outside of the sponson to do the deed, although by a word he could have sent any man from his crew, and he would never have been thought a shirk or a coward. History writes more about the life and doings of one monarch than of all his subjects, but that is no reason why I, in this my private journal, should not jot down these simple facts about people in lowly station.

BEFORE high noon a white flag hung from the shears on Cavite's wall, and an hour later, when Admiral Montejo, under a similar flag, came on board, he would have parleyed with the little Commodore; but Dewey demanded stoutly,

"Do you surrender?"

"Conditionally," was the answer. "Our captain he die, he speaka fighty—fighty for Spain."

"It 's either surrender—or fight!" exclaimed Dewey; and Montejo, bowing with the air of a cavalier of old, said, "I surrender."

We were a sorry-looking lot to salute our colors when they broke where the flag of truce had hung. Our faces, begrimed with the smoke of battle, ran rivulets (born of the atmosphere) that, coursing down our cheeks, mingled with the salt-peter, eating them into stinging furrows.

But the day did not end with the battle; that evening we pulled two whale-boats ashore at Cavite. Only our doctors and an officer landed, but I am glad to have been one to sit in the boat and look upon the picture. It was not unlike

those I have seen of the Landing of Columbus. As we pulled shoreward, people wearing long robes came to meet us, and when our officers landed, priests and nuns knelt at their feet upon the beach, beseeching them for mercy. Some of them spoke fair English, yet it was with difficulty they were made to understand that our doctors had gone to them with only one intent—to care for their wounded.

"WHAT was it like, that battle?" do you ask?

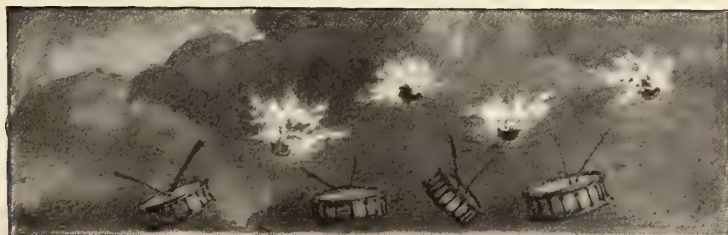
The thunders of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world, or like bolts of heavy sail-cloth torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. She fought, sinking a foot a minute! Gun after gun went under, and when the last onset was made, only her bow gun remained. Its crew, waist deep in water, fought as though victory were crowning them. It was theirs to fire the last gun upon that eventful day, and we cheered them as they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture so terrible that the moon, that old night-watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the embers of war as they glared through the port-holes and sponsons of half-sunken ships, while ever and anon exploding magazines would tear the waters, and flames of yellow and red flaunt above all that was left of Spain's wreckage.

Surely, Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote: "Nothing except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

(To be continued.)





MAY

BY MAY AIKEN

MAY opens pinky apple-buds
And fills the air with blossoms sweet;
I love to climb and smell them close,
But Robert thinks them good to eat;

He pokes his soft nose in the midst
And tries one branch and then another,—
Our dear black calf whom we have named
Robert, because he 's fond of brother.

FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE

BY G. E. WALSH

FREDDY RAY was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, was n't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The Ray family—father, mother, and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the life-boat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough *now* to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event.

There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. Ray quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I *am* big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the light-keeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy Ray at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the life-boat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Was n't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. Ray pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-boat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. Ray appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I 'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I 'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail, and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I 'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea-legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. Ray threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something

moved inside, and then a mild cry of some frightened animal. In the darkness a bundle of white appeared and Freddy and mewed.

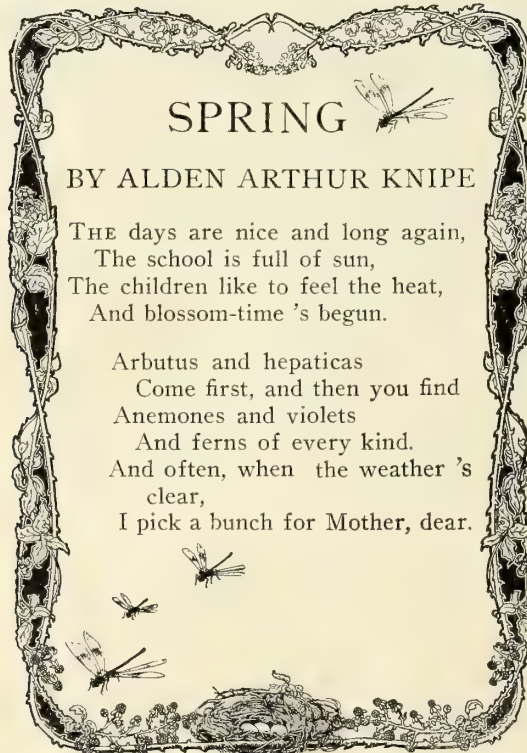
"It 's a pussy-cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home, Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.



SPRING

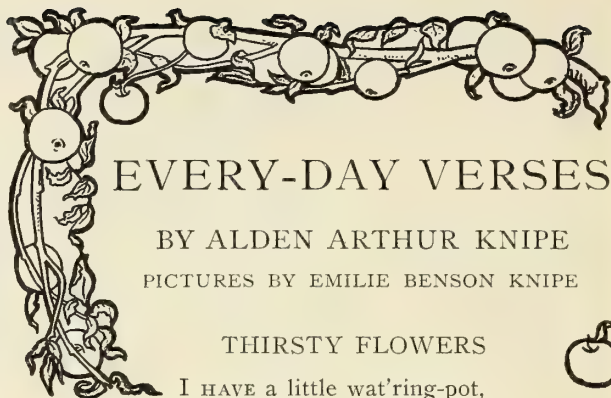
BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

THE days are nice and long again,
The school is full of sun,
The children like to feel the heat,
And blossom-time 's begun.

Arbutus and hepaticas
Come first, and then you find
Anemones and violets
And ferns of every kind.
And often, when the weather 's
clear,
I pick a bunch for Mother, dear.



"AND THEN YOU FIND ANEMONES AND VIOLETS."



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

THIRSTY FLOWERS



I HAVE a little wat'ring-pot,
It holds two quarts I think,
And when the days are very hot
I give the plants a drink.

They lift their heads as flowers should,
And look so green and gay;
I'm sure that if they only could,
"We thank you, Sir," they'd say.



SHARING WITH OTHERS

SOMETIMES Mother gives to me
Such a lot of money—See!
But it's very hard to buy
All the things you'd like to try,
And you always share your penny
With a child who has n't any.





RECESS

THE romping boys
Make lots of noise,
And run and jump and laugh and shout,
While here and there,
With quiet air,
The girls in couples walk about.

A game begins,
But no one wins,
Although they play with might and main,
For long before
The game is o'er
The bell rings out for school again.



AFTER SCHOOL

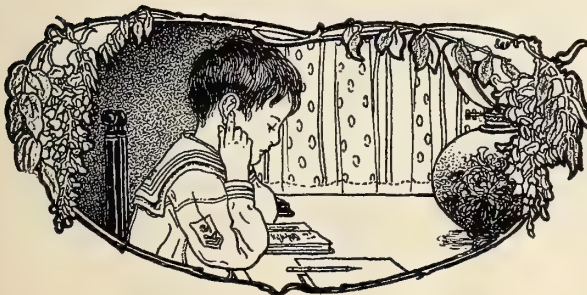
ALTHOUGH we like to go to school,
We 're rather glad to put away
Our books and slates and other things,
When it is over for the day

And off we go to play and romp,
While teacher, who is good and kind,
Is left behind all by herself—
But then, perhaps, she does n't mind.



MONDAY'S LESSONS

STUDY them well on Friday,
For it 's much the better way,
Because when once they 're finished
You 've all Saturday for play.



THE TOY WAR-SHIP OF A YOUNG PRINCE

BY W. G. F.



Photograph by F. Ralph. Reproduced by permission.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK,
AS A SAILOR LAD.

then at least with the adroitness of any other of the Kaiser's generals, who form the brain-power of the mightiest army on earth.

On the other hand, the children of the British

IN the Old World the children of a great Imperial or Royal house turn naturally to the Army or Navy as a career from their very earliest years. Thus the German Emperor's ambition for his eldest son is to see him qualifying himself to command, not a regiment or a brigade, but an entire division of 30,000 troops—if not with the skill of a Von Moltke,

Royal house gravitate naturally toward the Navy; and the Prince of Wales' eldest son, little Prince Edward, some three or four years ago commanded an imposing "battle-ship," in the shape of a toy brig, about forty feet long, which floated the "White Ensign" on the lovely wooded lakes of Ascot, Virginia Water, and other beautiful localities round about medieval old Windsor Castle.

The chief personages on board this "war-ship" were Prince Edward of York—to give its commander his full title—and his younger brother, Prince Albert; and even the baby, Prince Henry, sometimes manifested a desire for a cruise.

But the little Prince's training-brig was far from being a toy in the strictest sense of the term. For Prince Edward will undoubtedly enter the Navy, as his father did before him; and the good training-brig, *King Edward VII*, was intended to initiate the youngster into life on board a real



PRINCE EDWARD'S WAR-SHIP.

war-ship. Several days—usually Wednesdays and Saturdays—Prince Eddie would go on board at Virginia Water, accompanied by a young naval officer and a couple of picked seamen.

The toy brig was manœvered up and down the lake, and elementary instruction was given the little Prince at every new manœuver. The idea of naval discipline was strictly observed, and his tutors insisted upon prompt obedience and real attention to the routine of duty. There are beautiful little model guns on board which were specially made for this war-ship in the great factory for naval ordnance at Woolwich.

It must have been a pretty sight to see the little Prince scrambling up the tall masts or rope ladders to furl sails or fasten strings of flags on Nelson's Day. It will be noticed that Prince Eddie's brig is a sailer; but it was thought well to accustom the child to every phase of seamanship; and after a year or two this trim little craft, which cost the British nation nearly \$8,000, was to be passed on to Prince Albert, his brother; while he himself would either be given a miniature steam war-ship, or else be drafted to some small real gunboat, and so learn all about the navy which some day he may command.

EXTRACT FROM AN AERONAUT'S JOURNAL



"ON MY FIRST TRIP, WHICH WAS HIGHLY INTERESTING, I MANAGED TO PICK UP A FEW THINGS IN THE AGRICULTURAL LINE."



THE LULLABY.

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SEA-GREEN GOWN

"WHOOEE! whooee! whooee!"

It was Bab, who, running one minute, falling the next, yet never once dropping the precious

boxes she carried, was scrambling breathlessly, joyously, up Hessian Hill.

"Whooee, whoo-oo-ee!"

There was no answer, and Bab, tired out, was forced to sit down among the pennyroyal and daisies, for a breathing-spell.

The sun beat down pitilessly upon the hillside, and the great boxes Bab carried, quaint, posed things of pink and green, were almost as large as herself. Jim had dropped her at the Trotts' as he drove by, but Drusie told her curtly that the whole family, except Mr. Trott, who was "fussin' with pickles in the back kitchen, and not seein' company," was up at the sky parlor. So, without thinking of the size of her burdens, nor the steepness of the climb, she had started up the hill, winding her mellow:

"Whoeee! whoeee! whoeee!" like a hunter's horn.

"Whoeee! whoeee! whoeee!"

The welcome answer came from above, where Maze's funny little phiz suddenly poked itself over the rail fence.

"Mercy me!" she shrilled, waving her red sunbonnet by one string. "If you don't beat everything. Why did n't you bring a dray? Poor old girl!"

Bab had tripped again, and sat on her knees laughing loudly at them, for Bart was at the fence now and vaulted it with one bound.

"Just wait a minute," he called, "till I get there. Whatever did you come up that side for?" he inquired as he raised Bab to her feet, and captured both boxes. "The roadway is just back of the house, we drive the Rabbit up every day, and why did you bring all your luggage? Are you thinking of staying a week in the sky parlor?"

"Just you be careful of that handbox, if you please, and don't ask questions," laughed Bab as she scrambled on up the hill. "Drusie saw me start that way, and never said a word about a road. I always came up from Brook Acres before."

"Hurry up, you two," piped Maze, standing on the second rail, and leaning over as far as she dared. "Those boxes are just fairly screaming with mystery."

"Just you wait till you see what 's in them, Mazie," panted Bab, reaching the fence at last. "It 's just the loveliest—beautifullest—that ever was!"

"Well, up and over then," laughed Bart, dropping the boxes over to Maze, and helping Bab to the top of the fence. "There you are! Now take a rest!"

"Whoeee! Here we are, and here is Bab Howard, 'most dead with climbing up the south side of the hill," cried Maze, crashing through the underbrush, followed by Bab and Bart.

"Oh, you dear Bab!" cried everybody.

"My," gasped Bab, "but it 's good to get here, and oh—and oh—Mrs. Trott, just wait till I get my breath, just one weeny-teeny minute, and

now—" And then before any one could stop her, down on her knees she went before Mrs. Trott, and folding her hands together, coaxed with eyes, and voice, and soul, one monstrous

"PLEASE,"

as only Bab Howard could coax.

"Why, why," laughed Mrs. Trott, taking both pleading hands in hers, "whatever is it, honey? What can I say if you make eyes as big as that at me? Of course I have n't a single idea of what you 're asking for, but it 's yours, Bab, it 's yours. Anything except Daddy and the babies. What is it, the Rabbit?"

"Oh, but you see," pleaded Bab, "it is n't to give, it 's to take—or—or, rather, to borrow. Oh, Mrs. Trott, if you only will, I 'll love you for ever and ever. You see," she hurried on, as Mrs. Trott's face grew doubtful. "I knew about your not having the right sort of a gown for your part—but there, just wait till you see." Already she was on her feet, untying the strings of the biggest box like mad.

"Look," she implored, "oh, just look!" And she held up for their inspection the sea-green tissue, with its border of pink velvet roses.

"Oh!" gasped everybody, "oh!"

"Is n't it lovely? Is n't it spring itself? Oh, here, take the gown, Christie, until I show you the bonnet. Oh, nobody, nobody could be hard-hearted enough to resist the bonnet, with its peaches, and its nest of eggs, and its dear little mother bird. Oh, Mrs. Trott, oh, girls, is n't it a darling?"

As Bab set the coal-scuttle Neapolitan upon her head, and looked at them gaily from under its inner rose-wreath, a shout of laughter arose, for she did look funny, with her short skirts and long braids topped by the enormous bonnet.

"Get on to the calf shed!" crowed Bart.

"And just see the funny old yellow gloves, and the coral beads with the rose-colored fan—and, oh, this funny reticule," cried Maze, fishing in the box for herself.

"Bab—Bab!" faltered Mrs. Trott, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, a condition often reached by Bab's victims. "They are very, very beautiful, I never even imagined anything so perfect for the part. But where did you get them, and oh, my dear, how can I accept?"

"Now, you just please listen to me, dear Mrs. Trott," replied Bab, impressively as she could under the shadow of the bonnet. "These things were once Miss Clothilda Linsey's, and she has been dead for ages, so she will never need them again, and she left all her pretty clothes to Aunt Kate, who does n't care a penny for clothes and

bonnets. Aunt Twilla has always kept them locked up in a wardrobe with lots of other pretty things, and she showed them to me one day. I just fell dead in love with this gown, and when Joan told me about your needing one—"

"Oh, Joan," grieved Mrs. Trott.

"Dear Aunt Sallie, but I never dreamed of Bab telling Miss Linsey, and I was feeling so sorry," wailed contrite Joan.

"But, please, please, listen, Mrs. Trott, before you refuse," begged Bab. "Nobody will ever wear these things again, and nobody has worn them for ages, you can smell for yourself how moth-ball-y they are. And last evening when I explained all about it to Aunt Kate, she—she said you were a brave, good woman, and she was proud of you, and of course you could have Clothilda's gown to wear, for Miss Twilla would n't mind, and Aunt Kate said I was to trust to her, and that I was especially to tell you to take it and wear it, and do your best, and—and to keep a brave heart, for courage like yours always won in the end. And, oh, please, please, Mrs. Trott," and now Bab had both arms about her, "I just believe, if you take it and don't say a word, something awfully good will come to Mr. Trott. I did n't mean to tell but—I 'll just have to if you won't listen—I told her all about the pickle factory again; how you all wanted to help, and then, how you could stay at home with the children, and what a perfectly wonderful pickle and a jam genius Mr. Trott really was, and that he told me it would take a lot of money to start. She asked me if he had said how much, and when I said 'no,' she said I should ask Mr. Trott to give me a jar of pickles and some of the lemon honey, so she could taste for herself to see if he was as talented as I said. Then she chuckled deep down in her throat, as she does when she is pleased, and said she did n't like to think of a genius going to waste, especially a jam genius. Then she pinched my cheek and told me to run away to bed. Oh, Mrs. Trott, please don't refuse the gown, but give Mr. Trott a chance."

Mrs. Trott had listened to Bab's long story in silence, and though her cheeks flushed, she kissed her fondly and said:

"You are the dearest, little warm-hearted thing that ever breathed, Bab, and, oh, child, you will always be carrying the burdens of the world on your small shoulders—and I 'd—I 'd rather not have people worried with our troubles, but, oh, I dare not refuse."

"Oh, mother, you must n't," cried Nell and all the rest.

"Do let me dress you up, mother, there is a dear," begged Christie, "you can hold up the skirt,

and the grass is short and clean. Please do, you 'll look so lovely."

"Well, well," and Mrs. Trott, unable to resist the chorus of coaxing, laid down the basket she was filling and reluctantly put herself into Christie's hands. "But, after all, dearies, it is n't the dress that was the greatest trouble, it 's that hateful, hateful dance. I 've been an old-fash-



JEAN INVITES BAB TO BROOK ACRES.

ioned stage lady too many years. This frisky kind is beyond me. I feel like a regular dodo, extinct at that. You should have heard yesterday the stage-manager thunder, 'Limber up, madam, limber up!'"

"Old beast!" muttered Bart.

"No, laddie, no!" laughed his mother, blowing him a kiss from her finger-tips. "He 's really a lovely old gentleman, so fat and clean, bless his heart! with a wig and a monocle, he has to squint like this to keep it in, you know. He has a nice old fat wife and ten children, and he is very kind-hearted—but—let 's be fair, sonny, whatever we do, there I was, pounding up and down as solemn as a church steeple. I did n't blame him a bit. I could have died laughing at myself,

if my heart had n't been so heavy. Dearie me," she sighed, "if I was n't such a stupid clown."

"Now, mother, don't you worry," said Christie, as she wisked the sea-green skirt over her mother's head. "Stand still, honey, till I hook this. You 'll get that step yet; Jean has been so sweet about coming over to help you."

"Has she?" inquired Bab, a bit blankly, she could n't imagine Jean at the Trotts' without her.

"Why, she comes almost every day. And her mother was with her yesterday. We thought she was just lovely. Here, mother, put your arms in."

"My, is n't the sweep of this skirt '*grandocious*,' as Christie said once," and Mrs. Trott stroked the shining breadths. "I am to wear a gray wig with little bobbing curls at the side, you know. Now, the bonnet. Gracious! It 's like putting up an awning, you can only guess where the sun is. Let Joan tie the bow. Give it a little airy twist, lovey, Miss Mittie is such a dear, she would be sure to give character even to her bonnet strings.—Now, my gloves—"

"Short gloves with flowing sleeves," giggled Maze.

"Of course, latest thing in the fifties. Now my fan, and my reticule. There, children, will I do?"

"Oh, oh, oh!" shrieked everybody.

"Here 's Jean," cried Christie, and sure enough, there she was, smiling at them from the "door," and if Mrs. Trott had doubted—which she did n't—the admiring shrieks from her own brood, "adopted Trott" included, she could not doubt Jean's delighted face.

"Oh, Mrs. Trott, how beautiful! It 's like a lovely picture," she exclaimed.

"Thanks to your aunt, Miss Linsey, and to my adopted daughter," laughed Mrs. Trott, giving them all a sweeping bow.

"Is n't she fine?" asked Maze, proudly.

"But, oh, girls, to work, to work, or we will never get the baskets done!" groaned Joan.

"Jean, dear, you go on and give mother her lesson. She 's dreadfully blue about it. Bart, you whistle for them," said Nell; "but all the rest of us must fall to. Come on, kiddies."

In less than an hour, every basket was ready and in a jiffy, everybody helping, they were all safe in the old barouche.

"I wish I could go with you," laughed Bab, looking longingly into the flowery bower, as Bart set a soap-box for a seat among the greenery so he could steady any basket that seemed "jumpy." "I always thought I 'd love to sell things."

"Well, these are sold, but I 'll tell you what you can do," said Seth. "Bart and I can ride on

the front seat and you and Jean can sit on the box and look after the baskets. We will drop you at Brook Acres. It is n't a motor-car, but it is better than walking down hill, in the sun."

"Oh, goody, I 'd love it," cried Bab. "Come on, Jean, it will be heaps of fun."

"I will gladly, if you will stay a few days with me, Bab," replied Jean, slipping her arm around her cousin. "We can telephone to Aunt Kate. Mother would so love to have you, and father is home, too. He and mother have gone for a spin. But they will be back to luncheon. Please, come, Bab—I miss you so."

"Why, of course, Jean, I 'll go," agreed Bab, and in they hopped.

"Good-by! Come again. Thank you so much," cried all the Trotts. And down the hill started the meek Rabbit with his precious load.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VOICE

JOAN, with her rickety easel under one arm, her color-box and a hastily packed lunch under the other—having slipped out the back way, with no one's knowledge but Aunt Sallie's—was speeding away toward Durley and the sunken garden for a long delightful day with her paints.

In spite of worries, and Joan as a member of the Trott family had more worries than most girls, her spirits rose as she turned the key in the rusty old lock and opened the little green door.

There lay the sunken garden, so green, so gay with straggling flowers, so peaceful, so exquisite in the morning sunshine, that Joan, with her artist's soul, felt the happy tears spring to her eyes.

How was simple little Joan to know that the headless Mercury, poised so lightly among the vineing honeysuckles, the weathered ivory-tinted Flora by the rose hedge, the moss-grown marble seat, the stone sun-dial had been brought from Italy, and each set in its place by a great landscape gardener, in Grandfather Linsey's time, to charm just such heaven-given tastes as she, all unknown to herself, possessed. To her this lovely spot had just dreamed itself into being. It was too beautiful to be real, and so, with feverish eagerness, she planted her easel by the fountain, fearing, without knowing it, that she might awake before it was all set down.

It was the Mercury she was to paint this time, against the green, with the red and white poppies at his feet, and a bit of the old stone wall, and, oh, if she could only catch the flickers of mellow light that filtered through the leaves upon its mossy grayness! If she only was n't so ignorant, so clumsy! If only she could paint it as she felt it.

Oh, she had read, and reread, "Painting Made Easy in Twenty Lessons." She knew parts of it by heart, but it did n't seem to tell anything you really wanted to know. How should you paint sunlight, the flickering shadow on the yellow old marble? How could you get the grace of the poppy as it swayed in the breeze? How catch that something, so subtle, so lovely—the languor, the dreaminess, the very spirit of the garden?

Then she took up her brushes and went to work bravely, patiently, and industriously, as she had drudged at the baskets. She hardly stopped for lunch, when the sun-dial told her it was noon. She hardly paused to dream, though Joan loved dreaming. She painted in, she washed out to paint in again, and all the time in her heart she knew she had never, never, *never* been so happy in all her life before. To be sure, the picture on the easel was not what she saw, nor what she felt, but it had a something—it was a tiny part of the vision, and even in her striving she felt the charm of her own work. She had at least caught beauty's shadow with that crude brush of hers.

The afternoon was growing late and Joan still painted on. Such days as these were few, and she must make the most of it. The shadows were growing long, and the poppies, as if they had taken a sip of their opium, showed signs of sleepiness, but on flew Joan's busy brush.

"Poor me! Poor me!"

As the weird, harsh voice broke the stillness of the garden, Joan, shaking with fear, sprang to her feet and quick as a flash looked up at the window.

She had been quick, but some one had been quicker. The window was open and empty, but surely—yes, surely—she had seen a face. It had been but a glimpse, but she had seen it. Pale, sad-eyed and crowned with a glory of red hair.

It was n't any one she had ever seen before, but—but you could n't think of a ghost with red hair, even if there were such things as ghosts. Oh, for Bab's wisdom to unravel this mystery, but Bab was still over at Brook Acres with Jean. It must be some one in dreadful trouble to wail out like that in such a queer, uncanny voice.

Oh, dear—but all this time Joan was washing brushes like mad in the fountain and screwing up paint-tubes. For Joan had learned the practical side of life in a hard school, and when these colors were gone she had no idea where the next ones were to come from, so she laid them carefully away in the tin box, though her knees quaked, her fingers shook, and her breath came as quickly as if she had been running.

At last she was ready and, folding up her easel, she ran hastily to the steps, but safely there,

paused once more to look back at the window. A hand, white and shapely, was just setting a pot of red geraniums upon the sill.

"Poor me! poor me!" wailed the voice, and a horrid peal of laughter rang out over the silent garden.

Joan did n't wait, but flew out of the door in the wall, banged it shut, locked it behind her, and then, though the old easel thumped her painfully, she flew down the hill toward home.

CHAPTER XV

BAB TO THE RESCUE

BAB let herself out of the swinging gate in the box hedge and went hippety-hopping across the meadow to the chestnut-tree by the brook. Jean and she had just come back from a scamper with Star and Comet, and Bab was pining to see if there was any mail for her in the secret post-office.

Reaching her destination, she stood upon tiptoe and felt deep in the mossy hole. Evidently some one from the Trotts had been to the tree lately, for there was nothing for them. Let 's see—a note for Jean from Christie; that peach-stone basket that Bart had promised her, Bab, for the last month, and a note from Maze, and a great big, big fat letter from Joan, which she immediately sat down to read. More and more excited she grew as she skimmed down the pages, but suddenly with eyes shining, cheeks flaming, she sprang to her feet, and went tearing over the meadow toward Brook Acres.

"Aunt Millicent, Jean," she called as she closed the hall door after her.

"Yes, dear," came Mrs. Linsey's pleasant voice from the library.

"I 'm going,—oh, please, aunty," cried Bab, flying across the hall. "May n't I go back to Durley right now. It 's awfully, awfully important. I know Aunt Kate is n't expecting me to finish my visit until to-morrow, but I don't believe she will care, and I can ride Comet over. Oh, please, aunty, say yes."

"Oh, Bab, not to-night," wailed Jean.

"You know I 'll come back that much sooner, Jean; and it 's so important, aunty. Please, may I go?"

As usual Bab had her way, and a few moments later, she was skimming down the Serpentine to the gay clickety-clackety of Comet's flying feet.

In Joan's letter she had learned of the voice, the sad, pale face, the slender hand, and, most exciting, the horrible laughter, Joan underscored the word three times, and Bab had felt the most delightful chills go prancing up and down her

silly little spine. Joan wasn't afraid, she said, not a bit, but she preferred to have Bab with her the next time she painted in the sunken garden. Bab was n't afraid, she only felt so queer and creepy, but then it was so exciting. Besides, she was awfully, awfully angry, she told herself, for Joan had insinuated, most basely insinuated, that since there were no such things as ghosts and witches, why Aunt Kate—dear, darling Aunt Kate—must be a cruel tyrant, keeping a hopeless, sorrowing prisoner shut up in the west wing. It was this, *this* that was sending Bab, red-cheeked and starry-eyed, back to Durley. She must investigate. She, Bab, in spite of horrible laughter and chills up her spine should lift this cloud from Aunt Kate's name. Bab was indignant, horrified, she told herself, but oh, how happy she was as she flew along.

Miss Twilla and Miss Kate were so happy over Bab's return that dinner was over, and early twilight already falling, before she found the chance to escape out of the front door, and fly down the great veranda to the west wing.

The sunken garden lay all sweet-smelling and misty under the dew, as Bab fearfully opened the green door and let herself in. The headless Mercury stood white and weird against the honeysuckle. The trickle-trickle of the falling water from the satyr's goatskin came eerily through the dusk. Bab glanced up at the west wing warily, the chills were scampering, but she loved them and stood hugging herself ecstatically as the latch on the door clicked and she knew she was really shut inside—the mysterious window stood blankly open to the garden. Even when she stood on tiptoe upon the highest step, she could see nothing inside, but the white curtain that moved ever so faintly in the evening breeze.

Softly Bab let herself, step by step, down into the garden. Fairly holding her breath she crept, drawing her stiff little white skirts close about her. Tiptoeing, tiptoeing, down the path, now among the roses, then among the lilies. Once a toad giving a frantic hop right at her feet sent her scurrying back of a high bush for a moment, then on she went again until she stood in the high grass just beneath the dreadful open window.

Nothing to see nor hear—only the open window, the peaceful, white curtain. Nothing—

"Oh!" gasped Bab.

"Mutter—Mutter—Mutter!" fell upon her strained ears, "Mutter—Mutter—Mutter." That was surely the dreadful voice muttering sleepily to itself. "*Poor me! poor me! Mutter—Mutter—Mutter.*"

"Oh, tiresome Pollykins," cried a clear voice,

so directly over Bab's head, and so unexpectedly, that, standing as she was upon tiptoe, she toppled over and sat suddenly down in the deep, dewy grass. "Oh, you ridiculous, tiresome Pollykins. It is n't poor you at all, it 's poor *me*, poor *me*. If it was n't for dear Miss Kate and my honor, Pollykins, I 'd run away from here this very night and never look upon this dreadful garden again." The girl at the window—for Bab could see that she was but a girl, pale-faced, and with a great knot of red hair for a crown—set her palms upon the stone ledge and leaned far out as if to breathe deeper of the fragrant night. Bab still sitting hugged closer to the wall.

"But, oh, I ought n't to say that of the garden; it has been my good friend," went on the girl with a contrite catch in her voice. "It just gets on my nerves sometimes, at dusk like this, when you are so tiresome, Pollykins, and pity yourself all the time. I 'm the one you should pity, poor *me*, poor *me*, for oh, it 's all so wicked and unjust. But I 'm crying again and I shan't, I shan't. I 'll fight it out, but oh, if somebody would find that horrid crown! I shall hate diamond crowns all the days of my life. Oh, Pollykins, Pollykins pity me, do."

"Mutter, Mutter, Mutter," said the sleep voice. "*Poor me, poor me,*" and then over the garden rang that strange, harsh laughter that had so frightened Joan.

A parrot! Of course. How ridiculous that she had never thought of it! And Bab, now that the girl had gone from the window, crept out of her damp nest and warily back to the green door.

"If I were a really detective," thought Bab, as she scuttled back along the veranda, "I could help that poor girl right away. But, oh, dear, I 'm just a stupid little girl and how can I find a diamond crown?"

"BAB, Bab! Why child, you frighten me half to death." It was Aunt Kate who had just opened the screen door. "I 've been looking for you all over the house. Come in this minute, and go right up to your room and to bed. You surely know you should not be out this late. You have made sister Twilla so nervous I 'm afraid she won't sleep half the night. Yes, you may stop and say good night to her. I am surprised at you, Bab."

"Oh, dear," sighed Bab, as she crept into bed. "That poor, poor girl—and did n't I know all the time it was n't Aunt Kate's fault? But *why* did Aunt Twilla say nobody lived in the west wing, and wherever and ever shall I find the diamond crown?"

THE SOCIAL SEASON

By.



CATHERINE MARKHAM

WITH Pussy Willow's April cards
The social season is at hand.
Her outdoor functions are most swell,
With music by the Tree-toad band.



THE TREE-TOAD BAND.

All May the Birds keep open house;
And every nest has some young thing,
To celebrate a coming-out,
Or at a matinee to sing.



AT FIREFLY'S CARNIVAL.

Daisies and Buttercups receive
 On every pleasant day in June;
 One meets there Butterflies and Bees—
 The dancing lasts till rise of moon.

And after Ladybug's "At Home,"
 The world of fashion all is bid
 To Firefly's carnival, or hops
 With Cricket, and with Katydid.

The Owl and Bat have their "All Nights";
 The Kittens give green catnip teas;
 The raw-food lunch is Chipmunk's fad;
 Dormouse delights in husking bees.

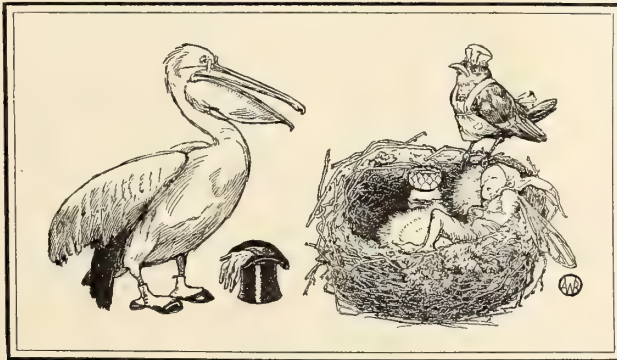
Such blithe affairs in constant round
 A smart-set Elf of course attends;
 No wonder rest-cure is prescribed
 Just as the social season ends.



A FASHIONABLE "COMING OUT."



A LEADER AT THE "HOPS."



THE REST CURE.

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

IX. ALASKA INDIAN CHIEFS: FERNANDESTE, SITKA JACK, AND ANAHOOTZ

ALASKA means great land, and, as you can all see on the map, it is a great land far west of Canada and north of the United States. It was discovered in 1728 by Vitus Bering, a Danish sailor in the Russian service, and it belonged to Russia till 1867 when the United States bought it for \$7,200,000. This country is so very far north that I am sure if I asked you who lived there you would say that the people must all be Eskimos, and you are quite right, for Eskimos do live there, but besides the Eskimos there are Indians who live there, too. They are not as wild and war-like as the red men further south, and are so willing to live as white men do that we have not needed to put them on reservations. Indeed, they would have given Uncle Sam no trouble at all but for the bad traders who would sell the Indians whisky, and no Indian is of much account when he begins to like "fire-water" better than anything else.

It was in 1875 that one of these Alaskan Indian chiefs, Fernandeste, was seized by some white men, made prisoner on board a steamer, and taken to Portland, Oregon. Some of the white men could talk Stickeen, the Indian language, and they frightened Fernandeste so much because he thought he would forever disgrace his people that he died before the ship reached land. Now the Indians loved this chief very much, and when the news came back his family was overcome with grief. All the Indians said they must make the white men give them a great present for this bad treatment of Fernandeste or they would be cowards, and whatever happened his body must be brought back to Alaska.

Now at this time Uncle Sam had sent me with a portion of the United States army, to take care of the northwestern part of our country, so when I heard the story of Fernandeste I decided to go to Alaska and tell his friends how sorry I was and try to make them happy. It was vacation time, so my children went along for a trip.

From Tacoma, on Puget Sound, we sailed to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, and there went on board the steamer *California* for Alaska. What a glorious trip it was sailing between rough-faced mountain sides 3000 feet high, some snow-capped, some covered with feathery trees. Such a strange country, too, for the sun

stayed up all night and at ten o'clock I could read as well as at noon. My children did n't want to go to bed at all, and I remember what queer things we hung up at the windows to darken the rooms so the children could sleep.

At last one morning we anchored in a bay near an island and on that island was an army post called Fort Wrangel. There was a stockade around it made of the trunks of trees fifteen feet high, and there were heavy double gates made of logs fastened together. The commanding officer of the fort and Kalemste, sub-chief of the Wrangel Indians, came to meet us, and with them we went to the stockade. All the buildings of the fort were inside the stockade, and the officers and soldiers felt very safe when the gates were shut. Now some soldiers opened the gates for us to pass in. Kalemste and two other Indians were allowed to enter, but all others turned back to their homes on the other end of the island.

These Wrangel Indians do not live in tepees and wigwams as the Indians further south, but in long houses made of immense planks split from large trees. A whole family—children, parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, and even some few friends live in one house. There is room enough in the middle on the ground to build fires and a small hole in the roof to let out some of the smoke. But the strangest thing of all were the totem poles. In front of each house was a pole ten to thirty feet high. Animals were carved on the top and sides of the poles, sometimes a bird, a bear, or a fox. These totems are the signs of a tribe or family—just as we have the United States eagle, the English lion, the Scotch thistle, or French lily, but they certainly do look very funny standing in front of all the houses. One totem pole belonged to the chief, Fernandeste, and showed the tribe he belonged to among the Stickeen Indians, and the carvings gave a short history of his tribe. There were groves where the Indians danced together, and places where they worked when tanning and decorating the skins of animals, and where the children practised with bows and arrows, and it was all very different from any Indian villages I had seen before.

After we had our lunch at the fort, chairs were taken out in front of the stockade and the Indians gathered for a council. Kalemste stepped out in front of the Indians, while his people crouched ready to listen. He told us the story

of Fernandeste and how he had been invited on the steamer where some dreadful white men, who were prisoners being taken to Portland,



ALASKA TOTEM POLES.

Oregon, for selling liquor to the Indians at Wrangel, kept the chief and frightened him so greatly that he died; and how his people wanted a potlash or present, so that the other Indians would not call them cowards. I asked what would satisfy them and he replied, one hundred good blankets, only they must have their dead

chief back again. Now a good warning had come to me before I started, and I was ready with permission from Uncle Sam. At a word the soldiers went into the stockade and then slowly returned bearing the body of Fernandeste back to those who loved him, and a hundred army blankets for the tribe. A sudden change came over the faces of the Indians, and taking the body from the soldiers they returned to their homes satisfied.

But Kalemste and a few of the leading men remained and asked if the chief of the white men would stay long enough to let him come early in the evening and give us a play. Indeed, we were all curious to see an Indian play, and as the captain of the ship could wait for us, I said yes.

In the evening we came together. The starlight was very bright and it was all still except for the washing of the sea on the shore.

The Indians came quietly, and without ado built a fire on the ground for a big torch to light us. The men were dressed fantastically, no two alike, and their arms and legs were painted. They gave first a dance of joy, which lasted over an hour. Then they showed in a rude way without speaking a word, simply by signs and motions, how Fernandeste went to the steamer, how he died, the crossing of the bar on the Columbia River, how his body was buried and taken again from the ground and the return of it by the steamer to Wrangel; then our coming, our lunch and the council, but all so plainly shown that everybody knew what it meant and clapped their hands in applause for this fine acting.

Then Kalemste begged me to send them a teacher. He said the officers and soldiers had taught them a little, but they wanted a real teacher. I promised, and the evening entertainment being over, we went on board our steamer and were soon sound asleep while the captain and crew watched and took us swiftly northward to Sitka.

When Alaska belonged to Russia they called Sitka New Archangel, after a city in Russia, but we have called it by the Indian name Sitka. There were two bands of Indians here, one under Sitka Jack, the other under Anahootz. Anahootz came to see me in a soldier's coat and hat with a bright handkerchief about it. My boys were much amused at his appearance, but he was as dignified as a king, and presented to me a number of well-folded sheets of paper on each of which was the statement that Anahootz was a good Indian, a friend of the white men and the Indians, and told the truth. I went to see him in his home and he sat on a bench and gave me his only arm-chair. He told me he had thought

much and spent many a night wide awake thinking what would be good for the Indians. Now he understood. He wanted peace between white men and Indians, under a good commander such as Major Campbell, the military governor. I told him his people seemed poor, but I thought if they would make baskets and belts and moccasins visitors would buy them. This pleased him, but he told me that most of all he wanted me to promise to send a teacher to them; that if I sent a good teacher his Indians would build a house, better than his own, for him. Of course I promised, and once more we boarded the *California* and started north to the mouth of Chilcat Creek.

The Chilcat Indians lived much like those at Sitka and Wrangel, but they had seen few white men. Here we found a stone four or five feet long and three feet thick, which the Indians said came from the moon. I suppose it was a meteorite, but the Indians said a great white man had asked them to protect and keep it till he came again, which they were glad to do.

Just as we were returning to the steamer we

met Sitka Jack. He was the most famous chief-tain in this region. Now he was in a long canoe filled with men, every man having a paddle in his hand, and eight or ten on each side. Sitka Jack with eagle feathers in his hat and a belt crammed full of pistols round his waist sat in the stern steering, a small United States flag in his hand. He was a very bright man, and after a little encouragement we had a good talk together. He told me that not many miles inland, if you went through Sitka Pass northward, there was a good level country where everything would grow and where there were very many people.

This was long ago, but since then many of our people have found their way to this great land of Alaska and have given riches to the United States in gold found in the Klondike and Yukon country. Men and women have taken the long journey to teach the Indian children, and under the shadow of the totem poles now are many men and women who were boys and girls when I first went to Alaska to tell those Indians that Uncle Sam was their friend.

X. CAPTAIN JACK: CHIEF OF THE MODOC INDIANS

It was a queer country where the Modocs lived. Their land stretched along for sixty-five miles, measured on the straight line that separates Oregon from California, and it was thirty miles wide, some in Oregon and some in California.

In the year 1850 there was a general Indian war in Oregon and northern California. The white settlers, tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, and hunters, and rough men of the frontier, all came together led by a wild fellow called Ben Wright. Now Wright was not a good man, and he planned a surprise and made a dreadful attack upon forty-six Modoc Indians who were quietly sleeping in their tepees. But five of the Indians got away, and among them was one called Sconchin. He was only seven years old then, and almost all his father's family were killed.

This boy grew up to hate the white people. He was a tall, handsome Indian and belonged to a band of four hundred Modocs. Their chief was called Captain Jack by the white people, though his real name was Modicus. This chief was dark and brawny, and when he said a thing he would not change his mind. He called his tribe by their true Indian name, Maklaks (the people), and wanted to be known by all white men and Indians far and near as "*The very great all-time-Chieftain.*" But he and Sconchin did not always

agree, for Sconchin wanted to be war-chief and make war against the white people all the time, while Captain Jack liked peace best, though he kept a war-bonnet on hand to use if he needed it. A war-bonnet, as you know, is like a winter cap of red flannel worn well back on the head with a mass of eagle and hawk feathers strung together and hanging down the back to the waist. This is only for war times and Captain Jack kept one ready, but usually he wore an old soft gray hat with a cord round it, tassels peeping over the brim and a single eagle feather to show he was chief. He always carried a rifle and two pistols tucked in his belt, but he thought peace with the white men was best for him and for his people. He was a very strong man too, but he could not govern his Indians unless he did about what Sconchin wanted him to do.

In the year 1866 Mr. Meacham, superintendent of Indians for Oregon, sent word north and south to all the Indians to come to Fort Klamath and have a great talk. A good many Indians came and Mr. Meacham thought they really represented their tribes, but neither Captain Jack nor Sconchin was there. However, there was a great bargain, and the Indians agreed to take a small sum of money and go and live on the Klamath Reservation. This was just such a place as white people like to go to in the summer, but for

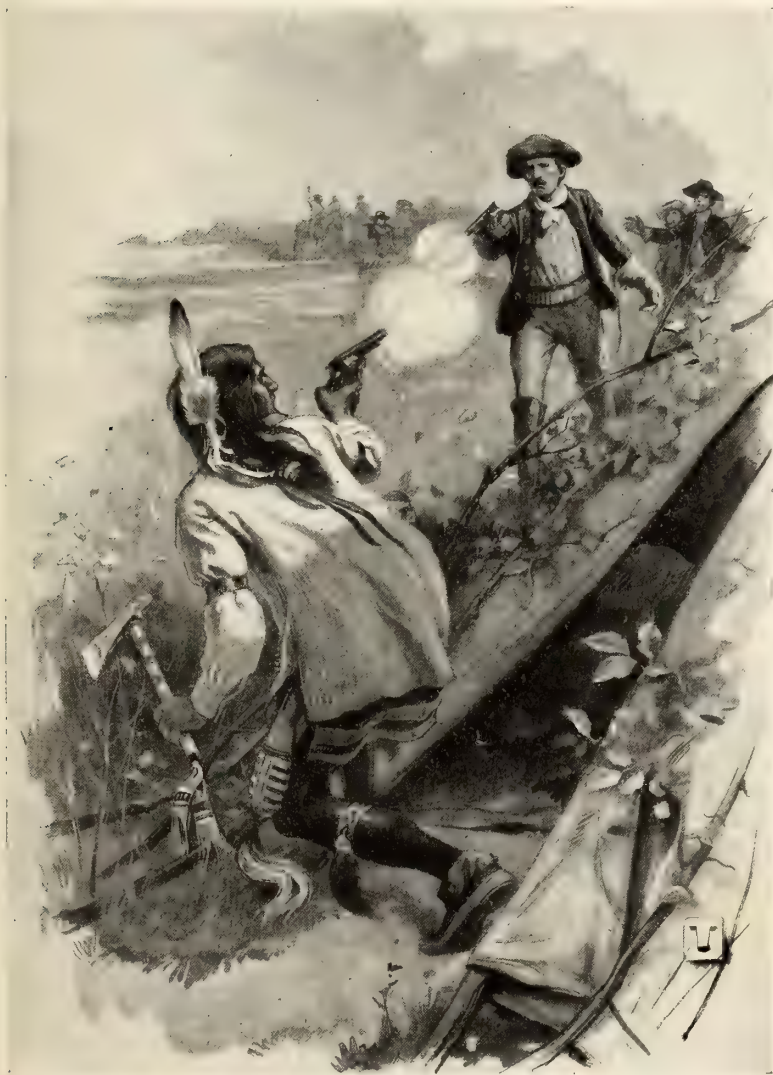
Indians no place at all. Captain Jack said: "I have n't sold our land on Lost River and I won't leave it"; and Sconchin said, "Let us fight forever." But after a while, in 1869, Captain Jack said: "To go is better than war." So with three hundred men, women, and children moved the fifty

Klamaths, Snakes, and other Oregon Indians, began to bother them again.

At last Captain Jack, to avoid open war, one night with all his people, fled back to their old home. But here they were not welcome, for the white settlers had their land and did not want them around. Of course, some white people were kind and knew the Indians told the truth when they said, "We have never sold our land, we cannot live in Oregon, we cannot hunt or fish on the reservation, nor gather lily bulbs, wild onions, or camas roots."

Good Mr. Meacham finally agreed to give them a reservation on the Lost River, and Captain Jack said, "We will bargain and keep the peace." But at Washington people were busy doing other things, and for a long time no word came to say Mr. Meacham could give this land to the Modocs. Captain Jack's heart was sick and Sconchin said: "Mr. Meacham is like all white men, double-tongued and does not tell the truth."

At last a new Indian agent was sent to take Mr. Meacham's place. He believed the white settlers who told him that the Indians were bad and that they must be forced back to the Klamath Reservation. So a company of soldiers under Captain Jackson went to make them go. The Indians were living in rough tepees or wigwams made of poles covered with brushwood. Some were on the river bank, some on an island. Captain Jackson and



"THE SOLDIER AND THE INDIAN FIRED AT THE SAME INSTANT."

miles up to the great Klamath Reservation. But here something unexpected happened. The Klamath Indians were many more than the Modocs, and they were angry that the Modocs had come. The women and children quarreled, and the Klamaths sent word to the agent that the Modocs were getting ready to go on the war-path. Then the agent moved the Modocs two miles away, but they had hardly put up their tepees when the

Captain Jack had a talk. The Indians did not want to go, but their chief said he would rather go than have war. Captain Jackson was trying, through the half-breed interpreter, to arrange the homeward march, when Scar-Faced Charlie, one of Sconchin's friends, angry and armed with a pistol, came out of his tepee. Captain Jackson ordered his immediate arrest by a sergeant, who also had a pistol. The soldier and

the Indian fired at the same instant; then other soldiers and Indians fired. At the same time some white men, back on the island, were shooting into the Indian tepees. Five soldiers were killed or wounded and as many Indians fell. Then the Indians, in the confusion, got away. They caught up everything and ran southward, while Captain Jackson, gathering up his dead and wounded, made his way sorrowfully and slowly back to Fort Klamath.

The young Indians in their flight went through a white settlement and killed eleven white men and boys who came in their way, but they spared all the women and the smaller children.

There were wonderful caves on the banks of Lost River. To one of these Captain Jack led his band. From here he could see everything for five miles, and this cave led to other caves, so that without being seen he could make his way to the water's edge. Captain Jack had not more than seventy warriors, but they were in that strong place with food enough for three months for his men and for all of his women and children who were in there. Every Indian had a rifle and pistols and considerable ammunition. Against them Colonel Frank Wheaton of the army led six hundred soldiers. They were confident and ran briskly toward the stronghold, but the Indians were ready and beat back all the six hundred, having slain thirty-five of Wheaton's men and wounded many more. Colonel Wheaton was astounded. He drew off his soldiers and retreated twenty miles. A little later, however, the soldiers returned, bringing cannon and mortars. The mortars would throw a loaded shell high in air and drop it down into Captain Jack's fortress; lodging in the cracks and fissures the fuse would keep burning till the shell, like that in blasting rocks, would explode and the fragments of iron fly in every direction. The Indians at first feared those "guns that fired twice every time," but soon they learned how to protect themselves.

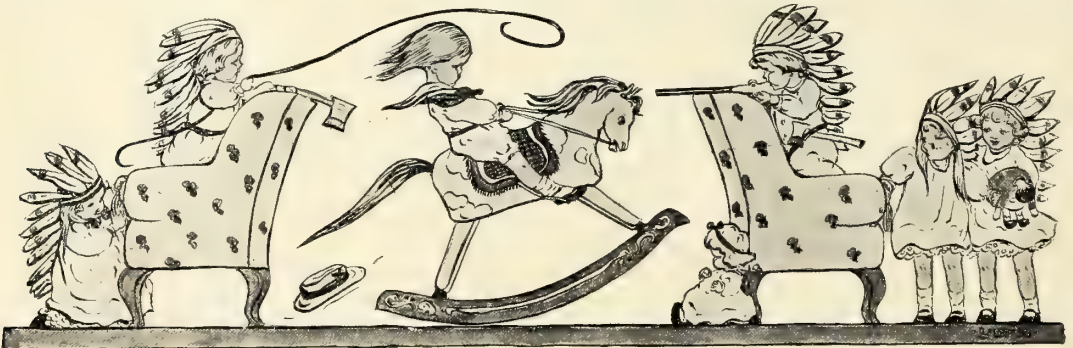
Then General Canby and Colonel Wheaton en-

camped before the cave with an army of soldiers. Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Meacham, and some other peace-loving friends, tried to bring about a good peace. They sent into the stronghold a half-breed interpreter and a conference was secured. Captain Jack even yet desired a peaceable settlement, but he did not like the offers made him of a new reservation near Lost River to be given him by and by after purchases of land could be made, and meanwhile for the Modocs to go down to Angel Island, near San Francisco, and be provided for. Though Captain Jack appeared to favor this arrangement, most of his warriors showed an ugly disposition, and, stirred up by Sconchin, were for *war, war!* Then Captain Jack, who had been planning in his mind a great blow, sent word that he and a few of his principal men, five in all, would meet General Canby and five of his peace men at a place between the lines about a mile from the soldiers' camp. At the time appointed they met, but the Indians had pistols hidden in their clothing, and after a short talk, when everything was arranged, Captain Jack cried out: "All ready," and they fired.

The good general and Dr. Thomas fell instantly killed, and Mr. Meacham was badly wounded, but the others escaped, and Captain Jack's warriors drove back all the soldiers who were near enough for them to reach with their rifles; then they ran back to their stronghold.

Now more troops came, and little by little Captain Jack saw his Indians grow less. The soldiers captured his spring of water and cut his people off from the lake till, in desperation, one night the Modocs without any warning fled to another cave, four miles away.

Some Warm Spring Indians, friendly to the white people, trailed the fleeing Modocs, and after many days and great losses among the soldiers the desperate Modocs had so few warriors left and were so much in want of food and water that a part of them came out, gave themselves up and betrayed their leader, Captain Jack. He was the last man captured.





" SHE RAISED HER HAND AND THE SOLDIERS STOPPED SHORTER THAN IF THE KING HIMSELF HAD CRIED, 'HALT!'"

THE PROUD PRINCESS AND THE UGLY PRINCE

BY B. J. DASKAM



ONCE upon a time there was a king who owned half of the whole world and claimed the rest of it. So you may be sure that no princess ever had such a christening as his only child; but there was not a single fairy invited, for, if you will believe me, the King was so foolish that he said there were no such things as fairies in the whole world!

It would have been a sorry day for the Princess if the fairies had taken him at his word, but they knew that she was not to blame for the folly of her father, so every last one of them brushed up her invisible cloak and carried some gift to the christening.

But the oldest fairy of all did not wear an invisible cloak, for she considered that there was

something due to fairy dignity and she came just as she happened to be, as an old, old woman in a ragged cloak.

When the King saw her standing beside the cradle, he was red with anger.

"How came this old woman here?" he roared.

"Your Royal Highness—" began the Lord High Chancellor and the Master of Ceremonies and the Chief Butler, all at once.

But the King clapped his hands for the Royal Body-guard.

"To the dungeons with them all!" he shouted.

All the while the Queen was plucking his sleeve anxiously, for she believed in fairies and she had her own ideas about the ragged woman.

"Your Majesty," she whispered, "let us ask this old lady to be godmother to the Princess."

"Godmother, indeed!" cried the King. "To the dungeons with the old woman!"

But when the soldiers marched up to her, she raised her hand and they stopped shorter than if the King himself had cried, "Halt!"

"Listen," she said, smiling at the frightened Queen, "since you ask it, my dear, I will be god-mother to your baby. But since your royal husband does not believe in fairies, he cannot object if I present the Princess with a heart proud enough for all his riches!"

Then she went away so quickly that no one saw her go, and the Guards could find no trace of her, although they hunted high and low.

The King forbade all mention of the matter, but the Queen remembered that the old woman had smiled, and she took some comfort from that.

The baby Princess grew older, and each day she became more beautiful than the day before. You may be sure that she heard enough of her beauty from the entire Court, so it is small wonder that, when she came to her seventeenth birthday, she was the proudest Princess in the whole world.

On her birthday morning she was strolling alone in the gardens, when suddenly she was aware of an old ragged woman sitting beside a rose-bush. You can guess that the Princess was surprised, but she was too proud to be afraid, so she only said:

"Good morning, mother."

"Good morning, my dear," said the old lady, "I am your fairy god-mother!"

"I beg your pardon," said the Princess—for of course she considered it far beneath her to be rude to any one, even to a ragged woman—"I beg your pardon, but my father, the King, says that there are no such things as fairies."

"When your father is as old as I am," said the fairy, "he will be entitled to his own opinion, and not before! How-

ever, that is neither here nor there: I have come to give you a birthday present."

"You are very kind," murmured the Princess.

"Not at all," said the godmother; "but I cannot bring my gift to you. You must go and fetch it."

"What can it be?" asked the Princess, curiously.

"It is the Best Thing in the World," said the

fairy, "and you will have to go to the other end of the earth and ask the Little Black Dwarf for it, if you want it."

"Indeed I do want it, thank you!" cried the Princess, eagerly. For she thought that the Best Thing in the World was worth having—and I would take it, myself, if I could get it. "I will beg my father for a thousand men and start for the other end of the earth to-morrow!"

"You will never reach there with a thousand men," said the old lady. "You will have to go alone!"

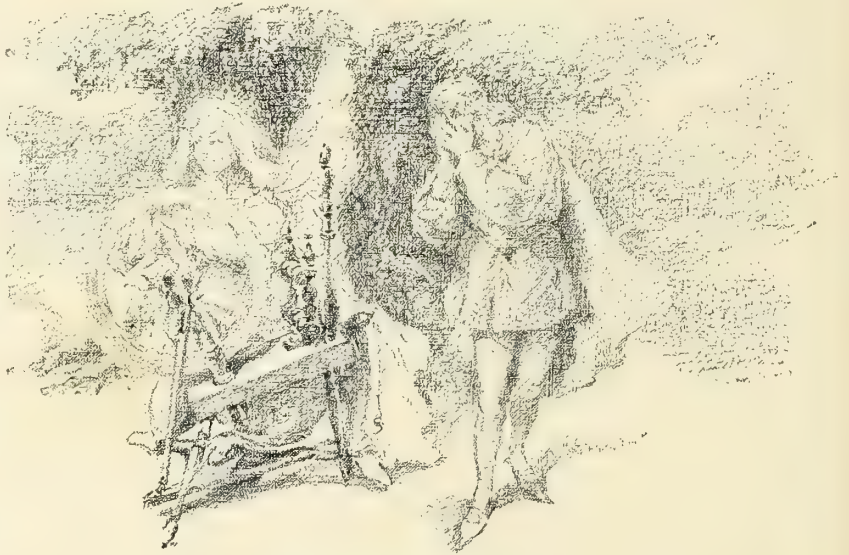
"Oh," cried the Princess, "my father will never let me go alone."

"Then you will never get the Best Thing in the World," said her godmother; "and now I must be going, for I have a great many things to do."

So she kissed the Proud Princess and stepped into the rose-bush, which closed about her like a cloak until she had completely disappeared.

But the very next morning the Princess arose before any one was about and set off alone to find the Little Black Dwarf and the Best Thing in the World.

Now it had happened that, on the very day when the Proud Princess was christened, the



"HE HELD HIS HANDS BEFORE HIS FACE, AND STARED AT HER THROUGH HIS FINGERS."

King of the West gave a party to celebrate the first birthday of his son. As luck would have it, the Little Black Dwarf happened that way and you may be sure that he was glad enough to put a stop to the fun.

"Ho!" he cried, "here 's another guest and another gift! May the Prince become so ugly that

no one can look upon his face without turning away in horror!"

Then he marched out again, cracking his thumbs with joy at the mischief he had done.

The royal nurse gave one look at the little Prince in her arms and was so horrified that she dropped him on the palace floor, but the Queen snatched him up and covered him with kisses, for not all the Black Magic in the books can make a mother believe that her baby is not the most beautiful thing in the world!

As for the King, he posted off to the Wise-man on the hill, as fast as he could travel, and he deserves some credit for that, I can tell you!

"Bring me," said the Wise-man, "an old blind man, an old blind woman, a little blind boy and a walnut. Then fetch the Queen and the Prince, and we will see what we can do."

When the King had done as he was bid, the Wise-man led them to a meadow back of the palace, and up to the top of a little hill.

"Now watch," he said, "and you will see something!"

He cracked the walnut and buried the meat in the ground, with a pin thrust through the middle. Then he placed one half of the shell on the very top of the hill and threw the other half down into the meadow.

Hardly had it touched the ground when a stream of water rushed from it and began to flow around the hill. The hill itself swelled into a mountain and the other half of the shell became a castle of stone.

As the water rose about the mountain, the Wise-man bared his arm and gazed eagerly at the stream. Suddenly he dashed his hand into the water and drew forth the shell. At that the stream stopped rising, but the waves lashed themselves into such a fury that one could not see beyond them for the spray.

The Wise-man tossed the shell into the water again and it became a tiny boat, without oars or sail, and before it there stretched a narrow path of still water. The King and the Wise-man stepped into the boat and it bore them swiftly to the foot of the palace gardens.

But when the King looked back, the path had closed behind them and he could see no mountain nor castle—nothing but the spray of the waves.

"Once every week," said the Wise-man, "you may cross over to the mountain, but if you do not return at dawn or if you bring any one back with you, I cannot say what will happen!"

Then he went back to his books, for he had done all that he could and no man, however wise he may be, can do more than that.

As for the little Prince, he grew up without

ever knowing how ugly he was, for there was not a single mirror on the mountain and his mother and the blind people thought him the most beautiful Prince in the whole world.

As he grew, a tree sprang from the meat of the walnut, and grew with him, but through the trunk was thrust a sword where the pin had been.



THE LITTLE BLACK DWARF.

And although the Prince was always trying, he could never draw it forth.

On his nineteenth birthday he went to the tree and laid his hand on the handle of the sword, as he was used to do. As he strained at it, the steel loosened and flashed into the air with a noise like a clap of thunder.

As the Prince gazed, wondering, at the bright blade, he thought he saw a strange horrible face staring over his shoulder. But when he turned, there was no one there and he knew that he had seen his own reflection!

His cry of sorrow brought them all running to him, and it was high time, for the walnut tree

was cleft through where the sword had been, and, as it crashed to the ground, a great whirlwind arose, rocking the mountain back and forth.

Then suddenly there was no mountain, no castle and no water—only a little hill in a meadow, and five frightened people clustering about a shining sword and a broken walnut shell.

As they walked toward the palace, a little girl came toward them, laughing, but when she saw the Prince, she shrieked and fled away.

Then the Prince turned to his mother with tearful eyes and said:

“Mother, why am I so ugly that the little girl runs from me?”

The Queen took him in her arms and wept with him.

“My dearest,” she said, “the Little Black Dwarf has bewitched you, but to me you are the fairest Prince in all the world!”

The Prince thrust the bright sword into the scabbard and turned sadly away.

“Farewell, mother dear,” he said, “for I must travel about the world until I find this Little Black Dwarf and have a word with him.”

So he kissed her tenderly and went away, leaving her weeping in the arms of the old blind woman.

After a while he traveled only at night, unless he was in the thick woods, for every one fled from him and his eyes were always full of tears.

And finally he came to Fairyland, for every Prince must reach there, sooner or later, be he ever so ugly. As he walked sorrowfully through the forest he came upon an old, old woman who was spinning threads of sunlight upon a fairy spinning-wheel.

The Prince would have turned away lest he should frighten her, but he had never seen so bright a thread, so he held his hands over his face and stared at her through his fingers.

At last the old woman said:

“Don’t you think that it is very rude to stand with your hands before your face?”

“I beg your pardon,” said the Prince, “but I am so ugly that you would be frightened if you should see me.”

The old lady laughed softly. “My dear,” she said, “I have more years than there are strands upon my wheel, but I have never yet been afraid of an ugly face. If your heart were ugly I should be sorry, but I can very easily see that it is not.”

The Prince wondered how she could see him, for she never turned her head nor stopped her spinning.

“Do you know what I have made for you?” asked the fairy, quietly.

“No,” said the Prince.

“It is a gift that I have been working at, off and on, ever since your first birthday, and I finished it but yesterday.”

As she spoke she took a piece of cloth from her girdle and the Prince saw that it was a golden mask.

The old lady turned and looked into the eyes of the Ugly Prince, and then she smiled so tenderly that he thought of his mother, the Queen, for no one else had ever smiled upon him with seeing eyes.

“Wear this,” she said, “for two years and a day, without ever taking it off, and remember that a gentle heart is better than a handsome face.”

Then she walked away so swiftly that you could not see her feet touch the ground and was out of sight in an instant.

But the Ugly Prince snapped the mask on his face and strode away with a lighter heart than he had borne since he left the mountain in the meadow.

He had not gone far before he saw a ragged girl sleeping beneath a tree. As he bent over her, he thought she was more beautiful than anything else in the world, and that might very well be, for she was none other than the Proud Princess, who had been searching for the other end of the earth, this long while.

For all her rags, she was as proud as ever, for when she awoke to find the Ugly Prince in his golden mask, leaning over her, she was not at all afraid.

“If you are a robber,” she said, “you need not trouble me, for I have nothing that is worth stealing.”

“I am no robber,” said the Prince, sorrowfully, “but I am so ugly that you would turn away in horror if it were not for my mask!”

“I am very sorry,” said the Princess, gently. And indeed she was, for she was so proud of her own beauty that she could not bear to think of any one else being ugly.

“You are very kind,” said the Prince. “But what are you doing all alone in the woods? Are you not afraid?”

“No,” said the Princess, “no one will harm me.”

And she told the Prince all about her god-mother and the Best Thing in the World.

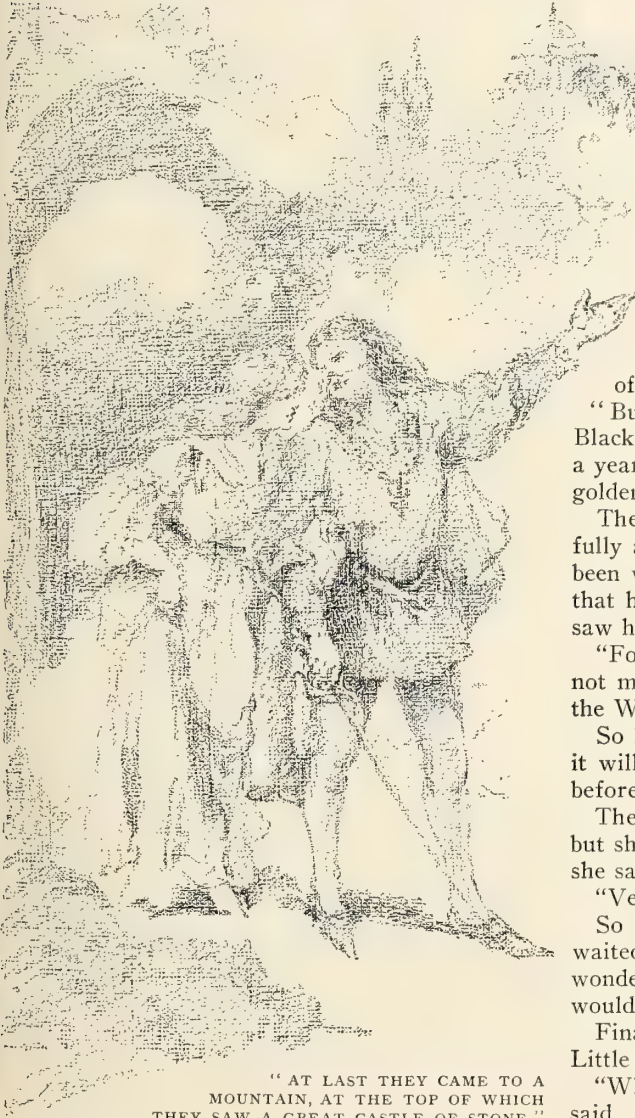
“I, too, am looking for the Little Black Dwarf,” said the Prince, “and if you will allow me, I will be your servant and go with you, since my mask hides my ugliness.”

Now you may readily believe that the Princess was glad enough of company, so they set out together for the other end of the earth.

Sometimes they would encounter dangers on the road and then the Prince would stride ahead

with his shining sword, while the Princess watched him anxiously. For she was so proud that she could not bear to think of any harm coming to him for her sake.

Often, in the night, she would hear the Prince moaning to himself and she knew that he was sorrowing for his ugliness. Then the tears would come into her eyes, for she wished all who served her to be happy.



"AT LAST THEY CAME TO A MOUNTAIN, AT THE TOP OF WHICH THEY SAW A GREAT CASTLE OF STONE."

So they traveled for a whole year, until they came to the Last Mountain at the other end of the earth and at the top they saw a great castle of stone with high towers and glittering spires.

The Little Black Dwarf met them at the gate, and he was just as glad to see them as if they had been his worst enemy.

But the Proud Princess said boldly:

"I have come for the Best Thing in the World, which my godmother gave me.

Where is it, please?"

The Little Black Dwarf looked from her to the Prince in his golden mask and then from the Prince to the Princess again, and laughed until his sides were sore.

"Very well, my dear," he said; "but what will you be

giving me if I let you have it?"

"I have nothing at all with me," said the Princess, proudly, "but my father owns half of the whole world and he will pay you well!"

"But that will not do at all," said the Little Black Dwarf. "You must wait in this castle for a year and a day and give me your servant in the golden mask forever!"

Then the Princess would have turned sorrowfully away, but all this time the Ugly Prince had been waiting for her to finish with the Dwarf so that he could have a word with him. When he saw her sorrow he stepped forward.

"For," he thought, "I am so ugly that it does not matter and she will have the Best Thing in the World, which is joy enough for me."

So he whispered to her, "Agree with him, and it will be a strange thing if I do not trick him before the time is up!"

The Proud Princess tried to look at his face, but she could not see through the golden mask, so she said:

"Very well. Let it be as you say."

So for a year and a day the Proud Princess waited in the castle, and all the while she was wondering what the Best Thing in the World would be.

Finally the time was up and she went to the Little Black Dwarf.

"Where is the Best Thing in the World?" she said. "I have waited for a year and a day."

"Yes, yes," said the Little Black Dwarf. "Just step up to the garret and pick it out."

So the Proud Princess went up to the top of the castle, and I would like to have been with her, I can tell you! For there was a cloak woven out

of sunlight, that made its wearer more beautiful than the day, and a sword forged out of lightning which would light the whole world on the darkest night, and a little brass man who could sing any song in the world so sweetly that every one forgot his troubles, and a thousand other things, each more wonderful than the last.

But the Proud Princess went from one to the other and she could not decide which was the Best Thing in the World. So at last she went back to the Little Black Dwarf.

"Ho!" he cried, "what did you choose?"

"I have taken nothing yet," said the Princess; "but I would like to see my servant in the golden mask."

Then the Little Black Dwarf hopped up and down on one foot with rage.

"You cannot see him!" he shrieked. "He is mine! Choose something else!"

The Proud Princess thought of how he had served her without hope of reward and of how brightly his sword had flashed when there were dangers in the road; but most especially she remembered how he had sorrowed at night for his ugliness.

"I choose my servant!" she said, and the Little Black Dwarf was mad with rage.

But a bargain is a bargain, so the Proud Princess took the Ugly Prince by the hand and together they took their way out upon the Last Mountain.

"What have you done?" asked the Ugly Prince sadly. "Why have you chosen me instead of the Best Thing in the World?"

"I am not sure," said the Princess, timidly, "but I think it is because I love you!"

Then the Ugly Prince gave a great sob.

"But, you know, you have never seen my face!" he said.

"It can make no difference," said the Princess, happily. "Take off your mask!"

"I cannot," muttered the Prince. "You would turn away in horror and would never look at



"'WHY!' SHE SAID, WONDERINGLY, 'YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PRINCE IN THE WHOLE WORLD.'"

me again and then I think I would die!"

"Trust me," said the Princess.

Then the Ugly Prince fell on his knees before her and bowed his head.

But the Proud Princess walked over to him, put her arms around his neck and unclasped the golden mask.

"Why," she said wonderingly, as she kissed him, "you are the most beautiful Prince in the whole world!"

And that is the end of the story, for there is no Prince so ugly that he cannot find a Princess to love him, and without a little proper pride one can never gain the Best Thing in the World.





HAPPYCHAPTER V

YOU may have forgotten
 by this time, perhaps,
 How the old first families
 of Happychaps
 One morning
 awoke
 At the woodchop-
 per's stroke
 Of his ax on the old
 Centennial Oak.
 Now, of course, these
 Happychaps took the
 lead



In planning a
 town;

And they did it up brown,
 For they were industrious people indeed,
 And industrious people succeed.

They planned for a village of ample extent,
 With houses to sell and houses to rent;
 With a splendid town hall;
 A park and a mall;
 And avenues wide,
 With trees on each side;

Public gardens and fountains and all.
 Old General Happychap nobly presided
 At a meeting where it was proposed and decided
 To begin right away,
 The very next day,

Or as soon as the means were provided.
 No secret was made of this excellent plan,
 And no sooner was it decided on, than
 The Happychap guests of foreign nativities
 (Who came, as you know, for Reunion festi-
 vities)
 Took a quick rising vote. The result was unani-
 mous
 (Except for one Choctaw, a bit pusillanimous),
 From the brave Esquimau,
 Who lives in the snow,
 To the fierce Hottentot,
 Who lives where it's hot;

From climes where they melt or climes where
 they freeze,

And the lands between these,
 And islands in seas,

The visiting Happychaps rose as one man,
 And said, "Include us in your excellent plan!
 We 'll throw in our fortunes with yours, if we
 may,

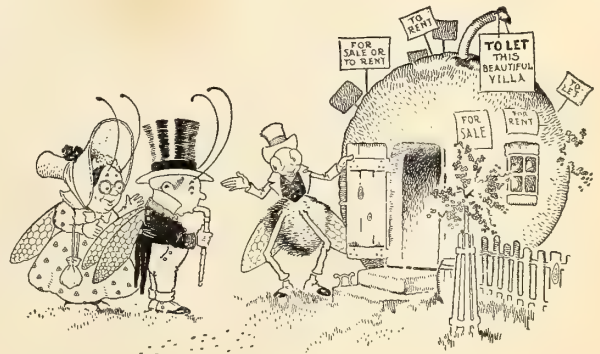
And in Jollipopopolis gladly we 'll stay.

No more we 'll return
 Where we shiver or burn,

But here, in this pleasant and temperate land,
 We 'll rally forever, The Happychap Band!"
 "You're welcome," said General Happychap,
 then,

"I 'll gladly include you with my merry men;
 And shoulder to shoulder we 'll loyally stand,
 United forever, The Happychap Band!"
 Well, that was all right. Then next, if you
 please,

The Skiddoodles desired to be added to these.
 "Come on!" cried the General, "Come on, of
 course,
 We're delighted to have you our ranks reinforce.
 And now, with such splendidly capable aid,
 We 'll make such a city as never was made."
 Well, of course, after this, a mass-meeting was
 called,



HARRISON CADY

"THEY PLANNED FOR A VILLAGE OF AMPLE EXTENT,
 WITH HOUSES TO SELL AND HOUSES TO RENT."

And those who were timid felt somewhat ap-
palled
At the great undertaking which they had begun,

And from one to another a low murmur went.
Then a Greenlander Happychap stood up and
said,

“That idea is absurd! Try
this one instead:
For building material nothing’s so nice
As huge cubic blocks of crystal-clear ice.
And small, one-roomed huts
constructed of these,
Are cheap, quickly built, and
certain to please.”

He smiled like a man
Who is sure that his plan
Is the very best one that was
ever devised,
And when no one applauded,
he looked quite surprised.

After him, old Professor Happychap rose,
And, adjusting his glasses astride of his nose,
Said, “The shape, size, or style, that the dwellings
may be

Is not of the slightest importance to me.

But let each upper story

Be an observatory,

And in each house a well-furnished laboratory.”



HARRISON LADY

“THE GENERAL MADE A MASTERLY SPEECH.”

But the more daring Happychaps thought it was
fun.

The meeting proceeded,
And every one heeded
The General’s able and masterly speech,
Which was greatly admired and applauded by
each.

“We ’ll build us a city,” at last he proclaimed,
“And, of course, Jollipopolis it must be named.
Now just as a starter,
I ’ll draw up a charter,
And we ’ll have it engrossed and then framed.”

Then next there arose what they call mooted
questions;

If a question is mooted
It’s hard to get suited,

So of course there were many suggestions.
“What style shall the dwellings be?” led to some
friction,

For each had his own deeply-rooted conviction.
Big Chief Dewdrop arose in his blanket and
feathers,

And said, “I contend that in all sorts of weathers
There’s nothing so durable, warm, and artistic,
As a wigwam made gay with designs cabalistic.

And it seems, sir, to me
That our dwellings should be

All Indian wigwams. I trust you ’ll agree.”
He sat down; and there rose a loud howl of dis-
sent,



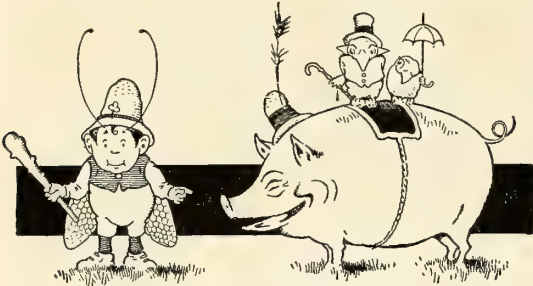
HARRISON LADY

“LITTLE, LOW CABINS, WITH VINES GROWING ROUND.”



PLANNING THE TOWN OF JOLLIPOPOLIS.

"Oh, ho!" said old Raggedly Happychap then,
 "That 's all very well for scholarly men;
 For myself, I don't see
 Why houses should be!
 I live on the road, that 's the dwelling for me."

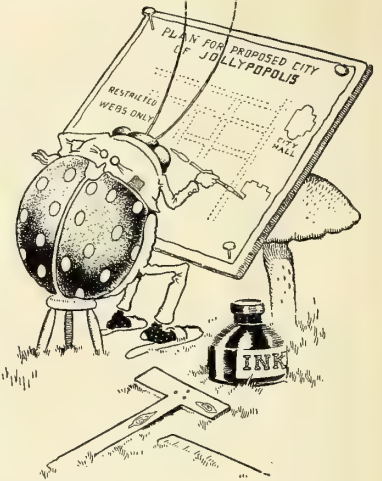


PADDY O'HAPPYCHAP AND HIS PIG.

"Mah gracious!" exclaimed 'Rastus Happychap,
 "I
 Would n't know what to do in a house large or
 high!
 But little, low cabins, with vines growin' round,
 Would suit everybody the best, I 'll be bound."
 Said Paddy O'Happychap, "Yes, if they 're big
 Enough to accommodate me and my pig!"
 A Fiji said, timidly, "Palms are good thatching,
 But such roofs require a great deal of patching."
 Said a Jap
 Happychap,
 "There 's nothing so good
 As bamboo wood,—"

But Rah Rah Happychap said, "Pooh, Pooh!
 Don't let that fellow bamboozle you
 Into building houses of split bamboo,
 With paper sides
 Like lantern slides,
 And a Japanese fan or two!
 For my part, I think it would be great
 To have a big campus up to date;
 With a tennis-court and a base-ball ground,
 And tents to sleep in all around."
 "Shiver my timbers! if I like that,"
 Cried old Skipper Happychap, jolly and fat,
 "But it seems to me
 That on the sea

A floating city
 there could be.
 Each one could
 have a yacht or
 a barge,
 A dory small, or a
 steamer large,
 And sail about
 While the
 sun is out,
 Then anchor
 at night
 'Neath the
 moon's
 pale light,
 Hurrah, for a life
 so free and
 brave!



MAKING A MAP OF THE CITY.



HARRISON. [ADY

"EACH ONE COULD HAVE A YACHT OR A BARGE."

A life on the rolling ocean
 wave!"
 "Naw!" said Happychap
 Messenger, "I ain't in it!
 I could n't work that job a
 minute!
 I have ter live where the land
 is fenced
 So I 'll have sumpin to lean
 against."
 "Yes, when you stop to take
 a nap!"
 Chuckled old Raggedly
 Happychap.
 Said Halfred 'Appychap,
 "Big hotels
 Are the proper thing for us
 English swells.
 I want on me bags
 Some more labels and
 tags."
 (Then Rah Rah gave one of
 his yells!)

“Ho!” cried
Toots Hap-
pynchap, “lis-
ten to me!
I ’ll tell you
just what
our proceed-
ings should
be:
Let ’s build a
big garage,
enormously
large,

Would triumphantly pass all requirements and
tests;

Suspended from trees,
They ’d swing in the breeze,

And we ’ll all keep our
motor-cars there without
charge!
We ’ll build it right straight
in the middle of town—”
“No!” Hoppergrass thun-
dered, with terrible frown,



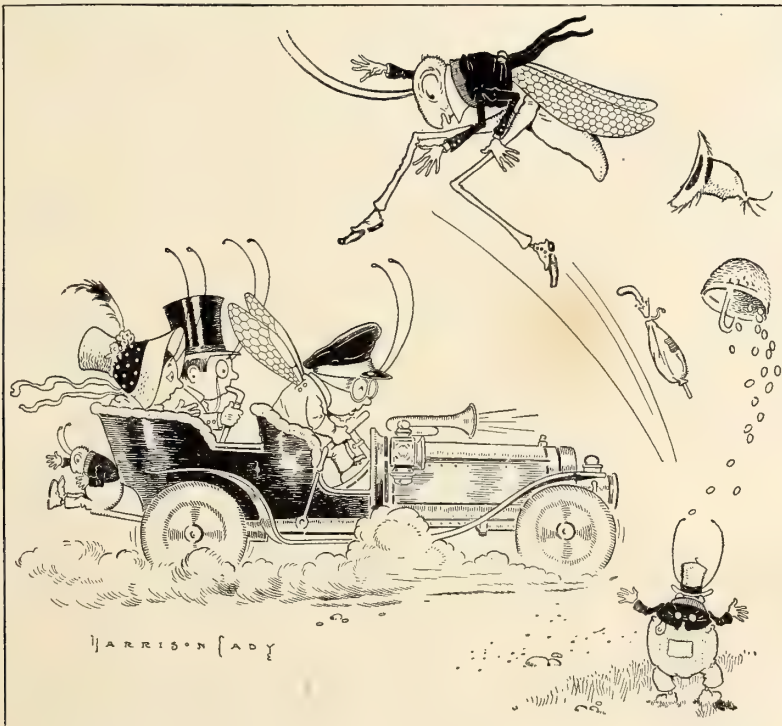
TIMOTHY TERRAPIN THINKS THE HOUSES SHOULD BE
BUILT UNDER WATER.

“I ’ve trouble enough with things in my way,
Without jumping automobiles every day!”
And poor Percy Porcupine put in his word,
“I ’d puncture the tires whenever I stirred!”
The Skiddoodles began
To think of a plan;
The birds said a village of fine hanging nests

And accommodate plenty of guests.
Then old Mr. Hoots, with a blink and a scowl,
Said, “Take the advice of a wise old owl;
Let each one live in a hollow tree—”
Said Timothy Terrapin, “Not for me!
I think the whole of the city oughter

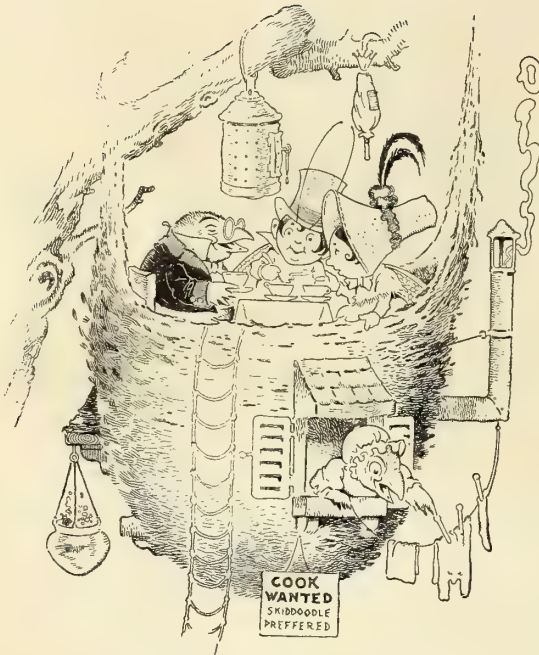


HARRISON ADY
OLD MR. HOOTS GIVES
ADVICE.



HARRISON ADY

OLD HIRAM HOPPERGRASS JUMPING OUT OF THE WAY OF AN AUTOMOBILE.



A SWING-HOUSE FOR THE NEW CITY.

Be carefully built beneath the water."
 "So do we," said the frogs and the water-wag-tails;
 "Not so! not so!" cried the glum old snails,
 "Convenience and comfort you 're sure to lack
 Unless you carry your house on your back."
 Said the ants, "Small pyramids of sand
 Make dwellings that are simply grand!"
 Said the spiders, "Webs of enormous size
 Are good to live in and fine for flies!"
 Then the chatter grew loud and the arguments
 strong;

Each thought he was right and the others were wrong.

When General Happychap cried, "Hear! Hear!
 We 'll never agree on this I fear.

So I 'll tell you

What we 'll have to do

To make our progress clear."

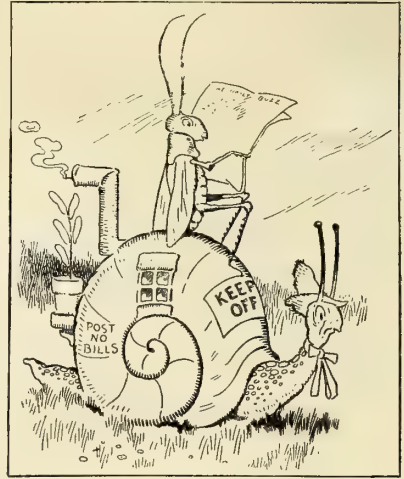
Then General Happychap, clever old man!

Suggested a most satisfactory plan;

And each Happyhappy

Was perfectly happy;

And all the Skiddoodles were happy as well.



" 'CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT YOU 'RE SURE TO LACK
 UNLESS YOU CARRY YOUR HOUSE ON YOUR BACK.' "

But the tale of this project I really can't tell
 Until the next time
 We take up this rhyme,
 And then you shall learn what befell.

AS TO FAIRIES AND PIRATES

(A little child's answer to the question, "Do you believe in fairies?")

BY J. WARREN MERRILL

No, I don't believe in fairies, but I watch close when I pass
 Through the woods and all the meadows and the flowers and the grass.
 For, if there *should* be fairies (and the old folks *may* not know,
 And it seems as if there *must* be) I should love to see one so!
 And I don't believe in pirates—only sometimes in the night,
 When the house seems strange and silent, and there is n't any light,
 I creep down in the bedclothes and I feel a sort of thrill—
 For grown folks *might* be mistaken and there *may* be pirates still.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"

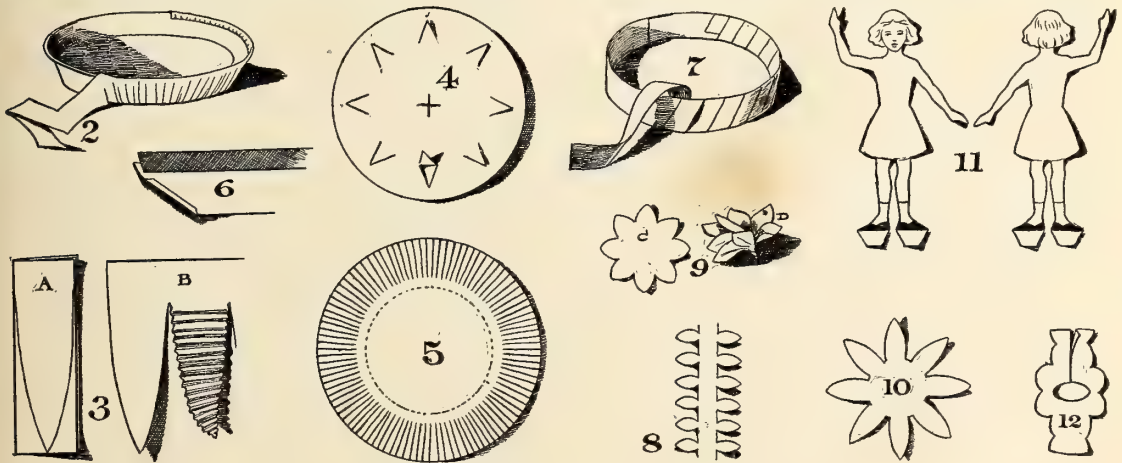


Rainy-Day Amusements in the Nursery FOURTEENTH PAPER "BIRTHDAY PIES" ORIGINATED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

THE MAY-POLE PIE

THE foundations of most of the pies are the same. First you must have a large, round, tin pan, about three inches deep; then a number of sheets of white and colored tissue-paper. Cut several strips of the white paper five inches wide and as long as the width of the tissue-paper sheet. Paste one edge of the paper inside the

as you like. For the May-pole Pie cut strips of apple-green tissue-paper, three and a half inches wide into fringe, and paste the top edge of the fringe just inside the top edge of the pan, allowing the fringe to hang down on the outside. Then cut strips of olive-green paper, four and a half inches wide, fold each strip and cut into a fringe of leaves. (A and B, Fig. 3.) The leaves should be almost two inches wide at



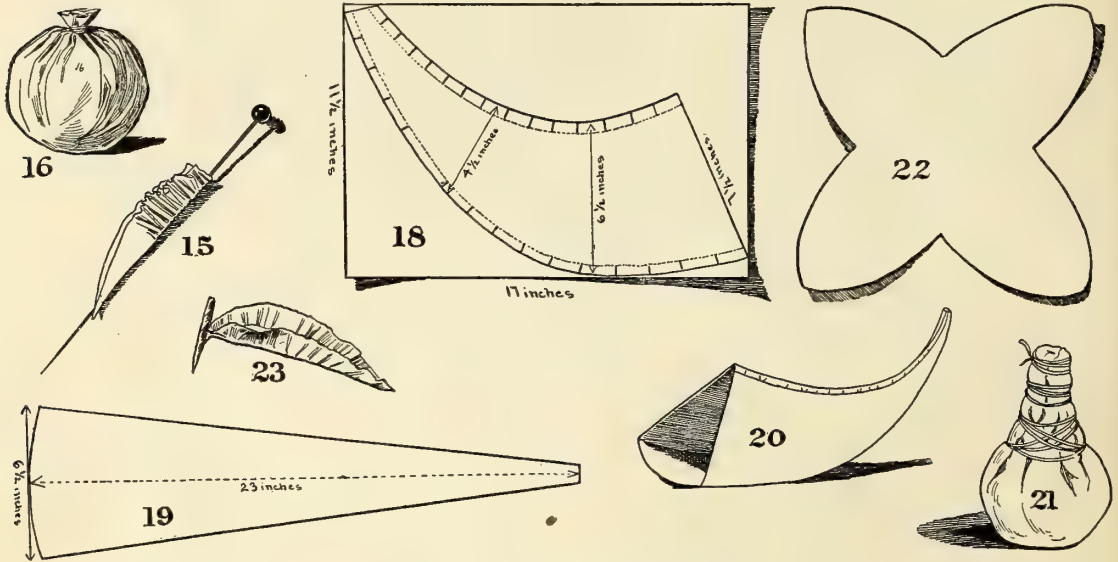
DIAGRAMS OF THE MAY-POLE BIRTHDAY PIE.

edge of the pan, draw the paper down on the outside, plait it to fit around the bottom, and paste the other edge on the underside of the pan. (Fig. 2.) After this you may trim the sides of the pan

the top. Crimp the leaves on a knife blade (B, Fig 3), or through the center on a hat-pin, and adjust them round the pan, over the fringe, pasting the top edge inside the pan. Now cut a piece

of white wrapping-paper, such as the druggists use, to fit the top of the pan for the crust of the pie. About one inch from the edge of the crust, at regular intervals, cut as many triangular slits, one and a half inches long, as you have presents to fill the pie. (Fig. 4.) Also make two slits exactly in the center of the crust, three quarters of an inch long, one slit crossing the other at the

wide, and a strip of bright red tissue-paper, half an inch wide. Paste the red paper on the white so that the edge of the red will extend almost one quarter of an inch beyond the edge of the white. (Fig. 6.) Then, beginning at one corner of the white strip, with the whole width of the red strip toward you (Fig. 6), twist the paper into a lighter which should be about nineteen inches



DIAGRAMS OF THE HORN OF PLENTY.

middle. (Fig. 4.) From tan-colored tissue-paper cut a circle one inch larger all around than the top of the pan and cut the edge of this into fringe four inches deep (Fig. 5), then crimp the fringe as you did the green leaves on a knife blade. From pale green tissue-paper cut another circle, a trifle smaller than the tan, fringing the edge and crimping the fringe in the same way. In the center of the green circle cut two slits as in the center of the white paper crust.

Now cut out the middle of the tan circle, according to the dotted line in Figure 5, leaving a ring of fringe with a plain heading one inch wide. Lay this ring of tan fringe on the white crust with the edges of the fringe extending evenly over the edge of the crust, then paste the top edge, or heading, down on the crust, leaving the fringe loose. On top of all this place the green fringed circle so that the slits in the center will fit exactly over the slits in the center of the white crust. Paste at the center of the circle and at the top of the fringe.

Before putting the crust on the pie you must make and erect the May-pole. Cut a long strip of white wrapping-paper, one and a half inches

long when finished. This is the May-pole shown in Figure 1, page 641, which is striped spirally with red in the real May-pole fashion.

Find a large empty spool and force the large end of the May-pole into the hole in the middle, then stand it directly in the center inside the pan and paste the bottom of the spool to the pan. See that the pole is perfectly erect and firmly fixed in the spool, then place the little wrapped-up gifts in the pan close to the sides. Spread paste around the slits in the center of the crust on the underside and all around the edge. Slide the crust part way down over the pole, the pole passing between the slits in the middle of the crust, then slip the ribbons attached to the parcels through the triangular holes in the crust and press the crust down on the edges of the pan and around the base of the pole until it sticks fast. The triangular laps should be lifted up to allow the ribbons to pass through and then gently pressed down, but not below the surface of the crust. Have the ribbons from one half to three quarters of a yard in length.

For the wreath that encircles the pole near the top, cut a strip of writing-paper, nine inches long

and half an inch wide. Form this into a hoop. Lap the ends and paste them together. Cut a strip of green tissue-paper, half an inch wide, and wrap the hoop until it is entirely covered. (Fig. 7.) Now cut another strip of bright green paper, nine inches long and one and a half inches wide, fold this and cut the edges into little leaves. (Fig. 8.) Make a number of different colored flowers from one-inch circles of tissue-paper. Scallop the edges and pinch the center to bring the flowers into shape. (C and D, Fig. 9.) Paste the strip of green leaves around the outside of the hoop and close together, over the green, paste the bright flowers. Suspend the wreath from the pole with four narrow strips of deep orange-colored paper, making the strips about three inches long. Paste one end of each strip to the inside of the wreath at equal distances apart, and the other ends to the pole two and a half inches from the top. Cut two pennants of orange paper and paste just below the tip of the pole, then



FIG. I. A MAY-POLE BIRTHDAY PIE. (FOR DIAGRAM SEE PAGE 639.)

crown the whole with a bouquet made in a circle of green leaves. Make the leaves like Figure 10 from a circle two inches in diameter. Paste the bouquet on the tip of the pole. Cut very narrow strips of different colored tissue-paper, ten inches long, for the ribbons. Paste one end of each ribbon to the inside of the wreath, spacing

them equally, and allow the ribbons to hang loosely down.

Figure 11 shows the front and back of the paper dolls which are all cut five inches high, exactly alike, of light-weight cardboard. The dolls should number the birthday of the child, one for each year, just as birthday candles do. Draw the features, the hair, the top of the socks, or half hose, and the slippers, both front and back (Fig. 11); then paint the face, neck, arms and little legs above the socks flesh-color. Paint the features and vary the color of the eyes and hair.

Cut each skirt in a circle about three and a quarter inches in diameter with a hole in the middle large enough to fit the doll's waist, and a slit from top to bottom at the back. Make all the waists like Figure 12, and put the waists on the dolls first, the skirts afterward. Paste the waist to the doll's back and the skirt to the waist front and back. Close the slit in the skirt and paste that also. The skirts look prettier if they are cut in little points around the bottom. The trimming you can vary to suit yourself, but dress each doll in a different color with a stand-up bow on her head to match her dress. When all the dolls are dressed bend back the flaps at their feet, arrange them in a circle on the pie, around the May-pole, each one opposite a ribbon. Bend one knee a little back of the other to give the appearance of stepping forward, then paste the flaps to the crust and the dolls will stand upright. Paste a ribbon to each uplifted hand and they will be ready for the dance. Be sure the lifted hands are all toward the center of the pie, otherwise they cannot hold the ribbons.

THE ORANGE-TREE PIE

AN entirely different design is the Orange-Tree Pie (Fig. 13), which, after all, is hardly a pie, for the gifts are all on the outside, concealed in the oranges placed around the tree. Figure 14 shows how realistic the little orange-tree is with its snowy blossoms and glowing yellow fruit.

Use a small tree branch about fifteen inches high, with plenty of twigs attached, for the frame or skeleton of the tree. Stand the branch upright in a small flower-pot and pack it in with narrow strips of green tissue-paper to represent moss. (Fig. 14.) Make a number of different sized leaves of olive- and apple-green tissue-paper. Cut the leaves like A, Figure 3, but narrow them more at the base; then crimp them on a hat-pin, as in Figure 15. Paste the leaves to the twigs by covering the base of each leaf with paste and wrapping it around the twig. Make the orange flowers of two-inch circles of white tissue-paper. Cut the edges into five or six deep

pointed scallops, and pinch together at the center. Put paste on the points of the flowers and stick them to the twigs singly and in clusters.

For the small oranges cut several five-inch circles of orange tissue-paper. Make small round balls of raw cotton, place each ball in the middle of an orange circle, and draw the edges together at the top, keeping the paper as smooth as possible over the ball. Wrap and tie at the top with thread, as in Figure 16, then tie each orange to a twig and cover the joint with a green leaf.

Make as many large oranges as you have gifts, wrap each gift in tissue-paper, put it in a ball of raw cotton, cover the ball with orange paper, just as you did the small ones, and tie a narrow deep orange ribbon where the paper is drawn together, leaving the long end free. Cover the sides of the pan as for the May-pole Pie, make a crust without any holes and trim around the edge with olive-green leaves crimped on a hat-pin. Allow these leaves to drop far over the edge, then paste a row of apple-green leaves just above them and, lastly, a row of the olive-green leaves. Lay the crust over the pan, without pasting it to the edge, and set the little orange-tree in the middle.



FIG. 13. THE ORANGE-TREE PIE. (FOR DIAGRAM SEE PAGE 640.)

Of course the crust will sink down with the weight of the tree and leave a hollow between the flower-pot and the edge of the pie. Fill in the

hollow with the large oranges, bringing the ribbons out over the edge of the pie, as in Figure 13. The pie in the photograph stands on the top



FIG. 14. AN ORANGE-TREE.

of a deep dish, but, to prevent accidents when the children pull the ribbons, it is best to place it directly on the table.

A HORN OF PLENTY

A HORN of Plenty is shown in Figure 17, and with its colored paper fruit resting on a bed of green leaves it is exceedingly pretty and most attractive. Make the bed of leaves first that it may be ready for the Horn of Plenty when that is finished. From the top of an old pasteboard box cut a circular disk seventeen inches in diameter. Make a number of apple-green leaves, five inches long, and crimp them on a hat-pin. Paste the leaves around the edge of the disk, allowing them to extend their entire length beyond the pasteboard. Above the apple-green leaves paste a row of bright green leaves, and above these a row of olive-green leaves. Then for the center make a circle of bright green paper with its edge cut in leaf shaped points, and crimp the points as you did the leaves.

The patterns for the Horn of Plenty are given in Figures 18 and 19. Cut a piece of smooth manila wrapping-paper, seventeen inches long and eleven and a half inches wide. On this pa-

per draw the side of the horn, as in Figure 18. Cut this side out and make another exactly like it. Slash the top and bottom edge of one side-piece, as in Figure 18, and only the bottom edge of the other side-piece. Make the slashes half an inch deep.

Cut the bottom of the horn the shape of Figure 19, making it twenty-three inches long and six and a half inches wide at the widest end. The small end should be three quarters of an inch wide. From the unslashed top edge of one of the side-pieces cut a strip half an inch wide its entire length. Fit the two side-pieces together and the slashed top edge of one piece will extend half an inch above the unslashed top edge of the other piece. Turn the slashed edge down over the top edge of the other side-piece and paste it down securely; then turn over the slashed bottom edges of both side-pieces and paste on the edges of the bottom piece. (Fig. 20.) To make the spiral whorl of the horn, cut long strips of white tissue-paper six inches wide, paste the strips together at the ends and twist into a rather loose rope. Paste one end of the paper rope to the top angle of the horn and bring it entirely around the edge, putting a drop of paste here and there to hold it in place. Then wrap the rope spirally around the horn all the way to the tip, leaving one inch spaces between the wrappings on the bottom and bringing them almost together at the top. Dec-

fruit as nearly as possible like the real apple, pear, or whatever you intend it to represent. Wrap the cotton balls with string wherever it is necessary to hold it in shape. Figure 21 shows how a pear is modeled of the cotton and wrapped with string. Use bright yellow tissue-paper for the outside of the pear. Cut it like Figure 22, set the cotton pear in the middle and bring the paper up over it as smoothly as possible, pasting where necessary. Wrap a short, slender stick with brown tissue-paper for the stem, and sharpen it at one end. Make an apple-green leaf and paste it to the stem (Fig. 23), then push the sharp end of the stem down into the stem end of the pear. (Fig. 24.) Make the peach (Fig. 24), of two shades of pink tissue-paper pasted together to form a square. Cut the square into a circle and cover the ball for the peach, pasting the edges down instead of tying them, as for the oranges. Tie a string tightly around the outside of the peach directly on the line where the two papers are joined. This makes the cleft seen in so many peaches. Give the peach a green stem and two bright green leaves.

Cover the plum (Fig. 24) with purple paper, let the stem be brown and its leaf a bright green. Figure 25 shows an apple with its leaf and an orange without a leaf. Though they look much alike in the photograph they are very unlike in reality, for the orange is the color of the real fruit, and the apple a deep red. To the stem of



FIG. 17. A HORN OF PLENTY.



FIG. 24. PAPER FRUIT.



FIG. 25. PAPER APPLE AND ORANGE.

orate the tip of the horn with a bunch of leaves of different shades of green.

When the horn is finished paste it on its bed of leaves with the open edge about four inches from the edge of the pasteboard disk. Everything is now ready for the fruit. You may have oranges, apples, pears, plums, lemons, bananas, and even little melons if you wish, but choose the fruit that will give the greatest variety of color.

Wrap the little gifts in tissue-paper, then around them mold the raw cotton, shaping the

each piece of fruit attach a narrow ribbon the color of that particular fruit, yellow on the pear, purple on the plum, and so on, then pile it all in picturesque confusion as if tumbling out of the Horn of Plenty. The ribbons must hang down on the outside. If you want the horn raised from the table, as in Figure 17, cover a quart can with a dark green paper and paste the pasteboard disk on top of it before arranging the fruit. The children will delight in tearing the fruit open to find the hidden gifts.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE BEAR FAMILY AT HOME

AND HOW THE CIRCUS CAME TO VISIT THEM

BY HON. CURTIS D. WILBUR

THE STORY OF THE COMING OF A VERY HARD-WORKING ANIMAL



THE next morning the little Cub Bear awakened very early and as soon as he had rubbed his eyes, he wondered if any of the animals would come that day. He listened, and he listened, and he listened.

Pretty soon he heard something coming up the path, and little Cub Bear rushed to the mouth of the den to see what it was, and he said, "I see a very strange animal coming up the path. It has the most beautiful fur I ever saw in my whole life, ever so much finer than bear's fur, and the animal looks something like Mr. Badger, only its fur is all one color, and it has the funniest tail, almost as big as a shovel, flat and broad."

Just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o? who-o-o?" But the animal did n't answer at all, except that he gave two slaps with his broad flat tail on the ground, *slap, slap*, and the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is Mr. Beaver. Ask him to come in."

Mr. Beaver came to the door, and the little Cub Bear said very politely, "Come in, Mr. Beaver." The Beaver came in and the little Cub Bear said, "We are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us, we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" And the beaver said, "I will be very glad to, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus."

The little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And the beaver said, "I can build dams across streams so as to make beautiful lakes, such as they have in parks, and I can build a nice, round house in the lake to live in and large enough for a little bear to live in, if he can only get inside without getting wet." And the Cub Bear said, "That would be fine, because we could have a park for the animals to play in, and some of the animals would rather live in the water anyway, than live in the cave." So the beaver said, "All right, I will make you a dam and a beautiful lake." So they all went down to the stream and the beaver went up to a tree, and he commenced to bite it. He bit and he bit and he bit, and the chips just flew, and he bit and he bit and he bit, and the chips just flew, and the first thing they knew the tree fell over. Then he went to another tree, not a very large tree, only about so thick (three inches). Then he went to another tree, and he bit and he bit and he bit, and the first thing they knew

that tree fell over. So he kept on and on until he had cut down a great many trees, so that they fell into the water or across the stream, and he put in leaves and the water commenced to rise higher and higher, and the beaver kept piling



"AND HE BIT AND HE BIT AND HE BIT, AND THE CHIPS JUST FLEW."

in the big logs, and soon he had a high dam clear across the stream. The next morning when they looked, the water had filled up above the dam and made a beautiful lake. Soon the beaver went to work, and made a house out of mud. He used his fore feet as if they were hands, walking on his hind feet, and he used his flat tail to make a beautiful mud house, big enough to live in himself, and big enough for little Cub Bear to get in, if he could only get in without getting wet. And the little Cub Bear said, "Thank you," very politely. And then he said, "I am very glad my brother was good to Mr. Beaver in the circus."

As soon as they had seen the dam built by the beaver, all of the animals began to work again as hard as they could work to make the cave larger, because it was too small for the animals that were already there, and the elephant could not get in at all.

The next morning the beaver and the owl and the monkey were talking together, and the beaver said, "I am going down to live in that beautiful mud house that I made yesterday in the lake. The house has several rooms inside,



and the door is under the water. I can swim out there, and then dive under the water and come up inside the house. No one could find me, in there. When I am swimming around in the lake or working on the dam, if I see any one coming, I will jump into the water and hit the water two great slaps with my tail." And the monkey said, "Yes, I know how that sounds. That sounds just like a gun." The owl said as soon as he saw any one coming he would say, "Who-o-o? Who-o-o-oo?" So the beaver went down to the dam to work, and the monkey went out to see if he could find any of the animals, and the old owl flew up into the tree and sat out on the end of a dead limb and waited.

THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL WITH THE BIG SHAGGY HEAD



BEFORE very long, the little Cub Bear heard: "Bang! Bang!" He knew the beaver had seen some animal coming and had struck the water with his tail, so he ran to the mouth of the cave to see what it was. Soon he heard a rustling noise and looked down the path. He said, "I see a large animal coming. He looks very fierce. He is as large as a large bear, but he is yellow all over and has long, shaggy hair all over his head, and beautiful, large eyes, and a long tail, with a tassel on the end of it. He has long, sharp claws, and he walks like a cat. Just then the owl saw this animal and said, "Who-o-o? Who-o-o-o?" The animal opened his mouth and gave the most awful "Roar! Roar!! Roar!!! Roar!!!!" you ever heard. It frightened the little Cub Bear so that he did n't stop to hear what the Circus Bear said, or find what kind of an animal it was at all, but he ran clear back in the very back part of the cave, into Neddie's room, and there he waited, almost frightened to death. As soon as the little Cub Bear got over his fright, he noticed the air blowing through a crack. It seemed to come right out of the mountain. He did not understand, and thought he would ask his brother about it. Just then the Circus Bear said, "Come out, come out, little Cub Bear; don't be afraid; the animal is a lion, and he won't hurt you, because he is a tame lion, and is a very good friend of mine." So the little Cub Bear came out and went to the mouth of the cave, just in time to meet the lion and the monkey, and he said very politely, "Come in, Mr. Lion." And the lion came in, and the little Cub Bear said, "We are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" And the lion said, "I would be very glad to help you if I could, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus." And the little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And the lion said, "I don't know. I never built a house, because I always lived in the jungle where there are lots of trees and grass, and we found our houses already built, just like your den. I will do anything that you want me to. I can jump ever so far." And the little Cub Bear said, "That is nice. Let's see how far you can jump." Then the Papa Bear and the Mama Bear and the little Cub Bear and the monkey

all went out to see how far the lion could jump. The lion climbed up the dead tree where the owl was sitting, but the owl was fast asleep; and the lion went so softly that the owl did n't hear him at all. Pretty soon the lion got clear up to the limb, where the owl was sitting, and he reached out his great nose and smelt the owl. My! You never saw a bird so frightened in all your life. The owl flapped his great wings and started to fly away. He forgot to say, "Who-o-o-o? Who-o-o-o-?" and only said, "To-whit! To-whit! To-whit!" But while the



THE LION SHOWING THE ANIMALS HOW FAR HE CAN JUMP.

owl was flying around, the lion crept way out on the limb, and he said, "Now, I will show you how I catch things to eat." And he pointed down to a log of wood, ten or fifteen feet away, and he said, "I will show you what I would do, if that log were a deer." The lion crouched along the limb and lay as still as a little mouse, and the bears were all still, waiting to see what the lion would do. There was not a sound in the forest. Suddenly little Cub Bear saw a yellow flash through the air and heard a thud, and he looked up to the branch of the tree, and the lion was gone. Then he looked to the log of wood, and there was the lion on the log with his claws stuck into it. And the little Cub Bear said, "My! I am glad I am not a deer, and the lion did not want me for his dinner!"

NATURE AND SCIENCE For YOUNG FOLKS.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR AN EXCURSION IN MAY.

By the brookside are found dainty and beautiful spring flowers in profusion. The green mosses and the unrolling "fiddle-head" ferns here develop from the cottony tufts as they first push up through the layer of decaying leaves and grasses.

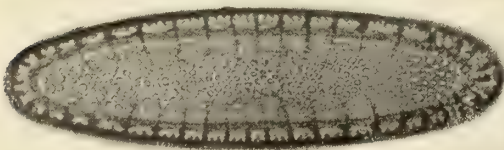
In the nearby springs and tiny pools, where grasses are of brighter green and earlier than elsewhere, abound the many forms of "tiny particles of life in beautifully marked glass boxes" described in the following article. These diatoms cannot singly be seen by the unaided eye, but your nature study teacher or some other friend who has a good compound microscope can gather and show them to you. Probably you will not find any of the particular patterns here pictured (for the kinds are many) but you will be rewarded by finding others equally beautiful and interesting.

TINY PARTICLES OF LIFE IN BEAUTIFULLY MARKED GLASS BOXES

THE field excursions of the naturalist who has genuine love for nature, are greatly increased in interest if he has a practical knowledge of the uses of the microscope and of the material available for study. Of all this material, the minute plants called diatoms form one of the most interesting classes, not only on account of their exceeding beauty but for the mysteries connected with their life-history which has not yet been completely observed.

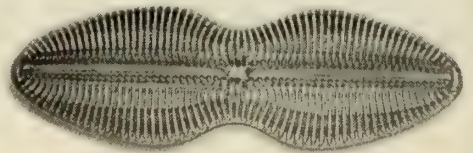
The diatom is essentially a glass box filled

together by a band or hoop, like the sides of the box. The sides of the lid and those of the box



A "GLASS BOX" BEAUTIFULLY MARKED.
Cannot be seen in detail without the aid of a microscope.

with living protoplasm. It consists of two opposite valves, like a box and the lid, joined to-



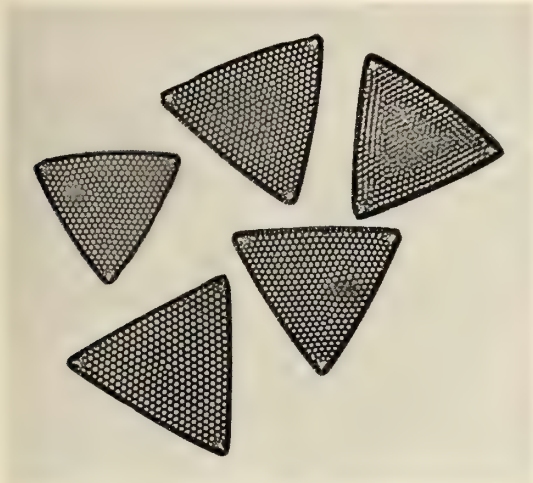
"CONSTRUCTED LIKE AN HOUR-GLASS."
The dainty markings are wonderfully clear and regular.

overlap, and, as the diatom grows, separate from each other, until finally two new layers or valves are formed and the plant divides into two individuals.

Diatoms vary greatly in size, some being so small as to be scarcely visible with a magnifying power of five hundred diameters. Others, under this power, appear about six inches long. They

also differ greatly in form and outline, being long and narrow, straight, curved, or S-shaped, boat-shaped, elliptical, saddle-shaped, twisted, triangular, square, star-shaped, or circular. Others are obliquely rhomboid, with a "waist" like an hour-glass or a figure eight. All are beautifully ornamented with markings in almost infi-

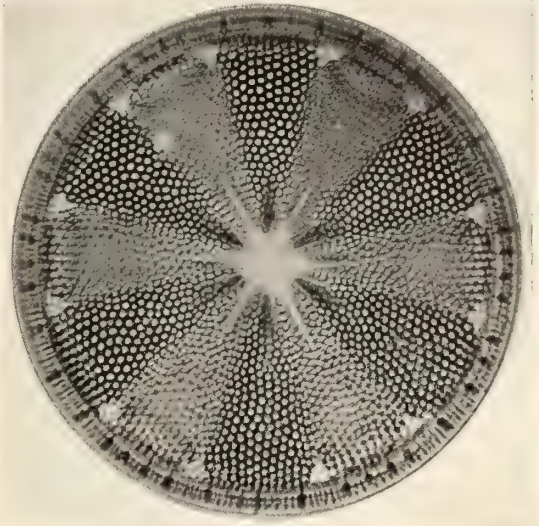
study these movements, and, with such a magnifying lens, the motions of some resemble those of



SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL TRIANGULAR FORMS.
The markings are of regular honeycomb style.

nite variety. Many kinds bear spines, while some have a row of funnels around their margin.

Many of these little plants are almost constantly in motion, the cause of which is not well

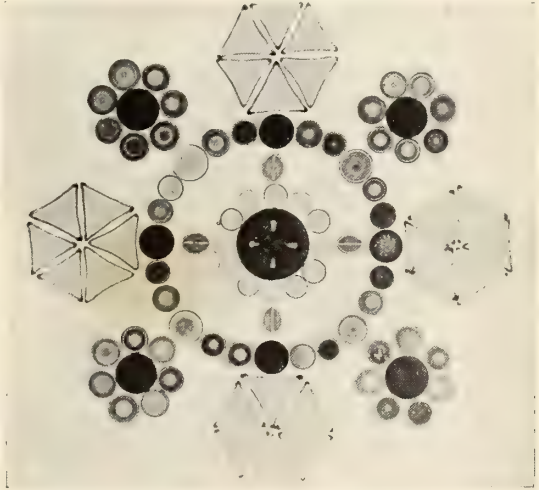


A CIRCULAR FORM OF DIATOM.
Showing regular radiations from the center.

a ferry-boat. They proceed in one direction for a time, stop for a moment and then return only to resume the journey. They travel more rapidly than the steamboat, in proportion to their size, as some will move for a distance equal to



DIATOMS OF RECTANGULAR SHAPE.
Resembling decorated pocket-books or card-cases.



A COLLECTION OF MANY FORMS FANCIFULLY ARRANGED.
The entire lot is about as large as the head of a pin.

understood. A one-fourth- or a one-fifth-inch microscope objective may be conveniently used to

their length in from four to ten seconds. They do not avoid obstructions, but plow through them, or back away from them, and they may often be seen, under the microscope, pushing along a mass of debris many times exceeding their own weight.

Those named *Bacillaria paradoxa* have the most peculiar motions of all. These are long and

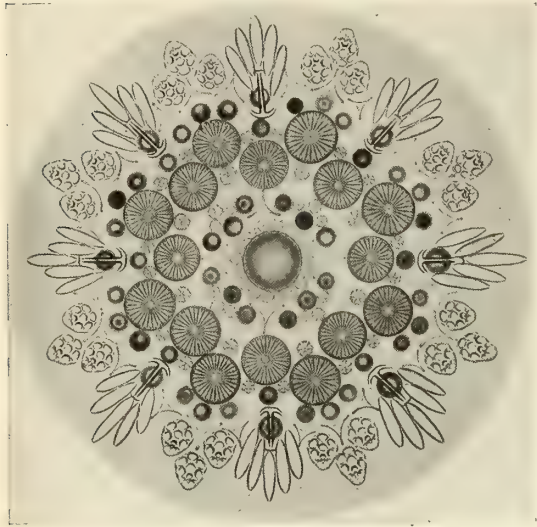
through Maryland into New Jersey. The artesian wells at Atlantic City are driven through more than six hundred feet of such a deposit. At Redondo Beach, California, is a high bluff of diatomaceous earth, and there are probably thousands of similar formations that have never been investigated.—WILLIAM A. TERRY.

A QUEER FLOWER OF EARLY SPRING

THE wild ginger (*Asarum Canadense*) blooms in April and May, but few persons ever see it. We look for spring flowers above green leaves, but this plant is an exception, since its bloom is below its leaves and often hidden by them and by the dead foliage and grasses of the previous year.

To see the plant and the flowers, in all their peculiar growth and appearance, carefully remove the debris that surrounds them. The cup-shaped blossoms are the homes of many insects that prefer to remain near to the ground rather than to be in flight in the varying temperatures of the spring air. Close to the ground it is warmer and the wind less boisterous.

The leaves are usually fresh and entire. I have never found them eaten by insects or higher forms of animal life, though their rich growth in



AN ORNAMENTAL GROUP OF DIATOMS WITH A FEW OTHER BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPIC FORMS.

A regularly arranged "bouquet," all not larger than the head of a pin.

very narrow, and, when lying quietly together, they may suggest a pile of flat rods or laths. When they move, as they do rapidly, the lath-like rods slide on one another until the whole heap becomes a long, irregular line, the end of each one resting on the end of the other next to it. They never move far enough to slip apart, but slide back over one another and again form the heap, or they slide onward in the opposite direction. Why they never slip off at the ends, indeed, why they move at all, is not known. They often advance so forcibly that they dash all obstruction out of their way without the slightest hesitation.

Diatoms may be found in every permanent body of water, but are most abundant in the ooze of sluggish streams, quiet ponds and bays, inlets and soundings of the seashore. The shallows of salt marshes contain them in great numbers and variety.

As their shells are composed of silex (glassy) they are practically indestructible, being able to withstand a high temperature and the prolonged action of acids. When they are undisturbed for long periods, they accumulate in vast quantities. Nearly every large swamp with a level surface covers a deposit of diatoms. I have found such a deposit under salt marshes to be sometimes fifty feet thick.

The cities of Richmond and Petersburg are built above such a formation, which also extends



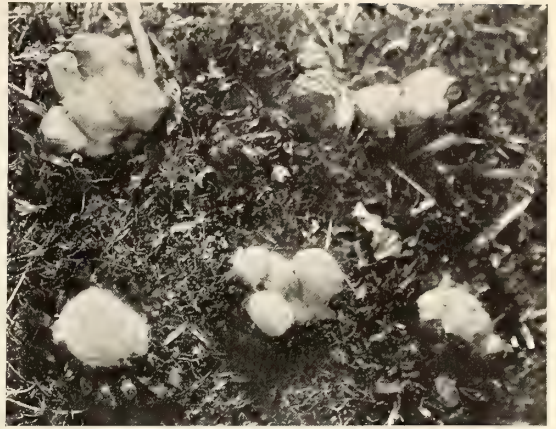
WILD GINGER.

The dried leaves of last year have been removed. Note the bell-like flowers, on the rock at lower right and lying on the ground.

early spring would seem to make them attractive. The plant is called wild ginger from the ginger-like flavor and smell of the flowers and rootstock.

A BLUE JAY EATS APPLE BLOSSOMS

ONE beautiful spring day while my friend, Mr. R—, who has made an extended study of birds, and I were walking along the shore of Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, we saw a blue jay flying by the roadside. We were very much interested in watching him. Soon he perched on an apple-tree and prepared for a good dinner. I asked my friend what the blue



THE COTTON-HEAD FORM.

seems as if little balls or wads of cotton had there been scattered broadcast. These balls conceal the ends of the young fern fronds, the botanist using the term "circinate" to describe this form of rolling or unrolling. As soon as the fern has grown an inch or two in height, the cottony appearance disappears and the "fiddle head" form becomes very marked.



THE BLUE JAY EATING APPLE BLOOM.

jay was eating. He told me that he thought it was the stamens and pistils of the apple blossoms. But on looking through my glass I found it was the petals that gave him his food and that, so quickly did he eat, the entire corolla was gone in a few minutes.—KAKO MORITA.

COTTON AND FIDDLE HEADS

As real names, cotton and fiddle heads have not enough in common to bring them together in one title; but as fanciful names for the two earliest stages of the springtime ferns, the two are closely associated. The "cotton" fern soon merges into the "fiddle head."

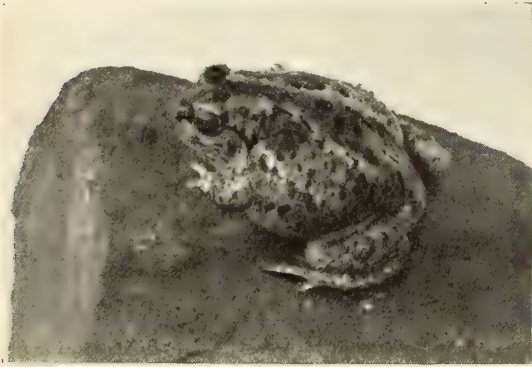
Just as the buds of trees and shrubs are beginning to swell, cottony tufts appear all over the ground of the lowlands in many places, and so close is the resemblance that at first glance it



THE FIDDLE-HEAD FORM.

A MUCH ADVERTISED TOAD

AFTER a blast about one hundred feet below the surface in the lime rock of a mine thirty miles north of Winnemucca, Nevada, Mr. Charles Van



THE TOAD THAT WAS FOUND IN A MINE.

Photograph by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

Zandt (a Butte, Montana, mining man) picked up among the pieces of rock a much dazed toad. Undoubtedly it was a very interesting form of animal life (most toads are), and it was in an unusual place. It would be interesting to know by what series of cracks and crevices he got down there or how long he had been there without food or what food, if any, he had obtained.

But all these queries are excelled in interest by the astonishing messages sent all over the country by the Associated Press, and the industry and zeal with which almost every newspaper in the United States has served up the "information" for the news appetites of its readers. The toad was undoubtedly there, it was found by Mr. Van Zandt and it later was given a fly to eat. This last fact was announced in such startling headlines as "Pythagoras, the Toad, Eats His First Meal in a Thousand Years."

Mr. Van Zandt kept the toad at his home in a porcelain jar for about seven months, the little animal steadily refusing all food. A representative of the miner coming to New York reported the matter to Dr. Gratacap, at the American Museum of Natural History, and he at once referred it to the New York Zoological Park, where the toad is now on exhibition in the Reptile House.

Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, the manager of that house, writes ST. NICHOLAS as follows:

It's pretty hard to form any definite opinion as to the age of toads found "imprisoned" in rocks, etc. I really believe that a toad might live for a hundred years under normal conditions. I have known them to live for a year without food and be normally active. It is quite possible an imprisoned toad, with partially suspended animation, might live many years. The matter is one of theory only,

however. I am after proof as to how long this toad was a prisoner. He might have worked his way downward through a series of continuous crevices, and in this case would have undergone no abnormal fast.

This particular species of toad is known as the "spade-foot," and is famous for its underground habits.

Miss Mary C. Dickerson, a careful student of toads and frogs, writes of its habits in "The Frog Book" (Doubleday, Page & Company) as follows:

It burrows into the ground and sleeps days or weeks, *perhaps years*, at a time. A gravedigger once found one three feet two inches from the surface of the ground, with no evident exit to the burrow. . . . Except during the breeding season, the spade-foot is found only by accident. It sits in its burrow, showing only its peculiar golden eyes at the doorway. The turnip-shaped burrow is about six inches long and somewhat oblique in position. The earth on the interior is hard and smooth, packed into this condition by a continued energetic turning-about on the part of the owner of the burrow.

It is true that the habits of this species and the location of this particular specimen are astonishing, but in this respect have not equaled the many statements that have recently been printed with startling headlines.

STORAGE OF ROOTS BY MEADOW-MICE

A PAMPHLET on the study of field-mice, by David E. Lantz, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, suggests an interesting study of the winding burrows of the meadow-mice.

The author tells us that he often finds food stored in these underground galleries. "I have several times discovered such hoards, consisting of leaves or succulent stems, but more frequently entirely of the wild white morning-glory roots.

This root tastes much like sweet potato and is abundant in swamps and waste places fre-



WILD MORNING-GLORY STEMS.

Stored underground by meadow mice. The scale is six inches long.

quented by the mice. While feeding they sit up on their hind legs and use the front paws to handle the roots, after the manner of squirrels."

HOW I MADE MY SIX-INCH REFLECTING TELESCOPE

FIRST I got two pieces of plate-glass, six inches square and one inch thick. Then I broke the corners off to make them round, and ground the



A SIX-INCH TELESCOPE.

Made by John E. Mellish, a farmer boy near Cottage Grove, Wis.

rough edges smooth; then fastened one glass to the top of a barrel and fastened a handle to one side of the other glass. I then spread some wet, coarse-grain emery on the glass fastened to the barrel and worked the other glass over it, all the time walking around the barrel and also rotating the upper glass, which will work concave and the under one convex. After the glass was ground enough to bring the rays of the sun to a point at a distance of five feet, finer grades of flour emery were used to smooth the surface ready for polishing.

The polishing is done with pitch and jeweler's rouge. The under glass or the tool was covered with pitch one fourth of an inch thick and molded into squares of one inch, with one fourth

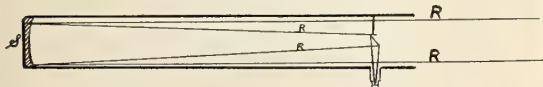


DIAGRAM OF THE TUBE.

of an inch spaces. The pitch was pressed with the concave glass (or speculum) so that all the squares will touch; then the squares were painted with rouge and the speculum moved over them the same as before, until polished.

The drawing shows the way the glasses are in the tube. The rays of light (R) from the object the telescope is pointed to come through the tube and are reflected from the speculum (S) back to the small flat mirror in the center of the tube, and from that to the eyepiece in the side of the tube.

The cost of the telescope, beside the eyepieces and the work, which was about fifteen days, was only seven dollars.

JOHN E. MELLISH.

BATS ON AN OLD TREE STUMP

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, noting that "Nature and Science" is taking a special interest in bats, contributes to our study the accompanying photograph, taken from life, of two bats on an old tree stump. The upper animal, clinging to the wood, is the Serotine bat; the lower one, suspended by the feet, is the red bat.

"Nature and Science" cordially invites observations or photographs of bats.

If any of our young folks succeed in capturing live bats, kindly write me. I desire to obtain



TWO BATS, HEADS DOWNWARD, ON AN OLD STUMP.

some so as to carefully study their habits in my laboratory. Address Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Connecticut.

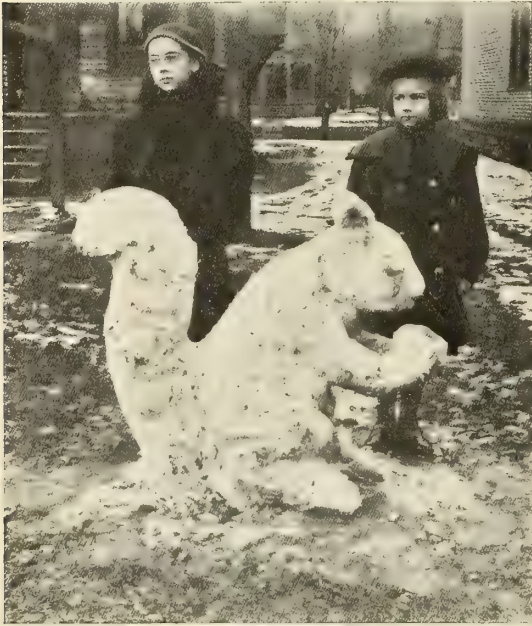
"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" St. Nicholas
 Union Square, New York

????????????????

A SNOW SQUIRREL

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw the snow figures in the January number and am sending you a picture of a snow



THE SNOW SQUIRREL.

squirrel my brother made in our back yard. I remain Lovingly yours,

MILDRED FISHER.

This is well done. Who has a photograph of snow sculpturing as good as this?

PICKING TRAILING ARBUTUS

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day last spring I went out for arbutus. I went out on the peninsula road and I got a whole basket full of it. It does not grow so thick as it used to, for it has been pulled up by the roots. The color of it is white, pale pink, and a darker pink. It grows close to the ground under the leaves. I suppose many of the girls and boys have never seen any of it. I will send some of it to you.

Your interested reader,

KATHERINE N. DAVIS.

With some plants and flowers, interest and love may well be shown by gathering "whole baskets" of them. But "Nature and Science" desires to caution boys and girls everywhere to pick very sparingly, or, better, not at all, of any dainty and delicate plant like the trailing arbu-

tus, especially if "it does not grow so thick as it used to."

It would be in the interests of real "nature study" for every State to pass a law similar to the following one in Connecticut:

1899, ch. 102

"§ 1224. Wilful destruction of trailing arbutus. Every person who shall wilfully destroy, pull up, tear up, or dig up, any trailing arbutus from the land of another, or who shall sell, expose for sale, or purchase, or have in his possession, any trailing arbutus with the roots or underground stems attached, taken from land not owned or occupied by him, shall be fined not more than twenty dollars."

Shut your eyes and think a moment. You can "see" the flower; but what about the fruiting of arbutus? It is a "many-seeded pod." Did you ever see it? Let the flowers grow and see what will be produced.

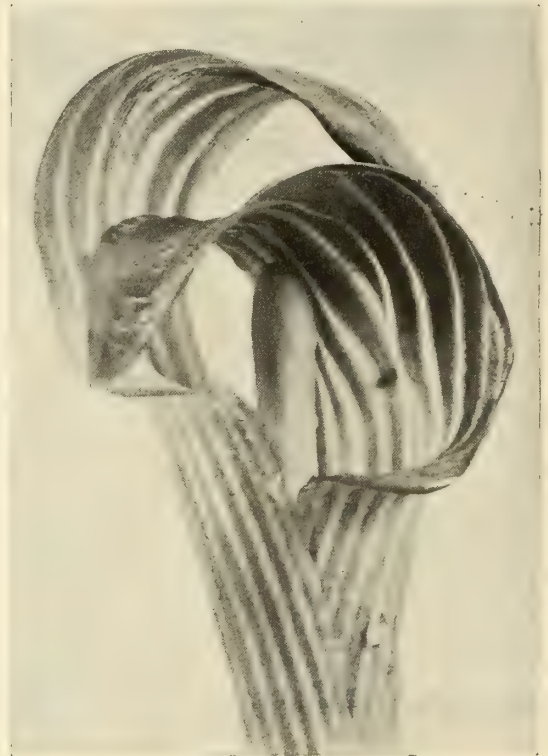
THIS JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT MUST BE HEARD

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have sent you a Jack-in-the-pulpit which grew beside our back piazza, having been planted there several years ago from the woods. Why do you suppose it has a double hood?

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH H. SMITH.



A JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

With a double spathe.

The question, "Why?" in many things pertaining to nature cannot be answered. It is of in-

terest to observe the fact, even if no explanation can be given. The plant you sent shows a remarkable and very interesting doubling.

In the fancy that the spathe is the old-fashioned "sounding-board" over "Jack," the preacher, in his "pulpit," then surely this Jack's double effort should extend his influence. Let us hope it will—by encouraging observation of unusual things in Nature.

SUCCESS IN WORKING OUT SUGGESTIONS FOR VINE TEPEE

POTTSTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read in last May's number of the ST. NICHOLAS about the Indian tepee, and were de-



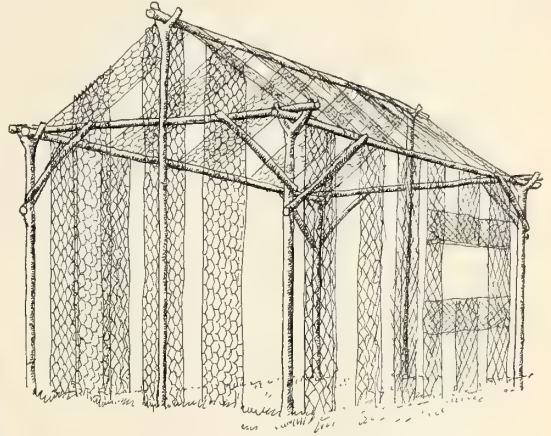
A VINE TEPEE.

Grown from suggestions in last May's "Nature and Science." See page 651.

lighted with the idea. We at once began to make preparations to erect and grow one in our garden.

The first thing we did was to use last year's bean poles which we drove into the ground and tied together at the top with ropes. We went to many stores for seeds. Spring being late we had the pleasure of planting the seeds several times, because they froze as soon as they came up. About the Fourth of July we began to have hopes of a final success.

The height of the poles is three yards. The distance between the poles is twenty-nine inches. The width of



A NEW SUGGESTION FOR A "GREEN" PLAY-HOUSE. Framework of poles and wire netting.

the tepee is two yards. We enjoyed playing in it very much because it was much cooler and the air circulated through the leaves easier than through a canvas tent. We are going to try again next year and make it much larger. The picture was taken August twenty-second.

Yours truly,
EMMA SAYLOR.

I congratulate you on your success, which is among the best of the many attempts that have been made in line with my suggestion, in ST. NICHOLAS for May of last year.

Let me make another suggestion to you and to others who will try again to grow a vine house this coming season:

Put the poles in the form of a house, not of a tepee. This will be a real green house (not merely a house for green plants), and the arrangement will give more room. Herewith is a sketch of the arrangement I would suggest. A partition could easily be grown, because the vines of the partition would get to the top as soon as



THE FRAMEWORK COVERED BY VINES. Who will work this out and send photograph?

those surrounding, and the light would not be shut out by the surrounding vines until the partition vines were grown.



DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, FEB., 1905. THEN 13.)

ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, JULY, 1907.)

HENRY B. DILLARD, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, MAY, 1905. CASH PRIZE, PHOTOGRAPHY, JULY, 1907.)

DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, APRIL, 1904. THEN 13.)

PHOTOGRAPHS for use in the League Album are coming in more rapidly, now that we have shown what an attractive use we intend to make of them. This is as it should be. The League member who has worked hard enough to win a place on the roll of Honor Members should have as full recognition as the League can give, and should not hesitate to accept a place in the League Album, where it is our purpose to present to our readers in monthly groups some of the most talented English-speaking and writing young people in the world.

As we have said before, we want photographs of *all* the Honor Members, new and old. We want them taken as near to the time when the Honor was won as possible, and we suggest that members winning gold badges or cash prizes to-day, should send their photographs as soon as possible. Remember that every gold badge winner is an Honor Member. Don't wait to win a cash prize.

We have room this month for a few selected con-

tributions of some of the members whose pictures we present. We also give the dates of prize awards under the pictures, so that those who may be interested further can look up any winner's work in back numbers of the magazine.

NATURE'S FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

O BIRTHDAY of our nation strong,
O day that children hail with glee,
O day to be remembered long;
All nature pays respect to thee!

For see! the sun is fiery red,
And so is all the flaming East;
Behold the heavens overhead
With pearly white are softly fleeced,

While underneath, the azure sea
Lies smiling, in the happy dawn,
The dawn of courage, bold and free,
From which our country's power is drawn.

ONE SUNNY DAY

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

ON one of the first sunny days I can remember I was in a broad field, with long-stemmed, golden-hearted daisies nodding drowsily all about me in the sunshine, and booming bees and buzzing flies sailing gaily on gauzy wings from flower-head to flower-head. Then I could not name even the daisies' stem, and I was content. To me they were unfathomable mysteries, whose very existence was a profound wonder. Oh, for a day like that again!

Then there is a memory of an old cellar laid bare to the elements by fire and decay. It is a dim recollection of



DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, MAY, 1902.)
Contributing to periodicals.



HENRY M. DAVENPORT, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, AUG., 1906.)
Contributing to periodicals.

heavily-fruited blackberry bushes, of shining tin pails brimming over with their luscious contents, of a stained face and crimson fingers, and a deep content. How fast my hands flew from berry to berry! How many I did manage to eat, and how few fell into my pail!

On another day, a sunny day, we had been on a long walk through thickly growing woods. It was a strange country, and when we came out, my father's "bump of locality" failed him. We were lost! And I prayed we might find our way again. My father climbed a tree and discovered our whereabouts, and we soon were home.

All the scenes of the vanished past roll away, and leave only the present before me. A whirlwind of memories sweep my brain, adventure falling over adventure, and happy incidents tripping them up.

The waves of the sounding sea send an echo of gurgling waters across my mind, and I remember standing barefoot



JEAN RUSSELL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, DEC., 1907.)



LOULOU SLET VAN OLDRUITENBORGH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, FEB., 1902.)



MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 18. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, MAY, 1904. THEN 16.)



MURIEL VON TUNZELMANN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE ANSWERS, JAN., 1908.)

in the cool damp sand when the tide was out, watching the fiddler-crabs. It was then, in a pool of salt sea water, I first investigated the mystery of the hermit-crabs—how they live in shells not their own. It was then I saw a homeless hermit turn another out of his shell and take possession himself, only to be turned out again by the rightful owner. If I should write down here all the memories of sunny days that throng my brain, the League of all the past months and for years to come, could not contain them, so I shall not try.

MY HERO

BY KATE SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

NOR he who proud and dauntless stood
To stem the rising of the flood,—



KATE SPRAGUE DE WOLF, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, MAR., 1905.)



ELLA ELIZABETH PRESTON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, JAN., 1905.)

That stream "to whom the Romans pray,"—
And after he had won the day

Was greeted with loud cheers;

Nor he who held the narrow pass,—

The Spartan king, Leonidas,—

Who perished for his country's sake,

And in our hearts doth ever make

A monument of tears:

My hero is not known to fame,

And doubtless "Legion is his name."

Oh, he who tries to curb his will,

And banish self; and, striving still,

O'ercomes his selfish fears,—

To him alone my praise I give,

Who "lives to learn and learns to live."

THE Y.M.C.A. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY ESTHER BROWN, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

FLOWERS

BY MARIAN RISEDORPH (AGE 13)
(Cash Prize)

SPRING flowers in the land. Primrose and violet,
Cowslip and buttercup, and young green grass;
Oh, how it all cries out, "Let sorrows pass,
The world is new again—forget, forget!"

Spring flowers in the land! Balm! Leaves dew-wet,
That fair and subtle scent of freshening mold!
Oh, how it seems to say, "Renounce the old,
Partake of the to-day—forget, forget!"

Spring flowers in the land. Love's alphabet,
Rehearsed in song by the pairing birds;
Oh, how it seems to urge me—"Learn the words
Of earth's revival song—forget, forget!"



"A GARDEN I KNOW." BY MAJORIE WALBRIDGE BROWN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

OUR "Flower" competition was bound to be a popular one. All young folks, and old ones, too, love flowers. Young people, especially, like to write about them, and to make pictures of them. The May League was therefore one of the largest we have had for a long time, and the contributions are of a high order of excellence.

Of the flower legends there were, of course, sure to be a number about Narcissus and Hyacinth and Forget-me-not and Pansy, most of them a good deal alike, and all



"A STUDY OF FLOWERS." BY ADOLPH G. SCHNEIDER, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

very well done, so we put most of the names of their senders on the Roll of Honor, according to merit, and used as many of the unusual ones as possible.

As to the poems, so many of them were so good that it was very difficult to make the selections. If we have not always made the best choice, we have at least been conscientious, and those young authors and artists for whose work we have not found room, may rest assured that if their work continues good they will win recognition at last. When this number reaches them, we shall all be in the happy spring days, with new hopes, and new courage, and with new resolution to try and to keep on trying until success shall come.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 99

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Marian Risedorff** (age 13), Kinderhook, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Barbara Kathleen Webber** (age 14), 4 Queen Anne Terrace, Plymouth, Devon, Eng.; **Margaret Frances Andrews** (age 13), Newport, R. I., and **Katherine Davis** (age 15), 123 N. 15th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Silver badges, **Mary Frances Williams** (age 12), 5711 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Isabel D. Weaver** (age 13), 713 S. Third St., Evansville, Ind.; **Louisa Pharo** (age 10), Box 197, Haverford, Pa., and **Margaret A. Dole** (age 16), 91 Glen Road, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Eckel** (age 16), 207 N. 7th St., St. Joseph, Mo., and **Beulah Elizabeth Amidon** (age 13), 397 7th Ave., South, Fargo, N. D.

Silver badges, **Margaret Bartlett** (age 13), 505 Jackson St., Peoria, Ill.; **Lucy Cornelia Wheeler** (age 12), East Bloomfield, N. Y., and **Dorothy Dwight** (age 11), 636 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Esther Brown** (age 15), Villlette, 72 Endless St., Salisbury, England.

Gold badges, **Adolph G. Schneider** (age 16), 17 Pleasant St., E. Norwalk, Conn., and **Webb Mellin Siemens** (age 14), 1620 Buchanan Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

Silver badges, **Mary Woods** (age 16), 51 rue de Varenne, Paris, France; **Dorothy Woods** (age 14), 51 rue de Varenne, Paris, France, and **Edward S. Marples** (age 12), 3124 Poppleton Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Photography. Gold badges, **Marjorie Walbridge Brown** (age 14), 802 Belvidere Ave., Netherwood, N. J., and **Carola von Thielmann** (age 17), Rauchstrasse 9, Berlin, W. 10, Germany.

Silver badges, **F. B. Godwin** (age 15), Roslyn, L. I., and **Howard Re Qua** (age 9), 3629 Grande Boule., Chicago, Ill.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Stag," by **Henry Noel** (age 15), 5065 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Second prize, "Bear," by **William Richards** (age 12), 1725 First Ave., Spokane, Wash. Third prize, "Wood-



"A GARDEN I KNOW." BY CAROLA VON THIELMANN, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE.)

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

BY ELIZABETH ECKEL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

THE queen of the fairies was jealous. A rumor had floated to the court that a certain little child surpassed in beauty any fay in fairyland. Worst of all, this lovely being was the child of a wood-cutter. So the blue-eyed queen had frowningly declared that the child should be enticed to the heart of the forest on the following morning, never to leave in her human form. Later, the fairies had departed, many to weave magic airs to aid in the morrow's work.

* * * * *

Down a forest aisle, next day, came little Susan, and a sunbeam crept along the path to caress her. Her lips were red from berries; her eyes were black and dreamy.

The dreamy look deepened, when gentle, whispering music sounded from the arching branches overhead, and from behind every rock and bush. Soon the wood was alive with song. Sweeter and stronger grew the music, and gathering around her Susan saw, with wondering eyes, the little people of the forest. They held out entreating arms, and fluttered along ever before her, luring her straight to the fairy court.

The queen had been waiting very impatiently. Now her little hand sought her fluttering heart. The woodman's child approached. How radiant she was, her berry-stained lips parted in wonder, a cloud of gold around her bewitching face, and shyly peeping through this golden veil, her glorious black eyes.

Then the gates of fairyland swung wide for little Susan. When weary of its joys, she rested on the grass, the court around her. They had been weaving a green garland, and now they placed it on her yellow head. Laughing, she raised her dimpled arms to adjust the crown and then — then — the whole chorus of fairies crept close, close to the little child and sang softly as a lullaby, —

“Once again the forest pool,
In its mirror depths so cool,
Shall proclaim our queen to be
Fairest far by land and sea.
For satin cheek, silken hair,



“STAG.” BY HENRY NOEL, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

chuck,” by **J. Donald McCutcheon** (age 13), 156 Harvard Road, Thornburg, Pa. Fourth prize, “Young Squirrel,” by **Ellen K. Hone** (age 12), Bisby Lake (via McKeever), N. Y.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Harriet E. Gates** (age 16), 2725 N. Lincoln St., Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill., and **Lowry A. Biggers** (age 10), Berry Road, Kirkwood, Mo.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth M. Ruggles** (age 14), 2545 Baker St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Thomas F. Wettstein** (age 15), 37 Rich Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **A. Robert Kirschner** (age 14), 2229 S. 67th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Mary H. Oliver** (age 16), Kelsey, N. Y.; **Edward Eastman** (age 17), Paris, Maine, and **Jennie Lowenhaupt** (age 9), Roselle, N. Y.

DREAM-FLOWERS

BY BARBARA KATHLEEN WEBBER (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

FAR beyond the hills of sleep
Lie fields of pink and white,
Where the dream-flowers blossom fadeless
In the falling dusk of night.

The tall hills stand forever,
To keep out the daring foe,
And the poplar trees in the whisp'ring breeze
Swing softly to and fro.

And there the souls of the sleeping
Rest by the riverside,
'Mid the perfumed dreams of the poppy flowers,
And the music of its tide.

And the whole of the earth is silent,
For the souls of men are laid
Among the fields of pink and white,
In the rustling poplar shade.



“BEAR.” BY WILLIAM RICHARDS, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Velvet eyes of Susan fair
We will change to flower rare,
To a Black-eyed Susan."

And as the song faded, the darling face of the child changed suddenly, and the fairies were crowding around a great yellow daisy, a Black-eyed Susan. But the queen, looking at the perfect flower, saw in the velvet center, only the dark reproachful eyes of little Susan, and in the many yellow petals, Susan's golden curls.

TO A DAISY

BY MARGARET FRANCES ANDREWS (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

LAZY, lazy, lazy,
Little tiny daisy,
Basking in the sun,
Count your petals one by one,
Tell me does he love me.



"A GARDEN I KNOW." BY F. B. GODWIN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Underneath the sky so blue
Are other posies sweet as you;
But your dainty little face,
—Golden center, fringed with lace—
Is like the sun above me.

Waving in the meadow, you
Are nodding, saying "How d' do?"
You cheer the children on their
way,
As they pass you every day,
Happy little daisy.

STAR-FLOWERS

BY KATHERINE DAVIS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

At night, when tucked in bed I lie,
I watch and watch the starry sky,
And fancy 't is a garden high
Where angel children play;
The stars are dandelions gold,
That with the setting sun unfold,
And flaunt their colors bright and bold,
Till night has passed away.
Then, in the morning sunrise glow,
When little breezes come and go,
Their heads to fleecy cloud-puffs blow,
And fleck the sky all day.



"WOODCHUCK." BY J. DONALD MCCUTCHEON, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A LEGEND OF THE FLOWERS

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

LONG ages ago, many years before Pandora opened the Box of Troubles, the First Baby sat in the shade, or crept soberly from tree to tree, patting the rough bark, or playing with the fuzzy caterpillars.

One morning, when the sun shone brightly, the First Baby started to creep to a poplar tree, whose shade had dancing flecks of sunshine in it. However, the Baby stopped midway. It felt the warm, golden glow of the sunshine, and saw, in its indistinct baby way, that there was no tree above to hide the sunshine. The First Baby looked about. The confines of the tiny clear place hurt, and it longed for something bigger and broader. Instinctively it looked upward, and there was the deep, turquoise sky of May, as boundlessly expansive as it is to-day, patterned into exquisite lacework by the half-foliaged tree branches. A golden sunbeam touched the rosy cheeks of the First Baby, and as the beauties of the May morning filled the tiny soul with joy, a gladsome laugh burst from the coral lips. The sunbeams caught every tiny piece of that first laugh, and carried them over the whole world. Each little particle became a beautiful flower, clothing the earth in a rainbow gown, for when it heard the silvery laugh, all Nature awoke and rejoiced in the springtime.

SPRING FLOWERS

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS
(AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

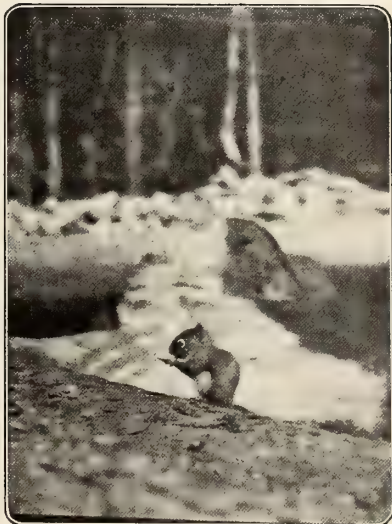
PITTER-PAT, pitter-pat,
Calls the fresh spring rain.
Pitter-pat, pitter-pat,
It softly calls again.

When the flowers hear it,
They all peep forth in glee.
Iris from the river side,
Kingscups from the lea.

Little fairy snowdrops,
Periwinkles blue,
Crocuses and cowslips,
Flowers of every hue.

Blue bells and violets,
Growing in the dell,
Little children gather them—
Oh, how sweet they smell!

Buttercups and daisies,
Dandelions, too,
Gather them in handfulls,
There 's some for all of you.



"YOUNG SQUIRREL." BY ELLEN K. HONE, AGE 12.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY LUCY CORNELIA WHEELER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

LONG, long ago in England there was a wood called the Fairy Forest, and in this wood the fairies danced every night.

One night, just before the fairies' dance began, the Fairy Queen said: "Dear fairies, to-day I heard some children talking, and they were wishing for a funny flower, a flower which they might call their own and which they might laugh over. So all day to-morrow let us watch for funny things and to-morrow night when we come here, each will tell the funniest thing she has seen, and out of the funniest we will make a flower for the children."

So when the next night came, each of the fairies told something funny, but little Roseleaf who came last, said: "I have not seen anything very amusing, but the queerest thing that I saw was in Holland, where the Dutch women had been washing, and on one clothes-line hung no less than six pairs of Dutchmen's breeches."

The fairies all laughed and clapped their hands, crying: "Let us make a flower the stem of which is like a miniature clothes-line and on it instead of flowers we will hang tiny pairs of imitation Dutchmen's breeches."

And this was the way that flower called "Dutchmen's breeches" was made.



"A STUDY OF FLOWERS." BY WEBB MELLIN SIEMENS, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

THE WILDFLOWERS

BY ISABEL D. WEAVER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

O FLOWERS of the field and wood,
At spring's first call, from earth you spring!
Of you, who light the forest depths,
It is of you, fair flow'rs, I sing.

O violet of the forest ways,
Who, pushing through the crusted snow,
Up from the frosted banks you spring,
And care not how the winds do blow.

O daisies, under summer skies,
You bloom in fields,—a hundredfold,
Where dandelions lift their heads,
And strew the warm turf with their gold.

And when the winds of spring return,
The fields are bright with buttercup,
And here and there, in sunny hues,
A daffodil or two spring up.

O flowers of the field and wood,
At spring's first call from earth you spring!
Of you who light the forest depths,
It is of you, fair flowers, I sing.

FLOWER LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND, IRELAND
AND FRANCE

BY MARGARET BARTLETT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MANY countries of the world have plants or flowers for their symbols. Among the most interesting are Scotland, Ireland, and France.

The thistle, with its motto, "Wha' daur meddle wi' me?" is Scotland's symbol. The traditional story is that a party of Danes or Norsemen were approaching a Scottish camp by night, when one of the number stepped upon a thistle. He uttered an involuntary cry of pain which awakened the sleeping camp. They took up arms and soon routed the enemy. There is no authentic record of the thistle earlier than the reign of King James VI,



"A GARDEN I KNOW." (EATON HALL, HOME OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.)
BY HOWARD REQUA, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

although it appears on the coins of King James IV. The motto "In my Defense" was assumed at an early period and is still in use.

Every true Irishman and many Americans wear a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. The shamrock is the national

flower of Ireland. When St. Patrick taught the heathen Irish Christianity he could not make them understand the doctrine of the Trinity, but picking up a shamrock leaf which grew at his feet he explained it satisfactorily. Whether it became the national flower from this legend or because it has been regarded as a safeguard from unholy influences from an early period, is not known. The legend

on the flag until the time of King Louis VII, who had a vision which caused him to change the toads to fleur-de-lys, the triple flowers of which were to him the symbols of his person, power, and name.

The plant symbols have also been adopted by many families — indeed, they have often been used before heraldry became a science.



"A HEADING." BY DOROTHY WOODS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

that St. Patrick drove all reptiles out of Ireland probably started from the belief that no serpent can touch the shamrock.

Toads, spearheads, bees, and lilies have variously been stated as the symbols of France, although the fleur-de-lys has been traced back as far as the Emperor Adrian, about a century after Christ. At that time, a lady with a flower

St. Nicholas League



"A HEADING." BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.) OMITTED IN MARCH.

(either an iris, gladiolus, or lily) was the symbol of Gaul. Pope Leo III presented Charlemagne with a blue banner scattered over with fleur-de-lys. The ignorant people believed this to come from heaven, and an Englishman asserts that an angel gave it to Charlemagne. Toads were

MAY FLOWERS

BY LOUISA PHARO (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

THE flowers lift up their heads in May

All covered with the dew,
And every posy seems to be
An image pure and true.

The violets and the daisies
Are nodding in the breeze,
While the dark green ferns and mosses
Grow 'neath the rustling trees.

The buttercups and cowslips
Grow in the pasture sweet,
Where the cows lie in the clover
And eat, and eat, and eat.

The roses in their garden,
And the pansies in their pots,
Are only just a couple of
The lots, and lots, and lots.

There are tens of thousands of them,
Of flowers, fresh and sweet,
You can find them in the country,
They are always at your feet.

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY DOROTHY DWIGHT (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ONE bright Sunday morning during their first summer in Plymouth the Pilgrims started as usual to church. On

their way they saw some flowers which they had never heard of, or seen before. The flowers were like a daisy, except that the petals were a rich pink, and their fragrance was very sweet. They were so beautiful the Pilgrims thought them a good omen for the future, and as they had first seen them on the Sabbath they named the flower Sabbatia. This is the legend of a flower which grows on Cape Cod in the cranberry bogs.

But she had chosen ill her time for birth.
 For soon a change took place in air and sky,—
 The north wind riding wild upon his mare,
 Kicked up the snow, which covered all the earth,
 And buried her so deep, it broke her tie
 With Mother Earth, while life seemed sweet and fair.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. The membership is free, and a League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

St. Nicholas League



"A HEADING." BY MARY WOODS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



THE NAUGHTY FLOWERS
 BY WILLIAM G. ELIOT (AGE 10)

MY FLOWER
 BY PRIMROSE LAURENCE (AGE 16)
 (Honor Member)

THEY say that the rose has the fairest tint
 That ever a flower adorns;
 But I know one with fairer hue
 Than any flower of thorns.
 Sleep sweet, my flower, oh, sleep,
 The sun has gone,
 And shadows creep.

They say the forget-me-not's dainty bloom
 As the smiling sky is blue,
 But I know eyes, much sweeter far,
 That prove it is not true.
 Sleep sweet, my flower, oh, sleep,
 The sun has gone,
 And shadows creep.

They say that the lily of purest white
 Is the flower of God above,
 But I know one to whom He gives
 A larger share of love.
 Sleep sweet, my flower, oh, sleep,
 The sun has gone,
 And shadows creep.

A SONNET TO EARLY SPRING FLOWERS

BY MARGARET A. DOLE (AGE 16)
 (Silver Badge)

THE air was soothing-soft as in the spring,
 Unusually warm the winter's day;
 A tip of green pushed through the softened clay,
 And when it felt refreshed, it wished to fling
 Aside its little jacket, like a wing—
 The sun sent down his messenger so gay,
 Who helps along such ladies on their way;
 Forth came the purest snow-drop, blossoming,



"STUDY OF FLOWERS." BY EDWARD S. MARPLES, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

SOME naughty flowers one summer said:
 "We'll stay here all the year.
 We will not mind the chilly snow,
 Or days so dark and drear."

When autumn came they said, "Oh, this
 We will not mind one bit,"
 But when it came to winter
 They wished that it would quit.

FLOWERS OF JUNE
 BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 9)
 (Honor Member)

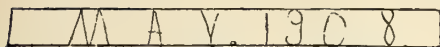
THE gentle breeze
 Floats by the trees
 In sunny June.
 And there the bird
 In song is heard
 Warbling a tune.

The lovely rose
 In graceful pose
 Lifts up her head.
 Her petals sweet
 Fall at her feet
 Pink, white, and red.

The daisy sways—
 On her stem plays
 With butterflies.
 The eglantine
 Swings on the vine
 And faintly sighs.

The buttercup
 From grass springs up
 From hour to hour.
 No month has e'er
 A boon so fair
 As June's sweet flower.

"THE AWAY RUNNING DOLLS"



"HEADING." BY HENRIETTA MARIE TANBERG, AGE 9.

"LOVES ME, LOVES ME NOT: A DAISY FABLE"

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

"LOVES me, loves me not," and the girl plucked first one and then another, and another, of the Daisy's slender, white petals, and threw them down. But the wind caught them up again, and scattered them far over the field. And all the time they were singing this song, each petal adding a thought of the Daisy's story, as she was torn off from the golden center:

"It was long, long ago, in France.

"She was a peasant girl, and her name was Marguerite.

"She was beautiful and good.

"A king's son loved her.

"He went riding on a great horse, every day at sunset.

"He rode out of the palace gate, and over the hills and vales, and up to the door of the cottage where she lived.

"She came to him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"They were happy.

"But one day the bright, summer colors were gone!

"The wind blew keen and shrill, and snow was on the ground, and the king and his son and the knights rode away to the war.

"The women were left behind.

"Marguerite was sad, she waited for spring and her lover to return, and she wondered if he truly loved her (as lovers are wont to do!).

"Sometimes she murmured, 'He loves me!'

"Sometimes, 'He loves me not!'

"Then wept afresh; then dried her eyes.

"Spring came at last; but her lover came not.

"He was killed in the cruel war!

"Poor Marguerite! She died,—ah, yes, she died; but lived once again in us!

"And thus it is that we can tell (the power given her after death) whether a heart be true or not—

"To maiden doubtful."

The last petal, carrying its message of fate, fell softly to the ground, and the barren Daisy breathed a "Yes, I know," as the girl turned away. She knew too, for there was a bright light in her eyes, but she had not heard the petals' song.

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY LOUISE ROBERTS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge Winner)

ONCE upon a time there was a heavy storm of rain. The wind blew fiercely and rocked the trees in the forest. On this night, a little fairy, cold, tired, and wet, wandered unsheltered through the wood. She could no longer fly as her wings were drenched. As she walked, sobbing, be-



"HEADING." BY CHRISTINE SCHOFF, AGE 14.

tween the stems of the plants and grasses, she came to a gentian that had closed its petals and gone to sleep.

"Gentian, gentian, open for me!

I'm as unhappy as fairies can be!"

implored the little being.

But the flower remained obstinately shut. Again the fairy pleaded softly but wearily, but there was no response.

"Because you would not do a simple act of kindness, may you remain forever closed!" commanded the fairy.

And then, almost exhausted, she walked a little further. Again she saw a gentian, and it looked like such a soft, warm, cozy sleeping-chamber for a fairy that she plucked up courage to repeat her little verse.

To her delight the flower answered her pityingly, and took her in and fed her on honey, and let her rest luxuriously on its petals.

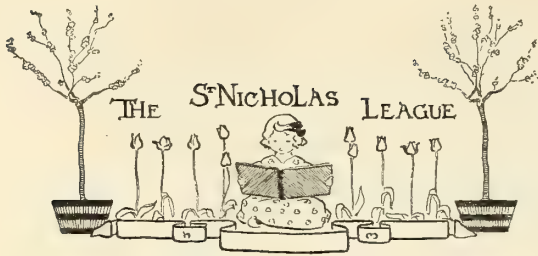
When morning came, the fairy, merry and rested, took her leave with many thanks.

"May you have a beautiful little fringe along the edges of your petals such as no other flower possesses. I give this to you in return for your care of me." So saying the fairy vanished.

That day there were two flowers in the forest who regarded life very differently. One, a miserable closed gentian, to whom everything appeared dark; the other, a lovely fringed gentian, to whom the whole world looked beautiful when seen through the long, purple lashes given her by the fairy.



"A HEADING." BY ELMER W. RIETZ, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)



"A HEADING." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY JANE P. CLARK (AGE 9)

ONE clear night at midnight, the fairies were dancing and singing gaily on the moss in a quiet wood.

At last one venturesome little fellow grew tired of dancing, so he thought he would go a little way off and see what he could of the world.

He saw a lovely fire-fly and he chased it for a long way. At last he thought he would rest a while. He looked around for a nook to rest in, and he saw that he was in a strange place. He was very much frightened as it was getting light. He called for help, but none came. His friends had gone in for the day. He tried to find his way out, but could not. At last, hopeless, he decided to sleep in a flower for the day. He asked many flowers, but they refused. The last one he asked was a lily. She said, "Yes." He climbed upon the lily, and he was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke, he said to her: "Could I do anything to please you?"

"Could you make me more beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

He drew out a tiny wand and touched her, and she turned into a lovely, dainty lily-of-the-valley.

A FLOWER

BY HELEN SEWELL (AGE 11)

WHERE the purplest vi'lets grow—
Where the whitest lilies blow,—
Where the daffodils are seen,
And the cowslips, too, I ween,

Stands a fairy pure and fair,
Always playing, smiling there.
On the face a smile serene—
This fair maiden 's clothed in green.

There she stands in that fair place,
With her kindly upturned face,
'Tween her ruffle's graceful fold,
Lies her loving heart of gold.

Sometimes Bumble on his way
Sings to her 'mid laughter gay,
Sometimes Lady Butterfly
Kisses her while passing by.

Sometimes Madam Humming-Bird
Stops to say a friendly word,
Friend she is of every one
That existeth 'neath the sun.

All who ever pass that way
Stop to kiss that maiden gay,
She the one who has no foes—
Is a little pink wild rose!



"A STUDY OF FLOWERS." BY MARGARET E. KILSEY, AGE 14.

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS M'NEARY (AGE 15)

A LONG time ago there was a group of stars in the sky called the Seven Sisters, but one of them, Merope, fell, and now there are only six.

One evening Merope's curiosity was aroused, she wanted to look over the bar of heaven to see what was beneath. As she leaned far out she saw in the depths of the forest a band of men, with feathers in their hair and skins of animals around their bodies, talking about war.

While the braves were thus engaged a beautiful Indian maiden stole quietly from a tepee and disappeared into the forest. She paused near a tall oak where a brave met her, called her "Little Rosebud," and spoke words of love to her. The youth persuaded her to come again the next evening, and fly with him into the wilderness, for the chief would not consent to their marriage.

The next night Merope looked again, for she was very anxious about the lovers, and she had trimmed her torch with special care so that it would shine brightly and guide them on their way. Faithful to her promise Little Rosebud came again and was lifted into the canoe by the strong arms of Cunning Wolf and paddled swiftly away.

Merope glanced back at the camp which was all in confusion over the disappearance of the chief's daughter. Armed warriors set out in pursuit. They soon spied the little canoe in which Cunning Wolf was making a desperate attempt to escape. The warriors were too many for him, and the distance between them was rapidly diminishing.

During the chase Merope got so excited that she forgot she was so near the edge and all of a sudden lost her balance and fell headlong through space directly into the stream between the lovers and the chief's men. As her torch struck the water it shivered into a thousand pieces and, lo! each one of them became a water-lily, pure and white. So fast did the lilies grow that the pursuers could not push their canoes through them and the tough stems impeded their paddles.

This is how the two lovers got safely away, how poor Merope fell, leaving but six sisters in the sky, and how our sweetest water-lily came to us.

THE FLOWERS OF THE ORCHARD

BY PHYLIS RIDGELY (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

MAY has twined in her garland
Blossoms both large and small,
But to me the flowers of the orchard
Are the fairest of them all.

As pink as the clouds at sunset,
As white as the drifting snow,
Fruit-trees are covered with them
And their branches are bending low.

Their branches are bending and scattering
The blossoms over the earth,
While high in the sky a robin
Is trilling his song of mirth.

The sky is the color of azure,
And the grass so green is flecked
With patches of sunlight and shadow,
And with fallen petals decked.

Yes, here is the lovely springtime—
Winds whisper of odors sweet,
And nature her loveliest trophies
Has gathered and laid at our feet.



"HEADING." BY WILL L. GREENAWAY, AGE 16.

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY JANE RHYS GRIFFITH (AGE 13)

LONG, long years ago, in Greece, in the time of gods and goddesses, there lived a beautiful water-nymph, by the name of Clytie. Her home was in one of the many pools and lakes where the mermaids play. One day Apollo passed playing upon his lyre. Clytie, who was sitting on a rock, combing out her long hair, saw Apollo and fell in love with him and whenever he came near sang songs of love to him. Apollo, however, cared little for Clytie, and only laughed and mocked her when she sang to him.

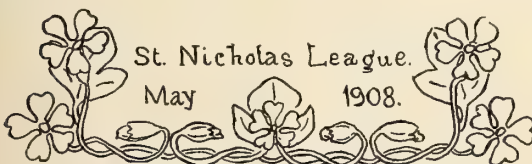
At last in despair Clytie gave up all hope of ever winning his love or affection, and sat on the cold ground all day long, as she wept and pined away. For nine days she had neither food nor drink, but lived on her own bitter tears and the cold dew, looking all the while upon the sun, her gaze never leaving it from rosy dawn till it sank among the rosy clouds at sunset. She saw no other object, and while the water-nymphs were at play, she sat on the bank of a clear pool, watching the sun as it passed o'er the clouds. At last her limbs became rooted to the ground, and her face turned into the flower which swings upon its stem so as always to face the sun.

This is the legend of the sunflower, as the Greeks told it in ancient years, and though times have changed and gods and goddesses reign no more, we still have the sunflower to remind us of this legend.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 103

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 103 will close **May 20** (for foreign members **May 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September**.



"HEADING." BY ELLEN F. SAHLIN, AGE 12.

OTHER League matter will be found on advertising pages.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Child" or "Children."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "My Favorite Child or Children in History."

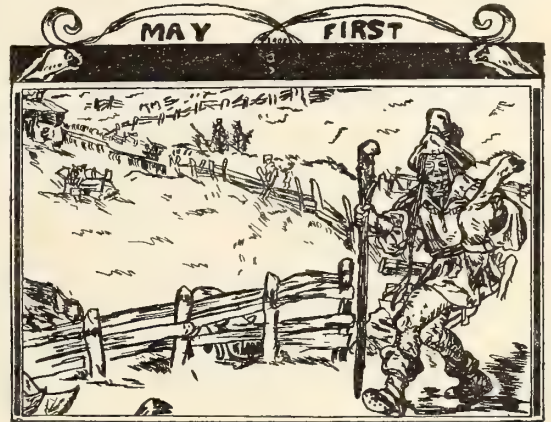
Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Child or Children at Play."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Child or Children at Play" (from life), and a **September** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: **First Prize**, five dollars and League gold



"HEADING." BY HENRY LITTLEFIELD, AGE 11.

badge. **Second Prize**, three dollars and League gold badge. **Third Prize**, League gold badge. **Fourth Prize**, League silver badge.

NOTICE

SUGGESTIONS of subjects or titles for the various competitions are always gladly received by the League Editor.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

WITH May's bright sunshine, our thoughts begin to turn to summer outings. The writer of this letter is fortunate in spending her summers amidst such beautiful and historic surroundings.

L— C—, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thinking it might interest you, I write to tell you about our summer home, Little Compton, R. I. It is on the Seaconnet River, opposite Newport, where the river joins the ocean, and besides its beautiful scenery, it is interesting because of its historical associations. On our own farm is Treaty Rock, where Colonel Benjamin Church, and Awashonks, Queen Sachem of the Sakonnet Indians made the treaty that ended the King Philip war. Besides that, in our family graveyard, there is a stone to the memory of Captain Edward Richmond, dated 1693, which is the oldest gravestone in Little Compton.

Betty Pabodie, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, lived and was buried here. There is a small monument to her memory, and the house in which she lived is still standing.

Hoping this letter is not too long,

Yours very truly,

ANGELA RICHMOND (age 12).

R—, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a country home on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. It has been raining for two days. To-day, when we got home from play, granny told us a big sail-boat had washed ashore. So after supper father, mother, and some others went to see the boat. The sky was dark and father said we would have a storm. When we got up to where the boat was, some one had taken it away.

The sky suddenly got very black. The wind began to blow furiously and we seemed to be walking into a bank of clouds; it was the rain coming in torrents. We could hardly walk because we were going against the wind, so it took a very long time to get home. But when we did get home our clothes were soaking wet. This all took place in a few minutes.

Your devoted reader,

PATTY STOCKTON (age 11).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for almost a year and like you very much. I finished reading "Fritzi" and liked it as well as any story I have ever read.

I have n't read many letters in the "Letter-Box" that were from San Francisco, so I thought I would tell you about our city. It is building up wonderfully. On the chief business street, Market Street, nearly all the debris is cleared away, many new buildings are being erected and they are now building a hotel which, when it is finished, will be one of the grandest in the world.

I guess you have heard that our Cliff House burnt down, but we still have the lovely park.

Your loving reader,

ESTELLE JACOB (age 13).

ST. NICHOLAS readers will remember the article printed soon after the San Francisco earthquake and fire, showing how the children of that city were making the best of the awful calamity that had visited them. How happy Estelle must be to see her beautiful city begin to grow again!

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years and I love all your stories very much.

We have lived abroad for five years nearly; two years at Florence, Italy, and the rest of the time here.

Florence is a very interesting city, and I like it much better than Geneva.

Last summer we were up at Yverdon, three hours from here. It is lovely country, with beautiful mountains all around, and there is one walk up on a hill which we often took. When you get to the top there is a perfectly beautiful view of all the surroundings and of the Lake of Neuchâtel.

There was a drill going on for three days, and at night we could not sleep on account of the sham battles up on the hillside. It was very interesting indeed, and we stayed up until midnight as there was such a lot to see. There were search-lights on the hills around and it looked very spooky. In the daytime officers were riding all over and cannons were going off, making a terrible noise. The President of Switzerland was up there and so was the ex-President. They both stayed at our hotel.

We had a perfectly fine time.

Your interested reader,

EMERIN S. KEENE (age 13½).

B—, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell about a little adventure I had with my pets this morning. We have the mother horse, Fly, and her colt, Remus. The colt is *very* fond of sugar. He loves to be petted; so I took some sugar down to the pasture gate for him to eat. Now his mother likes sugar also, so she thrust her nose into the dish with Remus's, so they both got their noses all over sugar, but they got hardly any in their mouths! Then they tried to lick the sugar off each other's noses but, dear me! they could n't both do so at once! so they had quite a time.

I am very fond of the ST. NICHOLAS. I began taking it in October, 1906. I belong to the League and send in a contribution nearly every month. I am trying for the gold badge, as I already have the silver one.

Wishing you a long life and prosperity, I am

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY B. LOYE.

So many of our young correspondents write of their pets that it seems as if boys and girls could hardly get along without some kind of animal to play with and love. It is very nice that this is so, for, besides the fun the boys and girls have with their pets, they learn at the same time to be patient and helpful to animals, and even to people who cannot help themselves.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over three years and therefore have decided to write and tell how much I have enjoyed you.

I think that ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine for children that has ever been. All the stories are interesting, and there is such a variety that all ages may find enjoyment.

Your stories by Mr. Barbour are tip-top.

Wishing you all the further success possible I remain,

Your interested reader,

LEONARD BLACKLEDGE LIPMANN.

HERE is a letter from the granddaughter of that grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate, friend of children, and one whose writings are ever directed to making his fellow-men better and happier.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old and I missed the story of "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," but I think "Harry's Island" is just as good. The ST. NICHOLAS does n't last me at all because I read it as soon as it comes. I was out in Newburyport last summer and I always looked forward to have you come. My grandfather wrote "The Man Without a Country."

I am your interested reader,
MARGARET C. HALE.

THE ancestors and older members of the families of our young readers are in no danger of being forgotten so long as girls like Margaret in the above letter and Helen in the letter that follows, remember them and like to speak of them with pride or affection.

The mill Helen speaks of was shown on page 363 of the February number.

S—, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you since last April, and I just love you.

The way I got you was this: Mama said I could have my choice of three magazines. As I had read some of your stories at school, and liked them, I said I would choose you. I shall never be sorry that I did.

I was surprised this month when I looked at "Nature and Science," to find the picture of my great-great-uncle's mill. I have seen it on postals and in pictures to sell, but did not think of finding it in ST. NICHOLAS, or any magazine.

My grandmother enjoys reading you, and likes Ralph Henry Barbour's stories (and so do I). I am so glad you are going to have another one by him. I like "The Gentle Interference of Bab," also I thought "Fritzi" ended beautifully. In fact, I thought the whole story was beautiful.

I remain your loving reader,
HELEN GOODE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to New York on the boat a week after Christmas.

I went to the Astor House for breakfast, and then I went up in the subway to my aunt's house on Riverside Drive.

I went to Central Park and fed the squirrels on peanuts.

The next day I went to the fire station and saw fire engine horses get in their places when the bell rang.

And the next day I went to the theater and saw "Peter Pan," and I liked it very much.

The next day I went to the Hippodrome and met my brother and went alone home.

RICHARD SAYLES (age 7).

THIS extract from Richard's letter shows him to have been an active boy, for he certainly crowded a good many interesting things into the short time he was in New York. It is n't hard to believe that he had a good time.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of my best Christmas presents was ST. NICHOLAS, for it comes twelve times a year. I am waiting for the new number now.

Father gave me a set of Diabolo for Christmas and I can throw it higher than our house and catch it. I did it 108 times yesterday, but my record is 149.

I have the whooping cough so I can't go to school.

Harry, Roy, Chub, and Dick are back again and "The Gentle Interference of Bab," is going to be fine.

I am sincerely yours,
HELEN LITTLE (age 12).

F—, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for two years.

We have a horse, a cow, two dogs, one bird, and four fish.

I like the two dogs best. Especially Turk, the largest; he is a Newfoundland, and a very good watch-dog. Dickens is a little bull-terrier always on the watch for mischief. Turk does not care for fighting. Dickens does.

When dogs come into the yard "Dick" goes down to drive them out.

Then Turk goes galloping down, shakes "Dickie" by the neck, then tends to the other dogs.

Our neighbor's barn has a good many rats that come over to our cellar, and Dickie chases them all over and generally kills them. One day a rat came in our cellar, Dickie knew he was there and of course went into the cellar. The rat was a pretty bold one, for he caught right hold of Dickie's nose. He took a little piece out of Dickie's nose. But Dickens never afterward cared to meddle again.

From what I have read of "Harry's Island" I think I will be very fond of it.

Your loving reader,
RUTH BUTLER.

THIS letter recalls the story of a man who went to a dog-fancier to buy a terrier that was a good fighter, and would protect his place. The dealer, to show how quick he was, put him in a yard with a rat. In a little while the rat had the terrier by the nose, and the dealer was obliged to come to the dog's help.

A friend looking on, said to the purchaser: "Had n't you better buy the rat?"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I so enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS that I am sure that mother will subscribe for it until I am too old for such a thing, which I suppose I never will be. There is no girl who likes the ST. NICHOLAS better than I do, I am sure.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCES MOORE (age 8½).

WE wonder if Frances will ever be too old for ST. NICHOLAS. Many parents, and some grandparents tell us that they have n't grown too old for it.

—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old and have taken you for four years and hope I can take you for many more years.

My two sisters and I think you are the best Christmas present that we get.

We go camping every summer in Maine. Year before last my father and I walked over the White Mountains from our camping place and walked a hundred miles.

With every hope for your success, I remain your loving reader,

CHARLES F. CRATHERN.

EDITORIAL

JUST after the April St. NICHOLAS went to press, a sad loss befell the Magazine in the death, on Thursday, February 20th, of Mr. Charles F. Chichester, Treasurer of The Century Co. For more than thirty years, Mr. Chichester had occupied a prominent position in the Company, and had taken an ever-increasing part in advancing its interests and enterprises.

Born in Troy, New York, in 1848, he early developed a genuine fondness for good literature, and as a school-boy at the Polytechnic Institute, he displayed an unusual ability in drawing,—a gift which lured him, a few years later, to a course as a student in the Cooper Union School of Art. He left New York in early manhood, however, to take advantage of the exceptional business opportunities offered by Chicago,—a city which was then growing by leaps and bounds. Unfortunately, disaster came to him, as to so many others, in the great fire of October, 1871, which converted the entire business-section of Chicago into ashes and a waste of ruin. Mr. Chichester began again, undaunted, but following a strong inclination toward the publishing business, he returned to New York and for a time was connected with the well-known periodical then called "The Christian Union." Two years later, however, in 1876, he joined the business force of the magazine-publishing firm with which the best years of his life were to be identified. In 1881 he was elected one of the three Trustees of The Century Co., and in 1892 became its Treasurer.

In his business relations, he was both just and generous, and his abilities won recognition beyond the limits of his own immediate work, as he was for several years a Director of "The Bank of the Metropolis" and a Trustee of "The Union Square Savings Bank." But for The Century Co. and its enterprises he labored with untiring zeal. He was not only a good business man, but a well-read, scholarly lover of good literature. The actual making of books was a field of work in which he delighted and in which he excelled. To all such matters as the choice of types, the size and decoration of pages, designs for book-covers and similar details, he brought a faultless and exquisite taste. For a long time, too, he was on the Publication Committee of "The Grolier Club" of New York, and a member of "The Caxton Club" of Chicago—which have for their main object the issue of notable books in the finest style of the printer's and binder's arts.

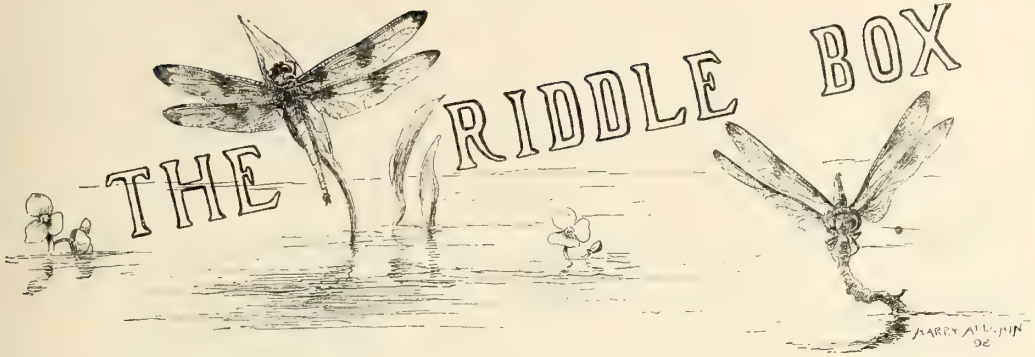
His personality was of an unusually strong and energetic type. It was in his nature to think, speak, and act with vigor, and this intense vitality showed itself in his varied interests, in his abounding delight in humor, and his warm-hearted cordiality of speech and manner. Until his last exhausting illness—which he faced with wonderful patience and with the courage which characterized his whole life—whatever he did or said was tinged with this overflowing energy. He both worked and played with all his might. He was wont to put every statement strongly, and his enjoyments were lit up by the same enthusiasm. It was also the keynote of his life-work. Next to his sacred family ties, that work was the object of his whole-hearted devotion. With inflexible honesty of purpose, he bent every energy of his mind and heart to the work in hand.

His life was an example and inspiration to American boys, for he was a man of high ideals, and by his own unaided efforts he won his way to a place of distinction and wide usefulness in his chosen calling. He has left an abiding impress upon the history of The Century Co., and upon the hearts of all his friends, associates, and fellow-workers; and his death is recorded with sorrow in the pages of this magazine, for which he cherished always an affectionate interest and pride.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA

By an odd coincidence it happens that the instalment of "Three Years Behind the Guns" which appears in this May number of St. NICHOLAS contains an account of the Battle of Manila which occurred just ten years ago this month. War is a poor way at best to settle differences,

and the horrors of war are brought out with vividness in the account which we print of the conflict in Manila Bay. But for the "Jackies" who enlisted in the Navy three years before, little dreaming at the time that they would be called upon to take part in an actual battle, it was a thrilling occasion; and all boys will be interested in the sensations and experiences of the men who were literally "behind the guns" on that historic day.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. April Fool.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Marcus; fifth row, Cicero. Cross-words: 1. Medical. 2. Ability. 3. Rebecca. 4. Cancels. 5. Undergo. 6. Succors.
 A ROMAN ZIGZAG. Julius Cæsar. Cross-words: 1. Julian. 2. Fulvia. 3. Salona. 4. Appian. 5. Brutus. 6. Marius. 7. Alaric. 8. Trajan. 9. Cicero. 10. Vestal. 11. Cannæ. 12. Ramnes.
 OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. B. 2. Dug. 3. Build. 4. Glows. 5. Dwell. 6. Slays. 7. Lyres. 8. Sever. 9. Sewed. 10. Refer. 11. Delay. 12. Raw. 13. Y.
 CHARADE. Cap-it-u-late.
 ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Jackson. 1. Jug. 2. Anchor. 3. Cat. 4. King. 5. Snail. 6. Orange. 7. Nest.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. New Orleans. 1. Pro-noun. 2. End-ear. 3. For-ward. 4. Dev-ours. 5. Bar-rack. 6. Art-less. 7. Dec-ease. 8. Dep-arts. 9. Qui-nine. 10. Pre-sent.
 WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oasis. 2. Apple. 3. Spain. 4. Iliad. 5. Sends. II. 1. Comet. 2. Opera. 3. Metal. 4. Erase. 5. Tales.
 CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Stars. 2. Tarot. 3. Aroma. 4. Romal. 5. Stale. II. 1. Edna. 2. Door. 3. Nose. 4. Area. III. 1. Racer. 2. Adore. 3. Colon. 4. Erode. 5. Renew. IV. 1. Spar. 2. Peru. 3. Arms. 4. Ruse. V. 1. Air. 2. Ida. 3. Rap. VI. 1. Clear. 2. Leave. 3. Eaten. 4. Avert. 5. Rents. VII. 1. Boar. 2. Ogre. 3. Aria. 4. Real. VIII. 1. Xebec. 2. Elate. 3. Bacon. 3. Etons. 5. Cense. IX. 1. Polo. 2. Open. 3. Levy. 4. Onyx.

To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 15th, from "Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Elsie Nathan—Betty and Maury—Daniel W. Hand, Jr.—"Marcapan"—Grace Lowenhaupt—Helen Louise Gustin—A. Riker, Jr., and K. Camp—Francis G. Ahlers—Gordon B. Sherwood—"Benjo"—David, Carleton and Hugh—Jo and I—Margaret E. Slocum—Elizabeth Spencer—Sydney L. Wright, Jr.—H. Beaty—Margaret H. Smith—Carl H. Weston—L. Alys Waring—"Jolly Juniors."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 15th, from D. Robbins, 2—Geo. Arata, 2—Edna Meyle, 11—Ruth Louise Crane, 4—"Father and I," 6—Stoddard P. Johnston, 8—Lety Robinson, 9—Frances McIver, 7—Mary G. Bonner, 3—L. and K. Vermilye, 4—Kenneth C. McKenzie, 5—Gwladys E. Jenkins, 6—Randolph Monroe, 11—Frances Howe, 6—Harriet J. Hite, 2—Emma D. Miller, 12—Isabel Barnard, 2—D. J. Ortman, 2—"Queenscourt," 12—Mary L. Stover, 9—Edna Astruck, 10—Helen Beals, 5—H. Schermerhorn, 8—Harriet T. Barto, 4—Alice H. Farnsworth, 5.

So many sent in answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, these cannot be acknowledged.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

..... 13 8 2
 3 . 7 .
 1
 12 6
 9
 10 4 5
 11

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of West Virginia. 2. A seaport of Peru. 3. A city of New York State, named after a very ancient city of Ortygia. 4. A city of Connecticut. 5. One of the United States. 6. Another of the United States. 7. A river of Colorado. 8. A city of France. 9. One of the United States. 10. A city of Connecticut.

When the above names have been rightly guessed, the initials will spell one of the United States, and the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 6, and from 7 to 13 will each spell a city in that State.

LOWRY A. BIGGERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials, reading downward, will spell a character

in one of the stories in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1907; and the finals, reading upward, will spell the name of another character in the same story.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Recurring every day. 2. A clear light yellow. 3. A cover to an aperture. 4. Dialect. 5. To caper. 6. A Russian whip. 7. A rapacious bird. 8. Counting frames. 9. To come back. 10. At no time. 11. A feminine name. 12. Juvenility.

HARRIET E. GATES.

WORD-SQUARE

I. EVERY. 2. A pain. 3. To burn. 4. A brave man. CHARLES THAYER SCHRAGE (age 8).

ANAGRAMS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Rearrange a measure of length, and make a fruit. Answer, mile, lime.

1. Rearrange matured, and make a landing-place. 2. Rearrange flesh, and make gentle. 3. Rearrange to dig, and make manner. 4. Rearrange to harvest, and make to peel. 5. Rearrange a title used in addressing a sovereign, and make an ascent. 6. Rearrange possesses, and make a form of water. 7. Rearrange thin, and make a narrow way.

When the letters have been rearranged, and the new words written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of an American poet.

ELIZABETH M. RUGGLES.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My firsts are in charm, but not in spell;
 My seconds, in harp but not in bell;
 My thirds are in worried, but not in calm;
 My fourths are in spices, but not in balm;
 My fifths are in helm, but not in mast;
 And my *wholes* come to tell us that winter is past.

ANNE FINLAY.



In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the ten objects have been rightly guessed and the forty-two letters set down in proper order, they will spell a couplet by Emily Dickinson.

V. D.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND BEHEADINGS

EXAMPLE: Spell to boast backward, and make clothing; behead, transpose, and make an obstacle. Answer, brag, garb, bar.

I. Spell to superintend publication backward and make current; behead, transpose, and make to expire. 2. Spell a kind of large grass backward, and make a ruminant quadruped; behead, transpose, and make before. 3. Spell to stuff backward, and make a coin; behead, transpose, and make a chariot. 4. Spell a carnivorous quadruped backward, and make a stream; behead, transpose, and make a carnivorous biped. 5. Spell a kind of wagon backward,

and make a market; behead, transpose, and make a rodent. 6. Spell a feigned blow backward, and make quick, smart blows; behead, transpose, and make a serpent. 7. Spell a snare backward, and make a portion; behead, transpose, and make a sailor. 8. Spell an instrument for showing time backward, and make caused to lie down; behead, transpose, and make a feminine name. 9. Spell a masculine name backward, and make another masculine name; behead, transpose, and make a number. 10. Spell sleeps for a brief portion of time backward, and make a brief portion of time; behead, transpose, and make woolly surface. 11. Spell to esteem backward, and make recompense; behead, transpose, and make a river. 12. Spell a bar of wood or metal backward, and make a person who tells falsehoods; behead, transpose, and make atmosphere. 13. Spell steers wildly, as a ship, backward, and make to cause to incline to one side; behead, transpose, and make a deviation from the right way in steering.

The words all correspond in length to those given in the example. The initials of the thirteen new words spell the name of a May holiday.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

CHARADE

My *first* is a shortening for a name;
 My *second*, the middle of the same;
 My *following* one is part of a chain;
 My *whole* is a bird that we hear in the lane.

FRITZ BREITENFELD (age 8).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail a souvenir, and leave human beings. 2. Made, and leave to consume. 3. Dwellers in the same house, and leave a small rug. 4. A good-natured sprite, and leave to possess. 5. Commissions, and leave hastened. 6. Wrinkle, and leave a colored fluid. 7. Precisely, and leave to perform. 8. Detained, and leave to deposit. 9. Omens, and leave a great clamor. 10. Merchants, and leave a beverage. 11. A seaport of France and leave at a distance, but within view.

When the foregoing words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the remaining three-letter words will spell a national holiday.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR.

CONNECTED SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A laborer. 2. At a distance. 3. To mention. 4. Pulled.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A body of water. 2. Among. 3. A toy. 4. A happy place.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Whither. 2. The nether world of classic mythology. 3. A public command. 4. The right-hand page of a book. 5. To impede or bar.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In this place. 2. Black. 3. A highway. 4. Concludes.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A tropical tree. 2. A continent. 3. A wild animal. 4. A great number.

THOMAS F. WETTSTEIN.

A Toilet Maxim

"You never know how much beauty there is in your skin until PEARS' has brought it out."

The skin is naturally beautiful. Look at the skin of a child. It is nearly always fair and soft and of a delicate roseate tint. But neglect and the use of bad soaps, often drive away this daintiness.

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The most economical as well as the best.

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Produces natural beauty
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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."



"HEADING." BY MARGARET PUTNAM MERRILL, AGE 16.

FLOWERS

BY ELIZABETH MERCER (AGE 12)

FLOWERS here and flowers there,
Flowers nodding everywhere,
Some are large and some are small,
Some are short and some are tall.

In the sunshine, in the shade,
In the meadow, in the glade,
Through the long, bright, summer hours,
Smiling everywhere are flowers.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1

Elizabeth C. Walton
Agnes M. Miall
Evelin Silvers
Emily Holmes
Elizabeth Crawford
Lucile Thorne
Ruth Conkey
Ruth M. Peters
E. Babette Deutsch
Edith Sumner Sloane
Carol Thompson
Marian Stabler
Robert Hillier
Gladys Nelson
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Ethel B. Youngs
Knowles Entrekim
Miriam Noll
Arthur J. Kramer
Marjorie S. Harrington
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Aileen Hyland
Katharine Rutan
Neumann
William B. Pressey
Rachel Stone
Eleanor Sickles
Elizabeth Page James
Miriam Thompson
Susie Marie Williams
Kathleen A. Burgess
Alice Brabant
Elizabeth Toof
Emmeline Bradshaw
Christine Fleisher
Kennard Weddell

Elinor Z. Gittleson
Elizabeth B. French
Sheelah Evelyn Wood
Doris F. Halman
Katherine Donovan
E. Gertrude Close
Katherine Reeves
Hunter
Rhena Frances Howe
Agnes I. Prizer
Jean Allen
Millie Bingham Hess

VERSE, 2

Laura Moench
Jessie Morris
Dorothy Griggs
Ruth Harvey Reboul
Marjorie S. Hayman
Marguerite Weed
James P. Casey
Nellie Hagan
Thoda Cockroft
Anita Lynch
James Boyd Hunter
Marie Kahn
Arlina Eisenmenger
Pauline Birmingham
Stella Andersen
Miriam Sears
Claire Vial
Lucretia Mackensie
Theodosia Skinner
Carrie Blake
Dorothy Elaine Lucas
Beatrice H. Cook
Lucy E. Fancher

Fanny Steward
McLean
Edward R. Collier
Frances Farish
Alma J. Herzfeld
Dorothy Black
Caroline Elizabeth
Gibson
Alice Ruth Cranch
Catherine Van Cook
Katherine Kahn
Elizabeth S. Allen
Helen M. Peck
Carol Arkins
Marian P. Luce
Christyne Wagner
Mildred Lillibridge
Irma A. Hill
Margery S. Amory
Leila Kane Ormsby
Ethel Warren Kidder
Ruth Mann
Ruth Adams
Elizabeth Horr
Adele L. Alfke
Katherine V. Smith
Marion Lincoln Hussey
George Rollin Hippard,
Jr.

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Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Jean Louise Holcombe
Raymond E. Ashley
Dorothy T. Hollister
Gladys M. Flitcroft

Eleanor Scott Smith
Ethel L. Blood
M. Lydia Barrette
Eleanor M. Kutty
Margaret Budd
Rachel McN. Talbott
Ruth Alden Adams
Louis Gilbert
Southernland
Dorothy Buell
Marjorie Rossiter
Florence M. Ward
Katherine Brown
Helen Page
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Lillian Kahan
Winifred Jenne
Mildred White
Jack Whittenberg
Helen Jervis
Therese Born
Katharyn Hollister
Mabel Moores
Frances A. Whetsler
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Amy Bradish Johnson
Arthur N. Eagles, Jr.
Grace F. Woods
Margaret Sherman
Edna Anderson
William Boulton Dixon
Emily F. Benson
Catharine H. Striker
Eva Ingersoll Brown
Barbara Cheney
Marguerite Magruder
Dorothy Story Stott
Winifred E. E. Bluck
Eleanor S. Halsey
Emily Tapscott Clark
Helen Davenport
Perry
Jean Russell
Ella M. Rankin
Eleanire Myers
Fread M. Harrison
Marie Demetre
Helen Emerson
Hodgman
Dorothy George
Rosalie Waters
Ruth Merritt Erdman
Esther E. Galbraith
Claire McGonnell
Ellen B. Steel
Winifred Eleanor
Hutcherson
Lorraine Voorhees
Alice Denny
Mildred Parry
William Fowler

Elizabeth Pilsbry
Ellen Moore Howison
Helen Mowat
Margaret G. Janke
Josephine P. Keene
Ida C. Kline
Marguerite Falke
Katharine Laidlow
Kathleen Tully
Harriet James Hite
John C. Farrar
Elsa Montgomery
Ruth A. Staub
Merrill Anderson
Margaret Ware Thayer
Margaret Ritsher
Marie Le Tournens
Franklin Warren
Wolf
Doris Kent
Eleanor Agusta
Syker
Evelyn Collier
Charlotte Fisher
Margaret Isabel Day
William Fairbank
Hastings
Fritz Korb
Lucile Luttrell
Ruth Livingston

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Rhea G. Searles
Alfred B. Karet
Philip Sherman
Nina J. Hansell
Margaret Alban
Forsyth
Judith S. Finch
Charles S. Lerch
Elizabeth B. French
Elizabeth McClintock
Edna Goodrich
Elsa Anna Synnestvedt
Agnes M. Walter
Sarah Cecilia
Anna V. Clark
Margery Durbrow
Elizabeth Underhill
Harry J. Harding
Ruth E. Fitts
Florence M. Moote
Vincent Stroop
Margorie F. Pratt
Velma M. Jolly
Ora V. Swain
Margaret E. Howard
Phyllis Tomlinson
Edith Solis Cohen
Miriam McKee

Margaret H. Johnson
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Delia E. Arnstein
Isabella H. Smith
Dorothy Steele
Ralph Perry
Eleanor Mead
Ida F. Parfitt
Bruce T. Simonds
Mildred Gardner
Mabel Moores
Ethel Emery
Gwendolyn Forthing-
ham
Sylvia Atwater
Bessie R. Gregory
Christine Ricker
Mary Marshall Smith
Dora V. Swain
Jeanne M. Keller
Jeannette Miller
Edith Elliott
Aileen Hand
Mary Burnett
Christine R. Baker
Harriet Smith
Florence Edith Dawson
Margaret Hubbell
Orritt Stumberg
Margaret Endsley
Pearl Lukens
Thomas J. Francis
Margaret Barrette
Eva M. Sanford
Helen P. Hoornbeek
Marian Gill
Hume M. Frost
Mildred Best
Marjorie Reid
Harold F. Foster
Katharine Beach
Dorothy Quick
Helen Crenshaw
Alice B. Roberts
Edith C. Davis
Anna V. Clark
Sylvia Holt
Dorothy Coleman
Mohlon Schnaek
Louise Harrington
Lillian Cheney
Caroline Frost
Wm. Bartolett Byers
Eugenia Pratt

DRAWING, 1

Katharine Dulcebella
Barbour

“Diamond Dyes will do it”



“Diamond Dyes have been so helpful”

“I wish I had kept track of how much Diamond Dyes save me a year. I always want to wear silk stockings at parties, etc.; Diamond Dyes make it possible. I watch for sales of shop-soiled silk stockings, and get such bargains, and then dye them. There are many other ways that I save money with Diamond Dyes, and your Diamond Dye Annual has been most helpful.”
Emma E. S. Bogardus, San Francisco

There are no “Just-as-good” Dyes

Don’t be fooled into buying any substitute for Diamond Dyes. There is no other “just-as-good.” There are plenty of inferior dyes, but only one standard dye—Diamond Dyes.

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed :

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the *kind* of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of substitutes for Diamond Dyes. There are many of them. These substitutes will appeal to you with such false claims as “A New Discovery” or “An Improvement on the Old Kind.” Then the “New Discovery” or the “Improvement” is put forward as “One Dye for all Material,” Wool, Silk or Cotton. We want you to know that when anyone makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a Special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up the dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

No dye that will color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool Dye.

Diamond Dyes are anxious for your success the first time you use them. This means your addition to the vast number of women who are regular users of Diamond Dyes. When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes *for cotton*. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk ask for Diamond Dyes *for wool*.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer’s name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. *Address*

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Diamond Dyes are the Standard. Imitations Prove It.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

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- No. 1019. "Two Chums of St. Nick." Emily Beecher, President; Margaret Fisher, Secretary and Treasurer; three members.
 No. 1020. "The Mohawk Council." Walter Ripley, President; Kent Gamble, Vice-President; M. B. Nelson, Secretary; Florence Tanny, Treasurer; twenty-one members.
 1021. "Constane Amical." Marion E. Watson, President; Jennie E. Evans, Vice-President; Florence M. Coleman, Secretary; five members.
 1022. Hickory Chapter. Charles H. Gould, President; Donald B. Maynard, Secretary; four members.
 1023. Durfee Chapter. Marguerite Landon, President; Elva Johnson, Secretary; thirty-five members.
 1024. "F. F. C." Jane Singer, President; Lettie Robinson, Secretary; four members.
 1025. "K. B. C." Jameson Lewis, President; Leonard C. Besson, Secretary; six members.
 1026. Swastika Canoe Club. Shannon Warnick, President; Edward B. Molanoux, Secretary; three members.
 1027. William Mellick, President; Harry F. Harding, Secretary; six members.

DRAWING, 2

- Otto Peichert
 Gladys Memminger
 Edwina Spear
 Margaret Rhodes
 Mary Klauder
 Helen C. Otis
 Elizabeth Evans
 Helen Parfitt
 Eleanor B. Watt
 Elizabeth Alward
 Horace S. Dawson
 George W. Hall
 Ruth C. Brockington
 Grace Tuttle
 Margaret Truesdell
 Helen A. Ross
 Kathleen Buchanan
 Herbert Ross
 Frances Moyer Ross
 Dorothy C. Starr
 Stephen Phelps
 Collier
 Kathryn I. Wellman
 Mildred Schreiber
 Lambe
 Ben E. Ward, Jr.
 Alma Ward
 Flora Hollingsworth
 Lucia E. Halstead
 E. Allena Champlin
 Bessie B. Styron
 Mary A. Jones
 Evelyn Buchanan
 Percy Bluemlein
 Katherine S. Curtis
 Rena T. Kellner
 Leonie Nathan
 Sybil Emerson
 Dorothy Barnes Loye
 Marjorie E. Chase
 Mina Louise Winslow
 Helen E. Fernald
 Nannie R. Hull
 Henrietta Havens
 Dorman Smith
 Hazel Colburn
 Margaret Armstrong
 Margaret Osborne
 Helen G. Seymour
 E. Marie Lorimer
 Eunice G. Hussey
 Gladys Nolan
 Catherine Snell
 Eleanor Louise Acker
 Eugenia G. Baker
 Jessica Wagar
 Elizabeth Chippendale
 Elizabeth Cockle
 Lucy Otis Bruggerhof
 Mabelle A. Ewing
 Winifred Davidson
 Doris Howland
 Priscella Bohlen
 Louis Leslie Byer
 Gladys Cruikshank
 Vera Hill
 Helen C. Hendrie
 Frances H. Burt
 Felicity Askew
 George C. Papazian
 Alice Bothwell
 Charlotte Overell
 Chas. Ray McCallum
 Walter Kowalsky
 Hester G. Gibson
 Helen Louise Walker
 David Reid
 Emery B. Poor

- Margaret E. Nicolson
 Katharyn Wood
 Albert Moore
 Margherita W. Wood
 Edith Thorpe
 Goan Clowes
 Olive Simpson
 Dorothy Howland
 Cheesemer
 Florence R. Hodges
 Herschel M. Colbert
 Margaret Kempton
 Beatrice Darling
 Margaret Lantz Daniel
 Susie Gaillard
 Lydia C. Gibson
 Max Silverstein
 Gladys Smith
 Eunice L. Hone
 Grace Garland
 Dorothy I. Applegate
 Vera Steele
 Durant Simonds
 Currier
 Lavinia James
 Helen Underwood
 Thomas Brown
 Edwin L.
 Schwarzwaelde
 Marion Strausbaugh
 Louise Jenkins
 Theresa R. Robbins
 Virginia Brown
 Maria Bullitt
 Claire Wilcox
 Rosalea M. McCready
 Martha Noll
 Bertha Hansen
 Mabel Clarke
 Adelaide Werner
 Gertrude Jacobs
 Ella Lindblad
 Helen H. Ames
 Bessie Joseph
 Prudence Ross
 Marshall B. Cutler
 Charles W. Horr
 Margaret J. Marshall
 Frances Hampton
 Coutts
 Muriel W. Hannah
 Margaret Hurd
 Alice Mason
 Margaret Jones
 Eunice S. Williams
 Anne M. Heard
 Joyce Armstrong
 William H. Wheeler
 Edna Louise Taggart
 Charlotte P. Smith
 Wilson H. Roads

- Decie Merwin
 Edwin Walters
 Doris Ellis
 Helen Baker
 Lilla G. Work
 Grace Stanley Byrne
 Marjorie Benson
 Louise Bateman
 Dorothy Louise Dade
 Dorothy Whelpley
 Robert B. Keator
 Alice Tinkler
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 Clara M. Titcomb
 Rachel R. Phelan
 Dorothy Potter
 Helen B. Walcott
 George H. Jenkins, Jr.
 Lawrence R. Boyd
 Leven Cooper Allen, Jr.
 Jeanne Jacoby
 N. Osgood Fanning, Jr.
 Myra Treat
 Vera Steele
 Lester Pearce
 Mary Winegardner
 Margaret Grandgent
 John P. Buchanan
 Marguerite Gertrude
 White
 Verna Douney
 Charles Myer
 Otto Haupt
 Kenton Woodworth
 Wright
 Irwin Johannesen
 Dorothy E. Bridge
 Waldron Faulkner
 Louis Faulkner
 Marion Frances Smith
 S. R. Benson
 Jack Hopkins
 Leonora Howarth
 Elenor Clark
 Elizabeth Wolly
 Laura M. Balfe
 Edna L. Crane
 May Elsas
 Ruth Tilhurst
 Beatrice Starr
 Kenilworth
 Frances Woodworth
 Wright
 Catherine Hay Jones
 S. Joseph
 Herbert Warden, Jr.
 Ruth Alling
 Marion Stewart
 Kenneth Safford
 Gaston
 Margaret Foster
 Fernando Fancher
 Natalie H. Plough
 Carol C. Brockington
 Dora Grey
 Raymond Moore
 Louise Alexandra
 Robinson
 Honor Gallsworthy
 Gertrude Brown Nicolson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

- Dorothy Foster
 Ward Van Alstyne
 Dorothy D. Benton
 Helen Bruggerhof

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Muriel S. Falk | Emilie O. Wagner | Althea B. Morton |
| Catherine Brandenburg | Madison P. Dyer | Jane J. Pidgeon |
| Lyle Saxon | Herman P. Miller | Cecile Leone |
| Dorothy L. Greene | Samuel N. Hamaford | Decker |
| Hazel Gildersleeve | Elizabeth Wight | Louis Werner, Jr. |
| Alfred C. Redfield | Joanna L. Lloyd | Alice Knowles |
| Helen L. K. Porter | Corbin D. Lewis | Josephine L. Rantoul |
| Susan J. Appleton | Simon Cohen | Arthur Minot Reed |
| Hildegard Angell | Constance Blake | Walter C. Strickland |
| Charles E. Ames | Vivian Tompkins | Marcellite Watson |
| Louise Fitz | Paul Jones, Jr. | Robert L. Baldwin |
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| John H. Janney | William P. Harris, Jr. | Elisabeth Maclay |
| Amy Peabody | Ellen Low Mills | Maud Mallett |
| | Kate Haven | |
| | Elinor Van Dyke | |

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- Dorothy B. Almy
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 Frances M. Chaffee
 Ada Wallace
 Alice Almy
 Eva M. Gray
 Robert L. Rankin
 Helen Maud Macklin
 Elise F. Stern
 Dickinson W. Richards, Jr.
 Elise Sage

PUZZLES, 1

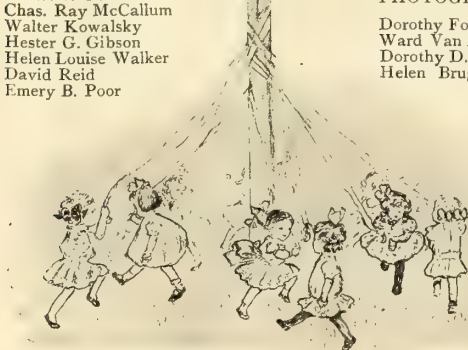
- E. Adelaide Hahn

PUZZLES, 2

- Fay Hull
 Robt. W. Speir, Jr.
 Katharine Keen
 Ruth S. Coleman
 Morton S. Whitehill
 Francis D. Perkins
 Ruth Burnett
 Margaret Pierce
 Frederica Atwood
 Robert J. Hogan
 Nelson S. Bushnell
 Eleanor Drain



"A JAPANESE GARDEN I KNOW." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 16.



"HEADING." BY IRENE FULLER, AGE 16.

NAMES entitled to place on the Roll of Honor are sometimes omitted because they are illegibly written.



An Overloaded Ship

Makes slow headway against the heaving, rolling sea.

It's the same with the man who overloads his system with a mass of heavy, indigestible food.

It means a heavy, foggy brain and a tired, sleepy feeling when you ought to be making "things hum"—skimming along on the high tide to success.

Are you going to remain in the slow-going "Freighter" class, or would you prefer to be one of the "Ocean Greyhounds"?

Change your food. Try

Grape-Nuts

with rich cream, and get energy and speed!

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE ST. NICHOLAS welcomes requests for information from readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Many of the questions asked are such as cannot be gained from a study of the catalogue and the answers to them are valuable to all readers. There are others, however, which it is much better that the questioner find out for himself, such, for instance, as those contained in a letter just received in which the writer says: "I have been given a great number of stamps for a collection which I do not know how to place. I wish you would tell me." Then follows a more or less accurate description of a large number of stamps. It is impossible to answer such a communication correctly, but the writer of the letter does not know that his descriptions are imperfect and he is seeking information which he ought to have and must get in order to a correct understanding of his stamps. All of this will be found in a standard catalogue which is as necessary as an album if one would collect understandingly. An excellent method of using a catalogue is to make of it a check list whereby one can see at a glance what stamps are contained in the album. This will save too frequent a turning of the pages of the album and be a means of knowing what stamps one has when the album is not at hand. Many collectors make such a check list by the use of a dash opposite the catalogue number and also a line under or around the price, by this means showing whether the stamp is used or unused. In cases where there are minor varieties a dash may also be placed before the small letter used to denote such variations. The catalogue thus marked may be carried with one to society meetings or other places where stamps are liable to be offered for sale or exchange. Thus one has a means of knowing what stamps one possesses and what are required for the collection.

FORMING A STAMP CLUB

IT would be a good thing for young collectors, living in one place, to form a stamp society or club, mainly for the purpose of securing exchanges of stamps. A method of exchange may be arranged in a local society which will be quite satisfactory. Let each member who wishes to participate in exchanges hand to a duly elected exchange manager some sheets of stamps marked with the catalogue prices. The exchange manager credits each one three fourths, or more, of the value of the stamps. This amount, those making the sheets, may take for their collections from sheets turned in by others, the difference between the full catalogue value and the allowance made to each participant serves to pay the exchange manager for his time and also to meet small losses which occur.

A local society is also a good thing to keep up and develop the interest in collecting. Boys' clubs are formed everywhere and if this is done with stamp collecting as an object to hold them together the clubs are more permanent and the value of the association is greater than when the object is one of less importance. Those who live in cities and large towns always know other collectors and the opportunity for forming a society is all that is necessary. Those collectors who get together a few of their friends in this way always find success enough in it to warrant the continuance and development of the association. This is the way in which all the large societies of the country have started and developed.

WHY SOME VALUES ARE HIGH

AS one looks over the pages of the catalogue the high prices which have been attained by certain stamps which were originally very common causes one to ask the reasons for such values. This is nothing but the demand for the particular stamps combined with the fact that their original cheapness caused very many of them to be destroyed. The future of collecting will be similar to the past. Stamps which now are very common will become, first, scarce, and then rare. It is worth noting that in almost every issue and among these some of the oldest, there are still stamps that are common. Open the catalogue, for instance, to such a country as Spain. Looking at the first issues from 1850 to 1860 one sees among the used stamps those which are priced all the way from four cents to one hundred and twenty-five dollars and in every issue there is a cheap stamp as well as dear ones. Thus any collector may have specimens of all the different types, for really it makes very little difference as far as the looks of a stamp is concerned, whether it is printed in what is called rose or the red of the catalogue, whether the denomination is six cuartos or two reals. The same thing will be found all through the catalogue so that any collector does not need to despair of forming a representative collection.

SIAMESE STAMPS

THERE are some countries which more than others have stamps the study of which is interesting. Take, for instance, such a country as Siam. The curious characters and figures which are found upon many of its issues make a collection of the stamps extremely attractive. One finds also among the common varieties so many little points of difference that are worth noting such as the sizes and the forms of surcharges, the presence or absence of periods or letters that interest is aroused to the highest pitch.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS send in some very good questions. Here is one of particular interest: When the gum is cracking a stamp how can it be removed successfully? Do not drop the stamp into water unless you are sure that the color is fast. If it is, cold water will answer every purpose. Hot water sometimes changes the shade of a stamp a trifle when cold will not. If the color of the stamp is not fast, it may be laid face down on dry blotting paper and wet blotting paper applied to the back. Thus gum may be removed easily in a few moments. Be careful to have clean blotting paper. Stamps are often injured by the use of inky pads. ¶ The word "Specimen" printed on certain department stamps of the United States indicates that they were sold or given away by the government as specimens and were not intended to be used for the forwarding of department mail. ¶ Generally speaking, imperforate stamps are scarcer than the same stamps perforated. The reason of this is, in the first place, that many stamps are issued imperforate for a short time only and the perforated stamp of similar kind is used for many years. In other cases, the imperforate stamps are those which were issued long ago and very few of them have been preserved. ¶ Proofs of stamps of foreign countries are very interesting but they are not considered to be of great value, as there are few who collect them.

STAMPS, ETC.



STAMPS—108 different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

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A little pamphlet giving the pleasure and instruction of stamp collecting, together with our 1908 Price List and fifty (50) varieties of foreign stamps to start you. FREE ON REQUEST.

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Send one dollar as evidence of good faith, and we will send a collection of between 500 and 600 different genuine foreign stamps, priced by catalogue over \$10.00, at 75% disc. A North Borneo 4 cent monkey stamp (or Labuan if preferred) given free to all who answer this advertisement, and request stamps to be submitted on approval.

Price list of stamp bargains and our paper issued for instruction of collectors, free.

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R.F.D No. 29 St. Louis, Mo.

BARGAINS

Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 4 Labuan; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 7 Dutch Indies. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,
111 G Nassau Street, New York City.



STAMPS. We give FREE 15 all different Canadians, 10 India and catalogue Free for names, address of two stamp collectors and 2 cents postage. **Special Offers,** no two alike, 40 Japan 5c, 50 Spain 12c, 100 U. S. 20c, 200 Foreign 10c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 6c, 17 Mexico 10c, 6 Mauritius 4c, 4 Congo 5c. Agents Wanted, 50% commission. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N, Toronto, Canada.

Sets Below Cost. 4 Fochow, 5c., 6 Servia, 5c., 5 Bolivia, 6c, 5 Port Said, 7c., 10 Jamaica, 10c., 50 different unused foreign, 15c. Write for Complete List. **The Victor Stamp Co., Norwood, Ohio.**

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FREE 10 Canadian stamps and Album has 480 spaces, for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 var. Cuba unused, 12c. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**



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Spins 5 Minutes

"The Ideal Ball-bearing Top"

The smallest child can spin it and there is no spring nor string to wind up. Nothing about it to break nor wear out. Beautifully nickel-plated; with rubber tire that prevents injury to hands or furniture.

Each top packed in box with 6 colored disks. A touch of the fin-ger while top is spinning makes beautiful color combinations.

Buy of your Dealer

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CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO.

238 West 32d St., New York City

Endless amusement and entertainment for a child.



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. **IT ONLY COSTS** one cent to learn our *wealth of prices and marvelous offers* on highest grade 1908 models.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from any one at any price until you write for our new large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on the first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. **Do Not Wait;** write today for our latest special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W-202 CHICAGO

CHILDREN'S PETS

The place to look for pets for your children is **THE BLACK SHORT HAired CATTERY, Oradell, New Jersey.** It is also a good place to board the pets you have if you can not take them with you this summer. Spring opening for benefit of patrons Saturday, May 23. Write for particulars.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"A SAFE HIT"

The Box that lox

When Mennen's was first introduced it made a hit immediately, and was then and is now specially recommended by physicians everywhere as perfectly pure and safe. It has proven a summer necessity, a boon for comfort of old and young.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

prevents and relieves Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful; in the nursery, indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox" with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co. Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 79.

Time to hand in answers is up May 25. Prizes awarded in July number.

Special Notice: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

The days during which you will be at work on this competition, No. 79, will be those wherein you are looking back upon a school-year nearly done, and forward to a vacation that is just knocking at the door. Since it is much pleasanter to look forward than to be retrospective, or, to translate the Latin roots, "back-looking," we shall try to make No. 79 a competition that will keep you in mind of the long summer days that are to be spent in rest, relaxation, and retirement to country scenes. Then, if you win a prize, it will come to you in July, and be an added vacation pleasure. Won't that be pleasant? And if you don't win a prize, why, it will be vacation anyway!

We shall suppose that a lot of advertising firms and advertised articles went off to take a vacation picnic, and were enjoying their outings very greatly, being at an outdoor meal in the woods, when, suddenly, the clouds gathered darkly overhead and there was every sign of a violent thunderstorm. At once the whole party rushed for the four automobiles that had brought them to the picnic-grounds, piled in, helter-skelter, and at full speed made for home. But when they reached shelter it was discovered that the loads were badly mixed up. And when they tried to get themselves in proper order once more this is the result:

1. Copley, Huyler's Soap Machine.
2. Peter Swift's Calox Suspenders.
3. Libby's Ideal Soap Tablets.
4. Mennen's Shredded Ginger Trust.
5. Durkee's Tar Talking Powder.
6. Pear's Safety Dressing Socks
7. Bankers Sanitol Chocolate Ale.
8. Dioxogen Diamond Pen Company.
9. Whitman Sugar Cereal Chiclets.
10. Crystal Cycle Club Chimneys.
11. Language-Fountain Jap-Method.
12. Pond's Premium Phone Pickles.
13. Packer's President Postum Prints.
14. Miniature Macbeth Mead Company.
15. Victor Ivory Domino Dyes.
16. Sapolio Salad Soap Extract.
17. Gala Hand Ham Razor.
18. Fairy Cliquot Waterman Wheat.
19. Gillette Talcum lac Soap.
20. Shawknit a-licorice Tools.

You will see that there are twenty groups of four names or words each, making eighty in all. But the twenty groups, though each has a familiar sound, certainly are not correctly arranged.

We want them separated into the eighty words or names, and then put together again, correctly. If you can put the pieces together as they should be, you will make a correct list. The correct list must contain:

Thirty-four (34) items, of which four (4) are single words; one is a single word divided by hyphens into three syllables; two consist of four words each; eleven consist of three words each; sixteen of two words each. In the list are the names of two companies.

Please find these and put them in alphabetical order.

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

- One First Prize of \$5.
- Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.
- Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years of age may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (79). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.
3. Submit answers by May 25, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.
4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 79, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 77

SOME previous competitions have been difficult to judge, but No. 77 was in some respects the worst of all. The trouble came from the impossibility of limiting the field. Our competitors found many more names than the maker of the puzzle thought to be in it, and yet the extra names of articles differed in different lists.

As we promised to give credit for extra names, all these had to be carefully considered and allowed for. But first we required that the twelve names should be found according to the conditions—that is, there should be twelve "advertised articles named by at least two words, or a name and a word."

These twelve were in alphabetical order: Baker's Cocoa, Benger's Food, Hand Sapolio, Ivory Soap, Mellin's Food, Mennen's Talcum Powder, Pears' Soap, Peter's Chocolate, Pond's



Let the Children Kodak

And then, in turn, Kodak the children. There's pleasure and instruction,—there's education in taking the pictures, there's a constantly growing charm in the pictures themselves.

And by the Kodak system picture taking is perfectly simple, whether one merely presses the button and lets another do the rest or whether to the delights of picture taking be added the subtle delights of picture making—the developing and printing and enlarging. There is now no dark-room for any part of Kodak work. The Kodak has removed most of the opportunities for making mistakes.

Kodaks, \$5 to \$100. Brownies, (they work like Kodaks) \$1 to \$12.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Catalogue free at the
dealers or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Extract, Postum Cereal, Quaker Oats, Swift's Premium Hams. Now, in addition to these, a very large number out of the hundreds of answers contained Baker's Chocolate—which thus headed the list, making thirteen that appeared in all the leading lists.

Additional names that were found were Bates' Shoes, Best's Shoes, Larkin Chocolate, Cocoa, and Tea, Pond's Soap, Cailler's Cocoa, Shaker Salt, Evans Ale, Swift Soap, Ultra Shoes, Bottle-hot, Sanitas, Sanitol Talcum Powder, Pantasote, Maltine, Elite Shoes, Yankee Oats, Baker Motor, Bonnie Oats, Hood's Soap, Heide's Chocolate, S. L. Allen Sled, Century,—and even that is not a complete list of names and articles found by our brilliant investigators.

Now there might be possible objections to some of these, but certainly they are entitled to credit as being "extras"; and so they were considered as adding to the merit of lists *otherwise correct*. This enabled the judges to pick out the six prize-winning lists entitled to more than a one-dollar prize. Then, for the last ten prizes there were some very close competitors, and where there was no other way of choosing, the judges allowed age to count, giving the preference to the younger competitors—as we are sure you older ones would wish to do.

The lists were notable for correctness, as a rule; and this applies to neatness, punctuation, spelling, and all minor matters. But there is still a lamentably large number of you who will insist on writing "*Pear's*" instead of "*Pears' Soap*." Well—those who know better will continue to be ranked ahead of those who do not. The judges *have* to take notice of these trifling points, for otherwise you would all rank equally, and what could be done? Probably, if the competitions are continued into the next century, there will be a new generation of young Americans calmly calling it *Pear's* soap. Don't—please don't do it again! There is one of the judges, a cruel and relentless being, who remarks, when a competition brings in hundreds and hundreds of answers (as No. 77 did), "Oh, never mind! *Pears'* soap will settle most of them!" And the judge is usually right in the woeful prediction. "*Mellen*" for "*Mellin*" also appears every now and then, to some poor competitor's confusion.

"Alphabetical order" is another thing that troubles you, and older persons as well, at times. Yet the more careful workers found no difficulty in seeing that "*Baker's Chocolate*" should precede "*Baker's Cocoa*," simply because the two are precisely alike till you come to "*h*" and "*o*," and then "*h*" has the right to come before "*o*." One competitor put "*Baker Motor*" after these, but it should precede, since "*m*" comes before "*s*."

We repeat again, these are trifles indeed; but we must take them into account when comparing lists otherwise equal. There is no other way. And the training in being accurate is worth—more than any prize.

We thank you for the great care shown in this competition. Every month, it seems to us, there is a marked improvement in general excellence; and we have no doubt that your work in all the ST. NICHOLAS competitions goes to make your school work more excellent, as well as contributing to your pleasure in out-of-school hours.

We wish you could all be on the list of prize-winners, but we are sure that you find plenty of fun in the work, even if some other young American does happen to give more time, more care, or more—something, to the work, and thereby carries off the blue-ribbon.

These Advertising Competitions at least must make every competitor familiar with the goods and merchandize that are, month after month, being recommended to readers' notice by the magazines.

Here is the

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS

One First Prize of Five Dollars:

**Elizabeth Crowe (12),
Charleston, Illinois.**

Two Second Prizes of Three Dollars Each:

J. A. Hitchcock (13), Pittsford, Vermont.
Isabel D. Weaver (13), Evansville, Indiana.

Three Third Prizes of Two Dollars Each:

Edith S. Sloan (12), New York, N.Y.
Robert Wolf (13), Cleveland, Ohio.
Emelyne Day (11), Paris, Texas.

Ten Fourth Prizes of One Dollar Each:

Catherine Mackenzie (14), Baddeck, Nova Scotia.
Margaret Sedgwick Norton (12), Salisbury, Conn.
Grace Ludlow (15), Rutherford, N.J.
Doris R. Evans (14), St. Paul, Minn.
Margaret McCuaig (11), Toronto, Canada.
Edward B. Rogers (13), Lovingson, Virginia.
Louise Jillson (16), Crete, Nebraska.
Catherine Van Cook (12), Stapelton, N.Y.
Julia E. Ruff (13), Washington, D. C.
Ida E. Parfitt (13), Hastings, England.

ROLL OF HONOR

Richard A. May (11)
Mamie Malloch (14)
Adelaide Bartholf (14)
Lucy F. Saylor (14)
Eleanor Tucker (14)
Kenneth Tapscott (15)
Laura J. Griggs (15)
Louise C. Brown (15)
Marion L. Bradley (15)
Marguerite Collins (15)

Competitors whom former prize-winning prevented from winning prizes in Competition No. 77:

Robert L. Rankin (16) won \$3 in No. 18; \$2 in No. 41; \$2 in No. 60.
Herbert S. Bursley (11) won \$3 in No. 64.
Ethelinda Frey (13) won \$3 in No. 65.
Catharine Emma Jackson (17) won \$2 in No. 67.
Elsie Nathan (17) won \$1 in No. 52; \$2 in No. 70.
Marjorie Peebles (12) won \$2 in No. 66.
Rosalea May McCready (14) won \$1 in No. 66.
Doris F. Halman (12) won \$1 in No. 75.



\$200.⁰⁰

Given Away in CASH PRIZES

\$25 CASH Each to the five sending in **The Largest** number of Zeno Wrappers before September 1, 1908.

\$15 CASH To the one sending in the **Second** largest number of Zeno Wrappers before September 1, 1908.

\$10 CASH To the one sending in the **Third** largest number of Zeno Wrappers before September 1, 1908.

TEN: \$5 cash prizes for the ten next largest numbers.

In case of a tie, an equal division of the prize will be made between the persons so tied.

ZENO

Means Good Chewing Gum

You may send Zeno Gum Wrappers as often as you like for the regular presents, but if you want to try for one of the cash prizes send for entrance certificate and prospectus. **Cash Contest** will close September 1, 1908. No one not enrolled can be considered in awarding the cash prizes.

Write for **BIG FREE** list of presents.

ZENO MFG. CO., Dept. 4

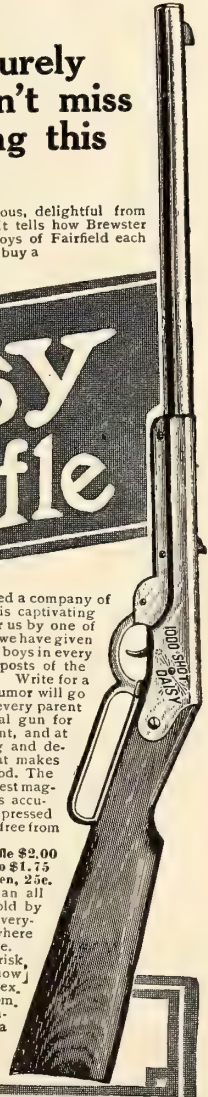
150-160 W. Van Buren St., Chicago



You surely must n't miss reading this story.

Breezy, humorous, delightful from start to finish. It tells how Brewster and the other boys of Fairfield each earned money to buy a

Daisy Air Rifle



and how they formed a company of Daisy Cadets. Since publishing this captivating story, which was written especially for us by one of America's foremost humorous writers, we have given away thousands of copies, and helped boys in every part of the country establish branch posts of the new patriotic order, the Daisy Cadets. Write for a copy to-day. Its exquisite bubbling humor will go straight to the heart of every boy, or every parent of a boy. The Daisy Air Rifle is a real gun for boys that furnishes endless amusement, and at the same time gives that true training and development of hand, nerve and eye that makes for healthy, rugged successful manhood. The Daisy Air Rifle is modeled after the latest magazine hunting rifle and is sighted as accurately and carefully. Shoots with compressed air instead of powder, and is entirely free from danger.

1000 Shot Daisy Automatic Magazine Rifle \$2.00
Other Daisy Models \$1.00 to \$1.75
Little Daisy, the new pop-gun for children, 25c.

More Daisy Air Rifles are made than all other kinds combined. They are sold by hardware and sporting goods dealers everywhere, or delivered from factory anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Write to-day for a copy of this brisk, breezy, out-of-doors story, and learn how you can join the Daisy Cadets free of expense. To all boys we will send also complete rules of drill, hints on marksmanship and full directions for forming a drill company of Daisy Cadets.

DAISY MFG. CO.

285 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Beauty and Durability

In Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., are assured if you purchase goods bearing this trade mark:

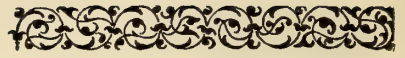
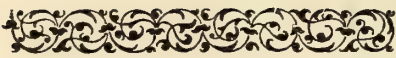
"1847 ROGERS BROS."

There are other "Rogers" and various makes of silverware, which are claimed to be "just as good," but like all imitations they lack the beauty and wearing qualities identified with the original and genuine "1847 ROGERS BROS." Send for our new catalogue "S-5" containing all the newest patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

*Meriden Silver Polish,
the "Silver Polish
that Cleans."*

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MONEY-SAVERS IN THE HOME

HOME ECONOMICS

By Maria Parloa

A helpful, authoritative, and marvelously complete guide toward the making of a healthful, well-ordered, happy home.

"Let every family make this practical guide an addition to its library, and use it as a reference when in doubt or perplexity."—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Illustrated. \$1.50.

LUNCHEONS

By the author of "The Century Cook Book."

The most suggestive book on dainty dishes for dainty meals in print.

"This good book seems to answer all the questions which other cook books did not, while the novelties it offers will stimulate fresh ambition and interest in the soul of the most jaded housewife."—*Kansas City Star*.

208 pictures. \$1.40 net. Postage 15 cents.

SIXTEENTH LARGE PRINTING READY

THE CENTURY COOK BOOK



CURRIED EGGS IN A NEST OF RICE

Richly
Illustrated
from Good
Photographs

Postpaid
\$2.00

600 Pages
of the
Best Prac-
tical
Receipts

Postpaid
\$2.00

"THE MOST COMPLETE WORK OF ITS KIND TO DATE."—*Boston Herald*.

In too many households the daily fare is of a quality which satisfies no other sense than that of hunger—hygienic requirements and esthetic possibilities being unknown or disregarded. Economy, practicability, and the resources of the average kitchen have been constantly borne in mind.

"AT ONCE THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE AND CONCISE COOK BOOK THAT WE KNOW OF."

—*New York Home Journal*.

The Century Cook Book aims to be the friend and helper of every woman who wishes to establish and maintain a well-ordered cuisine. It offers recipes for simple and inexpensive as well as elaborate and costly dishes, and for the inexperienced as well as for the trained cook.

A HANDBOOK OF INVALID COOKING

By Mary A. Boland

Formerly Instructor in Cooking in the Johns Hopkins Training-school for Nurses.

Invaluable for nurses in training, nurses in practice, and for all who care for the sick.

"The vade mecum of the sick room."—*Christian Standard* (Cincinnati).

\$2.00.

QUOTATIONS FOR OCCASIONS

Compiled by Katharine Wood

Over two hundred pages of quotations — apt, spicy, clever — for every possible occasion. All completely indexed.

"That most amusing and useful book of extracts."—*Kansas City Star*.

\$1.50.

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THE CENTURY CO. Union Square NEW YORK CITY



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West Lebanon, N. H.

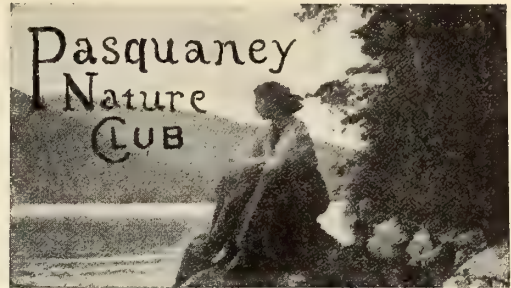
Owens twenty-five acres of land on Mascoma Lake at Enfield, N. H., where a cottage has been erected especially to meet the needs of our **Summer Camp for Boys** well known as **Camp Rockland**. We also have a Hunter's Lodge in the woods five miles east of the camp. Our school, camp, and lodge make a combination hard to beat. Circulars free. Address **Elmer E. French, A.M., Supt., West Lebanon, N.H.**

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FOR BOYS

Booklet Free. H. H. STUART, A.B., Hallowell, Maine.

WISCONSIN, Milwaukee.

Camp Pokegama FOR GIRLS, in Northern Wisconsin. Saddle-horses, motor-boat, land and watersports, athletics. Music, Nature Study. Tutoring for School or College. Constant care. Cultured companions. MR. and MRS. E. SHERWOOD BISHOP, East Division High School.



An Ideal Summer, spent on Newfound Lake, gives your daughter outdoor life and comradeship, such as are enjoyed by her brother. Swimming, boating, canoeing, nights spent in the open, and every feature best calculated to build up the physique; with enough serious study to keep the mind in training. Address Mrs. Elmer E. Hassan, 851 West End Ave., New York; after June 1st, Bristol, N.H.

WISCONSIN, Delafield. For boys in the WISCONSIN WOODS. Saddle-horses, sail-boats, motor-boats, shells, baseball, tennis, fencing, boxing, track, swimming, fishing, music. Trips over trail and waterway thru Mich., Minn., and So. Ont. College preparation, one counselor for four boys. Winter Tutorial Camp. J. H. KENDREGAN.

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Perfect models of large tools, made in German silver, highly polished, and finely finished in all their parts, small enough to be used as watch charms. Make suitable favors for dance or card party.

Do not send us coin loose in envelope. It is liable to loss in mails. Send postage stamps or money order.

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO.,
130 E. 20th St., New York.



25 CENTS EACH POSTPAID

LIST OF TOOLS

- Valve, highly plated metal.
- Butcher's Cleaver, ebony and coral handle.
- Butcher's Steel, ivory and ebony handle.
- Cabinet Clamp, all metal.
- Telephone.
- Mason's Trowel, ebony handle.
- Monkey Wrench, ebony or ivory handle.
- Barber's Razor, metal.
- Ball Pein Machinist's Hammer, metal handle
- Hand Saw, metal handle.
- Claw Hammer, metal handle.
- Draw Knife, metal handle.



Chiclets

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢, and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING," BY MABEL ALVAREZ,
AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A FLOWER'S AWAKENING

BY HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE daisy lies dreaming of sunlight and heat,
Of caroling birds and summer dew,—
When through her dream whispers a message sweet:
"Wake up, little daisy, the morn is new;
In field and pasture run hurrying feet,
Wake up, little daisy, we're waiting for you!"

The daisy awakens and opens her eyes,
She sees green grass and heavens blue.
Above through the branches a robin flies,
Chirping, "Sweet daisy, the morn is new;
The starling trills and the blue-jay cries
'Wake up, little daisy, we're waiting for you!'"

The daisy looks out on a world of love,
On a world of sun and warmth and dew;
She stretches white arms to the blue above,
Whispering gladly, "The morn is new!"
"Come, waken and gladden us," coos the dove,
"Little daisy, we have been waiting for you!"

A FLOWER LEGEND

BY HENRY A. STEVENS (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge Winner)

In a moat around a castle ground there was a lotus plant which pushed its way up through the mud and dirty water. On the bank of the moat grew a willow tree which cast its shadow over the lotus.

One day it said: "Why art thou unhappy, O lotus plant?"

The lotus was very much surprised to find that the willow tree knew its secret thoughts; but after a pause it answered and said: "I have great cause to be unhappy. I have pushed my way up through this dirty water and though I unfold my blossoms, still the mud holds me down.

"The butterflies that sometimes hover over me tell me that there are lakes of clear water in temple grounds.

"In these lakes are beautiful plants, and on the banks people sit on carved stone seats and write poems in their praise."

"But," said the willow tree, "you could not do your own mission if you were there."

"What is my mission?" said the lotus.

"It is to teach man. He sees you and says, 'Behold the lotus! Though its stem grows up through filth unspeakable, yet its flower is stainless white. So will I keep my soul pure! Though I am surrounded by sin, yet will I raise my thoughts to the pure and good in the world.'"

Soon two little girls came down to play in the shade of the willow tree. One of them said:

"Okikw san, tell me a story about the lotus." And Okikw began:

"Once Buddha was walking in the forest when he heard a voice that uttered great truths. He looked around, but saw no one.

"Finally, he looked over a precipice and saw a tremendous dragon. He asked it if it had uttered those words, and it answered 'Yes.' Then he asked it many questions. Finally, he asked it about the greatest mystery of all. But the dragon said: 'I will not answer you until I am fed on human flesh.'

"Then Buddha answered and said: 'I will gladly give my own body after I have heard this great last truth.'

"So the dragon uttered the great truth.
"Then Buddha hurled himself over the precipice into the dragon's mouth. But when he touched the wide open jaws, the monster split into eight parts and became a huge eight-petaled lotus flower that bore him safely to the top of the precipice.

"He now sits in Paradise, upon a golden lotus, wrapped in pious thought. Thus the lotus is the sacred flower of Japan."

THE LEGEND OF THE HYACINTH

BY MAE JOUVETTE (AGE 13)

AGES ago, in the country of Hellas, which is known to us as Greece, there lived a youth named Hyacinthus, who was beloved by both Apollo, a model of manly beauty, and Zephyrus, the West Wind.

Apollo, however, was preferred, and daily taught and frolicked with the youth.

Zephyrus, who was very jealous, one day came upon the two in the garden, playing quoits, and planned revenge.

"Apollo's own hand," thought he, "shall be the one to kill the boy. I will waft the quoit from its course."

Thus reflecting, he drew nearer, and as the missile left Apollo's hand, straight and swift it flew, impelled by the wicked West Wind.

The boy dropped to the ground dead. Apollo, aghast at what he had done, sought to discover some trace of life, but all in vain; the quoit had done its work too well.

The blood from the wound stained the ground with a dark, significant red, and everywhere it fell grew beautiful flowers, which, to this day, bear the boy's name.



"HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND." BY DOROTHY WARD, AGE 11.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. A League badge and an instruction leaflet will be sent on application. Address
THE ST. NICHOLAS League, Union Square, New York City.



SPALDING'S

ATHLETIC LIBRARY



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Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide

Edited by Henry Chadwick, the "Father of Base Ball." Every boy needs Spalding's Guide. It tells how base ball originated, as decided by a commission composed of Senator Bulkeley of Connecticut and other prominent authorities; "How We Won the World's Championship," is told by Chance, Kling, Evers, and the rest of the Cubs. The balance of the contents includes Simplified Playing Rules, compiled especially for boys by Mr. A. G. Spalding, interesting articles on the game and the greatest lot of players' pictures ever published. Price 10 cents.



Spalding's Official Base Ball Record


Something new. All the past season's records and many never previously collated. Plenty of action pictures. 10 cents.



A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

126 Nassau St. NEW YORK
174 Wabash Av. CHICAGO

Every boy should send for Spalding's new Base Ball Catalogue, which contains prices and pictures of everything used in the game. Mailed free.

In Cash
\$50,000
In Stock
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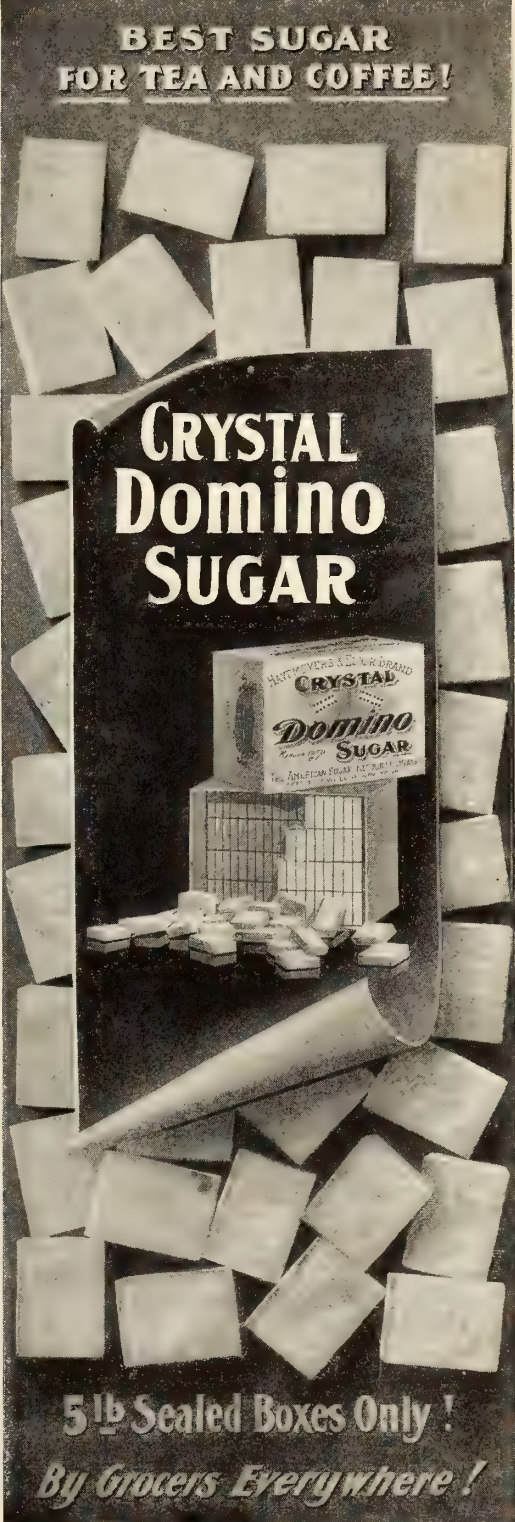
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JUNE, 1908

ST. NICHOLAS

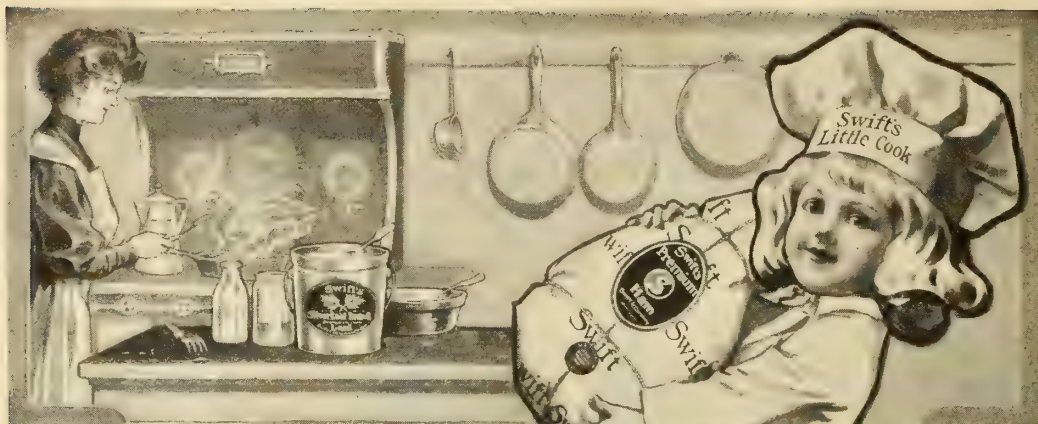
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



❁ FREDERICK WARNE & CO · BEDFORD ST · STRAND · LONDON ❁
THE · CENTURY · CO · UNION · SQUARE · NEW · YORK

FRANK H. GOTT, PRES. CHAS. F. CHICHESTER, TREAS. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECY. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
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“Just put it on the table.”

Swift's Premium Ham or Bacon

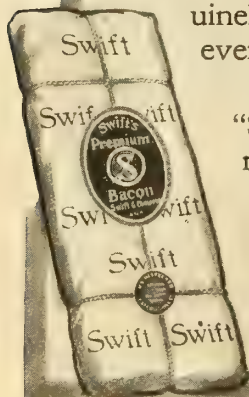


is keenly relished by those whose appetites are normal. The rich, nut-like flavor delights the epicure and tempts the most fastidious.

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Do You Want This Pony?

"PRINCE," that's his name, is to be given away to some boy or girl on July 30th by the Pony Man of Woman's Home Companion. Every St. Nicholas boy and girl should enter this contest.

A
GREAT
PONY
CONTEST



SPECIAL
MESSAGE
TO
ST. NICHOLAS
BOYS
AND
GIRLS

Dear Boys and Girls:

Good news: The Pony Man of Woman's Home Companion is going to give away "Prince," this beautiful pony, to some boy or girl on July 30th. Don't you want to get him? Well, you can win "Prince" and his cart and harness, if you hustle and get the most points. All you have to do is to get enough good friends to subscribe to Woman's Home Companion, and that will be easy, because Woman's Home Companion is the best woman's magazine published and costs only a Dollar a year.

A Prize for Every Boy and Girl

Absolutely every boy and girl who takes part in this contest and gets any points will receive a prize, and every contestant will be rewarded for all work done—The Pony Man and Woman's Home Companion guarantee it. So you see you cannot lose.

Think of it, in just a few weeks "Prince" and his handsome cart and harness, all ready to be used, will be given to some boy or girl, and whoever does get "Prince" will be the luckiest boy or girl in all the land. Why should n't it be you?

Write to The Pony Man To-day

Write me a letter or a postal to-day and say, "Dear Pony Man: I want to win 'Prince.' Tell me all about him and the other grand prizes." Sign your name and give your address in full. My address is: **The Pony Man, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.** Don't wait—write to-day. I will send you right off a lot of pictures of "Prince," and will tell you how to win this beautiful pony, and also how to win the \$500. piano, and all the other fine prizes.

Yours for "Prince,"

The Pony Man

of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



P. S.—If you want to make sure of a prize, don't wait for my letter, but start right out, and ask three or four friends to subscribe to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION at \$1.00 each. Then you will be a prize-winner sure.

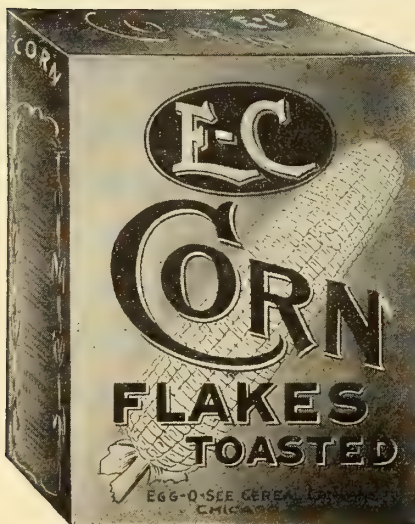


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THE GREAT COLLEGE BOAT-RACE AS IT MAY SOON BE "ROWED."

ST. NICHOLAS

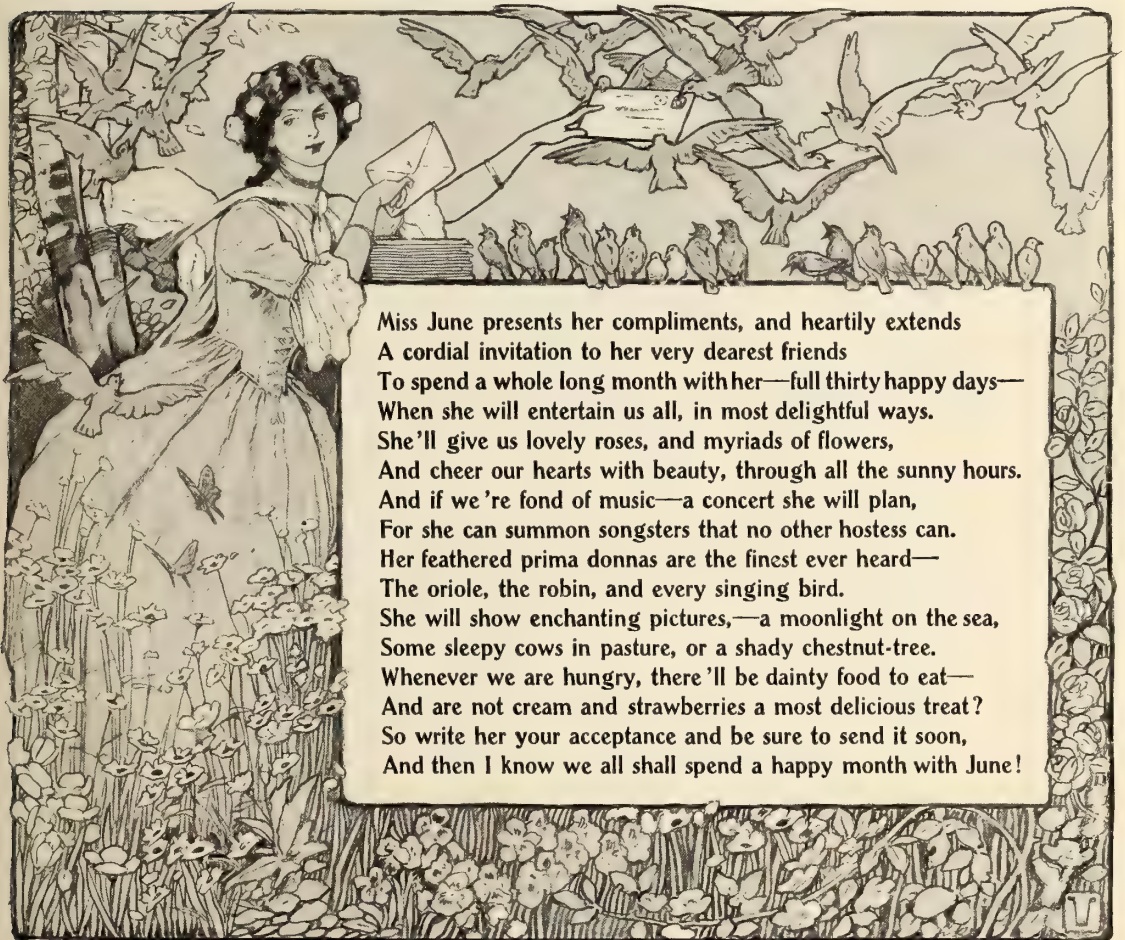
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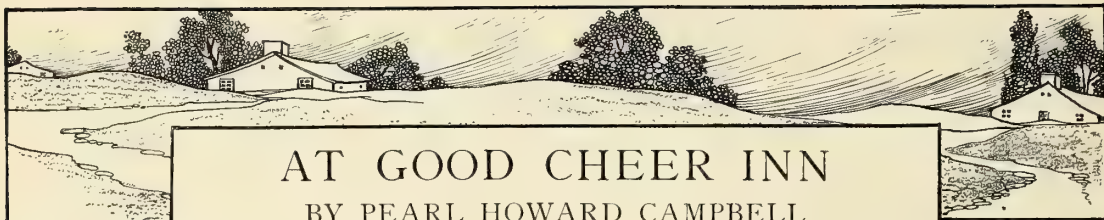
AN INVITATION

BY EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON



Miss June presents her compliments, and heartily extends
A cordial invitation to her very dearest friends
To spend a whole long month with her—full thirty happy days—
When she will entertain us all, in most delightful ways.
She'll give us lovely roses, and myriads of flowers,
And cheer our hearts with beauty, through all the sunny hours.
And if we're fond of music—a concert she will plan,
For she can summon songsters that no other hostess can.
Her feathered prima donnas are the finest ever heard—
The oriole, the robin, and every singing bird.
She will show enchanting pictures,—a moonlight on the sea,
Some sleepy cows in pasture, or a shady chestnut-tree.
Whenever we are hungry, there'll be dainty food to eat—
And are not cream and strawberries a most delicious treat?
So write her your acceptance and be sure to send it soon,
And then I know we all shall spend a happy month with June!

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AT GOOD CHEER INN

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL

COMMENCEMENT week was over. The girls who for four happy years had made Grafton Hall ring with songs and laughter, had said their last good-bys, and scattered for the summer vacation.

Alone in the little chamber with its quaint, old-fashioned furniture, Elizabeth Copley slipped out of the pretty, frilly graduating-dress and buttoned herself into her favorite blue gingham. Then she paused for a moment before her mirror. From the gilt frame there smiled forth a girlish face, healthily brown, with a square, determined chin and a saucy mouth. The eyes were brown, and laughter-lighted; the hair, by turns her pride and torment, was deepest auburn.

"If I can't climb mountains in the West with the other girls, I shall have to surmount whole ranges of them right here at home, if I go to Wellesley this fall," she was saying to herself.

Catching up her skirts with both hands she made a deep courtesy to the figure in the mirror. "Elizabeth Alice Copley," she said, "you are to be hung away in the closet with the Commencement gown and the brand new diploma, while little, red-haired 'Bess' earns the wherewithal to go to college."

With a ripple of laughter she ran down the stairs to the dining-room where the family were waiting for her, her mother looking like a bit of fragile china as she bent above the tea-cups; her father, tall and gray, with kindly eyes; the boys, Spencer and Garrison; and fifteen-year-old Grace.

"We waited for you, dear," said Mrs. Copley. "Your father was a little hurried, but a daughter does n't graduate every day."

"Launched, but whither bound?" quoted Spencer from his sister's oration. "How does Miss Copley intend to begin her career?"

"By smashing family traditions into little pieces," answered Elizabeth, her eyes snapping.

"Wh-ew!" Spencer exclaimed. "That is rank anarchy. I really must speak to your professor in history. If you care for a few facts in regard to your family's position in the past, I shall be glad to accommodate you with quite a record."

"I don't," Elizabeth answered with what her brothers called her Betsy look. "Sometimes I think I'd change places with Topsy for the sake of not having any ancestors to live up to."

"Good for you, Bess," this from Garrison. "I certainly think we could spare a few."

"Tell us your plan, daughter," said Mrs. Copley. "I trust it is one that would meet with your Great-Aunt Elizabeth's approval."

The Copleys were poor, though they owned the rambling old house filled to the roof with furniture of a bygone age; but, as Spencer was fond of saying, they were rich in eccentricities, heirlooms, and ancestors. Chief among the latter, the young people reckoned Great-Aunt Elizabeth Anne Copley, who lived alone in great splendor in her house in Boston, where, Elizabeth asserted, she climbed the family tree every day for exercise.

She had taken a fancy to Elizabeth in her baby days, but had retired in high displeasure when the little girl was christened Alice for her mother's mother, instead of Anne. True, she had sent the baby an ornate silver cup from which generations of little Copleys had sipped their milk, and a robe of rare old lace. Since then she had held no intercourse with her nephew's family. Still she hovered in the background, spoiling their good times with her old-fashioned ideas of decorum.

"Aunt Elizabeth would n't approve of it," was the reason given for abandoning many an unconventional but really harmless plan.

"Your Aunt Elizabeth would be horrified beyond measure if she knew you considered such an offer for an instant," was Mr. Copley's decision, when Spencer announced that he had hired out to the grocer during the summer vacation, though the father afterward gave his consent.

Perhaps the fact that she had so early incurred her great-aunt's displeasure had something to do with fostering in Elizabeth an intense dislike for what she termed ancestral nonsense. Independent to her finger-tips, she was forever setting the family traditions at naught. Merry, self-reliant, she had long ago transferred the burdens of the housekeeping from her mother's frail shoulders to her own robust ones. Yet she found time with all her school work to be her brothers' chum, her father's confidant, and the little sister's best friend.

"What is your plan, Betty?" queried Spencer.

"You will have us all on tiptoe, guessing, if you keep us in suspense much longer."

She looked at them, laughter brimming in her eyes. "I warned you. Now listen: I am going to start a restaurant at Berwick-by-the-Sea."

"What do you suppose your Aunt Elizabeth will say to that?" asked Mr. Copley with a luminous twinkle in his eyes.

"That it is vulgar and commonplace; but I don't care, if I can only go to college this fall."

two hotels, where you can get a decent cup of tea or an ice. There 's the dearest old house with a garden in front of it, belonging to the Chadwick estate. The rent is n't high, for I asked. I want to take down some of our furniture, make it look like an old-time coffee-house, and serve old-fashioned dainties."

"Elizabeth's Inn, where she 's never out," said Spencer gaily.

"You know I can cook," replied Elizabeth,



"PASSERS-BY SMILED AT THE PRETTY PICTURE, READ THE SIGN AND WENT ON."

"She might help you," said Mrs. Copley, hopefully, "if she knew how anxious you are to go."

"She won't. She 'd rather look on and criticize. I don't want her money, not a penny of it," Elizabeth finished wrathfully.

"Well, well, you are not likely to get it, so calm down," Spencer interposed. "Any one would think to hear you that she was waiting at the back door with her fortune in a market-basket on her arm."

"Tell us about this wonderful plan of yours, and who put it into your head," said Garry.

"Ever so many people go there," Elizabeth began, "and there is n't a single place, except the

"even if I never did a sampler in my childhood."

"Um, can you?" Garry interrupted. "It 's my belief, Bess, that you tumbled out of your cradle in order to initiate the cook into the mysteries of clam chowder. But what about the funds?"

"The funds are provided for," Elizabeth answered sagely. "I 've scrimped all the year for this very purpose. Then it does not take a great deal to start with. The question before the House of Copley is: May I?"

"You certainly may, if you will take me as a regular boarder," Spencer answered quickly.

"I can't; you 'd eat up all the profits. But how about the real permission? May I, father?"

When he had given his consent, she took Grace with her and went down to look the situation over. The house was well built in the Colonial style, with a hall running the entire length. The parlor, in which Elizabeth intended to serve her patrons, had quaint, many-paned windows, and a big stone fireplace where a fire of driftwood was to be kept burning on chilly days.

The garden, one of the chief attractions of the place, had suffered from neglect, but vigorous work with the trowel and pruning-knife soon restored its former beauty. Some days later, the sisters went down again to the house, scrubbing and polishing until everything was in order. After that they arranged the furniture where it would show to the best advantage, the spinning-wheel in the hall, as if its mistress had just left it. Over the door and the gateway they erected the sign, "Ye Goode Cheere Inn."

At last Grace, in a full-skirted gown and white kerchief, with all her pretty hair hidden under a Puritan cap, seated herself on the veranda with a bit of embroidery in her hands.

"It 's a shame to make an advertisement of you," said Elizabeth; "but I 've got to do something to get people to coming here. You look as if you had stepped right out of a history."

"I feel like a spider waiting for flies," she answered.

For an hour or two she sewed on undisturbed. The passers-by smiled at the pretty picture, read the sign, and went on. But at last there came a troop of girls in the thinnest and sheerest of summery gowns. They, too, read the sign and looked long at sweet "Priscilla." Then the gate clicked, and they came slowly up the hollyhock-bordered pathway.

"Little maid of long ago," said the leader, "do you serve tea here? We are famished, and your sign looks very inviting."

"Yes," answered Grace, dropping a courtesy and entering into the spirit of the thing, "will you please walk this way?"

When she had seated them, she brought forth, not a printed bill-of-fare, but a slate on which Elizabeth had written the names of the old-fashioned dainties for which she excelled.

The girls ordered indiscriminately, admiring the snowy linen, the china, and the charming room, and praising the cooking.

"It 's the dearest, most original place I ever saw," said the eldest as she settled for the lunch. "We are coming every day, and we 'll bring other people. We *must* let them know about it!"

The girls were as good as their word. The fame of the little inn where one might rest and feast among the surroundings of the past, spread among the hotel people until they quite overflowed it.

One day, late in the afternoon, there came an old lady with a grim, aristocratic face and sharp eyes that looked through and through one. She seated herself at a little table and ordered strawberries and sponge cake. Then she looked long and hard at the auburn-haired girl who served her.

"Are you Elizabeth Alice Copley?" she asked. "Yes," Bess answered, wishing for the first time in her life that she could deny her name.

The day was warm. She was tired and though she had surmounted many obstacles during the summer, she suddenly felt herself unfitted for the contest with this redoubtable relative.

"Will you," said Miss Copley [for she it was] in the iciest of voices, "tell me how it happens that you, my grand-niece, could so demean yourself as to serve in a public dining-room?"

"It 's my dining-room," Elizabeth answered hotly, flushing to the roots of her hair. Then she added: "Aunt Elizabeth, I 'm not a Copley, for the Copleys were all of them smart. I 'm just an average girl with no especial talents and I must work, that is, if I go to college this fall. I could not sit still at home and let father and the boys slave for me, so I started Ye Goode Cheere Inn. It has been popular. People like my cooking and the way I do things and—" a little rebelliously, "I 'm proud of my success."

She did not raise her eyes from the table, so the marvelous change taking place in the stern old face was all unnoticed.

"Elizabeth, dear child," said Miss Copley softly, "did you never think of asking me for help?"

"No; why should I?" she answered quickly. "I have been afraid of you all my life."

"Not at first. You screamed when your mother took you out of my arms when you were a baby. Don't you know that if you were not a Copley through and through, you could never have carried out this surprising idea of yours and made a success of it? Dear Bess, I am proud of Ye Goode Cheere Inn and glad to acknowledge that the clever little girl who started it is my niece. Is it not time, my dear, that we two Elizabeths began to understand each other?"

The white hand and the brown one met across the table and, to the wonderment of the entire family, the friendship begun in the dining-room of Good Cheer Inn was never broken.



ICEBERGS

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

"FROM Greenland's Icy Mountains" is the beginning of a hymn which most of us have sung many a time in church or Sunday-school; but the reader may not know that often these mountains are actually floating on the waters of the sea, for most of the icebergs come from this land far up in the northern ocean—so near the North Pole that nearly all of its surface is covered with ice which formed, no one knows how many ages ago.

Had the geographer given the name Iceland to

fitting title, though its masses seem small compared with those of Greenland, for here the earth's surface is buried in an ice cap which the scientists believe to be fully 3000 feet—over a half mile—thick in the interior. From this cap extend numberless glaciers, which reach clear to the waters of the ocean, sometimes far into the sea.

We might call Greenland the world's ice-box. If you glance at the map, you will see that the State of New York, large as it seems to us, is not



A CURIOUS FORMATION OF AN ICEBERG, CAUSED BY MELTING.

this great region of the arctic, it would have been far more suitable, perhaps, than Greenland, for its smaller companion which lies between it and the continent of Europe has more vegetation; but when Iceland was first settled, its glaciers and snow-fields probably caused the hardy Danes who took possession of it to think this was the most

over one twentieth of the size of Greenland: for New York contains only 47,000 square miles. Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the center of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all of the icebergs that are so feared by the mariner.

The manner in which the iceberg is formed is worth the telling. Physical geography explains

thick it has enormous strength, but finally the force of gravity conquers, the edge of the glacier breaks off and topples into the sea, and thus an iceberg is launched.



ROWING IN FROM AN ICEBERG.

how the glaciers work their way along the valleys in the earth's surface. As the interior of Greenland is much higher than the coast, many of them lie on slopes which of course incline toward the sea. The enormous weight of the ice mass forces it over the surface, even where the incline may be very slight. For many miles the shore rises abruptly from the ocean in steep walls of rock against which the waves dash. The glacier reaches the edge of the bluff and then is pushed over

glacier apart or, possibly, on one of those occasional days of the short Greenland summer when the sun's rays are warm enough, they weaken a portion which is thinner than the rest. So other bergs are formed to be caught in the ocean river and perhaps carried five hundred miles north from their starting-point until, drifting into the Labrador current, they float southward on the voyage from which none returns.

So if you are crossing the Atlantic and chance



A FLOATING "MOUNTAIN" FROM GREENLAND.

it. Perhaps it hangs above the sea for a distance of fifty feet or more, because if the ice is very

to see an iceberg glittering in the sunlight, you may think of it as a part of a glacier that is per-

haps a thousand years old. Well may it cause awe as well as admiration. Viewed from the ship's deck it seems a hundred feet or more in height, but the cautious captain usually steers a course that is some distance from the berg, for he does not know how much of it may be hidden below the surface. If you guess its top to be two hundred feet above the surface of the sea, you

den, may project sideways or lengthways from the portion which is visible, and if the vessel ventures too near, she may strike the projection and be sunk, or "grounded" on the berg. This strange accident has happened more than once in the North Atlantic ocean. Sometimes a berg is grounded itself. Floating southward with the current, it may be carried into a part of the sea



A SCHOONER AMONG THE "GROWLERS," AS THE SMALL ICEBERGS ARE CALLED.

may not be far wrong. Some have drifted past the city of St. Johns, Newfoundland, that were nearly as high as the hills that mark the entrance to its harbor, and icebergs rising two hundred and two hundred and fifty feet out of the ocean are not uncommon; but the captain has good reason to be cautious, for the mass that looms up so stately is but a small portion of the entire berg. If it is two hundred or three hundred feet high, it may reach a thousand feet below the level of the sea. If it is very high in proportion to its length and thickness as seen above the water, it must be enough submerged to keep it from toppling over, for, as is well known, ice contains so much air that it is very buoyant, therefore the part submerged acts like the ballast in a ship. It helps to keep it upright. The part which is hid-

den, where its bottom strikes the ocean "floor"—the bottom of the sea. There it is held perhaps for months, until the melting of the upper part causes it to rise sufficiently to clear the ocean bed, but it may be disengaged by the waves of a storm which heave it from its resting-place.

As we see them at a distance, these ice mountains from Greenland's coast are very picturesque, especially when their sides reflect the rays of the sun. The ice may not seem as clear and as pure when you come close up to it, but seen a half mile or a mile away it is a sight to be remembered by the one who has never before witnessed it. In shape it may seem like a mountain—slopes and summit being perfectly outlined. Fancy may shape another into a cathedral from which glittering spires arise. Another looks like a vast block of

granite or marble just after it has been taken from the quarry. Seen from another point, it may bring to mind a crouching animal, such as a lion or a dog or a walrus. Nature molds the masses with the aid of the wind and sun.

As they get further and further southward, the warmer air rounds off the sharp corners and makes curves of beauty. They do not look so rough and jagged as when they begin their journey, but this glacial ice is much harder than that which forms on the surface of the sea or lake.

of glaciers have split off and fallen into the water, these boulders are often held in their embrace. It is a curious fact that many huge stones found on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland have been carried to their final resting-place all the way from Greenland imbedded in icebergs that stranded or grounded on these shores.

Melville Bay, Greenland, named after Admiral Melville, the celebrated arctic explorer, is almost surrounded by glaciers, some of which reach back into the interior a distance of twenty-five miles;



“LIKE SOME GIANT ANIMAL.”

Constant pressure upon it as the glacier has been crowding its way to the sea, has made it dense, compact, just as hammering and pressing make the iron bar harder and stronger.

But on looking at the iceberg through the marine glass or telescope, its walls may appear dark. Perhaps you see black objects in them. These are parts of Greenland which it has carried away, either to drop into the sea as it melts, or deposit on the shore, if it should be stranded, and there dissolve. As the glacier moves seaward at the rate of an inch or a foot a day, it really pushes through the earth and softer rock, carrying this sediment along, the mixture being what is called the moraine. The dirt and stone sink into the interior of the ice mass. So some of the larger glaciers reaching that arm of the ocean known as Melville Bay, have brought to it boulders weighing a ton or more, and when overlapping edges

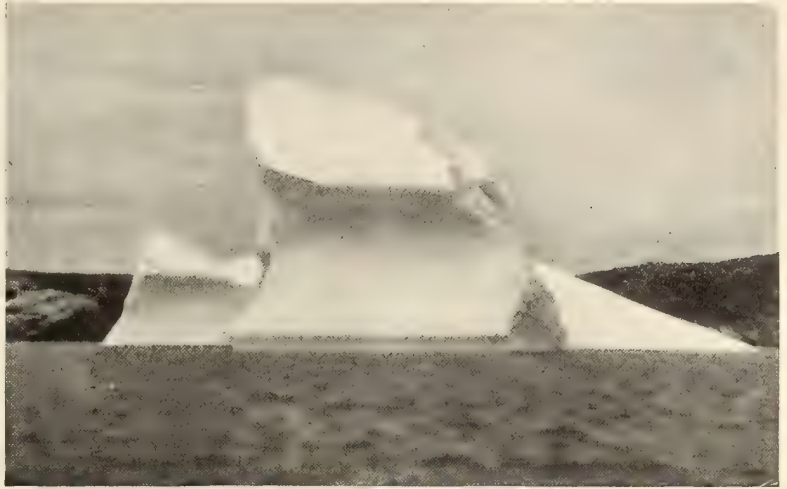
but there are a number of bays or what the Norwegian would call fjords also on the west coast that pierce the land for fifty miles, and many icebergs come from them as well. The bergs which go around Cape Race and pass Newfoundland have been partly melted by the warm, moist winds which blow from the southeast against their sides. In spite of their dimensions, most of them are small compared with the enormous masses that float out of Melville Bay and the other inlets. Arctic explorers have seen some which were fully five hundred feet high and several miles around at the point where they rested in the water—actually ice islands in size.

When an iceberg breaks away from a glacier, it sounds like the report of a heavy gun, and may be heard for miles, while its fall into the water produces waves which roll from shore to shore of the bay. The sound caused by the breaking of

the ice in one place frequently causes other ledges to break off. It is supposed that the vibration of the air due to the sound waves produces this effect, just as an avalanche of snow is sometimes started down a mountain merely by a shout or the ordinary tone of the voice.

It is a long voyage which the bergs make before they disappear to mingle with the waters of the Atlantic. Nearly all of the year they are floating away from Greenland's western shores, first taking a course which carries them as far north as the 75th parallel of latitude. Glance at the map and you will see that this is near the great source of the bergs, — Melville Bay. Then they swing westward and, coming down the mainland of North America, skirt the bleak, bare shores of Baffin Land and Labrador, sometimes blocking up the straits of Belle Isle that divide the Labrador peninsula from Newfoundland. In the late summer and early autumn, the stately procession of icebergs can be

be visible at one time. To study their massive walls it would seem as if they defied Nature to melt them,



RESEMBLING A BLOCK OF HEWN MARBLE.

but when they get as far south as Newfoundland, they decrease more and more rapidly in size, finally becoming "baby" icebergs, twenty or thirty feet in height, which frequently drift into harbors or continuing southward, finally disappear in the



A VERITABLE ICE-MOUNTAIN.

seen to the best advantage from the shores of England's oldest colony. Some days only one or two may come in sight. On others a half dozen or more may

ocean. Their graveyard seems to be in the Atlantic about four hundred miles south of Nova Scotia. Here the water is of such a temperature

that they melt below as well as above the surface. The sailor dreads these glacial islands, not only because his craft may strike one and be

The boat is moored to its side and the men cut off chunks which are taken to the vessel and melted down in a steam boiler. Where water is scarce in the coast towns the "baby" bergs are used for a supply.



THE SKELETON OF AN ICEBERG.

sunk, but because they change in size and shape far more rapidly than one could imagine. A berg which appears to be as solid as a mountain may become top-heavy and fall into the sea, crushing anything that is near it. Sometimes a venturesome fisherman will attach his boat to an iceberg by means of a rope if there is no wind, and let it tow him southward toward the fishing-banks, but he is taking a great risk in doing so. The smaller bergs, however, afford a supply of fresh, pure water, for the glacial ice is not salt. So when the skipper chances to be "short" of water it is a common thing for him to steer for the nearest iceberg and send a boat and crew alongside of it.

These hummocks are very dangerous, however, and many a craft has gone to the bottom of the sea by striking one of them. Sometimes pieces of the pack are separated from it, forming sharp-edged cakes which are mostly under water. These "growlers," as the seaman calls them, when tossed about on the waves are as much to be feared as the icebergs themselves, for they are so heavy that they deal a hard blow when dashed against the ship's sides, and their sharp, jagged sides will cut through the stoutest timber, even the copper which may sheathe the outside of the craft. Steamship passengers often like to see icebergs; but to the captains and navigators they are never a welcome sight.



HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER XI

THE LAUNCH IS CHRISTENED

DICK turned to Roy in dismay. Chub, stifling a chuckle, looked over toward the nearest shore.

"If she was going six miles," he said, "things on shore would move by a heap faster. I don't believe she 's doing better than four."

"She 's stopped, you blamed lunatic!" cried Dick wildly. Chub stared in surprise.

"Stopped, has she? Why, I had n't noticed it! How can you tell?"

"That will do, Chub," said Roy. Dick glared at him a moment and then turned with dark and somber looks toward the engine.

"Where 's the handle?" he asked.

"You put it in the drawer," answered Roy.

Their troubles began again. Dick turned and Roy turned and Chub turned, and all the time the launch, having gradually swung her nose downstream, was floating gently back toward Silver Cove. They had accomplished fully three fourths of the distance between the Cove and Fox Island when the engine stopped, but it seemed now that they would soon have the trip to make over again. It was very hot with scarcely any breeze rippling the water, and it was well on toward dinner-time. Chub yielded the wheel to Dick and sat down to get his breath and wipe the perspiration from his face.

"Where 's the directions?" asked Roy.

Search failed to reveal them.

"It 's just as well," grunted Dick. "They don't tell you anything anyhow. Turn the rudder, Roy, and keep her off that sand-bank."

"I tell you what we can do," said Chub as Dick stopped to rest. "Roy and I can get in the canoe and tow her and you can stay in here and steer."

"It 'll be an all day's job," said Roy dispiritedly. "Why not tow her to that landing over there and leave her until we can get some one to fix her up right?"

"You fellows get in the canoe and go on to the island," said Dick. "I 'm going to stay here and make her go. She went once and she can do it again; and she 's got to," he added doggedly.

"Don't give up the ship," cried Chub cheerfully. "We 'll stand by you, Captain. Let me have another go at her." He seized the handle and was slipping it into the wheel when there was a hail from near by and they looked across the water to where a small cat-boat was bobbing

slowly toward them. The boat contained a man in the stern, but who he was they could n't make out because of the noonday glare on the surface of the water.

"Hello!" called Dick.

"Anything wrong?" was the query.

"Engine 's gone back on us," answered Dick. At that moment the sail swung over and threw the occupant of the cat-boat into shadow.

"It 's the Licensed Poet," marveled Roy.

"Billy Noon, as big as life," added Chub.

"I 'll see what I can do for you if you want me to," said the skipper of the sailing craft. "I 'll be there pretty soon. It 's slow going in this breeze."

The boys sat down, nothing loth, and waited in the launch for the sail-boat to come up.

"What did he tell us he gave for that boat?" asked Roy.

"Four dollars, I think, and a set of dentist's tools," Dick replied.

"Well, he got stuck! Look at it!"

At some time, probably a good many years before, the *Minerva* had been new and trim. To-day she was a veritable apology for a boat. Some twenty feet long, she was blunt of nose, wide of beam, almost guiltless of paint. The cockpit was only large enough to hold one man and allow the tiller to swing, the rest of the deck space being occupied by a cabin. One port had been closed with a piece of tin through which a length of stove-pipe and an elbow projected. The mast had apparently not been scraped for years and the single sail was gray with age and patched from boom to gaff. Once the hull had been white and the cabin green, but time and the weather had subdued all to a neutral hue that matched the old sail and the weather-stained mast. Closer acquaintance revealed the fact that most of her seams had opened and that she was about as near falling apart as anything could be that still held together.

The *Minerva* dipped slowly and clumsily along, pushing the sparkling wavelets away from her blunt nose, and presently Billy Noon swung her head into the wind and brought her alongside the launch. He looked quite different to-day. He wore a suit of gray clothes which, if a little shabby, were very neat and clean, a figured shirt, turn-down collar and blue tie and a straw hat which had apparently seen more than one summer and undergone more than one cleansing.

Also he had dropped his extravagant manner and phraseology. This morning he was just a freckled-faced, red-haired, good-natured chap with an alert manner and a pair of blue eyes that twinkled cleverly and that seemed to take in the situation at one glance. Lowering his sail and making fast the painter of the cat-boat, Billy climbed aboard the launch and threw off his coat. Then he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, revealing a pair of very muscular brown arms.

"Had her going, did you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dick, "she ran all the way from Silver Cove and went finely; made six miles an hour easily." He threw a defiant glance at Chub.

"To be exact," amended that youth solemnly, "six miles and one eighth by the patent log."

"Well, let 's see," said Billy Noon, "I guess there 's nothing very wrong." He picked up the handle, fitted it to the fly-wheel and turned her over several times without results. Then he tested the spark, an operation which the boys watched with interest, and got a good spark.

"Nothing wrong there," he mused.

"Have you ever run a launch?" asked Roy curiously.

"No, but I operated a gas-engine once for about six months and got pretty well acquainted," answered Billy. "That was in a pottery." He looked over the engine for a moment in silence, his sharp eyes twinkling from one part to another. "Let 's see how the gasolene is coming. Maybe—hello!"

"What?" asked Dick.

"Why, your cock under the carbureter has worked open and all your gasolene is running into the well. No wonder! Got a monkey-wrench?"

"No, we have n't" answered Dick.

"Well, the handle will do. All it needs is just a tap to tighten it. There! Did n't you try to flood your carbureter?"

"No," answered Dick a trifle sheepishly. "We forgot it the last time."

"If you had you 'd have seen where the trouble was, because she would n't have flooded. Now let 's see."

One turn and the engine started. Billy retarded the spark until he saw that the *Minerva* was following all right, and then pushed the lever in. The launch gathered speed and in a moment was cutting through the water in a way that brought an admiring ejaculation from even Chub. But Billy was n't satisfied.

"That carbureter is n't regulated very well," he said. So he went at that, Dick watching, and screwed and screwed until he had it to suit him. "That 's better," he said. He wiped his hands on

the piece of waste and looked over the boat. "A nice little launch," he said. "And a good engine. You 're getting fully two and a half horse-power out of it, I guess."

"How fast do you think she is going?" asked Dick eagerly.

Billy studied a moment. Then,

"About seven miles," he answered. "You ought to make nine with the current and no tow."

Dick looked triumphantly at Chub. For once Chub had nothing to say. Presently Dick observed:

"What I don't understand is why she would n't start at the wharf. We flooded the carbureter dozens of times then."

"Maybe that was the trouble," was the reply. "Your engine was stiff and cold and you got too much gasolene into it. That 's just as bad as getting none at all. You 've got to have the proper mixture of air and gasolene, you know. After you 'd turned her over awhile you worked the gasolene out and she started. It 's a good plan to have a small oil-can with some gasolene in it. Then if she does n't start with three or four turns you can open your relief-cock and squirt a few drops into the cylinder. That 'll start her all right."

For the next few minutes Dick took a short course in gas-engine operating and by the time he had asked all the questions he wanted to they were approaching the Ferry Hill landing and a disconsolate figure in the shade of the boat-house.

"There 's Harry," said Chub. "I 'll bet she 's mad!"

But she was n't; only grieved and reproachful until they told their troubles to her, and after that vastly interested and sympathetic. Harry, having just become a passenger, was by no means ready to end the cruise, demanding that the launch should go up the river for a ways. The boys, however, being for the moment firm believers in punctuality as regards meals, compromised on a voyage around the island. So they went up along the inner channel, swung around Far Island, which, as every experienced mariner knows, lies nor'-nor'-west of Point Harriet, and, navigating skilfully past the dangerous shoals which lie around The Grapes, stopped off Hood's Hill, while Billy Noon returned to the *Minerva* and, with the aid of a broken oar, reached the beach. The boys were properly grateful for his help, Dick thanking him profusely.

"That 's all right," said Billy, as he pulled the nose of the *Minerva* on to the beach and carried the painter up to the nearest tree. "Glad I happened along. Any time you want any help you yell for me."

"Thanks," answered Dick. "And—and come and see us."

"Yes, you must be neighborly," added Harry. Billy nodded and waved his hand, and Dick, with a bit of a swagger, took up the handle and turned the wheel. The engine answered at once and the

"About what?" asked Roy, drowning Harry's indignant ejaculation.

"Why, about being a circus clown and playing in the band and being a dentist and running an engine in a pottery and—and all that. What do they want with an engine in a pottery, anyhow?"

"Well, I was never in a pottery, but I don't see why they would n't need an engine. As for the other things, why, you saw those trousers of his; if any one but a clown would wear them I miss my guess, Chub!"

"That 's so, but he can't be more than thirty or so."

"Bet you he 's nearer thirty-five," said Dick from the wheel.

"Anyhow, he must have spent a pretty busy life if he 's been all the things he says he has!"

"Papa says he 's the—the—I think he said the 'smoothest'—book agent he ever met," said Harry eagerly. "I told him about his being a clown and a poet, and I recited the verses he made up, and papa said they were very good verses for a clown."

"Oh, he 's all right," said Chub. "I have n't anything against him, only I do think he 's had a rather eventful life, so to speak. He seems a pretty decent chap, though."

By this time the launch had passed Lookout, having practically completed the circuit of the island, and Dick turned off the switch and stopped the engine. The launch floated softly into the smooth water of Victory Cove and Dick turned its nose to the beach. Then, with a little grating sound the bow slid up on the sand and Roy, painter in hand, jumped ashore.

"That rope belongs to the fellow at the wharf, by the way," said Dick. "I must take it back to him. I 'll have to get some rope of my own. And I need some tools, and an oil-can, and an anchor and lots of things!"

"How about an engineer?" asked Chub slyly. Dick looked hurt and made no reply, and when they were out on the beach Chub threw an arm over his shoulder and playfully squeezed his neck. It was hard to get angry with Chub.



"THE BOYS SAT DOWN AND WAITED FOR THE SAIL-BOAT TO COME UP."

launch chugged off toward the lower end of the island.

"Is n't he splendid?" asked Harry admiringly.

"Who do you mean?" asked Chub. "Dick?"

"No, Mr. Noon, of course."

"Well, he was certainly Johnny-on-the-Spot today," Chub replied. "He ought to be called the Licensed Engineer instead of the Licensed Poet. Say, Roy, do you believe all the yarns he tells? Some of them seem pretty stiff ones."

"Don't flare up, Dickums," he said. "I was only fooling. You got the hang of it finely."

Dick looked mollified.

"It takes a while to learn," he said, "but I bet I'll be able to run that boat to the Queen's taste in a week."

"Of course you will," answered Chub heartily. Then they set about getting dinner. Chub declared that he could taste gasoline in everything, but Dick was able to prove that he had washed his hands well before beginning the cooking and so Chub's assertion was received with contempt. From where they sat they could see the launch. Dick had shoved her off after making the painter fast to a tree and now she was floating motionless on the mirror-like surface of the cove. Dick's glances sought her frequently during dinner, and presently he said:

"I wish they had painted her white instead of black."

"It would have been much prettier," agreed Harry.

"We could paint her ourselves," said Chub. "It would n't be much of a job."

"That 's so. I'll get some paint the next time we go to the Cove and we'll do it. We'd have to haul her out, though, I suppose."

"No, we would n't," answered Roy. "I've seen them paint boats in the water. You get a weight like a big rock or something, and put it on one side of the boat and that raises the other side out of the water. You only have to paint to the water-line, you know. Then when you've done one side you change the weight over and do the other side. It's easy."

"All but getting the weight out there," said Chub.

"We can find a big stone and put it in the row-boat and take it out to the launch," said Dick.

"Yes, we could do that all right," agreed Chub. "By the way, Dickums, what are you going to call her? I've thought of a dandy name!"

"I dare say," answered Roy sarcastically. "The 'Thomas Eaton,'—eh?"

"You wrong me," said Chub. "Besides, I would n't allow my name to be associated with such a badly-behaved boat as that."

"I think she behaves beautifully!" exclaimed Harry.

"You saw her at her best," said Chub. "She acted all right after the Engineer-Poet got at her."

"What 's the name, Chub?" Dick asked.

"The Old Harry," answered Chub. "That 's the way she behaved."



"DID—DID IT JUST COME NATURAL FOR YOU TO WRITE POETRY?" ASKED HARRY." (SEE PAGE 690.)

"That 's not so bad," laughed Roy. Harry looked doubtful.

"I don't think I'd like that," she said finally. "People might think it was named after me."

"Yes," said Dick, apparently pleased to find an objection to the name. "Besides, I had about decided on a name myself."

"What is it?" asked Chub.

"Well—have you noticed the sound she makes when she 's going?"

"No," replied Chub, "she was going such a short time that I did n't have a chance."

"She says 'puff, puff, puff!' like that," said Roy.

"No, she does n't," answered Dick. "I thought that was it at first, but what she really says is 'pup, pup, pup, pup, pup, pup!' So I 'm going to call her the 'Pup.'"

"That 's all right," said Chub admiringly. And Roy agreed. But Harry objected.

"I think it 's a perfectly horrid name," she declared. "You 're just fooling, are n't you, Dick?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Dick stoutly. "I think it's a fine name." And in the end, despite Harry's negative vote, the name was formally adopted.

"We 'll have a christening," suggested Roy. "And Harry can be sponsor—if that 's what you call it—and break a bottle of—of something over her bow."

"It 'll have to be tomato catsup, I guess," laughed Dick. "That 's about all we 've got."

"I refuse to have the catsup wasted," said Chub. "Besides, it would be terribly messy. We 'll find an empty bottle and fill it with water. They christen lots of boats with water nowadays."

So after dinner the ceremony took place. They rowed out to the launch in the skiff, Harry tightly clasping a bottle of river water. They had found the bottle on the beach. The lettering on one side proclaimed the fact that it had at one time been filled with "Barnard's Lucky Discovery for Coughs and Colds." When they had all climbed aboard the launch Chub had an idea.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "we 're not doing this right. She ought to be christened with gasolene!"

"Of course!" cried the others in chorus. So the water was poured out and the bottle was held under the carbureter and filled with gasolene. Then Roy and Dick and Chub grouped themselves as imposingly as possible on the small space of deck at the bow, maintaining their precarious positions by holding on to each other, and Harry re-embarked in the rowboat, working it around to the bow of the launch.

"The band will now play," said Chub. "*Tum, tumty, tum; Tum, tumty, tum; Tum—*"

"That 's the wedding march, you idiot," laughed Roy. So Chub struck up "Hail, Columbia" instead.

"Now," he said, "we will listen to an address by the Honorable Roy Porter. Hear! Hear!" And he clapped his hands so strenuously that he very nearly precipitated the entire company into the water. The Honorable Roy Porter not being inclined to fulfil his portion of the program, Commodore Dickums Somes was called upon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Dick. "We are met here on a memorable occasion, one which—which will long live in the—in the—"

"Memories of those present," prompted Chub.

"We are about to christen the pride of these waters, a boat which will in future—in future—"

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Chub appreciatively.

"In future make for itself," continued Dick, encouraged by the applause, "a name which will become famous from—from Poughkeepsie to Albany,—aye, from Long Island Sound to Lake George! We are about to place another star in the galaxy which—which has for generations upheld the supremacy of the American nation at home and abroad, by land and by sea, in peace and in war!"

The applause was almost deafening, largely due to the fact that Roy had one arm around Dick's shoulders and was clapping his hands within three inches of his nose. On the other side Chub shouted "Bravo!" into his ear, while at his feet, so to speak, Harry had let go of the launch that she might have both hands to applaud with and was now squirming undignifiedly across the gunwale trying to reach it again. Dick warmed to his work. He threw back his head with a noble gesture and tried to thrust his right hand into the bosom of his negligée shirt. [Chub called them "neglected" shirts.] But as this would have seriously upset his audience he was forcibly restrained.

"Upon these beautiful tranquil waters, upon the bosom of this historic river this graceful boat will add the—the finishing touch to Nature's work. Breasting the curling waves, tossed by the singing winds—"

"Hooray!" yelled Chub. "Hip, hip, hooray!"

"Singing winds—"

"Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!" Roy vociferated.

"Winds, this lovely creation of the hands of—"

"Somes! Somes! Somes! Speech! Speech!" cried Chub, and Harry, having rescued herself, joined the hilarity. Dick gave it up and with a low bow to the mythical multitude which lined the shore of Victory Cove, he joined Roy in the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Of course Chub and Harry lent what assistance they could, and for several minutes discord reigned supreme. Then, having gained the attention of the audience, Chub announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you the Honorable Thomas H. Eaton, Secretary of the Navy. Hooray! Eaton! Eaton!" Chub bowed. "Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of Camp Torohadik: It gives me great pleasure to be with you to-day. I have traveled a long distance and feel that I am amply repaid.

I thank you for your invitation, for the honor you have done me and for the evidences of your good-will. This is indeed a suspicious—I should say, *auspicious* occasion. Never before, possibly, since the founding of our glorious Republic has so much intelligence, so much worth, so much beauty been met together as I see before me. Ladies and gentlemen, we are wonderfully privileged. Generations hence posterity will look back with reverential awe upon this—this grand occasion!"

"Oh, that 's beautiful, Chub!" cried Harry. Chub faltered.

"Er—er—and so I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart for the honor which you have seen fit to confer upon me. I thank you, I thank you." Chub bowed to three points of the compass and the launch rocked uncomfortably. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, according to time-honored precedent, a bottle of—er—of gasolene will be broken over the bow and the boat will be named. I take pleasure in introducing to you Miss Harriet Emery."

Harry climbed unsteadily to her feet in the rowboat and bowed to the applause. Then she raised the bottle of gasolene and brought it down smartly against the bow of the boat.

"I name you *Pup*," she cried.

There was a tinkling of glass, a series of shrill barks from Chub and the ceremony was at an end.

CHAPTER XII

CHUB SCENTS A MYSTERY

AFTER the dinner things had been cleared up there was naturally but one thing to do, and that was to go out in the *Pup*. So they did it. The engine showed some unwillingness to start, but relented presently and they were off. They had no boats in tow this time and were, besides, going with the current, and the way the *Pup* slid along brought joy to Dick's heart.

"Is n't she a great little *Pup*?" he asked, beamingly. And they all agreed that she was, even Chub.

"The *Pup*," observed the latter impressively, "is a fine bark." And they groaned at his pun.

They had an exciting time in the village while Dick made his purchases and ordered his flags. Chub was full of suggestions and wanted Dick to buy all sorts of things from a pocket compass to a pair of davits by which to sling the canoe on to the launch and use it for a tender. Dick got a gallon of white paint, warranted to dry hard in twelve hours, and four brushes, Harry having expressed a determination to aid in the work of turning the black *Pup* into a white one.

When they were ready to leave the wharf Dick produced his small oil-can filled with gasolene and set it beside him while he prepared to turn the fly-wheel over. Whether it was the sight of that can I can't say, but it 's a fact that the engine started at the first turn. They ran up the river in the late afternoon sunlight, a little wind which had risen since noon kicking the water into tiny white-caps which caught the rays and turned to gold and copper. The breeze ruffled their hair and tingled their cheeks, and to what Chub called "the merry barking of the *Pup*," they sailed home past the shadowed shore and dropped anchor (it was a folding one and weighed seven pounds) in Victory Cove.

"That was a dandy sail!" exclaimed Harry, her cheeks ruddy under their tan. And they all agreed with her and vied with each other in saying nice things about the *Pup*. And Dick beamed, and beamed, and everything was lovely. They had purchased provisions in the village, and supper that evening was in the nature of a banquet, there being a large steak, Saratoga chips, big rolls still warm from the baker's oven, cucumbers (there was n't any vinegar, but no one seemed to care) and a blueberry pie. And there were present appetites to do justice to the banquet.

Afterwards, just as Roy had lighted the camp-fire, which, to tell the truth was necessary to distract the attention of the mosquitoes, there was a hail and Billy Noon appeared. He joined the group and listened interestedly to Dick's account of the afternoon's experience with the launch.

"You won't have much trouble with her now, I guess," he said. "Gas-engines are kind of queer things, but there 's generally a reason for it when they don't act right. The only trouble is in discovering the reason. There 's a reason for everything if you can only find it."

"Have you composed any poetry lately?" asked Harry when the conversation had wandered away from launches and gas-engines. Billy shook his head.

"No, my dear young lady," he answered.

"There 's been no time for building rhyme,
For I've been very busy.
My daily work I must not shirk
For—for—"

"For if you do you 'll get dizzy," suggested Chub.

"Thank you," laughed Billy. "'Busy' 's a bad word to rhyme to. I ought to have known better than to use it."

"Did—did it just come natural for you to make poetry?" asked Harry. "Or did you have to learn? Please tell us all about it!"

"I guess it came natural," was the reply.

"I wish I could do it," Harry said wistfully. "But I can't. I've tried and tried. I never can think of any rhymes. Do you think I could learn, Mr. Noon?"

"I dare say you could," answered Billy. "I never did much of it until I joined the Great Indian Chief Medicine Company. Then I sort of worked it up."

"Did you write advertisements?" asked Chub.

"No. You see we traveled around from one place to another in a couple of big wagons selling this medicine. It was fine medicine, too, if you believed the wrappers and the Boss. It cured anything from freckles to laziness and cost a dollar a bottle, or six bottles for five dollars with your horoscope thrown in. There were five of us with the troupe and we dressed like Indians and talked five languages including the North of Ireland. I was Wallapoola, the great Choctaw Poet, and my part was to stand under the gasoline torch at the end of the wagon and make rhymes on the names of the folks in the audience. That pleased them, generally, and they'd pay out their dollar, each, and go away happy with a bottle of Great Indian. Some of the rhymes were pretty bad, especially at first, and now and then I'd just simply get floored as I was awhile ago. It was easy enough as long as they gave us names like Smith and Jones and White and Brown, but one night a big, lanky farmer pushed his way to the front and told the Doctor—he was the general Boss, you know—that he'd buy six bottles if I'd make a rhyme for his name. I scented trouble right away and tried to warn the Doctor, but he was n't worried a bit. He just laughed and said there was n't a word in the English language I could n't find a rhyme for. And then he asked the farmer what his name was.

"Humphrey," says the farmer.

"The Doctor laughed scornfully. 'I thought it was something difficult,' he says. 'But that's an easy one for the Choctaw Poet, that is—Why, gentlemen, I assure you—' But I was humping up and down on my toes the way I did when courting the Muse and saying 'Ugh! Ugh!' which was all the Indian I knew. And the Doctor soon awoke to the fact that I was n't pleased with the job. So says he, 'While the Poet is polishing up his pome we'll have some music from the orchestra.' Well, the orchestra, which was a banjo, guitar, and accordion, gave them some rag-time and I kept on dancing around on my toes and doing a lot of hard thinking. I wanted to resign my lucrative position right then, I tell you. But the Doctor was scowling

hard at me and the big, lanky farmer was grinning up like a catfish. The orchestra got through and I was trying to make the Doctor see that I wanted more time for contemplation when the rhyme came to me. It was n't much of a one, but it had to do. So I stopped dancing and looked scornfully at the farmer. And says I:

"At a dollar a bottle it's cheap, you know,
But you are in luck, Mr. Humphrey;
It's six for five to you, and so
You see you are getting some free."

"That was fine!" cried Chub above the laughter. "Did he buy the medicine?"

"He had to," answered Billy. "He claimed that the rhyme ought to have been one word, but the Doctor quoted authorities to him so fast he soon had to give in. You could n't very often floor the Doctor. Besides, we had the crowd with us. So Mr. Humphrey gave up his five dollars and went off growling with six bottles of Great Indian. I don't know how much good it did him; anyhow, it could n't do him any harm, I guess, for it was "guaranteed harmless." We had a big sale that evening."

"Was that before you joined the circus?" asked Chub with elaborate carelessness, nudging Roy.

"Yes, several years," answered Billy. "I was n't with the Great Indian Medicine Company more than six weeks."

"Why did you leave?" asked Roy. "Did you run out of rhymes?"

"No," answered Billy reminiscently, "but I got my man and—I mean I found another job that I liked better. After that," he continued hurriedly, "I found a chap out in Big Bow, Iowa, that was going out of the dentist business and I bought him out, stock, good will and all. The stock was a set of tools, a broken-down wagon, and a forlorn-looking gray horse about sixteen years old. I traveled around for awhile, but the fellow only gave me three lessons and so I was n't up to much except pulling teeth. But there was n't much money in dentistry, and I sold the horse and wagon in Keokuk and came East."

"Then what did you do?" asked Chub.

"Oh, I tried my hand at several things after that. Nothing particular, though."

Billy did n't seem to want to continue the subject and so Chub, with a wink at Roy, desisted. Dick asked Billy how he was getting on with his canvassing.

"Pretty well," was the answer. "I had a long tramp this afternoon for nothing, though. I went about three miles up the river to a place called Hutchins and then walked about eight

miles. Ever been over in that part of the world?"

The boys said that they had n't.

"Well, it 's a forsaken country; I only found about six houses all the way and did n't sell a thing. Do you get around much on shore?"

Roy, explained that they had prospected the country around Ferry Hill pretty well for several miles in each direction, and Billy asked a good many questions about it; whether it was thickly settled, whether the folks were well-off or poor, whether they had ever come across any camps or huts. They answered his questions as best they could, wondering somewhat at the character of them, and finally their guest bade them good night and took his departure. There was silence for a minute or two around the camp-fire after he had gone. Then Chub spoke.

"Say, what do you think of him?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know," answered Roy. "According to his story he has been a little of everything at some time or other. And what do you suppose he wanted to know so much about the country around here for?"

"Probably wanted to find out whether it was worth while going round to sell Billings' 'Wonders of the Deep'," answered Dick.

"I don't believe he 's a book agent at all!" exclaimed Roy.

"What? Then what is he?" asked Dick. But Roy only shook his head.

"I don't know. But I don't believe he 's what he says he is."

"Why, he sold some books to papa!" cried Harry.

"Have you seen them?" Chub asked.

"No, they have n't come yet. He does n't carry them with him. He just takes orders, you know, and the publishers send the books to you by express. He could n't carry them all."

"How much do you have to pay down?" asked Roy eagerly.

"Not a cent, if you please," answered Harry.

"Huh!" muttered Chub. "That just shows how smart he is."

"I think you 're perfectly horrid, Chub Eaton," said Harry. "Mr. Noon is just as nice as he can be, and very—very gentlemanly!"

"That 's so," allowed Chub. "He seems a mighty decent sort, but—but just the same I don't believe he 's a book agent. There 's a mystery about him."

Harry's eyes brightened.

"Oh, do you think so?" she asked eagerly. "Perhaps he 's a Lord or something traveling in—in—"

"Incognito," aided Roy.

"Yes," cried Harry. "Have n't you noticed that he talks in a sort of—sort of foreign way sometimes?"

"Caw-n't say I have," Roy laughed. "Although now and then there 's just a suggestion of brogue about his talk."

"The idea!" Harry said indignantly. "He 's not Irish a bit! I think he 's either English or—or Scotch."

"Probably Lord Kilmarnock looking for a wealthy bride," said Chub. "I 'll ask him to-morrow if he has his kilts with him."

"And his bagpipe," Dick added.

"Come now, it 's a shame to spoil Harry's romance," Roy remonstrated. "We 'll call him His Lordship until we learn what he really is."

"He 's already been the 'Licensed Poet,' 'W.N.,' 'Seth Billings,' and 'Mr. William Noon,'" said Chub. "So I suppose another name or two won't matter. There 's just one thing I would n't think of calling him, though."

"What 's that?" asked Roy.

"Book agent," Chub answered dryly.

(To be continued.)





A Summer Snow Storm

BY E. S. T.

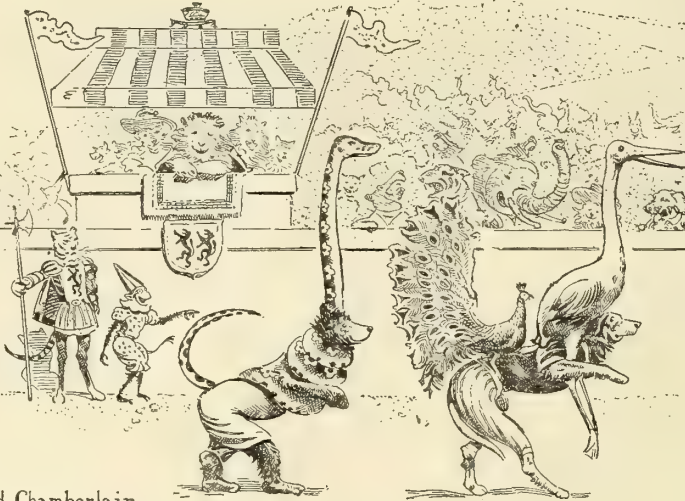
It's snowing hard as it can snow—
The ground is almost white,
And all our pretty orchard grass
Is hidden out of sight.
The wind is blowing from the south,
And coming good and strong,
You'd never think a southern wind
Would bring the snow along!
The sun is shining warm and bright—
The flowers bloom in throngs—
The birds are flying to and fro,
And singing happy songs.
And if upon their feathers soft
The snowy flakes should fall,
They shake them off and sing some more,
And never mind at all!
The flowers, too, don't care a bit,
It only makes them grow—
Because, you see, this summer storm
Is *apple-blossom snow!*



The Royal Circus in Jungleville

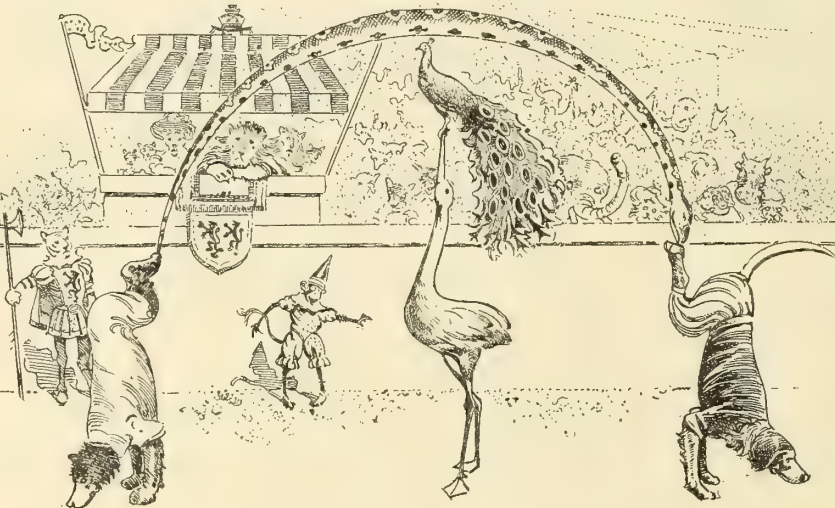


Drawn by I.W.Gaber.

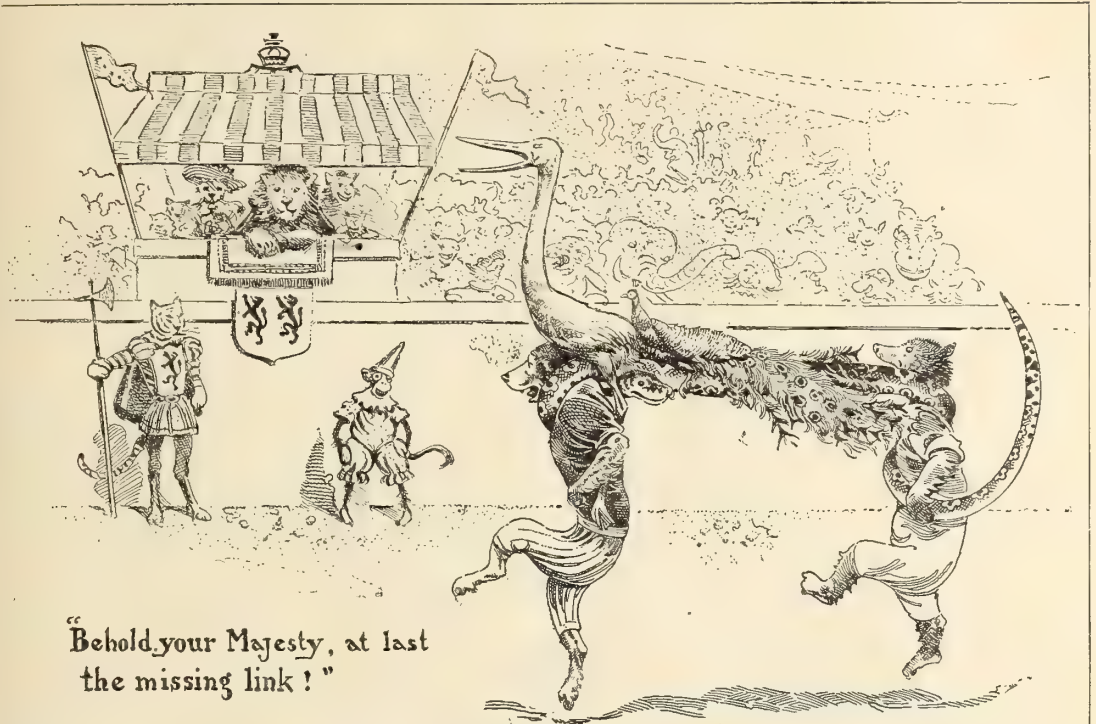


Grand Chamberlain.

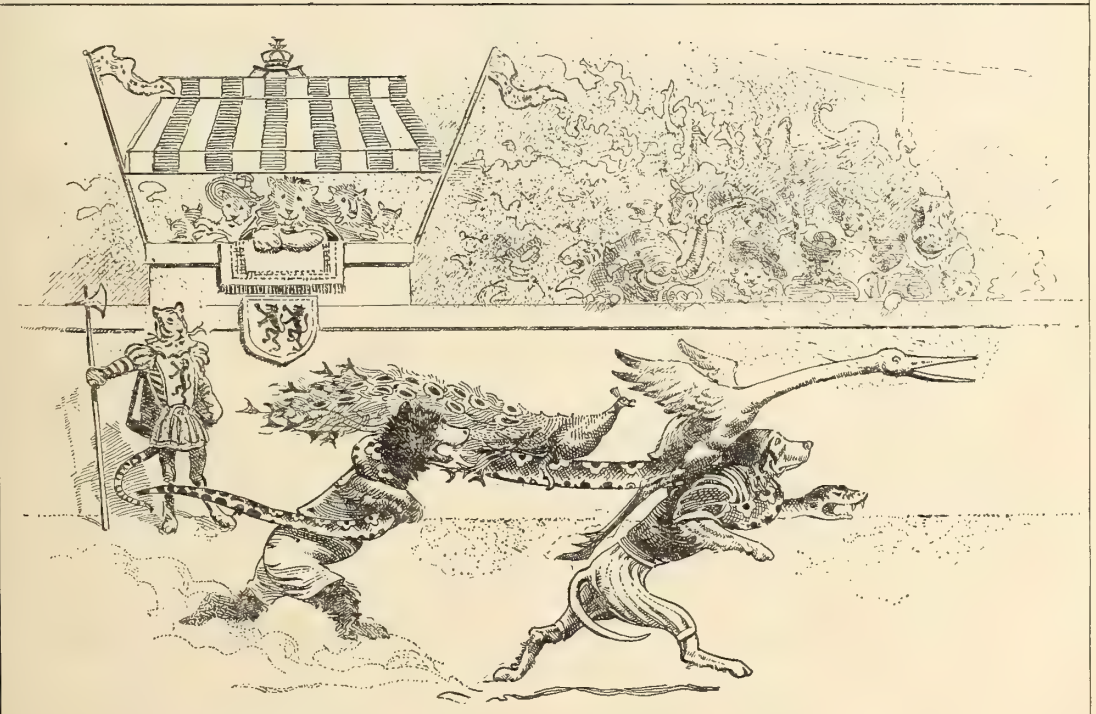
"These, O King Leo, ruler of the Jungle, are the famous acrobats known as the Dodos—very ancient birds."



"This difficult feat, your Majesty, represents the glittering rainbow or skipping rope."



Behold your Majesty, at last
the missing link !”



King Leo: "Encore! Bravo! Encore!"

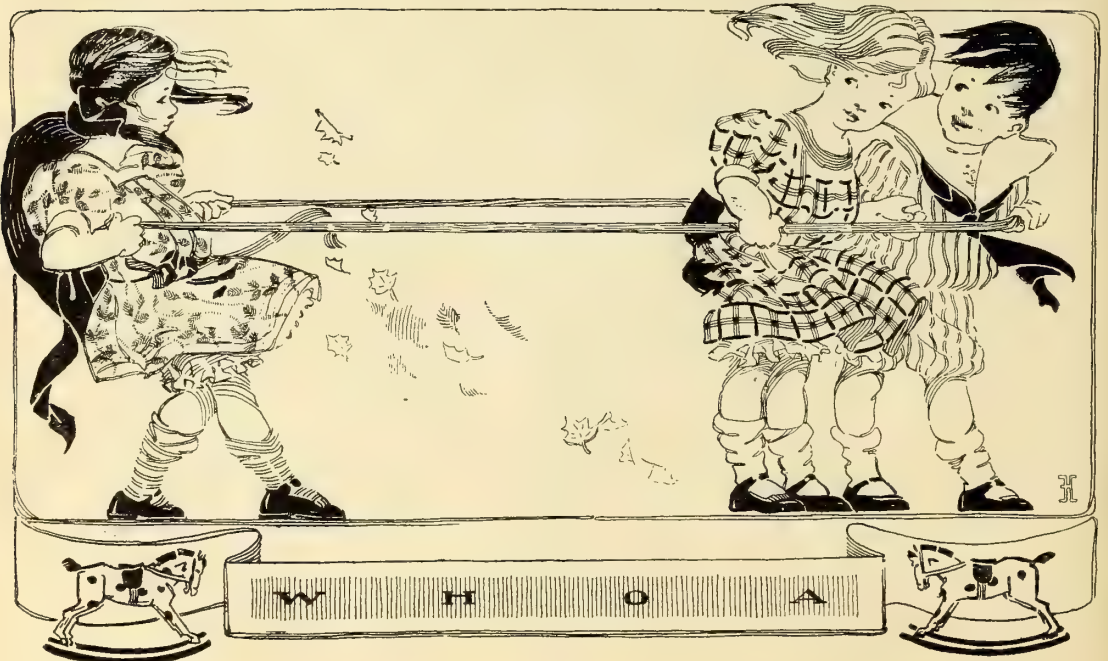
BREAKING THEM IN

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Now steady there, my skittish bay!
And slow, my little sorrel!
If you are going to jump that way,
Right here there 'll be a quarrel.
Your harness is too strong to break,
My weight is but a feather;
Think what a stylish team you 'd make
If you would pull together!

That off-horse has a wicked heel,
The other's eye is frisky;
If I were weaker I should feel
The job a trifle risky.
My gracious, how they took that curve!
I hardly look for trouble,
And yet, it takes a lot of nerve
To drive these ponies double.

Whoa, there, you prancing bay,—be done!
Fie, sorrel, quit your shying!
I just believe you 'd bolt and run
At harmless leaves a-flying.
Oh, dear, the reins are slipping! There!
I 'm really doubtful whether
It 's safe to break a brand-new pair
Of colts in windy weather!



FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



CHIEF JOSEPH.

XI. THE GREAT WAR-CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS*

FAR in the northwest of our country live the Chopunnish or Nez Percé Indians, a powerful tribe. Chopunnish is an Indian word, but "Nez Percé" is French and means "nose-pierced" or pierced nose. These Indians used to pierce their noses and wear rings in them.

The men of the tribe are large and tall and strong, and they are very proud and warlike. Every year they went far away, even one thousand miles, to hunt buffalo, while the women planted little patches of Indian corn, and the boys rode ponies or fished for salmon in the rivers. Now and then the Nez Percés fought, as all Indians do, and their enemies were especially the Black-Foot and Snakes; but they had never killed a white man. Governor Stevens, one of the first

white governors, gave these Indians a large tract of land bigger than New York State, where they lived and were very happy. After a while some missionaries came to live among them and started a big school where many Indian children studied and learned the white men's ways. Among these were the two sons of a powerful chief called Old Joseph. Young Joseph and Ollicut went to the school for a short time, but while they were still very small their father became angry with another chief and moved off to Wallowa, a place far away on the Nez Percé Reservation.

Then the white people began to see that this country was a good place to live in, and most of the Indians agreed to sell part of their big reservation and live on a part called the Lapwai lands, or reservation, but after this was arranged it was found that several bands of Nez Percés lived outside of this smaller reservation—the

* Pronounced, *nay pairsay*.

White Birds under their leader, White Bird; other Indians under a chief called Looking-Glass; several other bands, and some Indians led by

In April, 1877, I took some soldiers and went to a fort near Walla Walla, Washington, many miles south of Fort Lapwai. Here I met Ollicut, who



"FOR MANY MONTHS THERE WERE BATTLES—BATTLES—BATTLES!"

Young Joseph, who had become their chief after Old Joseph died. These many bands of Nez Percés came together and made Young Joseph their chief. They said that the other Nez Percés had no right to sell their land, and that they did not wish to leave their homes.

began a song. The song was wild and shrill and fierce, yet so plaintive at times it was almost like weeping, and made us sorry for them, although we could not but be glad that there were not five hundred instead of fifty.

They turned off to the right and swept around

came to represent his brother, who was sick. At his request I agreed to meet Joseph and his friends or Tillicums in twelve days at Lapwai, Idaho, and we all hoped that the meeting would result in a good peace. When I arrived at Fort Lapwai twelve days later an immense tent was ready for the Council. Joseph, with about fifty Indians, had spent the night near-by in handsome Indian lodges. His many ponies, watched by Indian lads, were feeding on the banks of Lapwai Creek. All was excitement, as with some officers I waited for the Indians to come that sunny morning to the "big talk." At last they came, riding slowly up the grassy valley, a long rank of men, all on ponies, followed by the women and children. Joseph and Ollicut rode side by side. The faces of all the Indians were painted bright red, the paint covering the partings of the hair, the braids of the warriors' hair tied with strips of white and scarlet. No weapons were in sight except tomahawk-pipes and sheath knives in their belts. Everything was ornamented with beads. The women wore bright-colored shawls and skirts of cotton to the top of their moccasins.

They all came up and formed a line facing our square inclosure; then they

outside our fence, keeping up the strange song all the way around the fort, where it broke up into irregular bubbings like mountain streams tumbling over stones.

Then the women and children rode away at a gallop and the braves, leaving their ponies, came in all in a single file with Joseph ahead. They passed us, each one formally shaking hands, and then we sat down in the big tent, and the pow-wow began. I spoke to Joseph and told him that his brother Ollicut had said to me twelve days ago in Walla Walla that he wished to see me—now I was ready to listen to what he wished to say. Joseph then said that White Bird's Indians were coming; they were to be here soon and we must not be in a hurry, but wait for them. So we put off the "big talk" till the next day.

Again the Indians went through the same performance and again we were ready. White Bird had arrived and with a white eagle wing in his hand sat beside Joseph. Joseph introduced him to me, saying: "This is White Bird; it is the first time he has seen you." There was also an old chief, Too-hul-hul-sote, who hated white men. When they were seated again I told them that the President wanted them all to come up to a part of Lapwai, where nobody lived, and take up the vacant reservations, for the other lands had been given to the white men and other Indians.

Joseph said: "Too-hul-hul-sote will speak."

The old man was very angry and said: "What person pretends to divide the land and put me on it?" I answered: "I am the man." Then among the Indians all about me signs of anger began to appear. Looking-Glass dropped his gentle style and made rough answers; White Bird, hiding his face behind that eagle wing, said he had not been brought up to be governed by white men, and Joseph began to finger his tomahawk and his eyes flashed. Too-hul-hul-sote said fiercely: "The Indians may do as they like, I am not going on that land."

Then I spoke to them. I told them I was going to look at the vacant land and they should come with me. The old man, Too-hul-hul-sote, should stay at the fort with the colonel till we came back. He arose and cried: "Do you want to frighten me about my body?" but I said: "I will leave you with the colonel," and at a word a soldier led the brave old fellow out of the tent and gave him to a guard.

Then Joseph quieted the Indians and agreed to go with me. We did not hasten our ride, but started after a few days. We then rode over forty miles together. Once Joseph said to me: "If we come and live here what will you give us?—schools, teachers, houses, churches, and gar-

dens?" I said, "Yes." "Well!" said Joseph, "those are just the things we do not want. The earth is our mother, and do you think we want to dig and break it? No, indeed! We want to hunt buffalo and fish for salmon, not plow and use the hoe."

Well! After riding all over the country the Indians said it was a good country, and they



CHIEF JOSEPH IN FULL COSTUME.

agreed to come and live there. The land was staked out, and Too-hul-hul-sote set free, and it was arranged that in thirty days all the outside Indians should be on the reservation, and we parted the best of friends.

Now, about this time Joseph's wife was taken sick, so he left his band and stayed away some distance with her in his lodge. While he was away some of the young warriors came to a farm-house and began to talk with two white men. For some reason they did not agree, and a



A PORTRAIT OF CHIEF JOSEPH ON BIRCH BARK.

young Indian tried to take a gun out of the farmer's hand. At once the farmer was frightened and called to the other white man for help. That white man ran up and began to shoot, killing the Indian. Now began all sorts of trouble. The Indians stole horses, burned houses, robbed travelers, and the whole country was wild with terror.

Joseph at first did not know what to do, but at last he broke his agreement with me and all the outside Indians went on the war-path. For many months there were battles—battles—battles! Joseph was a splendid warrior, and with many of Uncle Sam's good soldiers he fought. I followed him for over fourteen hundred miles, over mountains and valleys, always trying to make him give up. At the last I sent two Nez Percé friends, "Captain John" and "Indian George," to Chief Joseph's stronghold in the little Rockies with a white flag to ask him to come in and surrender. Joseph sent back word: "I have done all I can;

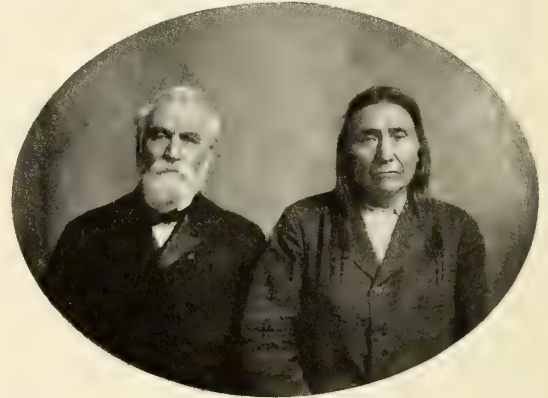
I now trust my people and myself to your mercy."

So the surrender was arranged, and just before night on October 5, 1877, Joseph, followed by his people, many of whom were lame and wounded, came up to me and offered his rifle.

Beside me stood General Nelson A. Miles, who had helped me and who had fought the last battle, and so I told Joseph that he, General Miles, would take the rifle for me.

Thus ended the great Nez Percé War, and Joseph went after a time to live with Moses, another chief of whom I am about to tell you.

Twenty-seven years later I met Chief Joseph, the greatest Indian warrior I ever fought with, at the Carlisle Indian School, and there he made a

GENERAL HOWARD AND HIS "GOOD FRIEND,"
CHIEF JOSEPH.

speech: "For a long time," he said, "I did want to kill General Howard, but now I am glad to meet him and we are good friends!"

XII. MOSES, A GREAT WAR-CHIEF WHO KNEW WHEN *NOT* TO FIGHT

IN the northwest of our great country there are so many different tribes of Indians that I cannot begin to tell you their names, but they were often divided in this way. Those who lived on reservations were called "Reservation Indians" and those who did not "Outside Indians." Now, Moses was chief of a great many tribes of Outside Indians and he was a very great chief. Of course, Moses was not his Indian name, but Governor Stevens gave it to him long ago and every one called him so, indeed, he seemed to have forgotten his Indian name and called himself Moses. He was a very handsome man, tall and straight, and always well dressed. He usually wore a buckskin coat and trousers, and handsome beaded

moccasins, and a broad, light felt hat with a thin veil encircling it. He always had a leather belt around his waist, in which he carried a long knife and pistol holster, the ivory pistol knob in plain sight.

Now, Moses had led his Indians in many battles, both against Indians and white men, and everybody knew that he was a brave warrior and could fight. Indeed, in 1858 one of the very fiercest battles we ever had with the Indians took place when Moses was the Indian war-chief and General George Wright commanded the United States soldiers at the "Battle of Yakima River." But after Mr. Wilbur became the Indian agent things changed, for the Indians loved him and

called him Father Wilbur, and Moses decided not to fight the white men any more.

Many times Moses was asked to go on a reservation, but he always replied that he would live on a reservation, but not with Indians he did not know. Many tribes had asked him to be their chief, and he wanted "Washington" to give him the land in a bend of the Columbia River for a reservation. It was waste land, he said, where no white people wanted to live, but the Indians would be happy there, he knew. When Chief Joseph led the Nez Percés against us in the many battles I have told you about, he sent often to Moses to ask him to come and fight too, but Moses always said "No." Still this chief did not have an easy time, for many people said he was a bad Indian, and at last he wrote me a letter which I have kept many years and which I am sure you would like to see.

I Moses Chief want you to know what my Tum-tum is in regard to my tribes and the white people. Almost every day there come to me reports that the soldiers from Walla Walla are coming to take me away from this part of the country. My people are constantly excited and I want to know from you the truth so I can tell my people and have everything quiet once more among us. Since the last war, we have had reports up here that I Moses am going to fight if the soldiers come; this makes my heart sick. I have said I will not fight and I say to you again I will not fight and when you hear the whites say Moses will fight, you tell them *no*. I have always lived here upon the Columbia River. I am getting old and I do not want to see my blood shed on any part of the country. Chief Joseph wanted me and my people to help him. His offers were numerous. I told him no—never. I watched my people faithfully during his war and kept them at home. I told them all when the war broke out that they should not steal; if any of them did I would report them to Father Wilbur. During all the past year I have not allowed any stranger Indians to come here fearing they would raise all excitement with my Indians. I am not a squaw—I know how to fight, but I tell you the truth. I do not want to fight and have always told my people so. It is about time to begin our spring work as we all raise lots of vegetables and wheat and corn and trade with Chinamen and get money.

I wish you would write me and tell me the truth so I can tell my people so they will be contented once more and go to work in their gardens. I do not want to go on the Yakima Reservation as I told Colonel Watkins last summer. I wish to stay where I have always lived and where my parents died. I wish you would write to me and send by the bearer of this letter. And be sure I am a friend and tell you the truth.

HIS
Signed: MOSES × Chief.
MARK

I replied that the Bannock Indians were giving me much trouble, but that when I got back I would arrange a meeting. In the meantime I would depend on him to keep peace.

Now, during this time it was hard for Moses, for two sets of Indians gave him trouble. The

"Dreamers," led by Smoholly, tried to make Moses think that he should join many tribes and fight the white men, for, said they, all the Indians who have gone to the happy hunting-lands will rise from the dead before long and join us, so you must join, too. But Moses would not fight. Then some of those Indians who were fighting crossed over the Columbia River and, finding a family by the name of Perkins living far from any settlement, killed every member of the family and burned their house and barn.

Some Indians told the white men that Moses was a friend of these dreadful warriors and was protecting them. The white people of Yakima City believed these idle tales and even accused Moses to me, but when I met him and we talked it over, he said that he would prove that what he said was true, for he would help find the three Cayuse Indians who had done this wrong and give them up to the Yakima courts.

Always true to his word, he took with him thirty-five Indians and began to hunt. One evening Moses and his band camped for the night, and fearing no harm, were fast asleep, when a large body of white men surrounded them. These men seized Moses and bound him with cords, putting irons on his wrists, but still he would not fight and told all his Indians to point their rifles to the ground and offer no resistance. He said afterward that he gave up his pistol, knife, and gun and prepared to die, but instead he was taken to Yakima City and put in the jail or "Skookum House," as the Indians call it. Here Mr. Wilbur promised enough money to make them take off the irons, but still Moses was a prisoner. Then he said: "Let the one-armed soldier-chief, General Howard, know I am a prisoner. He is my friend and as soon as he knows it he will set me free." And this he constantly repeated. I was far away when the news reached me, but I came immediately and ordered that Moses be at once set at liberty, and I have never been sorry that I did so, for he was a true friend to the good white people, and by his simple word kept many hundred Indians at peace.

When he was free Moses asked again for a reservation, and at last it was given to him and to his people. There on the banks of the Columbia River he kept his people at peace and had them work farms and gardens.

The last time I saw him he visited me at Vancouver Barracks near Portland, Oregon, when, with many chiefs, he was on his way to Washington to visit the President of the United States. He was a brave war-chief and not afraid to fight, though he had learned to know that peace is best.



A Strong Man.

by C. F. Lester.

Oh my, just think
 how very strong
 Our elevator man
 must be!
 He gives a pull with
 just one hand,
 And lifts himself,
 Mama and me!



WHICH HAND IS IT IN ?

C. F. L.

SHE THINKS YOU
 ARE PUZZLED,
 THIS DEAR
 LITTLE LASS,
 BUT FORGETS THAT
 SHE'S STANDING
 IN FRONT OF
 A GLASS!

THE FIRST MATCH OF THE BASE-BALL SEASON

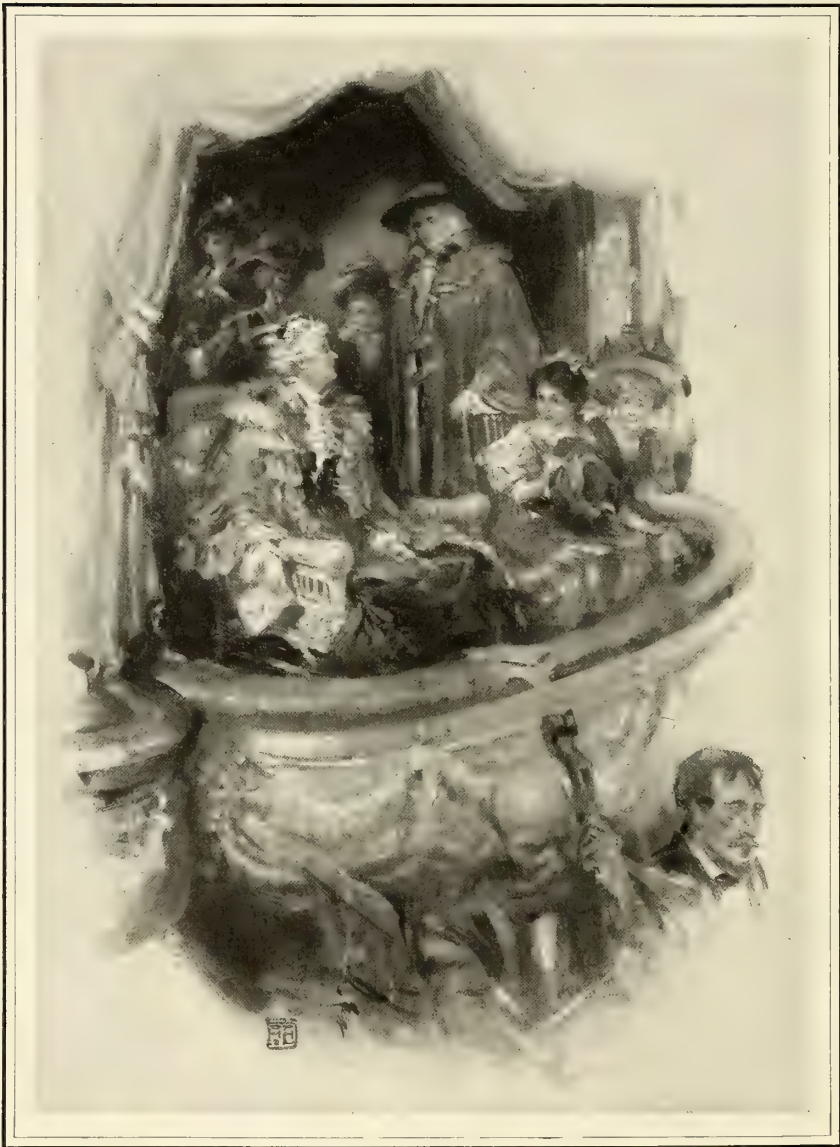


AMUSEMENT AMONG THE SPECTATORS WHEN "SHORTY," WHO IS MAKING A HOME RUN, IS FOLLOWED WILDLY AROUND THE BASES BY HIS FOX TERRIER "GINGER."

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.



AUNT KATE'S BOX-PARTY.

CHAPTER XVI—MARTA AS *MISS MITTIE*

"THERE is the telephone-bell," said Aunt Millicent. "Will you answer it, Bab, dear?"

"Yes, aunty," and Bab dropped her book. "Perhaps it's Aunt Kate. Shall I tell her you want an invitation to her box-party?"

"Yes; say she can't get rid of me. I want to see Mrs. Trott as *Miss Mittie*, too," laughed Mrs. Linsey.

"Hello—Oh, good morning, Aunt Kate!—Yes, indeed; we're so happy we're just dancing, and all the Trott girls are just wild. Won't it be fun?—Aunt Millicent wants an invitation, too,

please. She is going to take Jean and me over in the morning, and then we will all meet at the theater. She says to tell you she won't be cheated out of the fun.—Oh, but what 's that, Aunt Kate?—*Aunt Twilla going?*—Oh, goodness, mercy—she *must n't*.—You don't believe she will recognize it?—Oh, but she will, and then she will be angry with me, I know.—Well, good-by."

Dashing the receiver into place Bab came flying back into the library.

"Oh, aunty, it *was* Aunt Kate, and she says she will be delighted to have you, but don't you think the dreadfulest thing has happened? Aunt Twilla has taken it in her head to go to the box-party!"

"Bab!" gasped Jean.

"Why, where is the dreadfulness? I thought you girls adored Aunt Twilla," said Mrs. Linsey in surprise.

"But, mother, the sea-green gown! She 'll recognize it!"

"Aunt Kate says Aunt Twilla never forgot a gown in her born days. But, oh, I 'd hate to have Aunt Twilla angry with me."

"I don't believe she 'll recognize it," laughed Mrs. Linsey, "and if she does I'm sure she won't care. But we must hurry around if we expect to get to the ferry by ten o'clock."

BAB was happy to the tips of her toes as she followed Aunt Millicent and Jean into the box at the quiet theater. The subdued stillness, the thump of the falling seats, the rustling of gowns, the lights, the beautifully dressed people, seemed a part of a marvelous dream from which she must soon awake.

But it was no dream, for there were Aunt Kate and Aunt Twilla—wonderfully begowned and bonneted—there were Joan and Christie, Maze and dear Nell, all dimples and smiles. Nell was saying in a loud whisper to Jean this minute:

"Please, Jean, let me sit next to Bab, just for one little moment. Thank you, so much. I've just got to tell Bab something, or I 'll explode."

"Oh, Bab," Nell began, squeezing Bab's hand till her fingers ached. "I'm the happiest, happiest girl in all the wide world, and I've got to tell somebody, or die. I came over myself this morning for a purpose, and, Bab, dear,—did you know Joan can paint, not daub, but paint beautifully? I don't suppose you knew it, for she did n't tell one of us; she 's such a quiet mouse. I found her out by accident, and in her box she had a set of dinner-cards, oh, just perfectly scrumptious, that she had done. You know my friend Bird Holt, who is in the art school? Well, she had

told me about a prize being offered for a dozen of the most artistic dinner-cards, all different, of course, at a swell little shop on Fifth Avenue. She was trying for it, though she did n't have a bit of hope. So I got the address and without a word to anybody I hooked Joan's cards and took them there. I did n't dare tell her, for I know how it hurts when you try and don't get the prize—I've tried for fifty-eleven and never won a thing! But, oh, Bab, I went to that shop to-day—I had left them under my pen name, Dixie Dixon,—and she, Joan, you know, has taken that prize for fifty whole dollars, and there are lots and lots of orders for her! And, oh, I'm going to tell her to-night, and I'm so happy, it seems as if I could fly. Dear Saint Joan, if ever a girl deserves it, she does!"

Just then the orchestra began playing and Bab turned toward the stage, with eyes that saw triple through tears of joy over Joan's success—"just the beautifullest thing that could happen!"

But when at last the curtain went up, life and all its realities fled away, and Bab sat spellbound by *Aunt Rachel* and her troubles.

Bab had quite forgotten even Mrs. Trott, and when *Aunt Rachel*, telling little *Sarah Mary* "to sit on that 'ere stool and not take an eye off your sampler," answered the peal of her jangling bell, and let in a little old lady with pink cheeks and bobbing white curls, a dear little old lady in a violet silk, a funny bonnet, and carrying an immense band-box, Bab was so interested in the play and in the characters that she never knew until Maze whispered excitedly:

"There she is! That 's mother. She 's *Miss Mittie Meachem*, and she 's brought the pug puppies, the maltese kitten, and the white mice to *Aunt Rachel* for the children, in her best band-box!"

Then as the audience cried with laughter over *Aunt Rachel's* dismay, "at a hull menagerie packed down on a poor body," Bab saw *Miss Mit-tie* really *was* Mrs. Trott, Mrs. Cassius D., in spite of the name of Marta Hubbard on the program, and the paint and the white wig. For who but jolly Mrs. Trott, mother of all the dear Trotts, could have so sweetly blandished *Aunt Rachel*, until that obstinate old lady accepted the puppies, the kitten, and the mice with sincere thanks, though she was in deadly fear "of dogs, cats, and var-mints?" Who could have so comforted poor little lonely *Sarah Mary*, until, as she confided to the make-believe baby, "it jest seems as if it 's sun-up over a daisy field, when you see Miss Mit-tie; your heart hops jest that glad"? Who but Mrs. Trott could have so dandled and pranced and cuddled that "stage" baby? and who have found

old blind *Dan* and his little granddaughter, *Tibbie*? But there, you must go and see it for yourself, only nobody in all the world will ever do *Miss Mittie*, with just the sweet whimsys and joyful drolleries of *Marta Hubbard*.

It was time for the curtain to go up upon the last scene: that happy Hallowe'en when little *Sarah Mary* gets scared at the Jack-o-lantern, and *Aunt Rachel* forgives old scores, and *Barney* bites the candle—but you *must* go and see it for yourself—it was then a sudden murmur ran around the box where sat the *Linseys*, the *Trotts*, and little *Bab Howard*. A subdued gasp, a lifting of eyebrows, a pursing of lips; everybody knew, but unsuspecting *Miss Twilla*, who sat there so pleasant and serene.

"A lovely little play," she had just murmured to *Aunt Millicent*. "So sweet and touching. Certainly *Mrs. Trott* plays her part beautifully."

But oh, *Aunt Twilla* did n't know about *Sister Clothilda's* sea-green gown, the Neapolitan bonnet, the rose fan and the reticule! Would she recognize them? It was this absorbing question that sent a murmur around the box.

It was to be *Miss Mittie's* best scene: Where she comes rushing in to *Aunt Rachel's* humble home after the Hallowe'en party. She 's late, as always, and still in all her finery, and when she has told the joyful news, she kisses the baby, and breaks into that merry dance in which all the characters join her as the curtain falls.

Oh, would *Aunt Twilla* know?

But when the gay little figure, all in sea-green and rose, topped by the coal-scuttle bonnet, burst in upon the pretty scene, everbody forgot everything but what was going on upon the stage.

"It 's Hallowe'en, my dearest dear," cried *Miss Mittie*, fluttering her fan and swinging her reticule gaily by one string. "It 's Hallowe'en; so let the mice nibble and the puppy-dogs play. Kiss the baby, everybody—for oh, my dears! *My dears!* Little *Sarah Mary!* Little *Sarah Mary!* I 've found your *Uncle Samuel*, I really, truly have." And then dear *Miss Mittie*, furling her rose fan upon its coral chain, daintily picking up her trailing skirts with one hand and giving the other to dashing *Barney*, away they swung, followed by repentant *Aunt Rachel*, the fat lawyer, by *Betty* and *Peter* and little *Sarah Mary*, around and around.

"Oh dear,—oh dear, she 's all out of step," thought *Jean*. "She 's doing it dreadfully; not half as well as she did it up in the sky parlor. Oh dear, oh dear!"

But clap—clap—clap, went the audience.

"Good, good!" cried everybody, as bewitching *Miss Mittie* came thumping stiffly down the mid-

dle and swung around the corner, half a measure before the time. "Good, good" for, oh, don't you see that stupid audience thought *Miss Mittie* was doing it so badly just on purpose? For how could it know of *Daddy Trott* and his dreary harmonica, and *Drusie* and her "one, two, three"; and of the sky parlor and patient *Jean*?

"Good, good!" "Best play this year!"

And the curtain went down amid a rapture of applause as that dear little figure in the lovely sea-green gown and the coal-scuttle bonnet came stiffly thumping down the middle hopelessly out of time.

Applause and more applause.

That audience *would n't* be satisfied.

The great curtain suddenly moved, and a hand appearing to drag it back, another thunder of applause from the audience.

Out stepped *Barney* into the dazzling glare of the footlights, still in his flowered satin waistcoat and claw-hammer coat, and most elegantly he gave his hand to *Aunt Rachel*, who in turn led little *Sarah Mary*.

Yes, there she was, stepping out daintily before the swaying curtain, little *Miss Mittie* all in sea-green and rose with a fat pug puppy under her arm.

But the first happy smile and swift little courtesy was not for the delighted audience. Straight toward the box where sat the *Linseys*, the *Trotts*, and little *Bab Howard* she turned her happy, smiling face. And *Christie*, not knowing what she did, her eyes shining through happy tears, held out her arms.

"She certainly looked very lovely in *Sister Clothilda's* sea-green gown," remarked *Miss Twilla* serenely, as she dropped her lorgnette. "I 'm so glad you let her take it, *Katie*. It was just the thing for the part."

CHAPTER XVII

THE DIAMOND CROWN

"*MISS LINSEY*, please, may *Bab* and I go to speak to mother just a moment?" *Nell*, leaning forward, looked out coaxingly from under her big white hat.

"Oh, *Nell*, do, *do* take me," begged *Maze*.

"No, not a soul but *Bab*," replied *Nell*, shaking her head emphatically. "Please, may we, *Miss Linsey*?"

"Well, well, trot along," said *Aunt Kate* kindly. "We 'll wait for you in the foyer. Hurry, please, for it is late and sister is tired."

Nell and *Bab* had only waited for the first words and were already hurrying off toward the stage-door.

But, after all, getting behind the scenes was n't such plain sailing as Nell had imagined.

"Can't do it," growled the surly old stage-door-keeper. "If you ain't got no written permit, why, you can't pass me. Sorry, but I don't know you."

"That was Miss Vance, who played *Aunt Rachel*. Is n't she lovely?" whispered Nell.

Bab, too astonished to reply, still followed the lovely vision with her eyes, but, stumbling over a wheelbarrow—yes, the very wheelbarrow in



"MRS. TROTT WAS HOLDING THE BEAUTIFUL BROOCH IN THE GLARE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT."

"But—but—*please*—" began Nell, pleadingly. "T ain't no kind of use," snarled the man.

"Oh, let them pass, Billy. It 's Marta Hubbard's little girls," said a lady who had just appeared, and who evidently had recognized pretty Nell. "How-de-do, dearies?" she said, smiling at them pleasantly, as she jabbed a last hat-pin into place. "Go up those little iron stairs, and it's the second door left-hand. Good-by," and she floated away, "like an angel all in blue, with a plummy hat, veils flying, golden hair, and a most delicious fragrance," as Bab afterward confided to Jean when she described it all to the others.

which *Barney* takes little *Sarah Mary* riding—she suddenly came to earth.

"My, what a dreadful, horrid, smelly place," she whispered, as a stifling odor of paint, burning gas, and dust settled down upon them. "Everything is so mixed up. I don't see how they can find themselves."

From the wing she could see the hurrying stage-hands rolling up carpets, trundling off furniture, and pushing back the walls of *Aunt Rachel's* cheerful sitting-room. All the glamour had departed, even the lovely pink roses little *Sarah Mary* had so lovingly watered in the bay-window

—they stood right at Bab's elbow now—were the "artificialist of artificials," as she told herself in disgust. But Nell gave her only time for a fleeting glimpse.

"Come, come, it 's horrid. I 'm afraid mother won't like our being here. Come, Bab," she urged, beginning hurriedly to climb the little iron stairway, and Bab had nothing to do but follow.

"You, Nell—back here! And you, Bab," cried Mrs. Trott, starting up in dismay, as the girls opened her dressing-room door. The big bonnet lay in the open bandbox upon the floor, and Mrs. Trott was just taking off the white wig. "Is anything the matter at home?"

"Oh, no, mother, only just the loveliest," declared Nell, throwing her arms about her. "I was so happy, I could n't go home without telling you."

The little room was dreary and cheerless, as unlike the actresses' dressing-rooms of Bab's imagination as possible. Hot, bare, unlighted, save for the electric bulb beside the murky mirror; yet interesting, too, with its wall decorations of gaunt gowns, and its dressing-table disordered with squatty pots, cold-cream jars, rouge bottles, and among the litter lay the rosy fan. Bab's special admiration, the reticule, was lying in the bandbox with the bonnet.

"Sit down, dear," said Mrs. Trott, pushing the one unoccupied chair toward Bab, while Nell perched herself upon a trunk.

"Oh, mother," began Nell, "it 's about Joan! You never could guess," and Nell told the story of the dinner-cards.

"Is n't it lovely?" cried Bab.

"And, mother, just think how happy she 'll be!"

"And how surprised," said Bab, leaning over to fish the reticule out of the bandbox and lay it lovingly upon her knee, and poking each little outside pocket with a tapering forefinger. "Ugh! My, but I stuck myself," she moaned, sucking the wounded finger. "What is in here? Why, Mrs. Trott, here is your beautiful pin!"

Mrs. Trott, radiant with Nell's news, glanced up at Bab and then sprang forward with a cry.

"Bab, where did you find it?"

"Why, tucked away in this funny little outside pocket, see?"

"My stars!" gasped Mrs. Trott, growing pale, "and to think of the way I swung that bag by one string!"

Mrs. Trott was holding the beautiful brooch up in the glare of the electric light, where it twinkled and flashed with a thousand lights.

"Diamonds!" gasped Nell, breathlessly.

"Oh, I 'm so glad I found it," crowed Bab. "You might have lost it out of that little pocket."

"But whose is it?" inquired Nell, all a-twitter.

"Why is n't it yours, Mrs. Trott?"

"Mine! Sallie Trott with diamonds worth hundreds, and Daddy pining for a pickle factory, and the children needing clothes!" she laughed and cried all in a breath. "Why, don't you understand, dear, that it 's Miss Linsey's? Blessed Miss Linsey, who has been like an angel to us, and I might have lost it."

"Oh, let us take it to her quick," urged Nell, wringing her hands nervously. "It might get stolen! Oh, how it flashes! Let 's take it to her."

But already Mrs. Trott had thrown a cloak over her green gown and was starting for the door.

"Come," she said over her shoulder, "come, my dears."

Joan saw them first as the three came hurrying into the foyer.

"Something is the matter," she said. "There is Aunt Sallie with the girls, and look at Bab's eyes—they are just shining."

"Oh, Aunt Kate," cried Bab. "The most wonderful thing has happened. Here is Mrs. Trott. She 'll tell."

"It 's the luckiest thing in the world the girls came back to me," began Mrs. Trott, taking them all in in her smiling greeting; "but what do you think Bab has found? It makes me faint to think how I might have lost it! and never even have known it!" and she held out the diamond brooch to Miss Linsey.

"The diamond crown!" cried Aunt Kate, her face breaking into a perfect twinkle of gladness.

"The diamond crown!" echoed Aunt Twilla, throwing out her hands helplessly.

"The diamond crown?" echoed Bab, blankly. To be sure the brooch was crown-shaped, but it had not occurred to her that this was the missing crown. "That little thing! Why I supposed it would be as big as Aunt Twilla's bonnet."

But every one's attention was on Miss Twilla into whose shaking hands Miss Linsey had laid the diamond brooch. Tears were streaming down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, Kate—and I suspected—poor, poor Ella, and—and sent her away!"

"And I suspected you of forgetfulness, dear. Don't cry so. It will come out all right. Where did you find it, Mrs. Trott? How can we ever be grateful enough to you!"

"In one of the outside pockets of the reticule, but I did n't find it. Bab must have all the credit. She found me the reticule, and found you the jewel."

"In the reticule? I 'm as much in the dark as ever," mused Miss Linsey.

"But poor Ella, poor Ella!" moaned Miss Twilla.

"You see," explained Mrs. Linsey to Mrs. Trott, "the crown, an heirloom, and very valuable, disappeared about a month before Bab came to us, and—"

"I suspected my maid, and really Ella was like a companion," confessed Miss Twilla, her face flushing. "I had seen it in her hands last when she was cleaning it, and when it disappeared so mysteriously I felt I could n't trust her, and though I had no idea of prosecuting her, I did not mean to be so hard on her as that, yet I insisted upon sending her away."

"And I," said Miss Linsey in her deepest voice, "never suspected the girl for a moment, but, knowing how forgetful my sister is, and how she is forever mislaying her keys, felt sure the crown would turn up some day, and I would n't hear of Ella leaving Durley. So I——"

"And oh, won't Ella and Pollykins be happy!" exclaimed Bab.

"Pollykins?" cried Miss Twilla.

"Bab, what do you know about it?" demanded Aunt Kate, suddenly turning.

"Why, you know, too, Joan, the voice, the voice! Don't you remember that day?"

"Has the child lost her wits?" inquired Aunt Millicent anxiously.

Then out tumbled all the delightful story of the west wing, the sunken garden, the voice, and Joan's painting. Everybody exclaimed, and everybody laughed, even old Aunt Twilla dried her eyes, when she found how beautifully she had been tricked.

"Oh, how thankful I am to you, Katie," said Aunt Twilla, "I've had visions of the poor child homeless and forlorn. Why, Bab, I gave Ella Pollykins myself years ago, and she loved the bird so, I insisted upon her taking it with her. Oh, all this has been a dreadful lesson to me. Do you think she will ever forgive me?"

"Of course she will. But we must hurry to her, and not let her grieve a moment longer than necessary," said Aunt Kate, and then added with a chuckle: "And to think I should ever imagine I could keep Bab's nose out of this affair. But, after all, she saved the day, bless her. We might never have found the crown if it had n't been for Bab. So you may go home with us, little meddlesome rascal, and break the happy news to Ella all yourself. But how did that diamond crown ever get into the reticule? That's the question. That's the question!"

(To be continued.)

JUNE

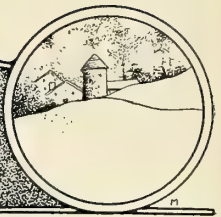
BY MAY AIKEN

JUNE 's the month when Bobolink
Sings all through the daytime,
Down here by the river side
Where we spend our playtime.
Where 's his house?—I mean his nest—
Oh, here it is, I 've found it!
In a garden of green grass,—
Daisy trees around it.





THE BOY BUILDERS



A NEW WAY OF BUILDING HOUSES

BY CHARLES BARNARD

WHEN Clarence Van Brunt went to visit his cousins, Sam, Frederic and James Bates, he had a new experience. He arrived at the home of his cousins late in the evening.

On coming down to breakfast he was surprised to find that his cousins had breakfasted at seven o'clock, and that they had already gone out-of-doors. Afraid that he might miss a part of the fun, he hurried through his breakfast, and inquired where the boys could be found. His aunt told him the boys had gone to the barn; this was promising, and he started out to find them. The barn was behind the house, and, wondering what games they would play, he opened the small door at the side of the barn and noticed a sign over the door: "*Sam Bates and Brothers—Fence Post Builders.*" He had never heard of that game, and eagerly opened the door and entered a large, bare room filled with many curious things, and here he found his cousins dressed in a strange, brown uniform, unlike any ball-club uniform he had ever seen.

"What are you going to play?"

"Play! Can't stop to play. Man on Main Street has given us an order for two dozen posts."

Clarence did not understand a word his cousin Sam said, but asked if he could take part in the game.

"Of course, you can. Run in and ask mother to give you my old overalls."

To Clarence Van Brunt putting on a pair of overalls was a new sensation. He had never worn any working clothes, but as they fitted very well and seemed to be the regular uniform of the sport, he soon joined his cousins in the barn. To his surprise he found the boys busy making a big mud-pie on the floor of the room.

"Want to help, Clarence?" said Sam.

"Yes, but I never played the game before."

The three brothers smiled in a curious way, and then Sam said to Clarence: "Fill that watering-pot at the well and bring it in here."

With that Sam, Fred, and Jim picked up shovels and quickly stirred the sand and cement

(twelve shovelfuls of sand to five of cement), and then formed it into a low heap, that was slightly scooped out in the center.

"Ready, Clarry; pour the water slowly on the mixture, while we stir her up."

Clarence picked up the pot and poured the water on the heap, while his cousins stirred it together till all the water disappeared and the yellow gravel was lost in the wet, brown, sloppy pudding. Then he saw the boys fill their shovels from the pudding and pour it into a long, shallow box. It was certainly very strange, and Clarence asked:

"What do you call the game?"

"Game! Why it is n't a game, at all. Did n't you see our sign? We are fence post builders. You see, it began in this way: Father wanted one or two fence posts, to repair the woven wire fence, round our hen-yard, and wooden posts decay so fast that he decided to make posts of concrete. He wrote to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and they sent a little book, giving directions for making posts of reinforced concrete. We followed the directions and made a wooden mold that we could use in building four posts at once. It was so simple and easy that when vacation came we boys each drew two dollars out of the savings-bank, and on this capital started in business."

"But tell me what you mean by reinforced concrete. I understand that cement, and sand, and water, will make artificial stone, but what is the reinforcing you talk about?"

"You saw us mix the materials, this morning, and pour the wet stuff into the wooden mold. To-morrow we shall take the mold apart, and we shall have four concrete posts, and in about a week they will be as hard as stone. Now, a long, slender post of concrete will sustain a great weight, but a blow at the side may break it. The posts can hold up a fence, but a bull or a horse would knock it down and break the posts—so we reinforce or strengthen the posts with metal rods. If you had looked in the molds, yesterday, you

would have seen that each one contained four steel rods, one near each corner and all fastened together with iron wire. These we lay in the mold and bury them out of sight in the wet concrete. When the concrete is hard it binds the rods firmly together. These rods we call the reinforcement. The concrete is strong in one direction; by bedding the rods in it we make it strong in every direction. It would be a foolish bull that would butt into one of our fence posts after it is firmly set in the ground. He would wonder what he had struck. By the way, there is a man in the next town building a house out of reinforced concrete. We are to go over there this afternoon to see it. Want to go with us?"

An hour later, Sam Bates and Brothers, and Clarence, arrived, by trolley, at the most curious piece of construction they had ever seen. Sam and his brothers understood everything and explained all they saw to their cousin. The first thing they saw was the making of wet concrete, and they stayed for ten minutes watching a gang of a dozen men mixing cement, sand, and fine broken stone and water, into a gigantic mud-pie. Then the men filled iron wheel-barrow with the soft, wet, plastic material, and wheeled it up a long inclined plane to the second story of the most remarkable building they had ever seen. To Clarence it seemed a wooden house, and yet it

"You see," said Sam, "this is one corner of the house, the shape of the house being shown by the



FIG. 2. THE WOODEN MOLDS IN PLACE FOR CASTING THE THIRD STORY WALLS.

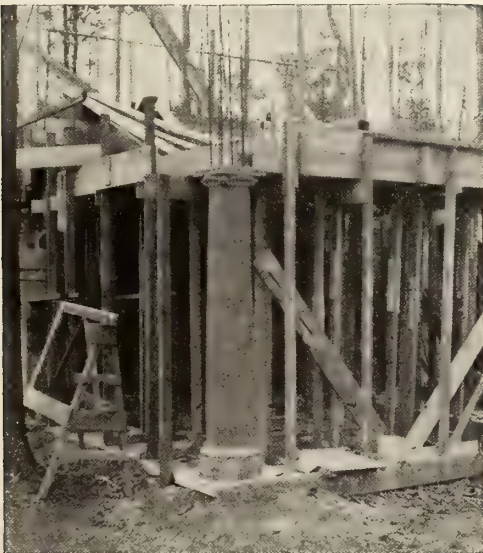


FIG. 1. A CORNER OF A "REINFORCED" CONCRETE HOUSE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION. NOTICE THE IRON RODS PROJECTING FROM THE CEMENT COLUMN AT THE CORNER.

was wholly unlike any wooden structure. To explain it the boys led him to one corner of the building, and Fig. 1 shows what they saw.

concrete foundation; the top or cap of the foundation apparently resting on the ground. On the corner is an octagonal pedestal, and on this stands a beautiful, round column having a capital on top, and intended to sustain the corner of the second story. On the right and left of the column are wooden posts that support two hollow wooden boxes that meet just over the top of the column. To make the pedestal, column and capital, wooden molds were placed here and filled with wet concrete. When it set or hardened, the mold was taken apart and there stood the solid concrete column as hard as a stone. It cannot burn and it is so strong that it will carry the weight of the two-story house to be built above it. There is to be another column at the right and left. When those two boxes are filled with concrete and left to harden, the wooden mold can be pulled apart and there will be a great square, right-angled beam of concrete, resting on the columns and holding up the house."

"What is that steel cage on top of the column?"

"That 's the reinforcing. Inside that column are the same steel rods bound together by steel wire. The mold for the wall of the house will be placed around that steel cage, and as the concrete is poured into the molds the cage will be buried out of sight. It is easy to see the column is much

stronger for those rods buried within it. Come, let us look at a part of the house that is already two stories high—three stories with the basement.”

crete is poured into the box it buries the rods and, with the rods, forms the wall of the house.”
“Yes. You see two stories are already finished



FIG. 4. A CONCRETE HOUSE, COMPLETED.

Clarence followed his cousins to another part of the building, and what they saw is shown in Fig. 2 on the preceding page.

“Oh!” said Clarence, “now I can see what you mean. The wooden molds form a deep, narrow,



FIG. 3. SHOWING HOW THE FLOORS ARE REINFORCED BY IRON RODS BEFORE THE CONCRETE IS POURED OVER THEM.

empty box, and this is filled with rods; I can see them sticking out at the top, and when the con-

and the wooden box has been moved up ready for the next story. Blank frames are placed in the box to form the doors and windows. There is another thing: there are two holes in the wall near the top of the lower door, and there is a wire cage standing on the ground by the door. That is the reinforcement for a post that is to stand there. On this is to rest a piazza for the second story door. A concrete beam will be built from the top of the post to the wall, and the wet concrete will be poured into that hole in the wall to join the end of the beam to the house.”

Greatly interested in this new method of house-building, Clarence and his cousins climbed up the long incline, and entered the house at the second story. Here they saw such an extraordinary piece of work going on that they asked Sam to explain it. Here is the singular piece of work itself. See Fig. 3.

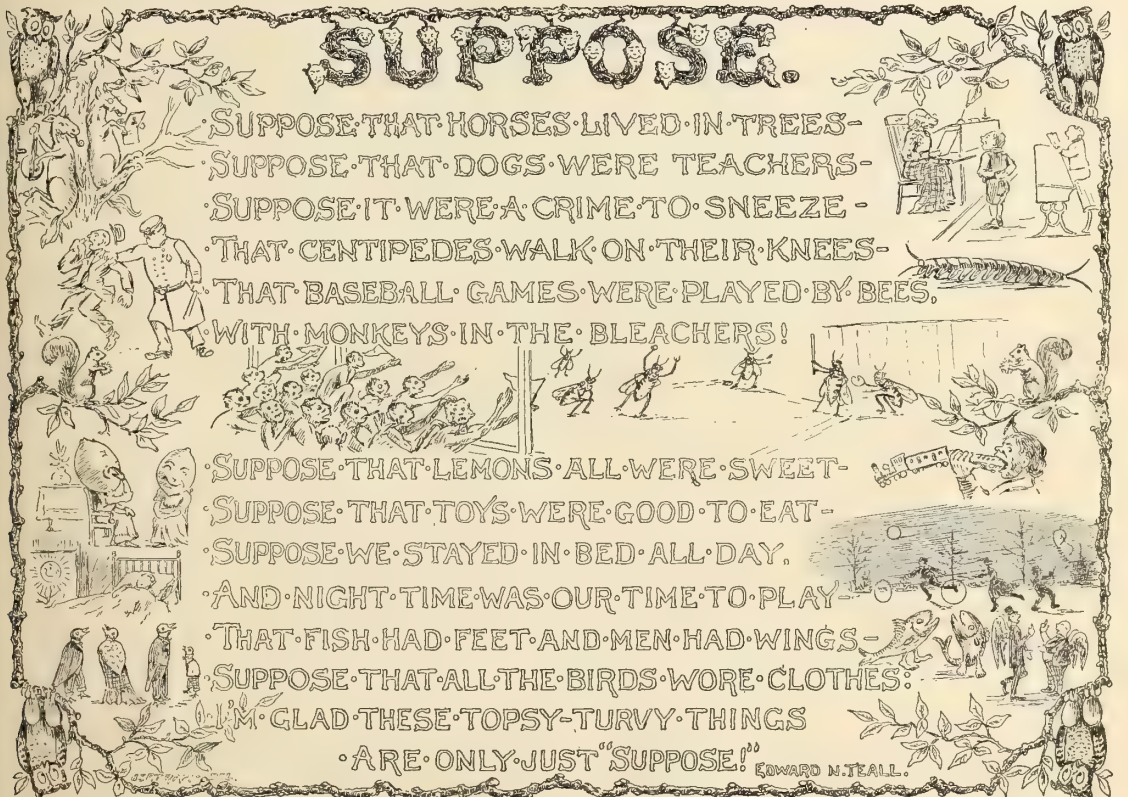
“This is the bedroom floor of the house. Under it is a wooden floor supported by wooden posts. On the wooden floor the workman laid rows of hollow terra-cotta pipes, and left a space between each row. There is one space where the man in overalls stands. In those spaces are laid large iron rods and on top of the pipes the men are laying smaller rods in a checker-board pattern. The black pipes in front of the big man with a felt hat

are pipes for the electric light wires of the house. They are put in now, before the concrete is poured into the spaces between the terra-cotta pipes and will be in time buried out of sight in the floor. The three hollow boxes in front of the man who is sitting down, form molds for the concrete. When the floor is finished these boxes will be taken out and there will be three openings in the floor, one for the dumb-waiter, one for the laundry chute, and one for the steam-heating pipes. They make all the holes needed in the floors in this way, by leaving out the concrete, for after it is hard it is very difficult to cut the holes needed for pipes or elevator shafts, or for the chimney-flues. On the right we can see that the concrete has been laid, covering everything out of sight. In a few days the wooden floor will be taken down, and the new floor, built in this strange and yet simple way, will stand alone forever, for it cannot burn down."

curious mud-pie house, examining everything with the greatest interest, for they saw that here was a wholly new way to build a house. In returning home they took another trolley-line in order to see another house built of reinforced concrete and already finished and occupied. Fig. 4 shows the house they saw, and certainly it was a handsome and comfortable house.

"There is one satisfaction," said Sam, as they reached home. "We are foolishly cutting down all the trees in our country, and soon there will be no more lumber and we shall be unable to build wooden houses. Then, there are the terrible fires that occur every day all over the country. These new houses are stronger and better than any wooden houses; they will not burn down, or fall down, or decay, and a man can build a house for himself and his children and grandchildren and great, great, grandchildren, and they will have a good house long after all the wooden houses have burned up or tumbled down."

For two hours the boys wandered over this





THE BRAVE HUSSAR

BY EVERETT WILSON

THERE is a story told of a grand review of the Austrian army in the presence of the emperor. Thirty thousand soldiers, on foot and mounted, were said to have taken part. The chief feature of the review was to be the brilliant charge of

and steeds came down the field at moderate speed and gathered for the final dash past their beloved emperor.

The bugle sounded and on the mad charge came. But when within a hundred feet of the



"FASTER THAN WORDS CAN TELL IT, THE FOREMOST OF THE HORSES WAS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE UNSUSPECTING CHILD."

the cavalry, or famous hussars,—crack horsemen, all of them, and bold fighters.

The tiptoeing crowd of spectators that formed a broad avenue on that level plain were wild with pent-up excitement as the onrushing mass of men

spot where the emperor and his staff sat on their restless horses, a sudden, shrill shriek rent the air, as a frenzied woman attempted to break through the lines and plunge forward to seize her little child who, in all innocence of what

was coming, had strolled out to gather a bright flower right in the path of the onrushing horses.

Those nearest the mother held her back, knowing that she, as well as the child, would be trampled upon, and none dared themselves to risk certain death in facing that wild charge. The excited spectators held their breath in horror of the disaster they were powerless to help.

Faster than words can tell it, the foremost of the horses was within a few feet of the unsuspecting child. But, quick as a flash, the brave hussar who led the galloping troop guided his horse to one side, reached down, and, without slackening his speed, grasped the little tot by her loose dress and lifted her safely to his saddle.

The restrained excitement of the throng broke out in a tumultuous shout that fairly drowned the noise of the shouting troopers and clattering hoofs, and in an instant the baby and rider were far down the field, lost in a cloud of dust.

An orderly was sent after the troop with command to bring back the hero of the charge.

And there, with the baby on his saddle-bow, fearlessly holding in her tiny hands the reins of the panting steed, the brave hussar received from the emperor's own hands the Cross of Honor.

But his greatest reward was the blessing of the thankful mother in whose impatient arms he tenderly placed her precious little girl.



THREE "IF'S"

"If I were as young as I used to be,"
 Said dear old Grandmother pensively,
 While a troubled frown crossed her placid brow,
 "I would n't tire as I do now.
 I recall the time when with all my might
 I could work from dawn to candle light,
 And it would n't seem hard at all to me
 If I were as young as I used to be."

Then Mother laughed in a roguish way
 And said to Grandmother with manner gay:

"If I were as young as I used to be
 I 'd have nothing to worry about," said she;
 "No babies to care for, no house to run,
 No object in life but a search for fun.
 Yet for all life's pleasures I would n't exchange
 My duties to-day, though it may seem strange.
 Still, from many a care I would be free
 If I were as young as I used to be."

Then there came an echo from little Jim,
 Who seemed to think it was "up to" him.

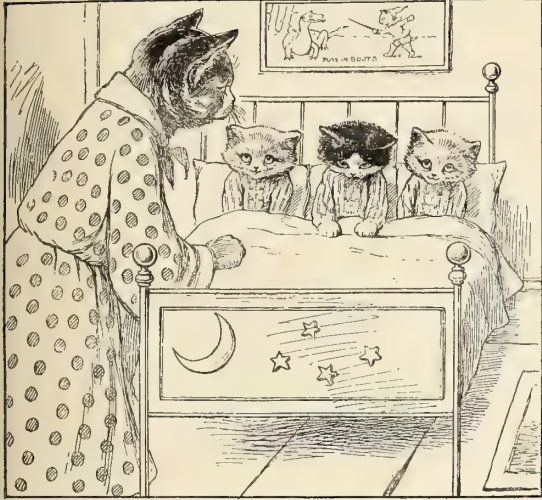
And he solemnly said, "Oh, jiminy!
 If *I* were as young as *I* used to be
 I would n't have any old sums to do,
 Just lie in the cradle and say 'A-goo.'
 I 'd be dandled and played with from morn till night,
 And folks would all say I was very bright;
 And everyone would be petting me
 If I were as young as I used to be."

Louise M. Berry.



LITTLE GIRL WITH FLOWERS ON HER DRESS: "JUST THINK, MARY, WHILE I WAS AWAY I HAD THE MEASLES!"
 LITTLE GIRL WITH A PLAID DRESS: "I S'POSE BECAUSE YOU 'RE AN ONLY CHILD YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT."

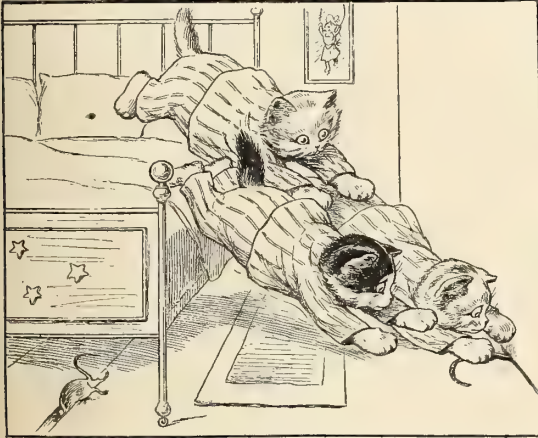
THE LITTLE KITTENS' SURPRISE



I. "NOW KITTIES, LIE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP."



II. "WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SEE! A MOUSE TAIL!"



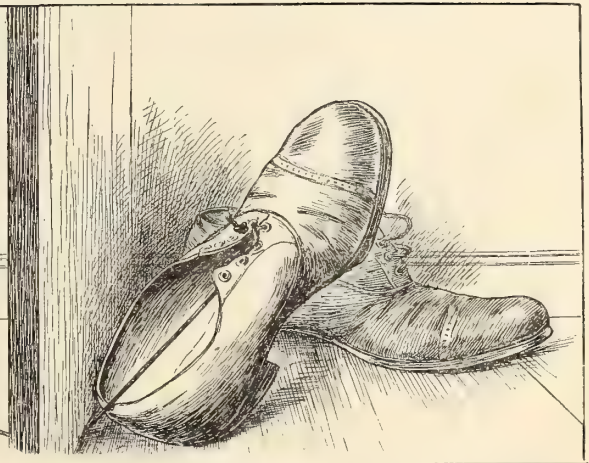
III. THEY MAKE A DASH FOR THE DOOR, AND—



BEGIN TO PULL.



NOW, "ALL TOGETHER!"—



BUT THIS IS WHAT IT WAS.

THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY CHRIS. JORGENSEN

CHAPTER XX

UNCLE SAM DRAWS A PRIZE—SHORT RATIONS—
CONNELLY THE MARTYR—AGUINALDO—
A "LIGHTNING CHANGE"

UNCLE SAM knows a prize when he draws one; since the tenth of May our main truck again flaunts two stars. Promises of a sword for our gallant hero and of medals for us have been made by Congress, while what we need still more—ammunition and reinforcements—are on the way.

Since the burial of Adam, sailors have been averse to soldiers' work, but we have been forced beautifully down to it, and it has brought new experiences into our lives. Think of sailors taking a piano and carrying it for three miles after hoisting it over a stone wall! When we had landed it in shipshape at the water's edge, one of our officers came along and said, "Good! We will have it in our ward-room."

In the ward-room—the officers' room where we Jackies might not stray! "Not on your life!" we said to ourselves. He was no sooner out of sight than the souvenir battle-axes we were bearing were wielded with a vim that reduced an upright Steinway to kindling.

After going through the different stages of gathering and casting away what we could find, twenty of us clubbed together, and by our combined efforts succeeded in getting a dandy little three-inch field-piece on board, intending to raffle it, that one out of the score might carry home with him a souvenir worth while. But the powers that rule have taken it, and will present it with *their* compliments to our godmother the City of Olympia. *Bah!*

And we are bearing these indignities on short rations, which in the present instance means hard-tack so full of weevil that it would be an insult to the canine race to substitute it for dog biscuit!

Uncle Sam is not doing it with malicious intent. This war came on suddenly, and we were completely cut off from fresh supplies while in Mirs Bay, and it really can't very well be helped. I recall one morning when our supplies had run so low that the cook of Mess No. 3 threw a pair of boxing-gloves and some dumb-bells at us as he had nothing else to serve with our coffee. It was when we were reduced to this, and before we

had grown to look upon a banana and a cigarette as a Philippine breakfast, that Sir Edward Chester, the British admiral, signaled to us, "Send your boats alongside for fresh provisions." The laws of neutrality kept us from accepting this offer, but whenever we have occasion to go alongside the British ships in our boats, when our officers are calling, the English sailors invariably pass us out supplies.

There is a bounteous crop of cocoanuts and mangoes growing inside the Navy Yard, and we have learned to eat the former in a semi-liquid state. It carries me back to the days when I ate raw eggs, not because I liked them, but because it was one way of showing my masculine superiority over my sister.

A taste for mangoes is an acquired one, and although realizing there is only one place where they could be eaten with any degree of decency—that is, in a bath-tub—I am really fond of them.

It is part of war's destruction, "When unable to capture, spike your enemy's guns." The port at Cavite was equipped with a battery of the latest improved Krupp cannon, every one of which we wound with a bandage of guncotton. Guncotton looks just like cube sugar strung on copper wire. When each gun had a string of it around its middle we switched on the current and the deed was done. They were effectually choked, resembling long rolls of butter that had been grasped between the thumb and finger, leaving an encircling depression. Of course it was a shame and a pity, just as it was a pity and a shame to treat the *Mindanao* as we did.

She was a beautiful transport, fresh from Spain, her cargo still aboard, and during the battle she had been run up on the shoals off Las Pines and abandoned. That very day, before the sun had set, as if our engines were playing "Behold El Capitan!" we steamed out and our forward turrets sent two 8-inch shells full length, clean through and through her, and repeated the salute from our aft turrets.

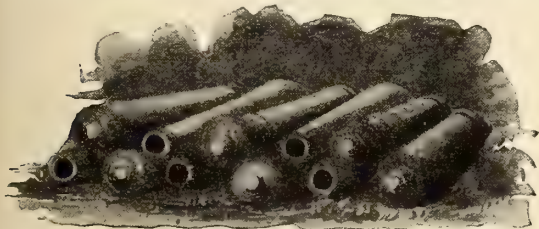
In the morning she was still there, and we sent the little *Concord* out to set her on fire. She burned for a week, and I never looked toward her devouring flames without wondering how much provision they were consuming; but we are obeying orders, which read, "Engage and destroy."

Among the many escapades ashore there is the one that canonized Connelly a martyr.

Doing garrison duty in the yard, a consuming thirst drove a gang of us out in search of beer, since water was deadly, and as we were scurrying back with our prize, under the first darkness of the night, an officer discovered us and called, "Halt!" Too well we knew what the obeying of that order would bring us, and, realizing that we were not to be recognized, took to our legs. To our astonishment the valiant officer fired two shots after us. One of them hit Connelly in the leg, and that 's what made him a martyr. It was a nasty wound. His shipmates dressed it and antiseptically bandaged it. They performed all of his tasks that it is possible for one man to do for another, and although at times the fellow suffered intensely, he was always at muster, and never with a telltale limp.

The other side of the page is this: The officer who fired at us followed far enough to find a trail of blood on the cement pavement. Then, going out to the ship, he warned them in the sick-bay and dispensary to look out for a man who would come in to report a shot in the leg. Unquestionably he felt valorous until Admiral Dewey got after him. I hear he roasted him brown. "Would you shoot your own men in time of war?" he asked, and then showed him the chances he was taking, for these are the days when every man, from the admiral down, wears a 38-caliber Colt's revolver at his side.

There is a two-hundred-years' accumulation of cannon in the Navy Yard at Manila. Long and



OLD GUNS IN THE MANILA NAVY YARD.

short, great and small, they are piled like cord-wood and strung out like fence-rails. Some of them are so elaborately carved they would make handsome ornaments for home parks and museums.

Poor sailors of Spain! It was not from lack of war's appliances that they were vanquished. It is told of them that when they went to their guns to fire, they actually flinched, just from the strangeness of the act, while every hour of drill we have gone through, and every pound of powder we have burned, has demonstrated beyond a

proposition that Uncle Sam has been casting his bread upon the waters.

While men have come and men have gone, I still hang my hammock on hook No. 2149, which is in the first row aft in the starboard gangway on the gun-deck.

I HAVE grown well acquainted (by sight) with Aguinaldo, the insurgent general, who has become a frequent visitor on board. In appearance he resembles a small mulatto boy playing soldier with a man's sword dragging at his heels; but it is not for me to criticize his appearance, for it was he who presented us with twenty bullocks, which meant converting them into beef. It was the first fresh meat we have had here. Would it be discourteous to remark that the tropics raise better fruit than beef?

Yesterday morning on wakening I immediately recalled that it was the twenty-fourth of June. Taking some extra pains in my dressing, before quarters, I went to the mast, saluted, and said, "I beg to report the expiration of my enlistment, sir."

"Do you want to ship over?"

As I answered in the negative, the conversation abruptly ended.

* * * * *

THE captured *Callao!* She came in, two weeks after the battle, wholly ignorant of the fate of the *Maine*, and came to only after three shots had crossed her bow and the top of her mainmast carried away. Of all the lightning changes I have ever known, that of the *Callao* "takes the cake!" At eight o'clock one morning she was a Spanish gunboat; before ten, the Stars and Stripes floated from her stern and a skeleton crew of U. S. seamen were established aboard her.

I shall never forget how the tears rolled down her captain's cheeks when, in answer to his question, "Where is the Spanish fleet?" a finger indicated its shattered hulks and spars sticking out of the water. Slowly it all dawned upon him, and he replied, "Then I suppose I am a prisoner," and surrendered.

Before quitting the ship Dewey caused him to pay off his men from the revenues he had collected, knowing that otherwise they would never get their wages. He then paroled him with his crew, sending them with an escort through our lines. It is reported that he has been shot by his countrymen for not fighting his ship.

What was I saying about remaining? Am I not enlisted for three years, not to exceed five? I would not leave now if I could, but I shall be glad when the soldiers come.

CHAPTER XXI

PICKET DUTY—"YOU 'RE ADRIFT!"—TATTOOED—
TIRE D AND SLEEPY

DOING picket duty on the wall, I saw a Spaniard rise out of a trench, sight down the barrel of his Mauser and aim directly at me. Dropping behind, I laid my cap on top of the wall and



THE WATCH ALOFT REPORTED, "WATER-SPOUT AHOY!"

stepped aside just in time to hear a bullet whizz above my cap. In quick succession two more followed, each a little nearer to the target. Then, remembering orders, I knew it was my turn. I fired only once. It was not answered, so I put on my cap and got back on the wall, but did not go to look inside the trench. I did not want to.

The climate of Hawaii is cool and balmy compared with this. Our scant raiment clings to our bodies from the heat, but to go in swimming would be like throwing shark bait into the surf.

THUNDER and lightning! Is it like unto battle, or is battle like a thunder-storm? Though unable to decide, I readily recall a night when we were cruising about, just outside Manila Bay, I stood in the yards of the mainmast in the darkness of Erebus. I felt as if the world were an eggshell and our ship the only thing in that world. Then, from away off in the great, unfathomable universe, a peal of thunder would split the shell, letting in a chain of jagged lightning just where the sky and water met.

On one of these little cruises the watch aloft one morning reported "Water-spout ahoy!" It was the familiar old picture out of the geography. The quartermaster said, "You may never

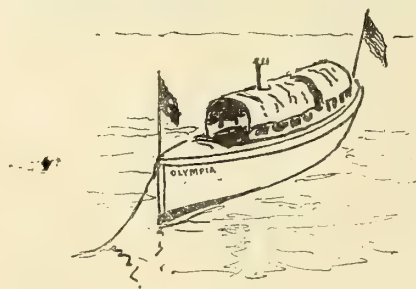
see another, boys. Take a shot at it." A single shot from a six-pounder broke it into a spray that, mingling with the waves, rolled peacefully on.

On the morning of the battle (try as I may, it seems I cannot get away from that day) Captain Gridley was so ill that the little commodore offered to excuse him from duty; but, gallantly, as is characteristic of the man, he replied, "Thank you, Commodore Dewey, but she is my ship and I will fight her." And he did, although, figuratively speaking, he was a dead man before he went on the bridge, and days had strung themselves into but few weeks when he was ordered home on sick-leave. He came up out of his cabin dressed in civilian clothes and was met by the rear-admiral, who extended him a most cordial hand. A look of troubled disappointment flitted across the captain's brow, but vanished when he stepped to the head of the gangway and, looking over, saw, not the launch, but a *twelve-oared cutter manned entirely by officers of the Olympia*. There were men in that boat who had not pulled a stroke for a quarter of a century.

The Stars and Stripes were at the stern and a captain's silken coach-whip at the bow; and when Captain Gridley, beloved alike by officers and men, entered the boat, it was "up oars!" and all that just as though they were common sailors that were to row him over to the *Zafiro*. When he sat down upon the handsome boat-cloth that was spread for him, he bowed his head, and his hands hid his face as First-Lieutenant Reese, acting coxswain, ordered, "Shove off; out oars; give away!"

Later in the day the lookout on the bridge reported, "*Zafiro* under way, sir," and the deck officer passed on the word until a little twitter from Pat Murray's pipe brought all the other bo's'ns around him, and in concert they sang out, "Stand by to man the rigging!"

Not the *Olympia* alone, but every other ship in



I HEARD A VOICE CALLING TO ME, "IN THE BARGE, THERE,—YOU 'RE ADRIFT!"

the squadron dressed and manned, and the last we ever saw of our dear captain he was sitting on a chair out on the *Zafiro's* quarter-deck, ap-

parently "listening to the old band play." A week later a cablegram told us that he never reached home, having died on the fifth of June on board the *Coptic*. The grief that filled our hearts abated not, even when the prescribed time for mourning had passed and the flags were released from half-mast.

There is another we miss; but it was but the shifting of officers, which is like unto the shifting of the sands on the shore, that took Lieutenant Delano from us. The last we saw of him, he stood at the stern of the launch, dandling in his hand a fob that hung from a gold watch (a parting gift from the crew) while the band lustily played "Nancy Lee." We loved that man, and feel that had he been lieutenant commanding on the first of May, the men who were taken from the brig to fight for their flag (I was not one of them) would never have been sent back to serve out their sentence after the battle, and for the credit of our navy I am glad that it will not be written in our history, and am already half ashamed that I have written it even in this, the chronicles of a diddy-box; but I cease to blush for this as I glow with pride in making note that since the battle not an hour's drill have we done. The admiral says we have proved that we do not need it.

While there are always ground-swells off Cavite, sometimes they grow heavier than at others. It was when they were doing their worst that I lay under the awning in the storm sheets of the admiral's launch, on duty during dinner-hour. She was riding tied to the boom, and I doing nothing but swelter and wait my turn for "chow," when I heard a voice calling:

"In the barge, there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"You 're adrift."

I came to, started the engine, and tried to steer back to the ship, but a squall had suddenly come up, and I could not manage her. The orders shouted from the bridge grew indistinct, then inaudible, and I could hear nothing but the elements. For two hours I worked with that launch, climbing back and forth over the thwarts, firing or working her rudder, as she pitched and

rolled, frequently carrying me dangerously near the enemy's line. The glasses were upon me, and finally realizing the futility of my attempts to get back to the ship, they signaled to me, "Go ashore." I fired her well up and let her go. As I drew near the landing I steered from one Philippine boat, or "casco," to another, striking sidelong blows that set them dancing on the water as they retarded my speed, and when I finally achieved a



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THE FORWARD DECK OF THE *OLYMPIA*.

landing, filled with pride in my success as a mariner and a navigator, I raked the fire all out and tied her up.

She was safe and sound and I knew it. I was indeed weary, having, single-handed and alone, in the face of a tropical squall, performed the task of five men.

To me, the feat looked worth a glass of beer, and I went after it, not knowing that simultaneously with signaling me to go ashore, a whale-boat had started after me, carrying the remainder of the launch's crew.

But I was soon to know that they reached the launch before I got back to it, the consequence being that instead of a medal in commemoration of a brave and daring deed I got five days in the brig on bread and water.

However, having long since grown callous to these little courtesies, I embraced the opportunity to be tattooed by a ship-mate—not a star upon my forehead—but upon my breast, a big, red-and-blue design showing crossed cannon wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, while the American eagle,

holding in his beak a banner with the inscription, "Manila, May 1, 1898," will hover above a bursting shell through whose fire and smoke rides the glorious United States Flagship *Olympia*.

When I walk with myself, I talk with myself, and myself says unto me, "Jack, if you were to pass a sentence of revenge upon your worst enemy, and you wanted to inflict the greatest torture your mind could conceive, what would it be?" Unhesitatingly I answer, "Deprive him of sleep."

The action of battle is inspiring. A typhoon

be known to all Americans as the path-finder into Manila.

CHAPTER XXII

JUNE 30TH—JULY 16TH—GENERAL MERRITT—
AUGUST 14TH—OUR MOTHER COUNTRY THE
FIRST TO SALUTE THE FLAG

ON June 30th the *Charlie*, accompanied by three troop-ships, arrived. It relieved us from garrison duty, but the manning of the *Nansen* and *Zafiro* before we left Hong-Kong, together with



THE BRIDGE OF THE *OLYMPIA*.

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with all its terror gives you a struggle for your life. But since the battle, with doing garrison duty on shore in addition to double watches on ship, I have come from the lookout, fixing my eyes six feet ahead of me where I was to drop for my rest, when it seemed absolutely that *I could not live* until I reached the spot. The sensation is something awful.

Papers from the States show that this war is giving birth to heroes, and the sailormen of the Asiatic Squadron, if they might have a voice, would beg to say that Navigator Calkins should

skeleton crews for the captured *Callao* and the launches we are using for river service, leaves us short-handed on all the ships; but for a' that on the eighth of July the *Concord* and *Raleigh* had a picnic in Subig Bay, and remained in possession of Isle Grande, near Manila.

On the sixteenth a cold-storage ship from Australia came in with a handsome cargo, which the admiral bought on sight. It was the first fit beef we have eaten since leaving San Francisco (all through the Orient they kill a species of caribao, or water-buffalo, for beef), and while we were

regaling ourselves on the fruit of our good fortune the *China* arrived with naval reinforcements.

It was a relief that brought with it a tightening of discipline. Few boats have returned from shore without bringing their complement of battle spoils from Cavite, their accumulation gradually changing the appearance of our decks into those of pleasure yachts, until one morning there came an order that cleared ship and left the bay afloat with rocking-chairs, sofas, and gilt-framed saints.

In coming here we were unable to bring our laundrymen from China or Japan, but the washing problem solved itself in a most unexpected and satisfactory manner.

In the storehouses of Cavite there are thousands of white sailor suits, which we confiscate at will, wearing them until soiled, then casting them adrift for a fresh suit. The cork helmets, too, we have adopted, finding them for comfort's sake a vast improvement on our own headgear for this climate. The most complimentary greeting exchanged now on shore is: "Halloo, is that you? I thought it was Stanley in Africa."

On the twenty-fifth, General Merritt came in on the *Newport*, and on the thirty-first, McArthur's reinforcements reached Cavite. Then followed councils of war; the officers of the army and of the navy meeting on board the *Olympia* to discuss grave matters, which culminated on August 7th, when Admiral Dewey and General Merritt jointly demanded the surrender of Manila. It was refused, and once more we cleared for action and got ready to "cast loose and provide."

On the morning of August 14th, the admiral announced that unless the Spanish authorities laid down their arms by noon the City of Manila would be bombarded by the Americans. This declaration was the signal for all foreign ships to withdraw to points of safety beyond possible lines of fire, and there was a general heaving of anchor and steaming away. Only the English fleet commanded by Admiral Sir Edward Chester disobeyed. As we drew into battle-line his fleet followed, keeping within a few cable-lengths of our line, their ships all manned as though in review, and their band playing American airs.

Half a dozen broadsides from our ships cleared a path for our soldiers, through which they marched waist-deep in water, firing as they advanced. It was an exultant onset. They took seven thousand prisoners, and when our colors broke, it should have been the *Olympia* to fire the first gun, but the English, just as a proud parent looking on at the graduation exercises of its off-

spring, clapped his hands before the diploma was fairly in his son's grasp. So, the deep-voiced cannon of our mother country boomed the first salute to America's flag flying over Manila.

It was a glorious victory, quickly followed by a cablegram from Washington commanding a cessation of hostilities, an opportunity that our admiral embraced to get us all back into shipshape once more.

Singly and in pairs each ship returned to Hong-Kong and the Kowloon dry-docks. When our turn came, the flag with its accompanying ensign moved temporarily over to the *Baltimore*, and we rode out under the pennant of a new captain.

It was only a little conceit that might be passed with a smile, but I am not alone in the opinion that, after all the hardships we had endured, including three months without shore-liberty, twenty-four hours at Hong-Kong would have been no stretch of generosity on his part. The crews of the ships that had preceded us had been given it even up to forty-eight hours; in fact, it was their recital of the courteous reception tendered them by everybody in Hong-Kong that awoke us to the realization of what heroes we are.

The boys on the *Charlie* are so sore not to have been in it that they could not without self-humiliation show much homage, and the "gravel agitators" [soldiers] nursed the thought all the way out here that we were unable to do anything until they came to show us how.

But in Hong-Kong, the Scotch Brigade, West Yorkshire, and the Queen's Own vied with one another doing us homage, while the British sailors received us like brothers. These were the conditions awaiting us in Victoria, and we were granted only a measly overnight liberty to enjoy it.

The starboard had the second liberty, and as we gathered to return in the morning some one called out, "Come on, let's break liberty!" The way the suggestion took, one unacquainted might have thought it original. There were one hundred and sixty of us in the bunch, mostly overtimers, and a corporal's guard could not have been mustered from the gang (all ship-overs) who returned on time.

Two days later, when the *Olympia's* whistle blew a general recall, a few more, grown faint-hearted, obeyed its summons, while more than one hundred of us watched our good ship sail away.

Of course there was a reward upon each head, but not a man who wore her Majesty's uniform could be bribed to lay a hand upon a *hero!*

Our ship out of sight, we took up a tarpaulin muster, moved out to Happy Valley and set up camp. We were wearing our best suits, and feeling that they were not appropriate camping-togs, bought cheap white trousers and shirts and ceased to be sailors until, warned that *time* was approaching, we dressed as for muster, went in a body, and sat down outside of the U. S. Consulate and waited until it was just nine days and twenty-three hours from the time we had left the ship. Then we reported ourselves "*Stragglers*, clean and sober."

It was up to the consul to look shocked and to make a speech. This he delivered in a manner that brought him vociferous cheering. He finished by warning us to stop out by ourselves, bothering no one, and to report to him every morning between eight and ten and receive our allowance. (A silver dollar each.)

This, in addition to what was left in the tarpaulin, put us on easy-deck, though it allowed no surplus for riotous living.

We were unquestionably the attraction of Hong-Kong. Hundreds of people, representatives from all classes of society, flocked to see us.

In due time the *Concord* came in and there were rejoicings over the meeting of old friends, although they each and all intimated that all sorts of undesirable things were waiting for us in Manila.

Finally, there came a day when we went for our plunk, when the consul told us to come no more, but to be at the dock the next morning, as we were to return on the *Concord*. Oh, joy unspeakable! A trip from Hong-Kong to Manila without a stroke of work! The thought was intoxicating, but we sobered quickly when we got on board, being put directly on duty while the *Concord's* crew slept all night in their hammocks, and, like passengers, laughed at us all day, not omitting to remind us that hammocks made delightful places to sleep; for we, alas! when off duty must drop on the bare decks. We worked like seamen with the accommodations of tramps.

The captain who held sticks on the *Olympia* on our return did score us unmercifully. He has promised on the sacredness of all of his gold lace never to forget a man of us. He feels we have irredeemably disgraced the great American navy and that it is up to him to avenge it.

I was put directly back on duty in the admiral's launch. The admiral, bless him! is so very busy with a great many things that I fancy he really has forgotten if he ever heard what an escapade one hundred and one blue-jackets have been having.

CHAPTER XXIII

MANILA IS OURS—ON BOARD THE *NERO*—HOME AGAIN

It was like returning to school after vacation. In a very few days we all settled back into our regular grooves, performing our tasks like so many automatons. Double watches and garrison duty were things of the past. We enjoyed once more the delights of port life. General Merritt is on his way to Paris to take part in the Peace Conference, and we seem to be only waiting.

Small-arm practice makes a delightful pastime, and there is only one better shot with a pistol than Dewey, and that is freckled-face Pete of Texas. Pete is a newcomer, and the first time we had rifle target practice he made some shots that his division officer complimented. Pete replied, "Oh, I ain't much shucks with a gun, but I 'm jist pizen with a pistol," and he made good his boast that he could make Buffalo Bill or the glass-ball shooters appear like amateurs.

Manila is ours, and we are getting as much out of it in the way of pleasure as we are capable of. Our soldiers hold the fort and do the martyr act.

If the volunteer soldier amounts to a hill of beans after this busines is over it won't be the fault of the ladies of America. Every ship that comes is ballasted with sewing bags and red flannel bandages for the soldiers.

We are not envious, we do not want nor need their gifts, and to be just, will own that a sailor's life in Manila is not half so arduous as that of the soldier; for while we are sleeping well housed between decks, they, poor fellows, are often lying in muddy trenches under a deluging rain.

A genuine comradeship exists between the army and the navy.

There is a veritable colony of Associated Press representatives here, and the folks at home are reading every word they write.

At first the newness of things rendered it interesting, but when Thanksgiving came about, I searched my heart, and found the most genuine thankfulness there was that I had not been born either a Spaniard or a Filipino. With this burst of gratitude written to my own credit I drifted with the tide of events until one night, just after we had turned in, Chalmers came to my hammock and said:

"Jack, you are drafted for home, and on to the *Nero* to-morrow."

"Go to blazes!" I said.

"Sure, Jack; it is straight goods." But I could not believe it.

Seven months had gone by since the battle and not a man had been sent home. I lay and

thought as hard as the weather would permit me to think, and, finally, when the breathing from the long rows of hammocks grew into a regular cadence, dropped from mine and ran lightly forward to the bulletin-board. Could I believe my eyes? There were forty-nine names on the draft, and mine third on the list.

I shouted and I yelled. The officer-of-the-deck sent for me and would have put me into the brig for disturbing the ship's slumber, but when I told him the cause he excused me, as he did also from the watch.

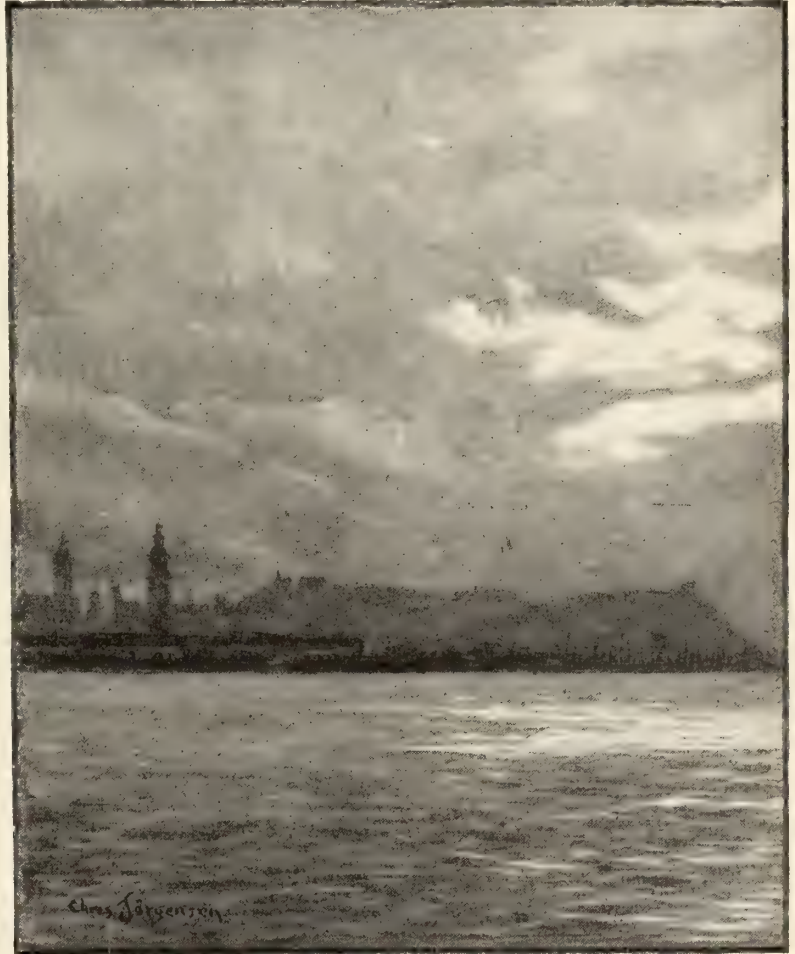
I was told that I might sleep all night; but though I believe I lay as motionless as the guns in their sponsons, I never closed my eyes.

At nine o'clock in the morning I went over the side, Andy, ever faithful, helping me with my diddy-box and bag. There followed a few busy days in making ready, and, finally, one evening, when the effulgent splendor of a tropical sunset hung its banner for a background, the *Olympia's* band came on deck, and a homeward-bounder broke from the *Nero's* mainmast as the blessed strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floated into the twilight; then I threw my cap into the water and put my hands to my mouth, shouting, "Good-by, Andy!" and thought I heard through the din an answering, "Aye, aye, Jack."

The piston-rods slid slow at first and then, with four bells and a jingle, the engineer threw open the throttle and away we went. I stood upon the deck looking back. It was the moment I had waited and prayed for, and still I was not glad. For three years and eight months the proud ship had been my home; and it was with a sickening, sinking feeling I watched it fading and fading, a leaden streak that dwindled into a black spot against a lurid sky, and I wondered when and where I should ever see her again.

We are taking back a lot of Spanish cannon, Mauser rifles, cartridges, etc., as trophies of war.

Our voyage must have been void of interest or incident but for three little occurrences. The first happened on our tenth day out. We had not sighted land for days, and were therefore not a little surprised to see a snow-white dove perched upon one of our yard-arms, where it remained throughout the forenoon; then, spreading its



"INSIDE THE GOLDEN GATE AGAIN."

wings, it swooped down, circled above our heads and darted away landward.

Scotty Ross says it was no dead sailor, or it would have been a sea-bird. We want to bet that the Peace Treaty was signed in Paris on the tenth of December.

The second event was a typhoon that washed our chicken-coops overboard, thereby robbing us of a portion of our intended Christmas dinner; but fate or the skipper directed our course in such a manner that we got stuck on the meridian, and had two Christmas days instead of one. We

were compensated for the loss of fowl by being served with plum-duff on both festivals. Duff at sea is no longer a mixture of flour and water boiled into the consistency of molten lead, and eaten with black molasses, but has evolved into a very good plain pudding.

The third and last event worth mention occurred less than a week ago.

Dozing in the rigging, I was startled into wakefulness to find myself lying flat against the mast, face down, looking straight down into the deep; then the stern settled back and with a wallow surged into a chasm of ocean left by a mountain of water that rolled on like a single chord, struck, all out of tune, from a Wagnerian tempest.

A general summons was blown, but before all hands could muster the ship had righted herself, and there was naught to see save a blue sea hurrying on ahead. The deck officer confirmed our suppositions—it was a tidal wave.

* * * * *

"If you take the glasses and go aloft you ought to see the Farallones," said the *Nero's* executive

officer; and, sure enough, there they were! Oh, the sight of them! It brought on a flood of memories that all but engulfed me. I tried to recall "*What might have been,*" but it was futile. I hurried below to gather my belongings and to finish my writing, and now, sitting on my diddy-box with my book on my knee, I have only time to write that I would rather have been in the Battle of Manila than to have been a member of the United States Senate!

On the crimson path of the setting sun we are sailing in through the Golden Gate. In another hour the bo's'n will pipe: "Take in your foresail, mainsail, and spanker, and make them up for a full do. Do you h-e-a-r that, now?" My head and my heart are throbbing; my hand trembles and my eyes grow dim.

* * * * *

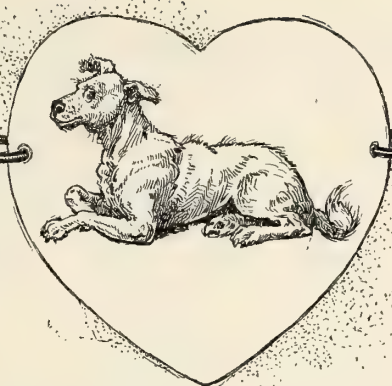
TO-MORROW I shall go ashore and take up the thread of my old life where it was broken; but if ever again while I have health and strength the American eagle should shriek for help I shall be among the first to answer; and if any one seek me, let him look—where he will surely find me—"behind the guns."



THE OLYMPIA

Copyright, 1907, by Enrique Muller.

"GUARDIAN"



BY Elsie Hill

His name is Guardian. He's mine.

I don't know just how old.

"Come here, sir! Give your paw!" Oh, yes,

He does what he is told.

"Down, down, I say! Why don't you mind?"

He really has to run

And jump about a little, lest he's too brimful of fun.

Well,—no. You can't exactly say he's any special kind.

When I came home from school one day he followed close behind.

I'm not to speak to stranger dogs, but though we could n't play, That little beast would wag his tail if I just looked his way!

We tried them at the stable, first—they did n't need him there; And Ellen could n't keep him, for he "gave her such a scare."

And even Mother thought perhaps he'd better run away; But when she saw how *thin* he was, of course he had to stay.

So then we fed him thoroughly and made him very clean, And let him lie beside the door—*outside* the door, I mean.

And Sister called him "Wanderer" the afternoon he came: Until we thought that "Guardian" was a politer name.

And now when people come to tea and sit and talk and eat,

And Fluff and Frill and Guardian are scrambling at their feet,

And Sister says, "I hope the dogs are not disturbing you?"

They always pat him with the rest—at least, they often do.

Of course, he's not a *pretty* dog, like Sister's Frill or Fluff;—

I like the color of him, though, that sort of brownish-buff.

His coat is neither rough nor smooth—it's something just between;

I think he has good-looking eyes, they're such an honest green!

Of course, he's not a *dog-show* dog, he's not the kind, you know;

They never have a single class in which that dog can go.

But Sister says if love could count, and looks be just left out,

He'd win a ribbon every year, without the slightest doubt!

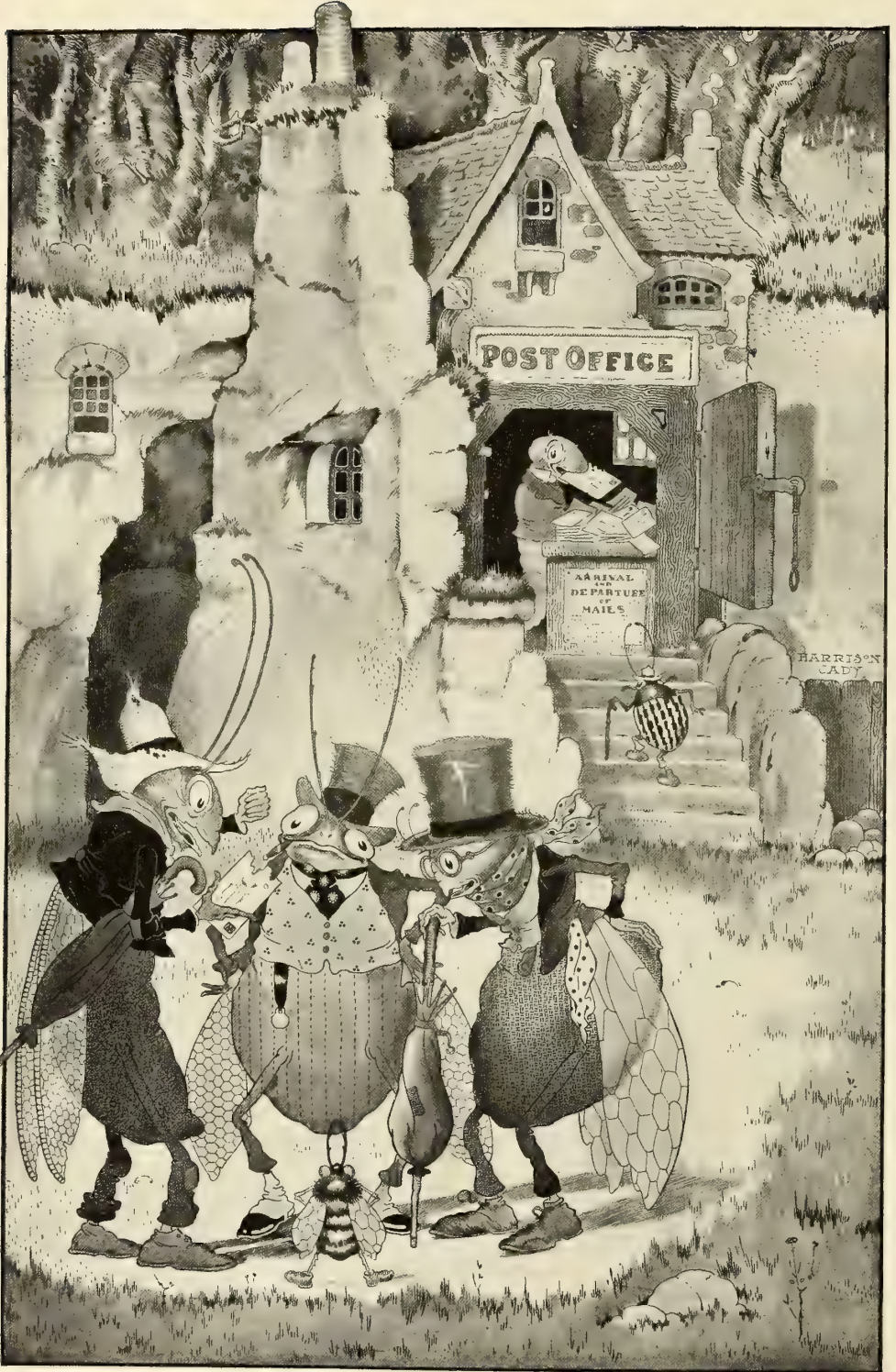


"Fluff" and "Frill"

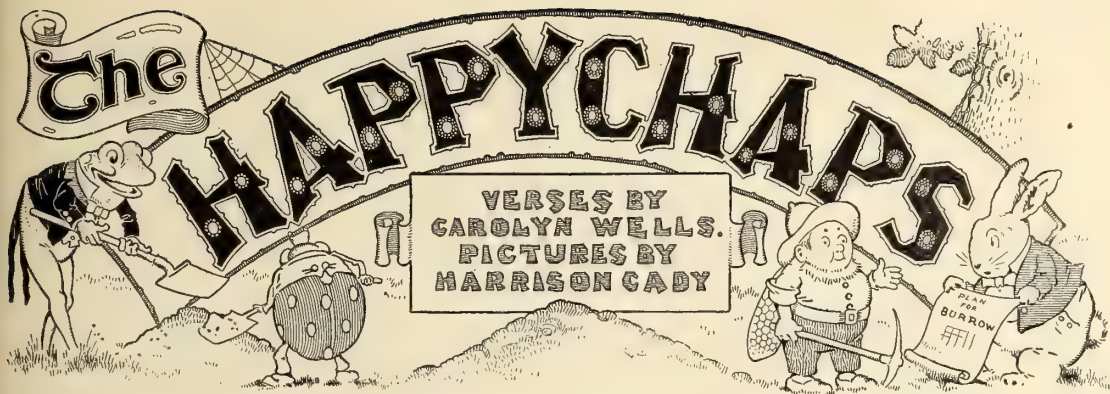


"Guardian"

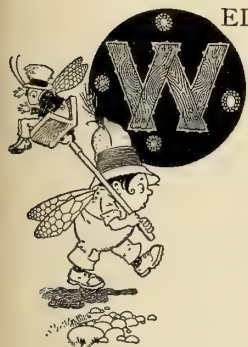
Albertine Randall Whetley



THE POST OFFICE AT JOLLIPOPOLIS.



HAPPYCHAPTER VI



WELL, as I told you the other day,
Old General Happychap thought of a way
To do the thing as it should be done,
And please his people, every one.

For the dear old chapie
Liked all to be happy,
And hated to see anybody scrappy.

So he decreed that the new metropolis,
The beautiful city of Jollipopolis,
Should have every sort of a dwelling-place
That ever was known to any race;
Every kind of a habitation,
Whether a mound or an excavation.
Each one should choose his residence,
From the grandest mansions to humblest tents,
From the deepest den to the tallest tower,
From the plainest cave to the gayest bower;
A perch or a roost or a pit or a lair,
Down in the earth or up in the air.
A manse or a grange or a lodge or a hall,
A cote or a coop or a hutch or a stall,

Or even a shanty,
With rooms small and scanty,
The architects planned for them all.
For a clever Happychap architect
All sorts of dwellings can erect,
And he 'll draw a plan
For any man
Of the kind he may select.

The architects soon were working away,
Turning off plans by night and by day.
Skiddoodles and Happychaps formed in lines,
And awaited their turn to get designs,
Specifications, and front elevations—

With mysterious symbols and signs.
As soon as a Happychap grasped the sheet
That represented his dwelling complete,
He flew for the carpenters, masons, and plumbers,
And they all worked away like an army of hummers.
Then things went a-whizzing; and I can tell you
There was a great racket and hullabaloo
From the time they began with their spades and pickaxes
Till, the whole town was done, and ready for taxes.



"EVERY KIND OF A HABITATION."

But you must remember these dwellings were small,
Why, some were of just about no size at all!
A Happychap hut
Was as big as a nut
And their churches were only half an inch tall!
But all of the work was most carefully done,

And of all the buildings, not one single one
Was slighted or scamped in the smallest particu-
lar,

The floors were all level, the walls perpendicular,
And all the material
was of the best,
Whether used for a hive,
Happychaps and Skid-
doodles both worked
with a will,
With untiring energy,
patience, and skill.

The days flew by
fast,

And the city at last
Began to assume an im-
posing effect,

Which of course was no
more than one might
expect.

Though you may have
traveled the wide
world around,

I'm perfectly sure that
you never have found
In any place anywhere
under the sun
A city anything like
this one.

Why, just imagine! The
streets so wide,

Had Happychap houses on either side;
And across these streets, attached to the trees,
The spiders' big, shining webs swung in the
breeze;

From the green branches fine hanging-nests were
suspended,

Whose beauty of structure was highly com-
mended;

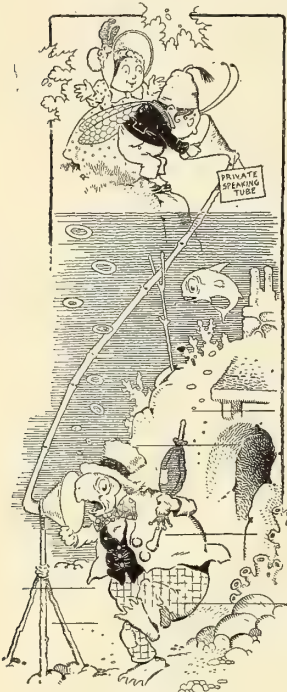
And on the high boughs there was many a nest
Of the little round kind that some birds like the
best.

Then, beside all these dwellings, 'way up in the air,
There were others, 'way down in the ground, I
declare.

The woodchucks and moles

Dug curious holes,

And the ants built up sand into queer little knolls.



TIMOTHY TERRAPIN'S
SPEAKING-TUBE.



DIGGING FOR THE HOUSE FOUNDATIONS.

They dug all around
Down under the ground;
With such method and skill their work was con-
ducted,
Subways and tunnels and tubes they constructed.



"THE ANTS BUILT UP SAND INTO QUEER LITTLE KNOLLS."

But some in the earth or the air cannot dwell,
So the building went on in the water as well.
Timothy Terrapin built him a home
Down 'neath the lapping wavelets' foam;



With a speaking-tube long,
Which was slender yet strong.



POLICE! POLICE!

And he said to the Happychaps, "There, now,
don't fret,
You can all talk to me without getting wet!"

Queen Humsum summoned her bees to her aid,
And they made the best hive that ever was made
They worked night and day
(You know bees work that way,
The bees and the beavers are busy, they say)
The spiders were always cutting up tricks,
And often a worker would get in a fix.

If a spider met one,
Before he could run,

The spider a web around him had spun!
And sometimes when Messenger Happychap
stopped,

To take a short rest against a fence propped,
A mischievous spider,
A soft, noiseless glider,
Would sneak up, and spin a long web
round and round,

And the messenger found
As he sat on the ground

Secure to the fence he was bound!
Then every one laughed and chuckled with glee,
For the Happychap folk were merry, you see.
But aside from their mischief, the spiders were
able

To spin any kind of a rope or a cable;
And on water and land
These were in such demand,
To haul in a boat, or to hoist a big steeple,
It 's lucky that they were industrious people.
'Rastus Happychap built him a cabin, of course,
Where a melon-patch always was kept in full
force;

And those melons attained such remarkable size,
It made all the Happychaps open their eyes.

When they asked how he raised 'em,
His answer amazed 'em,
He said: "Laws, chillen dear, I digs an' I hoes,
Den I jest plants de seeds, an' den dey jest
grows!"

The lightning-bugs, fireflies, and glow-worms
joined forces,
And achieved great success by combining re-
sources.

They said they would light the whole of the city,
And the way that they did it was certainly pretty.
A site in the center of town they selected,



RASTUS HAPPYCHAP'S MELON PATCH.

And there a great palace of glass they erected.
'T was as high as could be, and about twice as
wide,
With cornice and gables on every side,
Of faceted crystal that glistened and gleamed





HARRISON LADY

THE CITY OF JOLLIPOPOLIS AFTER IT WAS COMPLETED.

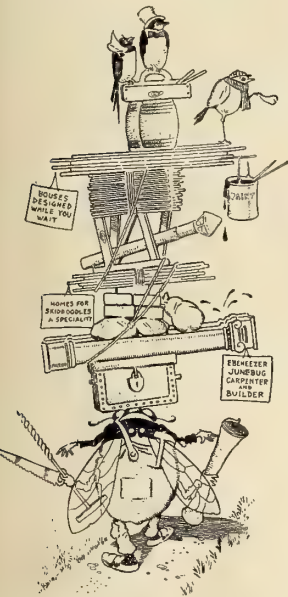
And twinkled and sparkled and dazzled and beamed,
As the myriad creatures their radiant light
In the great crystal palace diffused every night.

Then the wise City Fathers à post-office planned,
For they said, "We'll get letters from every land.

The postmaster old Mr. Bookworm must be,
No one is quite such a scholar as he."
Now this worked quite well at first, but, alas!
A painful misfortune soon came to pass;
The post-office was right in every detail,
But nobody seemed to get any mail!
And this was the reason. If you will believe it!
The mail came—old Bookworm was there to receive it—
But when Happychaps for their letters would call,

The greedy old fellow
had eaten them all!
Some post-cards
he'd munch
By way of a lunch;
And then later on, the
wicked old sinner!
Would eat all the letters
up for his dinner!

Still Jollipopolis grew
on apace,
And quickly became
a most flourishing
place.
The shops were so fine
and their windows
so big,
And all of their wares
so tidy and trig.
The markets were ample,
as you may suppose,
And the wares were



"HERE YOU ARE! HOUSES
BUILT WHILE YOU WAIT!"

displayed in long, tempting rows.
Skiddoodles and Happychaps came every day,
Bringing baskets to take their provisions away.
The tailor shops showed most remarkable rigs,
For they had to fit all sorts, from turtles to grigs.
Dude Horace Hoptoad looked in and said,
"Crick-ee!" while his eyes 'most popped out of
his head.
Percy Porcupine muttered, "I love those lace
frills,
And I think they'd look sweet hanging round on
my quills."

While Raggedly Happychap gave a few wags
Of his head, and said, "I like my well-fitting
rags."

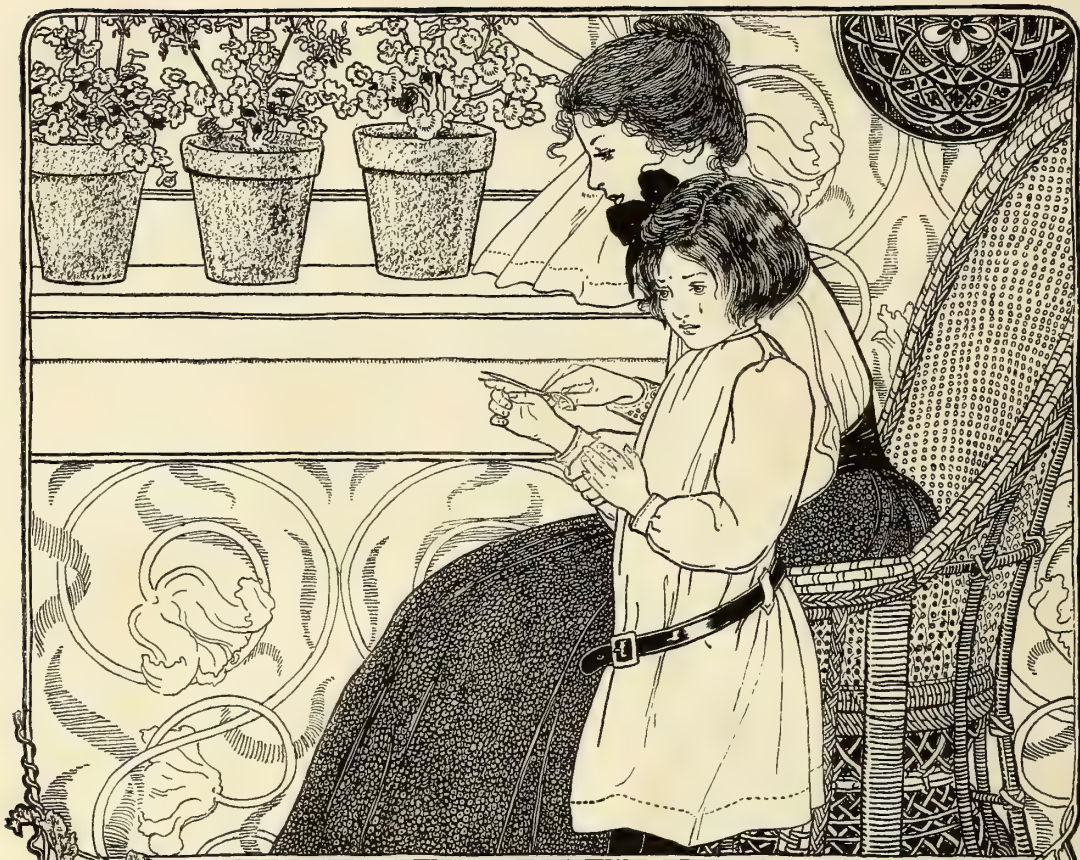


GENERAL HAPPYCHAP MOVING TO HIS NEW HOUSE.

As the dwellings were finished, they all settled
down,
And each did his share toward ruling the town.
The bees could n't find enough work for them-
selves,
So they built a fine office with desk room and
shelves;
They started a paper, and, to their elation,
"The Daily Buzz" soon had a wide circulation.
And what do you think that "Daily Buzz" said,
In its first editorial, which they all read?
But I can't tell you now,
For some way or somehow,
The space is used up, so run out and play,
And we'll take up the Happychaps some other
day.



READING THE "DAILY BUZZ."



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

FINGER-NAILS

BE careful not to break them,
And bite them you must not,
For if you do it's no excuse
To say that you forgot.

Go straight away to Mother,
If nails are long or rough,
Then she will take the scissors out
And cut them just enough.

It does n't hurt to cut them,
Yet children often cry,
When Mother trims their finger-nails—
I wish they'd tell me why.



AT DINNER

No matter where we children are
We run in answer to the bell,
And dinner comes in piping hot;
It makes us hungry just to smell.

Poor Father sharpens up his knife,
And carves with all his might and main;
But long before he's had a bite
Our Willie's plate comes back again.

We eat our vegetables and meat,
For Mother, who is always right,
Says those who wish to have dessert,
Must show they have an appetite.

And when a Sunday comes around,
So very, very good we seem,
You'd think 'most any one could tell
That for dessert we'd have ice-cream.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy-Day Amusements in the Nursery

OLD ENVELOP TOYS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

ORIGINATED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

Don't throw away your old envelopes. See what amusing toys can be made of them simply by folding and cutting. No paste or glue is needed, and any one of the toys given here can be made in five minutes or less.

THE FROG

THE frog is one of the simplest and at the same time the funniest of the collection. Figure 2 gives a side view in which his beautiful open

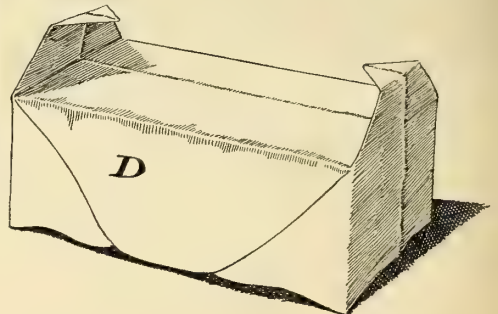
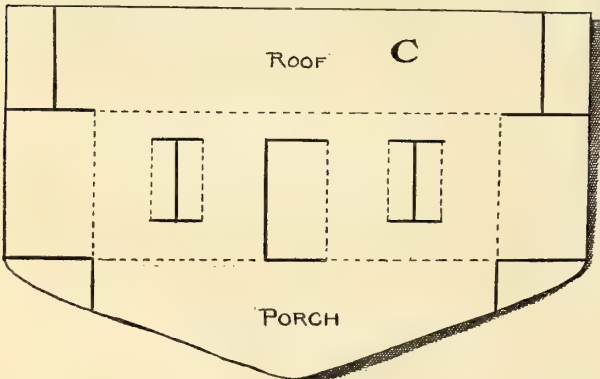
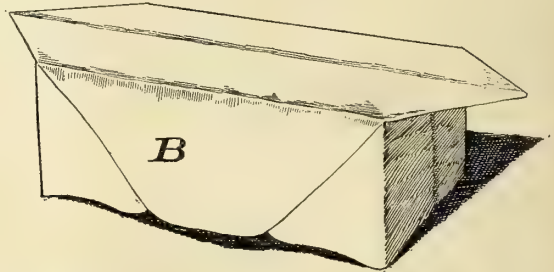
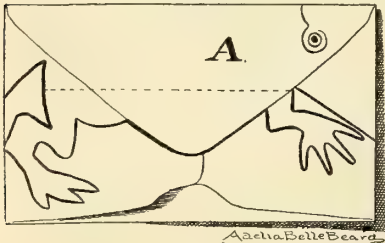


FIG. 1. DIAGRAMS OF FROG, TABLE, BUNGALOW, AND BED.

mouth can be seen to advantage. Figure 3 shows him sprawled out on the table. A, Figure 1, gives the pattern of the frog as it appears when drawn on the envelop. You will notice that the bottom fold of the envelop is used for the top of the animal. Draw the outlines as in A, then cut along the lines you have drawn. The under part of the body follows the edge of the lower lap of the en-



FIG. 2. SIDE VIEW OF THE FROG.

velop from front to hind leg. Now flatten out the fold at the top, and bend the paper under at the corners, which form the head and tail. Cut



FIG. 3. THE FROG SEEN FROM ABOVE.

a slit along the folded edge of the head for the mouth, pull the lower part down and the mouth will open wide as a frog's mouth naturally does. By working the lower jaw the frog can be made to snap at imaginary flies. Draw the eyes as shown in Figures 2 and 3, bend down the lower part of the body along the dotted line, shown in A, in Figure 1, spread out the hind legs, and Master Frog is finished.

THE LITTLE BED

For the little bed (Fig. 4) use a long envelop. If the top lap is open cut it off. Flatten out the bot-

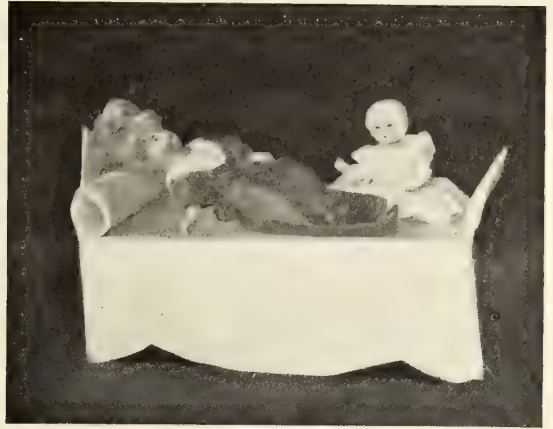


FIG. 4. THE LITTLE BED.

tom fold as you did for the frog's back, then bend the ends and sides as in B in Figure 1. Bend up the points at each end for head and foot boards, and there is your bed.

THE TABLE

MAKE the table (Fig. 5) of a smaller envelop in the same way, but leave the points extending out at the ends and cut short legs on the bottom edge (see Fig. 5 below).

Plates and other dishes can be made very easily. For circular dishes use a cent or a ten-cent piece for a pattern. Very effective cups and goblets can be made from old pieces of tin foil.



FIG. 5. THE TABLE.

The table, however, is strong enough to hold the little china or tin dishes usually found among a child's collection of toys.

THE BUNGALOW

THE little bungalow (Fig. 6) is something very different, yet it, too, is made of an envelop. Though it appears to have many parts it is all in one piece. The envelop is a long one, such as is used for legal papers (C in Fig. 1 gives the pattern). The heavy lines show where to cut and

THE CART

THE little cart (Figs. 9 and 11) that will hold quite a heavy doll and can be trundled about like one made of wood, is not cut at all.

Fold an oblong envelop in the box shape (B, Fig. 1) with the points turned up, but let the points be deeper than for the bed or sofa. This is because



FIG. 6. THE BUNGALOW.

the dotted lines where to bend. The lap forms the front porch, but the porch may be left off entirely if the envelop has been slit at the top in opening it. With a little care, however, many envelops can be opened intact. Cut along the heavy lines of the door and windows, then open the door and the little shutters. Bend back the ends of the house and in the middle of each end take a little plait from top to bottom. This is to make the ends narrower and give room for the roof to slant. Bend the roof back from the eaves along the dotted line. The back of the bungalow is made like the front, except that it has no door, windows, or porch. Children who have a knack at drawing can greatly improve the bungalow by drawing the slats to the blinds, drawing in the paneling on the front door, putting on the knob, putting shingles on the roof, etc., etc.

the ends of the envelop are to form the sides of the cart and must be longer from front to back. Bend the tips of the points in and crease the folds sharply that they may lie flat against the sides. Sharpen one end of a small, round stick and push it through the middle of the folded point on one side, then slide a large, empty spool on the stick and thrust the point of the stick through the opposite side (Fig. 11). The stick should stand out beyond the cart about half an inch on each side, and will need no fastening.

Puncture a hole in one end of the cart, thread a cotton string through the hole, tie a large knot on the inside end and pull the string through until the knot presses close against the end of the cart. Let the string be long enough to reach easily from the floor to the little hand that will hold the other end.

THE BATH-TUB

A LITTLE bath-tub, but one that will scarcely hold water, is shown in Fig. 7. In this the upper lap



FIG. 7. THE BATH-TUB.

is left open, the points are bent under and the sides left to curve naturally. A baby carriage can also be made in this way, but for the carriage the points must extend down and have wheels drawn on them and the tips must be cut off squarely at the bottom so that the carriage will stand. The lap is the back and the handle in one.

THE SOFA

THE comfortable little high-backed sofa (Fig. 8) is made of a long envelop with the top lap left



FIG. 8. THE SOFA.

open. Fold the envelop into the box shape, as for the bed, with the points turned up. Then fold the tips of the points inward, as in D in Figure 1. Now reverse the box and slit down the

two front edges which gives an opening in front, as well as at the top. Bend down this front piece, cut it off on a line with the two ends, and that is all.

THE ARM-CHAIR

A DEEP, low-seated arm-chair can be made of an oblong envelop of ordinary size by following the directions for the sofa and allowing the back to curve instead of making it flat, then slitting down the sides and bending them over to form the arms (see Fig. 10).

Besides all these toys, a babies' cradle that has rockers and will rock, a cunning little dressing-



FIG. 9. THE CART.

table with its mirror, boxes of different shapes and sizes, and various kinds of baskets can be made of the old envelop. Probably there are other forms it may be made to assume. Boats, perhaps, that for a time at least will float on the water, and animals other than the frog. In fact I have n't sufficient space to describe the possibilities of the waste-basket envelop.

It may add to the children's enjoyment if they

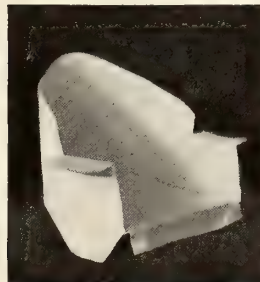


FIG. 10. THE ARM-CHAIR.

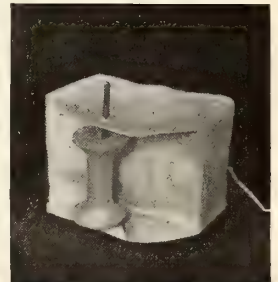


FIG. 11. THE CART UPSET.

enter into a contest for making the greatest number of recognizable articles, with a prize for the largest collection.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE BEAR FAMILY AT HOME

AND HOW THE CIRCUS CAME TO VISIT THEM

BY HON. CURTIS D. WILBUR

THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL THAT HAD A LONG NECK



T

HE next morning, the little Cub Bear woke up very early and rubbed his eyes and wondered if any animal would come that day. He listened and listened but he heard nothing. Suddenly there was a loud "Bang! Bang!" and they knew that some animal was coming. The little Cub Bear ran to the mouth of the den where he could hear a rustling sound. He looked down the path, but could see nothing. He looked again and this time he looked up among the branches of the trees because he thought it might be a bird coming. And what do you think he saw? Away up among the branches of the trees he could see an animal's head. He said, "I see an animal's head moving among the trees. His head has large ears and very large eyes, and two horns different from any horns I ever saw. They are blunt on the end and stick straight up, and seem to have hair on the end of the horns. I can't see the animal, but I see a long, long neck, covered with big yellow spots. As the animal comes nearer I can see more of his neck. And now I can see his legs and his body. His body looks something like a horse, only the hind legs are much shorter than the front legs. If you tried to ride on his back you would slip off behind, because it is slanting like a hill, and all covered with these yellow spots." Just then the owl saw this animal, and he said, "Who-o-oo! Who-o-o-o!"; but the animal did not answer a word. He came along. Just as he came to the mouth of the den, the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is Mr. Giraffe. Ask him to come

in." So the little Cub Bear said very politely, "Come in, Mr. Giraffe." But, of course, the giraffe could not come in. At last he knelt down and stuck his long

V

neck into the cave, and the Cub Bear said to him, "We are going to try to build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" And the giraffe said, "I would be very glad to help you if I could, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus." And little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And the giraffe said, "I don't know. I never built a house in my life. I eat the leaves off the



"THE CUB BEAR AND THE MONKEY TOOK HOLD OF THE GIRAFFE'S TAIL AND PULLED JUST AS HARD AS THEY COULD."

trees and live outdoors, just like horses and zebras and cows. I never had any home." But he said, "I have the longest neck of any animal in the whole world, and if there is anything up in the air you want me to look for, or if there is anything a long way off that you would like to have me see, I think I can look for it for you." And the little Cub Bear suddenly thought of the hole way back in the dark part of the cave, where the wind came from, and he said, "I wish you would come in and see if you can put your head through a hole there is in the back part of the cave. Maybe you will find something." And the giraffe said, "I will be very glad to try." And so he wriggled and twisted and got into the den, and crawled into the very back part, and he found a hole, and it was just large enough for his head and long neck. He stuck his head further and further

into the hole, and stayed there so long, that the little Cub Bear was afraid something was wrong, so he and the monkey took hold of the giraffe's tail and pulled back just as hard as they could. After awhile the giraffe pulled his head out of the hole, and the Cub Bear said, "What did you see?" And the giraffe said, "I found it very dark, and I had to keep my head in a long time, so that my eyes would get used to the darkness, but I could see that there seemed to be a large room, a large cave back of this cave. I could n't see the end of it at all. I think if we could only get into this room, we would have a place large enough for all the animals in the circus, if they wanted to come here to live." And the little Cub Bear said, "My! Would n't that be nice? I wonder, if all the animals would help, if we could n't break down the rock and get into this room."

THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL WITH TWO HORNS ON HIS NOSE

THE next morning early the little Cub Bear heard the "Bang! Bang!" of the beaver's tail and rushed to the mouth of the cave and there he saw a very large animal, with two horns on the end of his nose, and a funny-looking skin, hard and horny. He knew at once that the animal was a rhinoceros that the lion had told about before. The owl said, "Who-o-o-o, w-h-o-o?" and the animal answered with a terrible snort and r-o-a-r. Then the rhinoceros came to the mouth of the cave and the little bear said, "I am very glad that you came, because we are trying to build a house that will be large enough to hold all the animals that used to live in the Circus, and the giraffe tells us that there is a large cave back of this cave, and if we can only break through, we will have a house that will be big enough for us all." Then the rhinoceros said, "What can I do, for I would like to help; your brother was very good to me when we were in the Circus and I would be glad to do anything that I can." The little Cub

Bear said, "I think that with that great horn of yours, you could help to tear out some of the dirt and rocks, and the monkeys and the bears could then carry them out. Perhaps the elephant could be hitched to the chariot, and we could carry out some of the dirt and rocks in the chariot." The rhinoceros said that he would be very glad to do this.

So he walked into the cave and began to pick at the sides of the cave with the biggest one of his two horns. And soon the rocks and big lumps of dirt came tumbling down. The little Cub Bear stood near the rhinoceros with a basket in his hands to carry out the dirt; but he could not carry out the big, heavy pieces, so he had to get his father and mother to help him. All the other animals came in and sat down near the door of the cave, and watched the rhinoceros dig out the rocks and dirt. Pretty soon the cave was a great deal bigger than it was before, and as the rhinoceros had grown very tired he stopped his work and





"SOON THE ROCKS AND BIG LUMPS OF DIRT CAME TUMBLING DOWN."

went out to take a rest. At last the cave was big enough to hold all the animals. To be sure, the elephant and the giraffe had to get down on their knees and crawl in, because they were so tall, but they did not mind that. It was now supper-time, so all the animals had their supper, and by the time it was dark every one of them was fast asleep inside the cave.



THE FOX BOYS THINK THEY WILL HAVE THAT FINE DUCK OUT ON THE LAKE FOR LUNCHEON, BUT—



WHEN THEY SWIM UP TO IT, IT TURNS OUT TO BE A LONG-LEGGED CRANE, AND AWAY IT FLIES!



NATURE & SCIENCE
 FOR YOUNG FOLKS
 EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

"MORE THAN ONCE ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT, I HAVE BEEN AROUSED BY HIS SPUTTERING."

BUSHY undergrowths or thickets in partial clearings form the home of the chat. After an acquaintance of many years, I frankly confess that his true character is a mystery to me. While listening to his strange medley and watching his peculiar actions, we are certainly justified in calling him eccentric, but that there is method in his madness no one who studies him closely can doubt.

Is the odd jumble of whistles, *chucks*, and caws uttered by one bird in that copse yonder, or by half a dozen different birds in as many places? Approach cautiously, and perhaps you may see him in the air—a bunch of feathers twitched downward by the queer, jerky notes which animate it. One might suppose so peculiar a performance would occupy his entire attention, but nevertheless he has seen you; in an instant his manner changes, and the happy-go-lucky clown, who, a moment before was turning aerial somersaults, has become a shy, suspicious haunter of the depths of the thicket, whence will come his querulous *chit, chit*, as long as your presence annoys him.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

THE BIRD CLOWN

THE oddities of the yellow-breasted chat begin even with his classification. To think of a warbler the size of a Baltimore oriole! A warbler

nature designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric she had remarkable success.

This bird, and not the catbird, is the real "clown of the woods." Clown of the thicket would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrub and lower trees; a wild tangle of briars and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings, to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing.

No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide-and-seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush, the one way to find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straws and weed-stalks, lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds, or bushes. The sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red-speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.

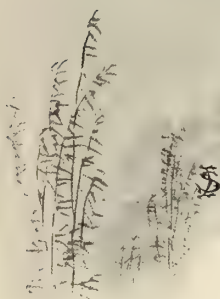


A NEST OF THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

with a song like a mocking-bird! Indeed, there is little about the chat that is not remarkable; he goes in for the weird and the spectacular. If

Outlandish is the only word for the actions of a chat hovering high over his bushy haunt with dangling legs and ungainly flapping wings—a pet diversion. He is performing for his brown mate on her nest near by; he now fairly outdoes even himself. From the time he mounts laboriously until he drops helplessly back among the bushes his appearance is that of a clownish creature experimenting for the first time with wings and tail, and making a signal failure of it.

Not content with squawking, squealing, mew-ing and barking all day, he likes nothing better than to wake the peaceful birds by his midnight solos. More than once on a moonlight night, I have been aroused by his sputtering. “Put-put-put, tut-tut-tut, cut-cut-cut,” he calls dis-



HE DELIGHTS TO DANGLE HIS LEGS AS IF THEY WERE BROKEN.

Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. Now he calls as if to be heard a long way off, then changes his key, as if addressing the spectator.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

tinctly. A song sparrow or a chippy trills softly, thinking it is matin-time, but at once a volley of “cuts” and a loud burst of genuine hilarity greets him. It is the yellow-breasted chat enjoying one of his practical jokes.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.



AN ASTONISHINGLY SUDDEN DROP.

RAISING ALLIGATORS FOR THE MARKET

IT is claimed that the alligator farm in Hot Springs, Arkansas, is larger than that in St. Augustine, Florida, and that these two are the only farms of the kind. The farm in Hot Springs is on a small mountain stream that feeds a series of little lakes or ponds. These are made use of to form the “breeding grounds,” “stock yards” and “winter quarters” for this stock industry.

There are at all times on this farm between five hundred and eight hundred alligators, ranging in size from little baby 'gators, less than six inches long, up to Big Joe, nearly fifteen feet long. The little fellows have all been hatched on the farm, but the big ones were caught in the swamps and bayous of the South.

The alligator is a cannibal, and for that reason it is necessary to separate the ponds by means of heavy wire netting and to place reptiles of very nearly the same size in each inclosure. Big Joe, the monarch of the establishment, weighing nearly six hundred pounds, is kept by himself. Otherwise, it is alleged, he would soon be the only alligator there.

The eggs are placed in incubators quite similar

to those for hatching chickens. After being hatched the little ones are placed in a separate inclosure, to prevent their elder brothers and sis-

in captivity, the alligators would bury themselves in the mud and lie dormant for nearly half of the year, and business would have to be suspended during that time on the alligator farm. Some way had to be devised for avoiding, in part, at least, this hibernating instinct. The winter quarters are in a long, low building divided into many compartments. Each compartment contains a pool of water through which run steam pipes, so that the water can be kept at a constant temperature. One small pond will contain two hundred or three hundred alligators.

Hundreds of baby alligators are sold every year to patrons of the health resort at Hot Springs for pets, for home aquariums, and for curious mementos to be sent to distant friends. For these purposes little creatures not more than six inches long are preferred. Reptiles of larger size, from two feet in length up to the largest that can be obtained, are sold for use as advertising novelties, and for exhibition in amusement parks, museums, shows, and menageries. Large numbers of all sizes are killed, stuffed, and



ALLIGATORS HATCHING OUT FROM THE EGGS
IN THE INCUBATOR.

ters from eating them. They grow very slowly, so that an alligator two feet long is about two years of age, and one twelve feet long may be fifteen years or more. Some reach a length of sixteen or eighteen feet.

If allowed to follow their hibernating habits



ALLIGATORS ABOUT HALF GROWN, IN THEIR "PLAYGROUND" BY THE POOL.



AN ALLIGATOR "SHOOTING" THE CHUTES.

He does this again and again, evidently enjoying the sensation of gliding and the splash in the pool.

mounted in striking or fantastic attitudes and used for ornamental and decorative purposes. The skins are tanned and manufactured into suit

cases, satchels, handbags, belts, pocketbooks, and, in fact, almost anything that can be made of leather. The durability, beauty, and costliness of



THE VETERANS OF THE ALLIGATOR FARM.

They spend much of their time on the bank of the pool.

the tanned hides cause them to be esteemed among the most desirable of leather materials. Even the teeth are not wasted, being manufactured into small ornaments and articles of jewelry or sold as curiosities.

The owner of the farm, Mr. H. I. Campbell, commonly known as "Alligator Joe," writes to "Nature and Science" as follows regarding their winter care and the demand for the animals:

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By keeping the water and the building warm, the alligators are kept active and in no way dormant, as many people think, and every day, no matter how cold, I can give exhibitions of them shooting the chutes, etc. I house them about November fifteenth, and they remain in winter quarters until about April first. By constantly selling the larger sizes I have to replenish my stock, so I make about three hunts a year in Louisiana for new stock, which I bring here and breed from. I kill hundreds while hunting for them in the swamps at night by "shinning" their eyes with a bull's-eye lantern—what we call "headlighting." These skins are used in the manufacturing of goods, etc. The alligators I raise on the farm are worth more alive than they would be for their skins; for instance, a baby alligator is n't worth a cent for his skin, but I cannot raise enough for sale, alive, as the demand for them is so large.

Yours very truly,

H. I. CAMPBELL,
"Alligator Joe."



"I PICKED A BRANCH OF BALSAM, BEAUTIFULLY IN FULL BLOOM."

MY FLORAL GEESE

I HAD read how the peasants in some parts of Europe believed, until rather recent times, that



"AND AWAY AND AWAY THEY WENT UNTIL THEY FLUTTERED DOWN TO A GLASSY SEA, WHERE THEIR GRACEFUL FORMS WERE REFLECTED IN THE MIRRORING DEPTHS."

geese are hatched from the stalked barnacles¹ attached to driftwood or to the branches of trees which are submerged in the sea at high tide. I, of course, knew that these plant geese existed only in the lively imagination of these unlearned and unobserving persons, and that they had mistaken the waving filaments of the feeding cirripeds, as they protruded from the shell, for the tiny wings of goslings with immature feathers. I had also learned incidentally that the word barnacle (meaning "burnt") like "brant," refers to the burnt black color of the birds, and that the term barnacle was derived from the name of the bird and not the term bernicle (geese) from the crustacean.

These plant geese were the result of imperfect observation. I was therefore still more surprised to learn that the formation of floral geese could be seen by one whose power of observation has been cultivated and does not "jump at conclusions." One day as I walked along a path in my garden I picked a branch of balsam beautifully in full bloom. But imagine my astonishment when upon careful examination I discovered several "geese" on the lower side of nearly every blossom. If I should heed the botanist he would smile and say, "They are not geese on your balsam or *Impatiens*. They are 'spurred sepals.'" But just then I let fancy, rather than the botanist, have the say; and in that spirit, the geese with some assistance flew in great flocks from the stalk and away and away they went until they fluttered down to a glassy sea, where their graceful forms were reflected in the mirroring depths. As they swam among the islands of moss on the shining surface, I pursued them with the camera, and caught three to give you a nearer

can find and capture an entire flock on the balsam in your garden.

Continuing the fancy, one might easily imagine



"I PURSUED THEM WITH MY CAMERA, AND CAUGHT THREE TO GIVE YOU A NEARER VIEW OF THEIR PRETTY WHITE BODIES, AND THEIR GRACEFULLY ARCHED NECKS."

or play that Mother Nature, for our floral geese hunting, has made provision so that "guns" near at hand may be used as well as a camera. But she has seemingly done it in a joke—ludicrously exaggerating the firearms. The pods that "go off" with a "bang" upon a slight touch at the "triggers" (the tip ends of the pods) throw the "cannon-balls" (the seeds) to a great distance. The discharge is so sudden, so snappy, and the contortions and interwindings of the parts of the pods so intricate that they make one jump, exclaim, and laugh, all at once.

Most country young folks are familiar with the "going off" of the long slender pods of the wild balsam or jewel-weed, also called touch-me-not or snap weed from the sudden bursting of the pods when touched.



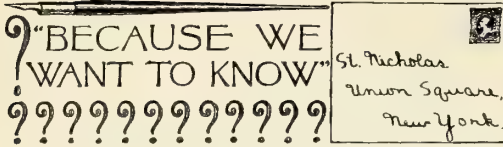
THE PODS OF THE BALSAM.

The two pods at the left have "gone off" with a "bang" (snap) and most of the seeds were thrown quite a distance. The pod at the right is like a cannon all "loaded" and ready to be "fired." Just touch the tip, at left.

view of their pretty white bodies and their gracefully arching necks. It is a dainty hunting. There is no bloodshed. There is no pain. You

If you have had no balsam, sow some seeds this spring. None of the old-fashioned flowers is prettier. You will enjoy the plants.

¹For description and illustrations of barnacles, see "The Goose Barnacle," page 1132 of "Nature and Science" for October, 1906.



DO SNAKES HAVE EARS?

DE KALB, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether snakes have ears or not? If they have not, why do the little garter-snakes run or crawl away so quickly? I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Yours truly,

CATHERINE SMITH.

Snakes have no external ears, but inside the head the ear bones are very crude. Snakes "hear," however, by *feeling* vibration of sound on their delicate scaly covering, and searching for sound vibrations by protruding the wonderfully sensitive tongue which is filled with thousands of microscopic nerves. Their sight is very keen in distinguishing moving objects.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A BIRD-HOUSE

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Early last spring, I made a bird-box, hoping that the bluebirds would nest in it. I put it up in one of the trees in our yard, but we had so much trouble with the English sparrows that I fixed up a trap for them. I nailed a piece of shingle on the box under the door so that it would turn easily; I then fastened a weight on one end of it; then I tied a string to the same end and carried it to our verandah, so that if the English sparrows should go in I could drop the string, thereby letting the weight fall which is fastened to the shingle, which lets that end down and the other end up over the hole, thus catching the sparrow. However, the sparrows seemed to



THE BIRD-HOUSE IN THE TREE.
Note the arrangement of the moving shingle.

be afraid of it and would not go near it. When the bluebirds came, they did n't mind it a bit, and began to nest right away.

Your sincere reader,
BREWSTER S. BEACH (age 13).

From a later letter: "The bluebirds are in it and have young. I send the picture."

Bird-houses are easily made. The simplest is a box from the store, a hole cut in the side, and waterproof paper or oilcloth tacked on the top.

Please tell of your experiences with bird-houses.

A TWO-STORY ROSE

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a freak which I have discovered on our red rambler rose-bush. Two roses



THE TWO-STORY ROSE.

The lower fluffy part of each is the main rose. The "second-story rose" is in bud above, just ready to open.

with buds growing out of them. Have you ever seen such a thing? And what part of the rose has produced the bud?

Yours truly,

GERTRUDE WILLIAMS.

This kind of structure occurs occasionally in plants, especially in the rose family. Pears sometimes show a leafy shoot issuing from the middle of the larger end, which is the same thing, and the little orange inside the navel orange is another imperfect form of the same. Its cause is known in part. All the rose petals, stamens, and pistils, arise either in whorls or spirally on a bud of vegetative point—usually this point then stops growing and makes nothing more. Sometimes, however, through causes unknown, it takes a fresh start and builds new whorls or spirals of leaves, etc., lengthening out as it does so. This is evidently the case in the specimens sent. There is therefore no mystery about how the structure is built, but only why the bud does at times so build it.—PROFESSOR W. F. GANONG.

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF TURTLES

LAKE FOREST, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We go up in the mountains of Michigan in the summer time and there in Pine River we catch very many turtles. When we catch them or, rather, when we try, they usually dive off the log where they were before and swim straight down. We almost always wait there for them to come up to the surface to breathe, and they almost always do.

I want to know whether they have to come up to the surface of the water to breathe or can they stay under as long as they like?

We brought twelve turtles home and we have them in a very large pan on our back porch. They have a rock to sun themselves upon, and are in a place where the sun gets at them. We have always fed them bits of raw meat, which they eat very readily, and also flies and bugs. Do they get this in their natural home? If not, what do they get?

We put some tiny rock bass in with our turtles once and they lived for about two days and then the next morning we found them dead, with our turtles eating and fighting over them. We never have known whether the rock bass died and then the turtles ate them, or whether the turtles killed them themselves and then ate them. Can you tell what happened?

We intend to put our turtles in a near-by pond, which is very large, in winter, so they can hibernate. There are some turtles in there already. Ours are "painted" turtles.

Yours sincerely,

GRACE TUTTLE.

Turtles can remain under water for several hours without a necessity of coming to the surface, as they fill the lungs before going down, taking enough air to aerate the blood for some time. In winter, many turtles remain under water the entire season, the bodily function being in a partially suspended state.

Wild turtles feed upon insects, worms, tadpoles, frogs, and fishes.

In an aquarium turtles will kill and eat fish.—
RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

HOW BEES SWARM

COMSTOCK, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When the weather gets warm and the beehives are full of bees they begin to get ready to swarm. They raise a dozen or more young queens, but the old one generally goes with the first swarm. They come out in the air, fly around, and then settle. When they begin to settle a few bees light and the others keep piling on them and hanging to one another till they all get settled. Sometimes there is no more than a quart of bees



A SWARM OF BEES ON THE SEAT OF A SULKY PLOW.

The swarm is the dark mass in front of the child.

in a swarm, and we have had them when they would fill a big pail. Sometimes they will not stay in the cluster more

than half an hour, and sometimes they hang all day before they go away. When we go to get them we spread a sheet down in front of the hive and shake the bees on it and they run in. If they light on a tree we sometimes cut the branch off and carry it to the hive. They quite often settle on a tree, and we have had them light on the fence or on the ground. The picture is of a swarm that settled on a sulky-plow seat. My little sister is finishing her breakfast beside them.

AILSA B. AMOS (age 12).

Experiences with honey-bees are very interesting. "Nature and Science" desires to receive letters and photographs (especially of unique situations) from all young folks who have assisted in the care of honey-bees.

ORNAMENTAL GOURDS

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is growing ornamental gourds for the first time, and I would be pleased if you



A VARIETY OF ORNAMENTAL GOURDS.

would tell me if there is a way of drying them so that they will keep; also if it is possible to paint or etch on them and when to do so; viz., before or after the drying. At what time of the year should the gourds be cut?

Probably an article dealing with the treatment of ornamental gourds would be of interest to many of your readers, as it would to

Yours very sincerely,

BERTHA E. COOKE.

Ornamental gourds are as easily raised as are cucumbers, squashes, and watermelons, which belong to the same family (*Cucurbitaceae*).

Do not pick the gourds till the vines are dried. Then put the gourds on a table in a sunny window until they are thoroughly dry. Nature's decorations of the beautiful colors and interesting markings on some species are better than anything you can add in paint. But, if you do wish to paint on the plain white ones, do so after they are dry.

My best advice in the matter is to get a large variety of seeds and try growing them. Actual experience is worth more than pages of instructions.



THE ALBUM OF THE LEAGUE

BERNARD F. TROTTER, AT 17. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, MAY, 1907. THEN 16.)
MILDRED SEITZ, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE, FEB., 1903.)

GLADYS NELSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE, MARCH AND DEC., 1905.)
ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, NOV., 1903.)

THIS is our fifth "Album" exhibit of Honor Members—that is, League members who have won gold badges in the League competitions. Some of the pictures are of old members, who won their badges a good while ago, and are grown up, now, and perhaps contributing to other magazines. It is interesting to look at these faces, full of promise and aglow with the first dawn of success. To the reader who may happen to know the present achievements of the older members, the pictures of that earlier time are doubly interesting, and such increase of interest will attach to many of our Honor-Member pictures as the years go by, for it is from that multiplying army that a goodly number of the writers and illustrators of the future must be drawn. We have had a hundred League competitions, and when a hundred more have slipped away some of us will look back over these Album pages and be sur-

prised, maybe, at the number of names and faces that in that brief time have become familiar to the general reader.

So we are making the record of them here and now, for the fresh interest of to-day, the retrospective interest of the days ahead, and for the encouragement of those who are striving with infinite pains and perseverance to achieve worthy results and their legitimate reward.

We shall continue the League Album for the present, and we hope every Gold Badge Winner will send a photograph, taken as nearly as possible at the time of the winning. We want the photographs of all such members, whether new or old. And, once more, remember it is not necessary to win a cash prize to become an Honor Member, that an Honor Member is the winner of a gold badge.

As heretofore, we publish a few examples of

the work for which awards were made, and under each picture we give the date when each "Honor-Member" prize was granted.

A LOG FIRE
BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 15)
(Cash Prize)

MERRILY crackle the blazing logs,
Bidding us all be gay;
While out in the wild December night,
Under the sky so gray,

It seems that we hear the Storm King cry,
While the north winds shrilly blow,



SARAH CECILIA MC CARTHY, AT 15.
(GOLD BADGE, PROSE, APRIL,
1905. THEN 13.)



ELIZABETH PARKER, AT 20.
(GOLD BADGE, PROSE,
SEPT., 1903. THEN 16.)

"Marshall, ye clouds, in the frozen north,
And cover the earth with snow!"

And bound are the streams in their strong ice-chains,
While the leafless forest sways;
But nearer we draw to the cheerful hearth—
How I love these fireside days!

For here we determine, in hopeful youth,
The triumphs of life to win;
And here by the fire I often dream
That my ship Success comes in.

I dream that I gather the sweet wild rose
That blooms by the pasture bars;
And I wander once more in the sweet June eve,
Under the silver stars.



JANET MC LEOD GOLDEN, AT 17.
(GOLD BADGE, PROSE, MAY,
1906. THEN 15.)



ELIZABETH L. CLARKE, AT 14.
(GOLD BADGE, PHOTOGRAPHY,
AUG., 1907. THEN 13.)



LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, AT 9.
(GOLD BADGE, PROSE,
NOV., 1906. THEN 8.)



JOHN H. HILL, AT 10. (GOLD AND
CASH PRIZES, WILD CREATURE PHO-
TOGRAPHY, SEPT., 1907. THEN 11.)

The charred log breaks, and a ruddy light
Flickers and then is dead;
And the snow falls silently, soft and white,
While the happy good nights are said.

WEEDS IN MY LANE
BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW (AGE 8)
(Gold Badge)

I LIKE to live in nature's glory. I love the sunny silence of my lane, where everything grows with all its might. Why do people call weeds common? They are frequent but very wonderful, and I have spent my happiest summer days among them. First I find yellow dandelions peeping from the green grass. Because they are the first to appear they are the dearest, for in winter only the faithful fir-trees bear us company. The dandelions have long narrow



DORIS HACKBUSH, AT 18.
(GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE-MAKING,
JUNE, 1904. THEN 15.)



MAUDE SAWYER, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE, PHOTOGRAPHY,
FEB., 1908.)

petals, and French boys call them *dent de lion*. They soon pass into little balls of down which scatter in the breeze. They sow early; therefore they are thrifty. Next arrive a multitude of buttercups. They also have a French name, *bouton d'or*. They are happy and nod to each other in the wind. Soon I gather white and buff daisies. Sometimes I make a nosegay of several hundreds. I hunt for clover, not with my eyes, but with my nose and also with my ears; for where I find fragrant clover, there hums the big bee, looking for a honey breakfast, and never disappointed. The silver and gold tansy grow abundantly. I love the strong smell of tansy, because it means midsummer, when everything splendid is in sight. Burdock has a cool shady leaf, a pretty pink blossom, and little burs which I use to make baskets for amusement. There are many other weeds in my lane. They are my intimate friends.



"HEADING." BY JOHN J DRAFFAN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Now once again the world 's in tune
With song, and scent, and sun of June.

WITH this month comes the close of school once more, and presently we shall be planning all sorts of pleasant things to do during the long summer days. Some of us will be in the mountains; some of us will go to the sea-shore; some of us will stay at our homes in the country, and others of us will have to remain in town for the most part; but all of us will be planning days under the sky and in the shade and by cool waters. Sometimes we do not care to do much on days like these but just "laze" around and pretend to read and perhaps fish a little or "go swimming," when the water is n't too cold. But there will be other days when we are hungry and suffering for "something to do." Those are League days. We are going to have competitions suitable to the summer season,—rather lazy subjects—that

one may make pictures and stories about without the trouble of looking up facts on a hot day. As to the poets, well they are always a sort of privileged dreamy class, and have a "license" and never have to "get right down and dig" anyway, except for good words and rhymes, and some of them don't dig quite as much as they should, for those.

Our "Famous Home" Competition was so popular, and so many contributions came that told of such familiar homes as those of Washington, and Lincoln, and Longfellow, and a few others, and all so well written, that we were obliged to rule them out of the competitions and recognize them only on Roll of Honor No. 1, which, as in the case of the "Flower" Competition of last month, is of "record" length. Those whose names are on that roll may comfort themselves with the thought that they have the very highest encouragement to try again.



"HOME SWEET HOME." BY EMILIE O WAGNER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

HOME

BY EMMELINE BRADSHAW (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

I DREAMT that the green leaves were budding
And thrushes and wrens were awake,
That May-flow'rs were bright in the garden,
A-blowing, and all for my sake.
The fruit-trees were smiling around me,
All dainty in scarlet and cream—
'T was home,—and I loved it—I loved it!
I woke—and, alas! 't was a dream.

I dreamt that I stood on the hilltop;
Below me the woodlands were green,
The grasses grew long by the pathway,
All bright with the raindrops' sheen.
A wind through the wet woods came blowing,
Sweet-scented with lilac and May,—
I awoke, far away o'er the ocean,
And dawn in the heavens stood gray.

My dreams drifted into a haven,
 Across a bright beautiful sea;
 The sun on the cliffs of my homeland,
 Was setting in glory for me.
 But a shadow came down from the mountain,
 And fell on my light cedar bark,
 And, lo! I awoke full of sorrow
 And wept bitter tears in the dark.



"ANTELOPE." BY MYRON BONE, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE,
 WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 100

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered

Verse. Gold badge, **Emmeline Bradshaw** (age 16), Landsdown House, Merrow, Guilford, Surrey, Eng.

Silver badges, **Rosalea M. McCready** (age 14), Estero, Fla.; **Manuel Gichner** (age 11), 1516 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md., and **Louisa E. Keasbey** (age 10), care of Dr. Lindley M. Keasbey, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

Prose. Gold badges, **Alice Needham Very** (age 13), Westwood, Mass.; **Elizabeth R. Hirsh** (age 15), 2215 Green St., Phila., Pa., and **Bruce T. Simonds** (age 12), 339 Norman St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Silver badges, **Winifred Bluck** (age 16), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.; **Frances Elizabeth Huston** (age 12), 506 Pipestone St., Benton Harbor, Mich., and **Louise K. Paine** (age 13), Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, L. I.

Drawing. Gold badges, **John J. Draffan** (age 17), 1320 S. 13th St., Phila., Pa., and **Harrison McCreary** (age 13), 15 Warrenton Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Beryl H. Margetson** (age 9), The Manor House, Blewbury, W. Didcot, Berkshire, Eng.; **Irene Fuller** (age 16), 126 26th St., Milwaukee, Wis., and **Corrie E. Blake** (age 13), 46 Thurloe Sq., London, S. W., Eng.

Photography. Gold badge, **Emilie O. Wagner** (age 13), Westchester, Pa., Route 1.

Silver badges, **Zalmon G. Simmons**, 3d, 461 Prairie Ave., Kenosha, Wis.; **Robert L. Moore** (age 12), Hazelbrook Farm, Wayland, Mass., and **Frances Lucile Hill** (age 14), 14 Ross Co. Block, Chillicothe, O.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Antelope," by **Myron Bone** (age 15), 17 Beanard St., Spokane, Wash. Second prize, "Young Elk," by **Leonard A. Fletcher** (age 12), Hoh, Wash. Third prize, "Buffalo," by **E. T. Laneburg** (age 16), 3114 Half Carr St., Omaha, Neb. Fourth prize, "Herons' Nests," by **Robert Falge** (age 15), Manitowoc, Wis.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Robert S. Cox** (age 17), Box 256, Terre Haute, Ind., and **Frances Luthin** (age 13), 13 Burrell St., Roxbury, Mass.

Silver badges, **Katherine Tallmadge** (age 14), 77 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, Ohio, and **MacKay Sturges** (age 12), Princeton, N. J.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Margaret H. Smith** (age 15), Tomah, Wis., and **D. W. Hand, Jr.** (age 10), The Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Sydney L. Wright, Jr.** (age 11), Logan, Phila., Pa.; **Francis G. Ahlers** (age 10), 84 Linden St., Wellesley, Mass., and **Grace Lowenhaupt** (age 12), Roselle, N. J.

MY VISIT TO A FAMOUS HOME

BY ALICE NEEDHAM VERY (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

SEVERAL years ago, when we lived in Virginia, my mother took me for a drive to visit Woodlawn, the home of Nelly Custis. It was the middle of November, but gay flashes of color were still seen among the rich browns of the foliage that lined the long pleasant road.

At last, upon emerging from a woods through which we had been driving for some time, we saw the house crowning the summit of a high hill, up which the road wound gradually.

It is a large brick mansion built in 1805 by Major Lewis and his wife, Nelly Custis, on the estate which was left them by Nelly's step-grandfather, Washington, and was named for Major Lewis's childhood home.

It seemed strange that those high ceilings had once echoed the sound of Nelly Custis's merry laugh, that the great rooms had once resounded with the mirth and music of one of the gay parties which she often gave there, and



"YOUNG ELK." BY LEONARD A. FLETCHER, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY ZALMON G. SIMMONS, 3RD, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

that Nelly Custis might have stood conversing with Lafayette or some other famous personages of those times on the very spot where we stood.

Since those happy times the house had fallen into decay, but since the Kesters, the family of the well-known playwright, have bought the place, it has been restored in its

The mother bird works hard all day gathering up the grain,
Then homeward to her nest she flies her babies to maintain;
Four hungry little birdies open wide their yawning beaks,
Their mother feeds them willingly 'til days creep into weeks.

In the tangled jungle the lion awaits his prey,
Waits beside a little path some creature to waylay;
Now he drags it to his den through the forest's heat,
So his mate and little cubs shall not want for meat.

Along a field clad in pure white a little rabbit ran,
Behind her came a hungry fox — to kill her was his plan;
On through a leafless thicket to her burrow in the ground,
And now she is in shelter, after one last desperate bound.

One comes from his office to his mansion on the street,
And one comes from the forest to a humble hut so neat,
One comes from the harrow to his cottage midst the loam,
Each comes from his labor, and each goes to his home.

Home is home to all things, wherever it may be;
In the wigwam, in the house, the den, or in the tree,
Or be it in the burrow, deep within the ground,
'T is the same to every creature the whole great world
around.

A FAMOUS HOME

BY BRUCE T. SIMMONS (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

THE streets of Fairfield, Connecticut, are all pleasant, but
the wide avenue arched with elms, that passes the old Green,



"HERONS' NESTS." BY ROBERT FALGE, AGE 15. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"BUFFALO." BY E. T. LANELBURG, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

original form. Our hostess showed us some beautiful marbles which had been brought over from Italy by Major Lewis and which had been found buried in a heap of rubbish when they bought the place.

We also visited the stables and were introduced to Julia Marlowe's little dog which had crossed the ocean twenty-five times, and to a donkey which I was invited to ride.

But how can I describe the view which we had from the front piazza! All the country around spread at our feet, and over beyond the wilderness of trees, the last rays of the setting sun gleamed on the blue waters of the majestic Potomac, stretching away before us for twenty-five miles.

And now it was time to go home, so we said good-by to our friends and to beautiful old Woodlawn, and drove home through the gathering twilight.

HOME

BY LOUISA E. KEASBEY (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

HARD upon the war-path his enemy pursuing,
In his heart the picture of the maid he was avowing;
From the Indian warrior came his battle-cry,
Fighting for his wigwam, ready there to die.



"A HOME INTERIOR." BY HARRISON MC CREARY, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)

is the most beautiful of them all, in my opinion. Perhaps this beauty is enhanced by the fine residences which line it on either side. One of these homes is the old mansion called the "House with Sixty Closets."

Probably many members of the St. Nicholas League have read Mr. Child's charming allegory "The House with Sixty Closets," which gives a very good description of the old house. The "Judge" in that story is Judge Roger Sherman, who built the house. Mr. Child, the author of the book, now resides in this interesting old mansion.

The house was built in 1816 and as it was to be one of the finest houses in that part of the country, Mrs. Sherman bought furniture to match. The chairs, tables, cabinets, and bedsteads were of mahogany. Mrs. Sherman's Grecian sofa with cushions was bought for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but that was nothing to her long gilt-framed

mirror for which she paid a hundred and fifty-five dollars, in gold. As there was a fireplace in every large room, there must have been a great number of andirons.

The parlor carpet was made to order in England. It is said that when it arrived it was found to be seven feet longer than the rooms for which it was intended, so extensions were built at the end of each parlor, to fit the carpet! Whether this story is true or not, the wings are there to this day.

Mrs. Sherman had the reputation of being very liberal and she certainly was as to the number of closets she had in the house, for at one time there were no less than sixty. This fact gave it the name of the "House with Sixty Closets." Each closet held some particular article, such as herbs, linen, calico, or the private papers of the Judge. Mrs. Sherman, however, could tell in which closet the desired article could be found, from the wine-closet in the cellar to the ham-closet in the attic. She must have had a remarkable memory.

When the Shermans died the Congregational Church received the property. It still stands on the main street, and although the number of closets has dwindled, it is still known as "The House with Sixty Closets."



"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY ROBERT L. MOORE, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

DREAMS OF HOME

(Illustrated Poem)

BY ROSALEA M. MCCREADY (AGE 14)



(Silver Badge)

WHEN the twilight shadows fall
O'er the land and sea,
And the lonely hoot-owl's call
Comes across to me,
Then the present seems to fade,
And my fancies roam
Back again unto the shade
Of my childhood home.

Once again I seem to see
Each familiar face,
Every rock and stump and tree
Of that hallowed place;
Once again I seem to know
What it is to roam
Through the orchard, to and fro,
At my childhood home.



"A DOLL'S HOME SWEET HOME FOR FIFTY YEARS." BY
ATWOOD TOWNSEND, AGE 11.

Once again I seem to feel
Blithe and glad and free,
When at dusk these fancies steal
Softly over me.
When the day's bright sunlight flees
Then my fancies roam,
Bringing back the memories
Of my childhood home.

AN ODE TO MY HOME STATE

BY MANUEL GICHNER (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

By the laughing, sparkling rill,
Through the forest old and hoary,
Past the old, moss-covered mill,
Favorite theme in song and story,

Through the little open glen,
Where the chipmunk's den is seen;
Where, far from the haunts of men,
Rabbits lose their timid mien,

Up the narrow mountain path,
Where the boulders, wayward thrown,



"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY FRANCES LUCILE HILL, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE.)

Look as if a giant's wrath
By such labors had been shown,

And across the furrowed land,
Where, anear our cottage door,
One can see the golden sand
Of the broad Potomac shore,

Often, often have I wandered,
Marveling how, with lavish hand,
Nature all her charms had squandered
On thy shores, Oh Maryland.



"HEADING." BY IRENE FULLER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GOETHE HOUSE

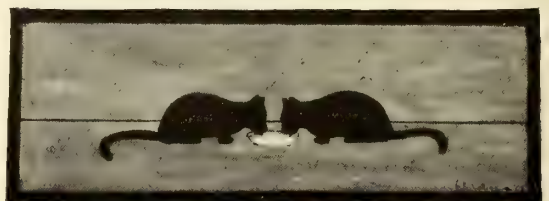
BY ELIZABETH R. HIRSH (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge*)

"WHAT shall it be to-day?" asked father, as we sat at breakfast in the charming Frankfurt "pension." Mother considered. Then,— "Suppose we visit the Goethe House." As this was received with shouts of acclamation, preparations were soon under way, and in less time than it takes to tell, our carriages were rolling down the Bockenheimer Landstrasse on the way to the Goethe-House.

The house itself, a typical eighteenth century dwelling, built around a courtyard, stands in one of the older sections of Frankfurt; and, from the outside, presents an aspect of stateliness and gloom. Even upon entering, it has a somewhat formal air, effected, no doubt, in a large measure by the scrupulous care bestowed upon it. We were led up the broad staircase, and, stopping on the way to admire the handsome old chests and curious clocks, through the rooms of Goethe's family. Especially interesting is his father's library with its rows and rows of old books. In fancy, I saw the boy Goethe poring over the dusty volumes, with occasional stealthy glances to the little window high up in the wall, through which he could see his sweetheart's house.

Then, as though all this were merest preliminary, we were led to Goethe's own room. With its huge, old-fashioned bed and high-set windows it is indeed quaint. Goethe died in Weimar, so this room belongs to him especially as a boy. It is the silhouettes and crayon-sketches of the boy Goethe that are hung upon the wall; and here are his tin soldiers and the toy-theater wherewith he acted out the fancies of his childhood. When we had gazed upon this with respect profound enough to impress even the voluble German guide, we were led to the Goethe Museum in the rear of the house. Here are collected many things of interest in connection with the great poet; medals, marbles, and manuscripts are guarded with jealous care. As in duty bound, I looked at all these, but my thoughts were still in the high-ceilinged, old-fashioned house, which, in



"A HOME INTERIOR." BY GERALD IGNATIUS COLLINS, AGE 14.

ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



JUNE

"A HOME INTERIOR." HEADING. BY PERCY BLUMLEIN, AGE 16.

spite of the "desecrations" of tourists, retains much of its "homey" air.

In outward form, the Museum would doubtless be considered the more beautiful, and, as it contains many more relics of the great poet, possibly the more interesting. But to me, the Museum seemed scientifically cold, everything was labeled and classified. *This* was a tribute to the poet Goethe, but *there* the man had moved and lived.

THE HOME-COMING

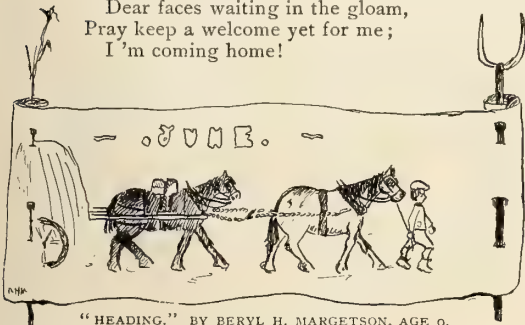
BY DOROTHY CORY STOTT (AGE 16)
(Honor Member)

THE long, long road lies straight before
Like a dusty ribbon upon the shore
Till it slippeth down in the valley far,
And leadeth on to the open door
Where home-lights are.

The light is low in the paling west,
And the bright bird tosses his purple crest,
No more on wearying wing to roam;
He sees afar his welcome nest;
He's going home!

There comes a whiff through the deep'ning dark
Of faint wild rose and of balsam bark,
And so brightly doth the firelight glow,
That, in the dusk, I can almost mark
The smiles I know!

Oh, bonnie land of joys to be!
Oh, misty heav'n of reverie!
Dear faces waiting in the gloam,
Pray keep a welcome yet for me;
I'm coming home!



"HEADING." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE SOLDIER'S HOME
BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 15)
(Honor Member)

CALL not to me, ye winds!
Nor beckon, ye naked trees,
Through the Golden Gate of sunset
Where the dying daylight flees!
For though another hopeless night across
the sky doth creep,
The women-folk must stay at home, and weep.

Waft not to me, ye winds,
Through the deep twilight gloom,
The sound of the cavalry charge
And the cannon's awful boom.
For when our men in thousands sink in
eternal sleep,
The women-folk must stay at home, and weep.

Speak not to me, ye winds,
Nor whisper your news of sorrow!
Why should I learn of the grief
That waits, perchance, to-morrow?
Nor hasten thou, oh, tardy night,
Thy ripening hours to reap;
For slumber brings oblivion
To those at home that weep.

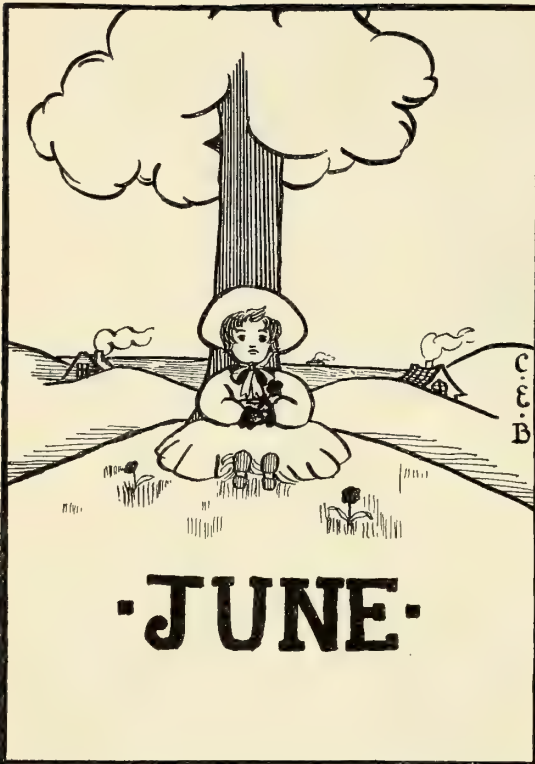


"A HOME INTERIOR." BY JACOB WEINSTEIN, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

A FAMOUS HOME
BY FRANCES ELIZABETH HUSTON (AGE 12)
(Silver Badge)

THE home of Mr. John Stauffer is not a famous one save around our countryside, but here it is famous for the spirit of generous hospitality that reigns in it. There is nothing remarkable about it; the well-kept lawns and gardens and the big orchard are like those of other large country residences; but so many farmers' nice orchards are not open to girls and boys, and Mr. Stauffer's is!

What could be more delightful than a brisk ride behind his brown ponies through the snow to his beautiful home,



-JUNE-

"HEADING." BY CORRIE E. BLAKE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The silver-shining pool, and hidden, slipped
Through mossy channels, fern- and flower-trimmed.

And there, a half-span from the water's edge
A violet nodded, and, with coyest grace,
Bent lightly over from her crannied ledge
To see, reflected, her own perfect face.

The clustering grasses, nestled at her feet
In shy attendance, waited her command;
And, roguish, raised their slender forms to greet
Her green leaves, set like guards on either hand.

Thus wrapped in th' incense of her honeyed breath,
And lulled by murmurs from the pearly spring,
The place her dwelling was for life and death —
A fitting casket for so fair a thing.

THOMAS MOORE'S BERMUDA HOME

BY WINIFRED BLUCK (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

ALL alone, in the midst of the blue Atlantic, lies a group of coral islands known as the Bermudas. There, once upon a time, the poet, Thomas Moore, found a dwelling-place. During his stay he must have enjoyed his beautiful surroundings.

The road that passes the house wherein he spent one short year is like a white ribbon winding along the shore of a sound that is almost surrounded by hills. Below the road the salt spray dashes up on the rocks; on the hillside above it is a forest of cedars overgrown with evergreens. "Walsingham" is the name of the house and of the grounds surrounding it. The house is an old-fashioned stone structure of native coral, tinged by age to a soft yellow. It overlooks the waters of the sound; and the gentle lapping of the tide against the shore makes low, monotonous music. The entire place is an ideal home for a poet, so still and calm and solemn.

Hidden by towering cedars is a pond of bright blue water of amazing depth and clearness. A rough, winding path behind the house leads to a sunny dell. In this dell is a decayed calabash tree, centuries old; and hidden away by evergreens are many odd nooks and crannies. Near by is another tiny pond with beautiful fish gliding to and fro. Among them are the red squirrel fish and the angel

where, in the ruddy firelight, one popped corn and ate apples and nuts to one's heart's content?

I know of nothing, unless it would be a picnic in summer, when Mr. Stauffer gathers all little lads and lassies from far and near, at his place, where they play in the long grass and gather flowers, and wade in the silvery little brook, and climb trees.

And such nutting there in the fall! shaking trees, with the blue sky above you and the red and golden leaves about you, with the milk-weed down sifting through the warm sunlit air.

Children are always welcome at good John Stauffer's house, and he loves nothing better than to befriend them.

Grown people, also, all love him for his kindness. If ever a neighbor is ill and in want, John Stauffer is among the first to proffer aid.

Thus, by his kindness and hospitality he has won the hearts of all who know him and made his home famous.

THE VIOLET'S HOME

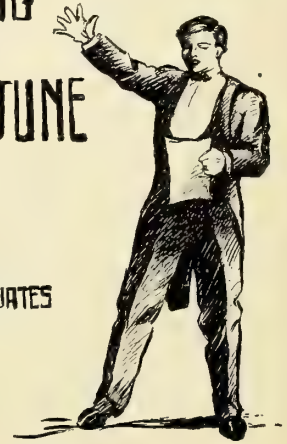
BY BERNARD F. TROTTER (AGE 17)
(Honor Member)

I FOUND a grotto in a nest of hills,
Half hidden by down-drooping branch and vine,
Where, year by year, the mountain torrent drills
Deeper its path between the slopes of pine.

A fairy cave it was, scarce large enough
To let a baby breeze turn twice within;
And all its over-arching roof was rough
With bright rose-jewels, crystal-clear, and thin.

From which a sweet and dewy dampness dripped
With liquid note; in bubbling ripples brimmed

HEADING
FOR
JUNE



THE
GRADUATES

"HEADING." BY ANITA MOFFETT, AGE 16.



"HEADING." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

fish. The latter, flashing across the sunlit waters, form a study in blue and gold.

A narrow and rugged path terminates at the entrance to a cave. The interior is dark and somber until it is lighted by a blazing palm branch. A few steep steps lead down into the mouth of the cave. Within, is a deep, deep lake of still green water, so transparent that the sandy bottom is distinctly visible. Around the edge of this underground pool runs a little ledge of rock just wide enough for a footpath.

With its many and varied attractions "Walsingham" deserved to be, if only for a short time, the habitation of a poet whose poetry suggests that he lived in an earthly paradise.

THE HOME OF THE STARS

BY EMILY TYLER HOLMES (AGE 9)

The home of the stars is in heaven,
They live there all the year.
They shine all the night 'til the morning
And then they disappear.

They shine with the moon in the night-time
So sweet and lovely and bright;
The sun is a golden color,
But the stars are most of them white.

HOME

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 9)

(Honor Member)

NORTH or south,
Or east or west,
In lowland valley,
On mountain crest,

Where zephyrs murmur,
And roses blow,
Where sleigh bells jingle
'Mid falling snow,

On the world's highway
Or quiet spot,
In lordly palace
Or humble cot,

Where 'er we linger
O'er land or foam,
Wherever love is,
Oh, there is home.

OUR HOME ON A RAINY NIGHT

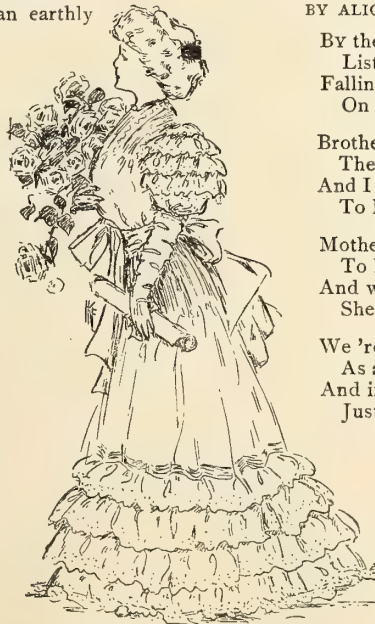
BY ALICE PACKARD (AGE 12)

By the fire we 're gathered,
Listening to the rain,
Falling with a pattering noise,
On the window-pane.

Brother Tom is roasting
The nuts he found to-day,
And I am telling stories
To little sister Mae.

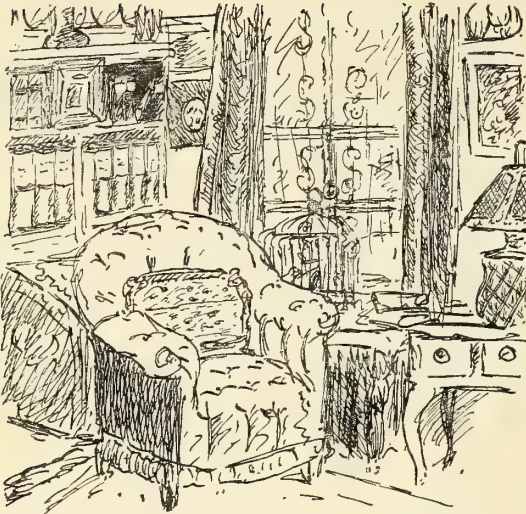
Mother 's singing lullabies
To little brother Fred,
And when at last he 's fast asleep,
She 'll take him up to bed.

We 're a happy family
As any one may see,
And if you don't believe it,
Just drop in after tea.



"JUNE." BY HELEN K. EHRMAN, AGE 14.

ALL Honor Members
are requested to send
their photographs for
use in the League
Album.



"A HOME INTERIOR." BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER, AGE 11.

A FAMOUS HOME

BY LOUISE K. PAINE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

PROBABLY most of the stories of "Famous Homes" will be about the homes of famous people who are now dead; but my story is of the home of one who is probably better known and more popular than any other living man. He is Samuel L. Clemens, commonly known as "Mark Twain."

It was with much anticipated pleasure that I went to his city home to dinner, one evening. His house, a large one of stone, is on lower Fifth Avenue, down near Washington Square.

When we arrived we entered a long hall. After removing our wraps we went into a long drawing-room from which extended another drawing-room and beyond that were some folding doors, closed. All around were book-cases filled with choice books and on the walls were hung many beautiful pictures among which were two oil paintings of his daughters.

Soon our host joined us and I looked with great awe upon "Mark Twain," of whom I had heard so much. He was a dear old man with snow white hair and twinkling gray eyes. He was very entertaining and I soon forgot all else listening to him talk. While we were waiting for dinner to be served "Mark Twain's" secretary played on the orchestrelle. The music was very beautiful.

A little later dinner was announced and "Mark Twain" led me out to the table on his arm. During the meal he would get up and walk around. This is a queer habit of his and he rarely sits still through a whole meal. Returning to the table one time he brought with him a volume of Kipling's poems and read aloud to us from them. It was very interesting and I enjoyed it greatly.

After dinner we went up-stairs to the billiard-room. It was quite a large room lined with shelves filled with books, in the center was a large billiard-table, a present to Mr. Clemens from Mr. H. H. Rogers.

It was very interesting watching Mr. Clemens play, for he is considered an expert at the game.

Soon after the carriage was announced and I went away after having probably one of the pleasantest and most interesting experiences of my life.

TO THE PEASANT, RETURNING HOME (Suggested by Jules Breton's "Shepherd's Star")

BY ESTHER A. TIFFANY (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

OH, weary woman on thy barefoot way,
Hastening homeward to thy longed-for rest,
Turn, set thy burden down, a moment stay,
See how the light still lingers in the west;
Still touches tenderly the stubbled wheat;
And there is rest in the hushed loneliness,
Peace in the breeze which blows so cool and sweet.
All work and noise have sunk to nothingness.

And now foretelling the swift-coming night,
There in the changing sky aloft afar,
A glimmer first and then a silver light,
Shines palely forth the first faint evening star.
Then through the dusk pass to thy dwelling rude,
And clamorous children, hungry for their food.

A FAMOUS HOME

BY CHARLOTTE BASSETT (AGE 13)

ON the shores of Puget Sound there once stood a magnificent and famous home called 'Tsu-suc-cub by the Indians, and Old-Man-House by the white men. It should not be forgotten because it was the palace of the great and good Chief Seattle, who lived there with seven less important chiefs and their families.

At the present time the size of the ground-work can only be traced by the scattered supporters of the once heavy roof.

In front, the building was about one thousand feet long, and twelve feet high, in the rear it was a little lower. It was about sixty feet wide, except at each end where it measured fifty feet. To hold up this large structure it took seventy-four posts, of which there are but two standing. They were the same width, and ten or twelve inches thick.

The rafters were large cedar logs about sixty-five feet long, with a diameter of two feet or more at the larger end, and twelve inches at the smaller.

The roof and outside walls were of cedar boards.

In "Old-Man-House" there were forty apartments, and in each there were several rooms, with one or more fire-places.

The principal apartment occupied by Chief Seattle was very strong and had a contrivance to put in front of the door in case of a sudden attack by hostile tribes.

On every corner-post was carved the Thunderbird and the figure of a naked man with a bow and arrow. The latter was supposed to represent the ancestor of the tribe.

The great age of the building is shown by the great banks of broken clam shells that are to be seen all over the beach, even as far out as deep water.

This house of the Siwash Indians of Puget Sound was over thirty times the area of the famous houses built by the Iroquois, which were from fifty to one hundred feet long and about seventeen feet wide.

Here Seattle lived long; here the celebrated Princess Angeline was born. He died in 1866. Near by the whites have erected a monument over the grave of this truly "noble red man," bearing the inscription:

SEATTLE

Chief of the Suquamis and Allied Tribes

Died, June 7, 1866

The Firm Friend of the Whites, and for Him the City of Seattle was Named by Its Founders

NEW CHAPTERS

No. 1038. Mabel Henderson, President; Emelia Graninger, Secretary; Janet Wylie, Treasurer; Anne Noble, Vice-President; five members.

No. 1039. "The Sunbeam." Lyell Spange; Edward Chapin, Secretary; 12 members.

No. 1040. "Three Sixes." Robert Walker, President; Russell Ide, Secretary; Robert Ide, Vice-President and Treasurer; 3 members.

No. 1041. Ruth Crane; Lois Holway, Secretary.

No. 1042. "1020 League." Xenil Tousley, President; Ilse M. Neymann, Secretary; Florence Conner, Treasurer; 10 members.

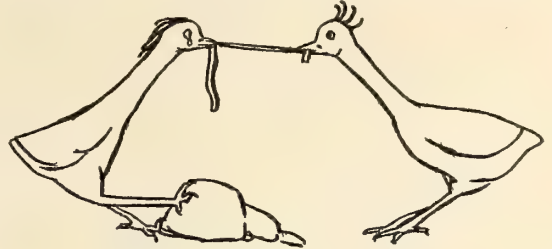
No. 1043. "St. Nicholas League, Kirkdale Division." Thomas Turner, President and Secretary; 32 members.

No. 1044. "The Secret Circles." Blanche Daily, President; Edith Smith, Secretary; seven members.

No. 1045. Ruth Ridgway, President; Nicholas Anderson, Vice-President; Louis Butler, Treasurer; Edward Widmayer; eight members.

No. 1046. "Pine Grove Club." James Shute, President; Leslie Preston, Secretary; six members.

angle, Elsa Lowe, Phyllis Lowe, Katharine Holway, Dorothy Manning, Leonard W. Labaree, Kathleen A. Burgess, and Carleton W. Kendall.



"COMPETITORS." BY MARJORIE T. CALDWELL, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 104

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 104 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Ambition."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "My Favorite Day Dream."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Outdoor Sports."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "A Picture That Tells a Story," and an **October** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"HEADING." BY WALTER G. BYRNE, AGE 16.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just taken you about a year but think I could not get along without you.

My home is in Denver, Colorado, but we are in the South for the winter, going from town to town.

We have been in Florida most of the time. I thought the old Fort Marion at St. Augustine was very interesting. In one of the dungeons, Osceola, an Indian prisoner, made dents in the wall to climb up to the window that was above the door where he would sit hours at a time looking into the courtyard of the fort.

Another Indian prisoner whose name was Coacoochee, was put in the same room and was said to get so thin that he escaped through a cross-barred window that looked so small it would seem impossible for a child to get through.

My grandmother, Mrs. Lucy Marion Blynn, used to write stories and poems for ST. NICHOLAS a long time ago.

Your devoted reader,
MARIAN BLYNN (AGE 10½).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so very much for awarding me a cash prize, and for printing my poem at the beginning of the League, which is a place of honor to which I have so longed to attain.

I am going to buy with your prize money something that I can always use, by which to remember the first money I ever earned by writing.

I don't know what I shall do when I am too old to write any more for your League, for it is the beautiful subjects you choose that give me ideas for my verses.

Though I can win no more prizes, I shall still write every month until I am eighteen and must leave your art school which I have worked in for six years.

Yours gratefully,
CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 15).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Four months ago when I sent in my last contribution to the League, I determined to send my farewell letter at once; but the thought of leaving the League and all it has meant to me, impelled me to postpone my good-bye till this month—the last one in which I can ever feel I have a part—when for the last time I can look at the Roll of Honor, with the eager anxiety to see if my name is there—when I must confess myself as one who has passed out, and for whom only the memory is left.

What the League has meant to me and done for me, time alone can fully tell; but if I achieve anything, the honor will be to the League, through which I have learned many lessons—above all, that of persistence, and which has given me friends whom I could never have known except for it.

In all my relations with the League, I have had but one regret—that I could not stay on the verge of eighteen all my life.

Sincerely,
GLADYS MARION ADAMS.

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Evert Judson, Edith M. Smith, Isabel Owen, Bedros Y. Shekib, Dorothy Howland Cheesman, Helene M. L. Grant, Lynda Billings, Kenneth B. Norton, Emelyne Day, Dorothy S. Mann, Agnes Verity, Katharine Thomas, Robert V. Beecher, Marjorie Hale, Mildred Seitz, Rose Edith Des Anges, Elizabeth Page James, Lyle Saxon, Kate Haven, A. Wechsler, Rose Kellogg, Geo. Atkins, Alice Gantt, Dorothy G. King, Howard Schunacher, Carolyn A. Perry, Edna Meyle, Lulu Ollerdensen, Velona B. Townsend, Amy H. Requa, Frank H. Smith, Edgar Klein, Jr., Elsie Porter Trout, Dora Rogers, Ethel Bowman, Dorothy Kerr Floyd, Marjorie Rossiter, Alice Ross, Marion Weckesser, Earl C. Wagner, Henry Roemer, Marion C. Hill, Lucy A. Cleveland, John Ralph Huf-

Other League matter will be found on advertising pages.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE following letters give us the opportunity of reprinting a notable contribution from one of the early volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, and at the same time correcting a mistake made by our correspondent:

February 4, 1908.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter (aged 12), who is a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and also is somewhat given to writing besides, recently recited within my hearing some verses which she said she found in a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS, while in the country last summer, and had memorized them because she thought them so very good. When she added that the verses were written by a child of eleven years, I asked her to write them out and give me a copy. This copy I now enclose, and upon reading it critically, I am not surprised at my daughter's appreciation of them, as something extraordinary for "a child of eleven." My first impression was, that I should probably be able to find the verses in some poetical anthology, as they seemed to me to be quite too mature both in thought and rhythmical finish for a child. If not so defined, they certainly deserve to be included in some future anthology. In the meantime, if ST. NICHOLAS has a verification of the authorship in a child of eleven, it will interest several "grown ups" to know the name of the young poet.

Respectfully,

G. A. W.

The poem referred to, "Ashes of Roses," was written by a girl of *thirteen*, at that time named Elaine Goodale, who has since won a high place in the world of letters, and is now well known as an author and the wife of Dr. Charles A. Eastman. ST. NICHOLAS had the honor of publishing the first poems of the two gifted sisters, Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, in December, 1877, and the poem "Ashes of Roses" appeared with several others at that time, accompanied by this editorial note by Mary Mapes Dodge:

Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, the two sisters some of whose poems are here given for the benefit of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, are children of thirteen and ten years of age.

Their home, where their infancy and childhood have been passed, is on a large and isolated farm lying upon the broad slopes of the beautiful Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts and is quaintly called "Sky Farm."

Here, in a simple country life, divided between books and nature, they began almost as soon as they began to talk, to express in verse what they saw and felt, rhyme and rhythm seeming to come by instinct. Living largely out-of-doors, vigorous and healthful in body as in mind, they draw pleasure and instruction from all about them.

One of their chief delights is to wander over the lovely hills and meadows adjoining Sky Farm. Peeping into mossy dells, where wild flowers love to hide, hunting the early arbutus, the queen harebell, or the blue gentian, they learn the secrets of nature, and these they pour forth in song as simply and as naturally as the birds sing.

The particular poem, concerning which our correspondent inquires, was introduced with this comment:

"Grown people often write in sympathy with children, but here is a little poem by a child written in sympathy with grown folk."

ASHES OF ROSES

SOFT on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie —
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

ELAINE.

If G. A. W. had signed his or her full name and had added the address, it would have been possible for us to give the foregoing information at the time when the letter was received. But, as there was no signature excepting the initials and no address, it was impossible to reply by post, and a month later we received a second letter, which, like the first, was signed with initials only:

NEW YORK, March 5, 1908.

ST. NICHOLAS: Referring to the verses "Ashes of Roses," a copy of which I recently sent with inquiry as to the authorship, I have recently chanced upon an answer to my inquiry.

In the program of a concert given by the Rubenstein Club, at the Waldorf-Astoria, February 20 ult., the same verses appeared in full as one of the songs rendered, the authorship being ascribed to Rosetta G. Cole.

Probably the editor of ST. NICHOLAS long ago discovered and corrected the mistake of crediting these verses to "a child of eleven," if this was actually done in the old number of ST. NICHOLAS referred to in my former note.

Respectfully,

G. A. W.

We thank our correspondent for the kindly intent, but he or she will learn from the above that the "correction" is itself a mistake. The poem "Ashes of Roses" was not written by Rosetta G. Cole—who may perhaps be the composer of the musical setting. But the text of the poem, beyond a doubt, was the work of Elaine Goodale, at or before the age of thirteen.

THE clever young readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be trusted to discover any mistakes or oversights in the Magazine, and we have been taken to task by several friendly critics for the statement made in Mr. Tudor Jenks' little verse "For Spellers" in the January number. It is here reprinted:

When "ei" and "ie" both spell "ee,"
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here 's a rule you may believe
That never, never will deceive,
And all such troubles will relieve—
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces,
To puzzle daughters, sons, and nieces,
Yet with it all the trouble ceases:

"After C an E apply;
 After other letters I."
 Thus a general in a siege
 Writes a letter to his liege;
 Or an army holds the field,
 And will never deign to yield.
 While a warrior holds a shield
 Or has strength his arms to wield.
 Two exceptions we must note,
 Which all scholars learn by rote:
 "Leisure" is the first of these,
 For the second we have "seize."

Now you know the simple rule.
 Learn it quick, and off to school!

Our young critics tell us that Mr. Jenks is quite mistaken in implying that there are only *two* exceptions to the rule words with "ie" or "ei"; and in reply the author says: "'Weird' must be admitted, though the Century Dictionary says that the old English spelling was 'wierd' and that 'weird' is expressly said to be the Scotch spelling."

Moreover, as the opening line states, the rhyme was intended to apply only to the diphthongs *when they have the "ee" sound in pronunciation.* Otherwise there would be numerous exceptions, with such words, for instance, as eight, eider, rein, deign, neigh, neighbor, etc.

One good-natured young friend makes her criticism in rhyme, and we print it with pleasure.

Dear Mr. Tudor Jenks, we know
 That you can't love deceptions;
 'T is only *weird* that you, *Seignior*,
 Did note but two exceptions.

M. L. B.

Margaret Elizabeth Eulenstein (age 9) also shows that she has a keen eye, as a reader, for she says:

On page 281 of the same number of ST. NICHOLAS, in the story "Lost in the Storm," I see that "e" comes before "i" in the word "weird."

THE LETTER-BOX

E—, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written you two letters and have been intending to write you a third, for some time.

I think you will be interested in an experience I had last summer.

My mother and I spent the summer in a lovely country place in the northern part of Michigan. On the day of our return to the city we came into the nearest town to wait for our boat. The boat was due to leave at two o'clock in the afternoon. When we got to town we found that the boat was three hours late, so we went to the hotel to wait. When the three hours were up there was no sign of the boat. We ate our supper hurriedly for fear the boat would come and we would miss it. At eight o'clock we went down to the dock. It was filled with people. We waited and waited and finally I went to sleep. When I awoke it was one o'clock and a boat had just passed which looked like the one we were waiting for. Some one went up to the grocery store and telephoned to a point where the boat was supposed to stop and asked if it was our boat. They said it was, so everyone went to the hotel to stay all night. We got a room and had been in bed over an hour when mother heard a boat whistle. She knew it was our boat and that the people at the point were mistaken.

We hurried into our clothes and down to the dock. People were running from every direction, all in the funniest costumes you ever saw.

We were fortunate enough to get a berth, although not a whole state-room. We reached home twelve hours later than we were due.

I am very much interested in "The Gentle Interference of Bab" and "Harry's Island." I will be sorry to have them ended and hope they will not be for a long time. I am a member of the League and hope some day to win a prize. I have been in the Honor Roll six times, which is very encouraging.

Your devoted reader,
 HELEN BATCHELDER (age 12).

H—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I look forward to your coming, and I always like to read "The Letter-Box." I have just been to Atlantic City, N. J., with my mother and father; nearly all the children there skate on roller skates. I have a pair, and am learning to skate. I live on a high hill, and it is a mile around the house I live in, there are thirteen hundred people in the house besides myself, but no little girls for me to play with. Can you guess where I live? I am nine years old, and go seven miles to Salem every day to school.

Your loving reader,
 RUTH WHITNEY PAGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One year ago my grandmother, who lives in Washington, D. C., sent you to me for Xmas and I was so very glad to get you again last Xmas. I just love you as you give me new things to think about all the year.

My father says lots of children would take your magazine if they knew how good it is.

Yours truly,
 VIRGINIA BIRD.

—, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters have taken you for a year and are going to take you this year. I have several brothers and sisters from twenty years old down to six years, and every one of us read the ST. NICHOLAS all through before it has been in the house three days.

Your most interested reader,
 MARY K. DAMON (age 14).

T—, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One night my little brother saw the moon; the next night he did n't and he looked all over the sky and he said, O mam-ma, where is the hole that the moon comes out of?

Your little friend,
 T. FRED RUST.

F—J—, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl nine years old. I began to take the St. NICHOLAS this year. I enjoy the other little girls' stories and letters very much. I would like to tell you how I spent a Hallowe'en when I had the chicken-pox last year. I was wondering how I could spend my Hallowe'en when my mother came in and said that I had a letter. I opened it and found out it was an invitation to go to the dining-room on Hallowe'en. My Aunt Charlotte received one too and she answered in rhyme. On Hallowe'en I was all ready with my family of dolls. I had them dressed in some old masks that mother got when she was in China and dolls' sheets and pillow cases.

Mother had a Jack-o'-Lantern on top of a cabbage and a little toy theater which she and auntie played for me. It was Little Red Riding Hood. I was n't sorry I could n't be out with the other children after all.

CHARLOTTE C. PARDEE.

M—, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the St. NICHOLAS very much and when it comes my mother or father will say, "I guess I will look at the pictures a minute," but it takes them anywhere from a half hour to an hour to look at them. I guess they look at some besides the pictures.

I remain your ever interested reader,

ALFRED HUDSON.

We are in receipt of a letter that is so hearty in spite of its brevity, that we regret to be left in ignorance of the name of so appreciative a friend of St. NICHOLAS as this correspondent undoubtedly is. This is the letter:

DEAR SIR: I wish to congratulate you on your April number of St. NICHOLAS, it is EXCELLENT.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

C—H—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

We have a horse, some chickens, and two fishes.
I thought I'd send you this limerick:

There was a lady who loved candy,
And made it when material was handy,
One day she bought some Quaker rice,
And the candy was certainly nice.

Yours truly,

F. HAHN (10 years).

L—, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just nine years old. I am sick in bed and last night as I lay awake these thoughts on how to be happy came to me:

Help the sick,
Help the well,
Love them more
Than tongue can tell.

And you will be
The happiest of all the bunch,
In all the days,
Of all the months.

LOUISE ELIZABETH JONES.

While the contributions of these two young friends can hardly be called "finished" poetry, yet no one can deny that they are original.

S—, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years. We like you very much. I think the stories I like best are "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Harry's Island," "Abbie Ann," and "The Gentle Interference of Bab." We subscribe to two other magazines. But I like you best. We have no pets at present, but we used to have two cats which we gave away. One we called "Baby" and the other "Frisky."

Your devoted reader,

ADELAIDE H. PARKER (age 12).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before so I thought I would. Last summer I joined the League but I have never sent anything in though I hope to soon. I have taken the St. NICHOLAS four years and enjoy every number more and more. I always eagerly look forward to each new number. "Pinkey Perkins" and "Fritzi" used to be my favorites while "Harry's Island" now takes their place. When my mother was small she took the St. NICHOLAS and now has twelve large bound books, each one holding five St. NICHOLASES. She told me she enjoyed them as much as I do, and even now reads mine.

Your devoted reader,

MARGARET HOWES (age 11).

THE following story is the very creditable work of a little girl of eleven:

FIZZY-WUZZ AND WUZZY-FIZZ, THE FIRST TEDDY BEARS

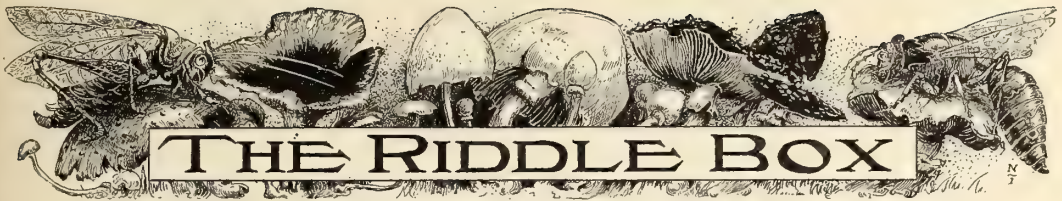
ONCE upon a time, in a big forest, there lived two big, shaggy bears. One was brown and one was white, and their names were Brownie and Whitey. Whitey had two white cubs, and Brownie had two brown ones.

One day Whitey and Brownie went out together to hunt for their dinner, leaving the cubs at home. They had not gone far when they met a calf. They thought that it belonged to their enemy, the man who lived at the edge of the forest, so they killed and ate it. But the calf did not belong to the man. It belonged to an old witch called Guma. She was very angry when she saw what the bears had done, and started off toward the dens, which were side by side. When she reached it, the big bears were not there, but the brown cubs, Bruin and Wuzzy-fizz and the white cubs, Blanca and Fizzy-wuzz, were playing outside. Blanca and Bruin ran when they saw Guma, but she grabbed Fizzy-wuzz, and Wuzzy-fizz and held them up by their ears.

"Now," she cried, "I command you to become toys—tiny, toy bears, that cannot move or make a sound!" And then she began to make a magic—"Gurrow-ow-yoykoy-gump-lum-lunnig—," but just then there came a drop of rain and Guma ran away, howling, for no witch can make a magic in the rain. So the magic was only half finished. Wuzzy-fizz and Fizzy-wuzz became tiny, toy bears, as the witch had said, but they had joints that would move, and mouths that would squeak, because the magic was only half finished.

MARY MCCONNELL.

OTHER interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Cecile Obenham, Arthur K. Westbrook, Jack W. Dalzell, Kate M. Babcock, Nina Hansell, Harriet Tyler, Lillian Suydam, Joe E. Kelsey, Donald Ketcham, Jean K. Fitzgerald, Theodore Palmer, Margaret Reynolds, Elizabeth Buffington, Marion C. Smith, Ruth Richardson, David Hoag, Virginia Williams, Esther McCabe, Constance H. Smith, Margaret Crocker, Mary Bustard, J. L. Reed, Jr., John Wood Logan, Jr., Aimée Hutchinson, Virginia Hatch.



THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Washington; 1 to 6, Tacoma; 7 to 13, Spokane. **Cross-words:** 1. Wheeling. 2. Arequipa. 3. Syracuse. 4. Hartford. 5. Illinois. 6. Nebraska. 7. Gunnison. 8. Toulouse. 9. Oklahoma. 10. New Haven.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, David Kearney; finals, reading upward, Harriet Emery. **Cross-words:** 1. Daily. 2. Amber. 3. Valve. 4. Idiom. 5. Dance. 6. Knout. 7. Eagle. 8. Abaci. 9. Recur. 10. Never. 11. Eliza. 12. Youth.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Each. 2. Ache. 3. Char. 4. Hero.

ANAGRAMS. Third row, Emerson. 1. Ripe, pier. 2. Meat, tame. 3. Mine, mien. 4. Reap, pare. 5. Sire, rise. 6. Owns, snow. 7. Lean, lane.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 15th, from "Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—"Marcapan"—Jennie Lowenhaupt—Mina Louise Winslow—Ben and Joe—James A. Lynd—Helen Marshall—Dorothy P. Chester—Elsie L. Mead—Helen Louise Gustin—Priscilla Lankford—Miner and Mother—Margaret E. Slocum—Geo. S. and Helen L. Monroe—Frances McIver—Edna Astruck—Caroline Curtiss Johnson—Tremaine Parsons—Hart Irvine—Lucie D. Taussig—Jo and I—Margaret Titchener—Frieda Rabinowitz—Marcia E. Edgerton—Frances Bosanquet—"Queenscourt"—F. G. Stritzinger, 3rd—Elena Ivey—Adeleine L. F. Pepper—Elizabeth D. Lord.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 15th, from C. Crittenden, 9—Betty and Maury, 9—E. A. LeRoy, 3rd, 4—M. Abraham, 6—M. K. Culgan, 6—E. Meyle, 9—W. Woodcock, 7—C. Taylor, 2—L. McAlpin, 2—B. F. Cockle, 3—A. S. Reid, 2—M. Schreiner, 9—C. Brown, 2—H. T. Barto, 4—P. L. Miller, 4—A. H. Farnsworth, 5—M. G. Bonner, 4—No name, 8—K. Cox, 6—W. Lloyd, Jr., 8—D. Thayer, 9—H. J. Hite, 6—E. B. Van Lennep, 3—C. E. Hutton, 9—E. V. Coverly, 9—"Comstocks," 7—M. P. Rice, 4—E. Black, 8—A. D. Bush, 7.

So many sent in answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, these cannot be acknowledged.

CHARADE

IN Hades, the realm of my *first*,
Sat Minos, the king of my *second*,
Judging cases; he must be my *whole*,
Or wrongly they would be reckoned.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

1. TRIPLY behead to furnish, and leave to work. 2. Triply behead behind in payment, and leave part of the head. 3. Triply behead a precious stone, and leave a snare. 4. Triply behead unable, and leave a word that expresses denial. 5. Triply behead a minister, and leave a near relative. 6. Triply behead a gorge, and leave at a distance, but within view. 7. Triply behead a vote, and leave a goodly quantity. 8. Triply behead rounding outward, and leave to worry. 9. Triply behead athwart, and leave an industrious insect. 10. Triply behead fortified, and leave a masculine nickname. 11. Triply behead to disconnect links, and leave a dark fluid. 12. Triply behead to sell in small quantities, and leave to be slightly ill.

When the foregoing words have been rightly selected and beheaded, the initials of the words remaining will spell the name of a state.

RUNDALL LEWIS (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My primals name a well-known author, and my finals, one of his stories.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Uneven. 2. A place of public contest. 3. An afflicted person mentioned in the New Testament. 4. Previous. 5. A Christmas decoration. 6. Great happiness. 7. The plea that one was not in the place in which a crime was committed. 8.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. March, April.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND BEHEADINGS. Decoration Day. 1. Edit, tide, die. 2. Reed, deer, ere. 3. Cram, marc, car. 4. Wolf, flow, owl. 5. Tram, mart, rat. 6. Spar, raps, asp. 7. Trap, part, tar. 8. Dial, laid, Ida. 9. Noel, Leon, one. 10. Naps, span, nap. 11. Deem, meed, Dee. 12. Rail, liar, air. 13. Yaws, sway, yaw.

CHARADE. Bob-o-link.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. Memorial Day. 1. Me-men-to. 2. Cr-eat-ed. 3. In-mat-es. 4. Br-own-ic. 5. Fr-ran-ds. 6. Cr-ink-le. 7. Ex-act-ly. 8. De-lay-ed. 9. Bo-din-gs. 10. De-ale-rs. 11. Ba-yon-ne.

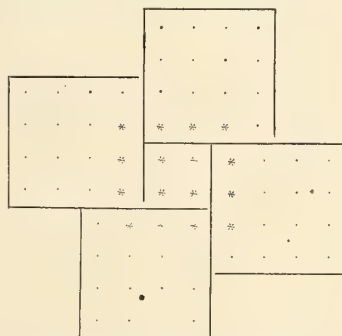
CONNECTED SQUARES: I. 1. Hand. 2. Afar. 3. Name. 4. Drew. II. 1. Lake. 2. Amid. 3. Kite. 4. Eden. III. 1. Where. 2. Hades. 3. Edict. 4. Recto. 5. Estop. IV. 1. Here. 2. Ebon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. V. 1. Palm. 2. Asia. 3. Lion. 4. Many.

Garden implements. 9. A confusion of voices. 10. A musical drama. 11. League. 12. Very fast.

MACKAY STURGES.

INTERLOCKING WORD-SQUARES

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A handle. 2. The back of the neck. 3. A gem. 4. A girdle.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A thick plate of stone. 2. An Italian coin. 3. One of a swarthy race. 4. An infant.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A son of Adam. 2. Unfurnished. 3. Ireland. 4. To allow the use of.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Concludes. 2. Trim. 3. To defy. 4. Part of a shrub.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A dale. 2. A slender cord. 3. An old word meaning "enough." 4. An eft.

ROBERT S. COX.





NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, two of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A great English admiral. 2. Harmony. 3. One fully skilled in anything. 4. A round of time. 5. A proverb. 6. Pickle. 7. An old saying.

ANNE FINLAY.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

 22. 10. 14. 25.	26. 37. 9. 35. 	 36. 13.	1 2 18 2 28 
 20. 15. 30. 23.	 17. 24. 10. 38.	 31. 37. 16. 3.	29. 37. 12. 6. 3. 
 27. 3. 5.	 12. 34. 7. 33. 35. 4.	 29. 2. 19. 32. 34.	 11. 21. 8.

In this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-eight letters, will spell the name of a serial story printed in ST. NICHOLAS. Designed by

HELEN K. MC HARG (age 7).

ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the second letter of the fourth, and so on. The zigzag will spell the name of a low-growing flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A garden flower. 2. Parts of a pair of shoes. 3. A large stream of water. 4. A fur-bearing animal. 5. To join. 6. Location. 7. Members of a certain swarthy race. 8. The fruit of a certain tree. 9. To dwell.

PHILIP SHERMAN (age 9).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail additions, and leave a cavern. 2. Closest at hand, and leave a common verb. 3. Legally immature, and leave to scold habitually. 4. A woman who inherits, and leave wrath. 5. Not consumed, and leave to consume. 6. A tropical palm-tree, and leave part of the face. 7. Poltroons, and leave hostility. 8. Cautious, and leave three letters which may be transposed to spell a word meaning "nourished." 9. One who imbibes, and leave something worn by a child at meals. 10.

Architectural projections, and leave iniquity. 11. A thin kind of satin, and leave a common metal. 12. To perform, and leave an age. 13. Sea nymphs, and leave three letters which may be transposed so as to spell a word meaning anger.

All of the foregoing words contain the same number of letters. The initials of the thirteen words before beheading spell the name of a woman who was killed by Indians in 1643; the initials of the little words left after beheading and curtailings spell the name of a famous orator.

FRANCES LUTHIN.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A rank of nobility. 2. To force. 3. To confuse. 4. Fidelity. 5. A slip affixed to a package, indicating its contents. 6. To attempt. 7. Covering worn to protect a person in battle. 8. Black. 9. To efface.

Upper diamond, from 1 to 8, a king of Judah, son of Solomon; lower diamond (beginning at 5), a martyr whose day is celebrated on June 11th.

HELEN D. PERRY (Honor Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A metal. 2. To wander. 3. Elliptical. 4. A feminine name. II. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A feminine name. 2. A large lake. 3. A bean. 4. Hungry.

III. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Killed. 2. Vital. 3. Wicked. 4. Healthy. IV. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. Sound in body. 2. A large lake. 3. An Italian coin. 4. Attenuated.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Slender. 2. Comfort. 3. Poisonous serpents. 4. A snug place.

VI. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A car. 2. A flower. 3. Requests. 4. A mixture. VII. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A cozy residence. 2. Always. 3. Part of a worm. 4. A car.

VIII. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A narrow woven fabric. 2. Absent. 3. The head. 4. Observes carefully. IX. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A collection of boxes. 2. A feminine name. 3. To strike with the hand. 4. A narrow fillet of cotton.

KATHERINE TALLMADGE.

Diamond Dyes will do it

The Fascination of Changing Colors

Do you think it will be "troublesome"? Then you never made a greater mistake in your life!

To use Diamond Dyes is a fascinating pleasure.

You have all the fun with none of the anxiety,—for remember Diamond Dyes work with scientific certainty. Once you have learned the fascination of changing the colors of things—making them new by giving them a new color—you will never again let anybody say that it is a trouble to use Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dyes cost ten cents a package—and you can buy them almost everywhere. No matter where you live we make it easy for you to get Diamond Dyes—the exact Diamond Dye that you want.

"I think that almost every woman realizes how much pretty laces and pretty trimmings add to a waist or dress, and I have found by using Diamond Dyes I can use laces and trimmings over and over again. I have just finished a blue party dress and the lace for the neck, sleeves and front of the waist I dyed to match exactly, and this was some lace I had used on two waists in different colors before. I really don't

know what I would do without Diamond Dyes—they are the most practical economy I have ever used."

*Miss Margaret Larkin,
Brooklyn, N. Y.*



"Made from a faded skirt"

"How to keep my little girl prettily dressed has always been a problem, but it is a good deal simpler one since I have learned to use all the odds and ends of my own wardrobe. I have just made her a little new dress, using material in a skirt I had worn for some time, dyeing the material with Diamond Dyes to do away with the fading and the stains. The trimmings, of course, are new, but not a person can tell that the entire dress is not new."

Mrs. Everett Hughson, Newark, N. J.

Diamond Dyes will reduce the cost of clothing your children to a

minimum. Material that is soiled, faded or partly worn, can be made almost any color you wish, with Diamond Dyes. It is as easy to use Diamond Dyes as to rinse clothes.

The problem of keeping little ones attractive and neatly dressed is no problem at all when one has the magic secret,—the ease and certainty with which *old* cloth is made fresh and bright, and "new-looking," by the use of Diamond Dyes.

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the **kind** of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye. Beware of substitutes for Diamond Dyes. There are many of them. These substitutes will appeal to you with such false claims as "A New Discovery" or "An Improvement on the Old Kind." Then the "New Discovery" or the "Improvement" is put forward as "One Dye for all Material," Wool, Silk or Cotton. We want you to know that when any one makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a Special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up the dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

No dye that will color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool Dye.

Diamond Dyes are anxious for your success the first time you use them. This means your addition to the vast number of women who are regular users of Diamond Dyes. When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Diamond Dyes will do it

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY S. F. MCNEILL, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE LIGHT OF HOME

BY DOROTHY KERR FLOYD (AGE 15)
(Silver Badge Winner)

STANDING at my window, between its curtains white,
Dreamily I gaze into the peaceful winter night.
There, spread out before me, is a scene most wondrous fair;
The star-lit sky, the snow-clad fields, the still woods dark and bare—
The whitened road, the arching trees; homes dotted here and there.
And in each home the lamp is lit, and sends its cheerful glow
Through the curtained window, and out into the snow.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

DRAWING, 1

Harold G. Stanley
Dora Guy
E. Allena Champlin
Edwina Spear
Marjorie E. Chase
Joyce Armstrong
Dorothy Maitland Falk
Margaret Farnsworth
Ruth A. Wallace
Barbara Thaw
Katharine Blair Thaw
Ethel B. Youngs
Frances Isabelle
Powell
Louise Alexandra
Robinson
Dorothy Douglas
Helen Gardner
Wateman
Jeanne Demètre
Helen Schweghardt
Anna Katharine
Stimson
Maria Bullitt
Helen J. Prescott
Marjorie Ackert
Vernon B. Smith
Webb Mellin Siemens
Mary Hays
Horace Hovey
Raymond
Muriel S. Falk
Dorothy Leake
Jack Hopkins
John Matthew
Dorman Smith
Reginald Marsh

Edwin Walters
Melvin Miller

DRAWING, 2

Gordon Dodge
Dorothy R. Fischer
Robert Halstead
Mary Goodwin
Lucile M. Smith
Elizabeth Zulauf
Andrew Clark
Eleanor R. Weeden
Stasito Azoy
Margaret Armstrong
Helen Hunt Haines
Kneeland Green
Gordon Stevenson
Rena Kellner
Robert Sewall
Du Bois
Grace F. Slack
Margherita W. Wood
Helen E. Prince
C. F. Gfroerer
F. A. Coates
Gisela von
Unterrichter
Edmund B. Williams
Rosamund B. Simpson
Emery B. Poor
Marion Strausbaugh
Priscella Flagg
Durant Currier
Norine Means
Florence Amelia
Kenaston
Betty Lisle
Eleanor Weston Lewis

Margaret Gale
Lucia E. Halstead
Alice G. Sutherland
Evelyn M. Peterson
Katherine Dulcebella
Bourbort
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Natalie Obrig
Louise Jenkins
Margaret L. Daniell
Helen Townsend
Julian K. Miller
Marie Petersen
Ellen C. Papazian
Louise Wetherell
Ruth Alden Adams
Marshall B. Cutter
Abraham J. Hertz
Mabel Clarke
George R. Nichols
Peter Knapp
Helen Houghton
Ames
Verna Keays
Mabel Teed
Dorothy Wellington
Eleanor Louise Acker
Frank Horton
M. Udell Sill
Pauline Marcony
Dorothy Starr
Alice Hays
Mildred S. Lambe
Gladys Nolan
Ruth B. Douglas
Dorothy Louise Dade
Frank H. Smith
Helen Irvine
Jessica Wagar

Genevieve Stump
Doris Hay Ellis
Vivian Bowdoin
Margaret J. Marshall
Pamela C. Horsley
Felicity Askew
Hope Avery
Katharine Arnold
Mildred Marie
Erickson
Carrie F. McDowell
Eleanor J. Carman
Adderson L. Luce
Charlotte Overell
Joseph Auslander
Florence A. Wagner
Margaret A. McKee
Olive Ames Bliss
Nanny Gail
Helen Coffey
Laura Crittenden
Thomas Maythan
Doris E. Pitman
Lilla Work
Louise F.
Dantzebecher
Mary P. Zesinger
Helen F. Batchelder
Melville Cummin
Frank P. Swett
Doris Huestis
Elizabeth Emerson
Hart Shields
Margaret Foster
Robert B. Keator
Helen J. Coates
Holcomb York
Frances Hampton
Coutts
Mildred L. Prindle
Lawrence Holbrook
Gwendolyn
Forthingham
David Freeman
Eugenie M. Wuest
Agnes Abbott

Helen C. Otis
Grace Margaret
Korth
George Papazian
Constance Plaut
Edna Louise Crane
Margaret V. Hanna
Louis Beiswenger
Leila Beatrice Starr
Suzanne Bringier
Milton Lewis Evans
Marjorie Gibbons
William Little, Jr.
J. Wm. Schrufer
Virginia Sanford
McKee
William E. Fay
James M. Wallace
Charles Wilson
Dorothy Rundle
Violette Appleton
Child
Lois Addison Sprigg
Alfred J. Johnson
Muriel Minter
James H. Robins
Josephine Witherspoon
Enoch Filer
Barbara Wellington
Muriel Read
Lloyd H. Parsons
F. Hortense Barcalo
Marion Beech
A. Hurst
Woodworth Wright
Jean Gilpin Justice
John R. Byers
Jessie E. Alison
Stanley C. Low

J. M. Hayman, Jr.
Milton Tucker
Chester H. Menke
Ethel Badgley
Dorothy Hurd
Samuel Wagner, Jr.
Freda Frupp
Margaret H. Bacon
Elliott Pendleton, Jr.
Carl F. Holmes
Elmer Sandberg
George W. Edwards
Joyce Tucker
Constance Ayer

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

William D. Smith
Marjorie F. Freeman
Eugenia Parker
Prue K. Jameison
Sylvia Atwater
Dorothy Langhour
Dorothy Oak
Harold M. Norton
Francis Wallace
Vine D. Lord
Lucie Keith Browning
Robert C. Kilborn
M. C. Morris
Winnie Campbell
Ida W. Pritchett
Geo. B. Curtis
Gladys Howard
Herbert Bisbee
William E. Keyser
Ellen K. Hone
William M. Conant
Marion D. Freeman
Eva M. Gray
Remsen Wisner
Holbert
Peyton Randolph
Evans
Ethel Rimington

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Marie Demètre
James Coyle Kennedy
Helen R. Manser

POSTUM—

What It Is

Made of—



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

Clean Whole Wheat (No. 1) is separated into kernel and outer or bran-coat; the first containing carbohydrates and proteids (tissue-material and energy-storing elements); the second, phosphate of potash for rebuilding brain and nerve cells. The kernel is

Skillfully Roasted (No. 2) to a degree that develops in wheat an aroma similar to Java coffee (but without the use of coffee or any drug-like substance); hence the delicious flavour, when Postum is served hot with cream, which has led many to think they were drinking coffee. The roasted kernels are then

Cooled and Ground (No. 3) and set aside. The roasting has changed part of the starch into dextrin and dextrose, or grape-sugar, which form soluble carbohydrates, or energy-making material, and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble for prompt absorption. Next

The Bran-Coat (No. 4) is mixed with molasses, roasted and ground separately, then blended with the other part of the wheat to form the perfected product—Postum.

The relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history. Try it for your own self-proof.

“There’s a Reason.”

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

Susan J. Appleton
Anita Delafield
Grace Logan
Norman B. Grigg
Delano Wood Ladd
Agnes McGough
Paul L. Bissel
Frederick R. Bailey
Carola von Thielmann
Robert L. Rankin
Maude Sawyer
Eva B. Miller
Lelia E. Wood
Elmer W. Rietz
Fred Dohmann
David Pernick
Paul L. Tucker

Gabriella Elliott
Barbara Kathleen
Webber
Katherine Harrower
E. Adelaide Hahn
Phoebe A. Helmer
Raimund Osborne
Kathleen Courtenay

VERSE, 2

Almeda L. McGreaham
Margaret Taylor
Daisy Ward
Lucile Gass
Charlotte Agnes
Bennett
Lucie L. Carter
Ynez D. Pischel
Dorothy Wood Johnson
Jessie Morris
Eleanor S. Halsey
Frank Gunther
Lois M. Cunningham
Louis Caldwell
Marjorie Campbell
Earl Reed Sivers
Ruth Harvey Reboul
Ruth E. Fitts
Stella Andersen
Rose Norton
Frances Elizabeth
Simpson
Adele Mae Beattys
Margaret Houghteling
Pauline Nitchhauser
Agnes Dunshee
Theodora Rust
Katharine Jo. Klein
Mena Blumenfeld
Isabel M. Potter
May Frances
May Spiro
Marjorie Soper
Margaret Bartlett
Sylvia Hading
Adelaide Nichols
Virginia F. Rice
William C. Royal
Doris Kent
Louise True Bayley
Lottie Weingarden
Nina Williams
Miriam Thompson
Eleanor Sickles
Marie Anna Lyons
N. Wiener
Lucile Thorne
Louisa Pharo
Rainie Imbre Miller
Eleanor Habersham
Agnes I. Prizer
Jasper J. Jones
Dorothy Coleman
Marian C. Luce
Irma A. Hill
Eloise Liddon
Eleanor Baldwin
Cornia Ely

VERSE, 1

Theodore F. Fitz
Simons
Katherine McConnell
Marjorie Pope
Margaret Palmer
Frances Wilmarth
Kennan
Margaret Cornell
Faith E. Palmerlee
Alice Phelps Rider
Dorothy McFarland
Frances Hyland
Dwight W. Anderson
Dorothy Bennett
Ruth Pennington
Lucy E. Fancher
Sue Alice Tarpley
Katharine Brown
Alice R. Cranch
Marjorie J. Smith
Elizabeth Page James
Margaret Brown
Aileen Hyland
Annie Hillier
Primrose Lawrence
Gladys Nelson
Alice Barbant
Margaret Babcock
Celeste Barlow
Helen Fitz James
Searight
Anna L. Davis
Margaret E. Myers
Julia M. Barley
Elizabeth Toof
Arthur J. Kramer
May Richardson
Carolyn Bulley
Bertrand Brown
Lois Donovan
Margaret E. Howard
Evelyn Bresler
Doris F. Halman
Helen K. Kraps
Carol Thompson
Rena Frances Howe
Eleanor Willis
James Randall Bliss

Frances M. Ross
Frances Dohoney
Albert Gerry Blodgett
Malcolm Good
Helen Page
Loudenslager
Ruth Livingston
Eileen M. Fielding
Alice Griffin
George W. Abell
Marie Kahn
Maud Mallett
Katharine Rolfe
Frederic E. Holmes
Lewis R. Kimberly

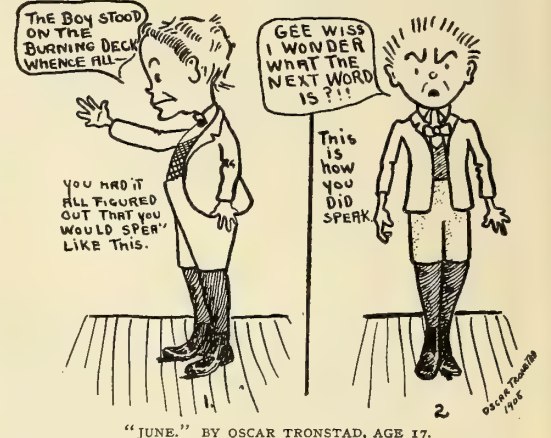
PROSE, 1

A. Molesworth
Alice Shoemaker
Eleanor Longfield
Brewster
Catharine E. Jackson
Douglas Bement
Franklin Warren Wolf
Worthington Mitchell
Lucile Phillips
Grace F. Wood
Mae Jouvette
Frederick W. Baker
Dorothy Gardner
Ida M. Neyman
Laura F. Lacy
Beatrice Frye
Mary Tact Atwater
Helen F. Bell
Frances Troff Levy
Helen Morris
Marie Ames
Ida C. Kline
Pearl Lukens
Anna H. Hutchinson
Beatrice Milliken Burt
Charles Wesley
McClumpha
Mabel R. Moores
Helen Wilson
Katharine L. Goetz
Louise M. Anawalt
Helen S. McLanahan
Ida F. Parfitt
Marion Snyder
Agnes D. Shipley
Margaret L. Sayward
Anna Bartlett Kessler
Ruth Robinson
Mildred Best
Gerard Allen
Helen L. Parsons
May Smith
Margaret Ritscher
Jennaveve John
Eleanor Stewart Cooper
Ellen Low Mills
Elinor Kiely
Lucy S. Turner
John W. Hill
Marion Eva Tubbs
Helen M. Gassaway

Vivian Smith
Jack Wittenberg
Howard Shaw
Elizabeth Butterfield
Esther H. Phillips
Mabel Seitz
Frederica H. Atwood
Louise Winston
Goodwin
Rhoda Collins

Thoda Stancliffe
Cockroft
Carolyn Perry
Bedros Y. Chekib
Marjorie Reid
Beulah Elizabeth
Amidon
G. C. Holloway
Xenit Toutsley
Garnet Eyre Macklin

Benita Clarke
Mary H. Oliver
Dorothy Wilcock
Irene M. Nichols
Everett A. Harley
Mary B. Ellis
William H. Crawford
Knowles Blair
Dorothy Grace Willett
Harriet Angear



Marguerite Parmelee
Helen Powers
Muriel Rachel Laycock

PROSE, 2

Mary Augusta Johnson
Charlesanna Coles
Dorothy Gay
Charles B. Morse
Roland Louis Loiseaux
Alice Walcutt
F. Trevelyan Smith
Alice E. Carpenter
Marjorie S. Harrington
Josephine Kelsey
Carol Rutter
Marguerite Arnold
Marion L. Richards
Elisa MacLean Piggott
Marguerite Müllen
Margaret C. Hearsey
Rosalie Waters
Rachel Estelle A. King
Katherine Carr
Louise Roberts
Gladys S. Bean
Gertrude Emerson

Eleanor E. Wild
Mabel Logan
Therese Born
Helen Brown
Walter R. Osterman
Edwin Thomas Randall
Mildred L. Perry
Marguerite Snow
Rachael M. Talbott
Phyllis E. Ridgeley
Eleanor Mead
Sarah Schuyler Butter
Josephine Keene
Muriel Wood
Marian Barnes
Alvin K. Pullian
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Elizabeth King
Angelica McLean
Eldon Meyer
Frances Woodworth
Wright
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R. Bartol Estrada
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Anita G. Lynch
Velma M. Jolly
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Maco Sheppe
Grace M. Scofield
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Sarah Tobin
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Eleanor Gould
Harold Smith
H. G. Flood
Helen Crathern
Ruth Philips
Florence Mallett
Rebecca Wolfsohn
Leah Fowle
James Bruce
Lilian Lee Biddle

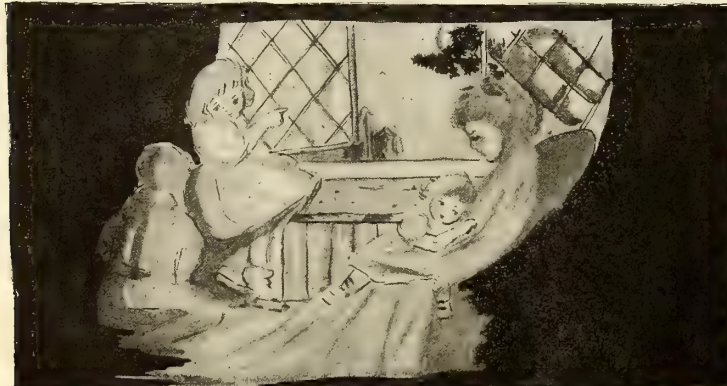
Munson H. Lane
Ewart Judson

PUZZLES, 1

Marion C. Nelson
Esther L. Mead
Lucy Barbee
Phoebe S. Lambe
Alice Lowenhaupt
Mary Crocker
Alexander
Clara H. Goetting
Ruth Broughton
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Henry Paul Brown
Gertrude T. Nichols
Caroline C. Johnson
Elizabeth D. Brennan
Margaret F. Whittaker
Ethel Bowman
Cornelia Chapin
Martha Noll
Herbert M. Davidson
Ethel N. Emery
Letty Robinson

PUZZLES, 2

Sterling Bottomo
Bertha Pitcairn
Leonard Larabee
Mary Gale Clark
Ruth S. Coleman
Edith B. Farnsworth
Alice Farnsworth
Sidney B. M. Dexter
Marion Webb
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE arrangement of the stamps in an album is one of the first problems which confronts the young collector. The way in which this is to be done is comparatively simple for one who owns a printed album. The arrangement in this is practically decided, so that one has only to follow the directions and the stamps are placed properly. Many, however, begin their collecting with the use of a blank book and the question then immediately arises, how shall the stamps be arranged? The most approved idea is to place the oldest issues first, leaving plenty of space at the end of each country in order that new issues may be added as they are put forth from time to time. It is customary in every country to place the stamps of that country first and then to follow an alphabetical arrangement of the stamps of all foreign countries. This arrangement may be absolutely alphabetical or it may vary slightly, so that while all countries beginning with the same letter are found together several of the smaller stamp-issuing countries may be placed together upon a single page as may be convenient and without following the alphabetical order beyond the first letter. The alphabetical idea is, of course, to make it easy to find the stamps in the album. A variation of this order is made by those who arrange their stamps alphabetically under grand divisions. Thus the stamps of Europe, Asia, Africa, are each placed alphabetically under these heads. The chief objection to this latter method is that when one is using a standard catalogue it cannot be turned page for page with the album. The use of a catalogue with an album, whether blank or printed, is necessary and therefore a correspondence in the order of the stamps is a great convenience. A proper arrangement having been decided upon for a collection the stamps should be neatly hinged to the pages by the use of the small paper hinges which may be obtained from any dealer. It is well to place these close to the top of a stamp so that it may be raised without injuring the perforation in those cases in which it is considered necessary to examine the back of a stamp for watermarks or printings upon it.

AN ODD CUSTOM OF DECREASING VALUES

IT was a curious idea in the early days of the issuing of stamps to reduce the size of a stamp in order to decrease the value. Thus in 1851-56 the twelve-cent stamp of the United States was cut diagonally in half in order that it might be used as a six cent. The same method was followed in 1862 with the two-cent black, which was also in some instances cut vertically to be used as a one cent, but most peculiar of all was the cutting of the three-cent stamp of 1869 so that two-thirds of it was used as a two-cent stamp. This cutting of stamps has been followed by a number of foreign countries. Grenada, St. Christopher, and the Falkland Islands cut stamps in two diagonally. St. Lucia did the same with a vertical cut. While in the Niger Coast Protectorate we find them bisected both diagonally and vertically. The island of St. Vincent went so far as to perforate the stamps through their centers vertically, so that they might be easily separated to be sold and used for half their face. The reason why these bisections should be made diagonally and vertically rather than horizontally, is not very plain. It may

have been that the design of the stamp being much the same on its two sides and not so much alike at the top and bottom, showed more plainly as being from the same stamp when cut as was customary. A horizontal bisection would in some cases leave the original value fully stated on the lower half of the stamp with nothing of the sort on the upper portion. In order to meet this difficulty, it was found best to stamp upon the cut stamp its new value. It seems then to have occurred to the authorities that there was no reason whatever for cutting the stamp and reducing it to an inconvenient size.

UNCATALOGUED STAMPS

THERE are some countries among whose stamps one may find uncatalogued varieties. A collector not long ago called our attention to some of these which had come to him from Labrador which had made many varieties of surcharge upon its regular issues since 1900, some of which have not been listed in the catalogues. Collectors who receive mail from South American countries which issue surcharges should note the character of these very carefully, as forms and sizes sometimes differ materially and the scarcity of the stamp is affected thereby. The countries which have ceased to issue stamps form an interesting field for collecting. One does not have to consider what new issues will appear for the countries of Baden, Prussia, Nova Scotia, Zululand, and many others.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE fact that there are no prices printed in the catalogue opposite an issue is not a sign that the stamps are very rare. It is often the case, particularly with the stamps of Spanish Colonies, like Fernando Po and Rio De Oro, that it takes a long time to get specimens of them into circulation. The postal use is extremely small and it has never been considered safe to send money to postmasters in these countries in order to secure the stamps in unused condition. Old issues, unpriced, are usually scarce. The differences in the first and second issues of the stamps of Bulgaria are seen most plainly in the inscriptions in the lower half of the oval. A comparison of the stamps with the same figures of value in the corner with the cuts in the catalogue will show to which issue they belong. ¶ Laid paper is that which has in it lines similar to those which may be seen when it is held to the light in what is ordinarily known as linen writing paper. These are not always plain in stamps but are easily discovered if a stamp having them is wet in benzine. Wove paper is now a general term used for those stamps which show no laid lines or which were printed on paper which looks like woven cloth. ¶ The plating of stamps consists in placing side by side stamps which, having been separately engraved, differ from one another although they are of the same date and issue. The collector who plates the early issues of New South Wales, for instance, seeks to secure all the twenty-five varieties and replace them just as they appeared in the sheet printed from the original plate. Modern processes of producing stamps are such that every one in a plate is like every other. Thus there is no such thing as "plating" them.



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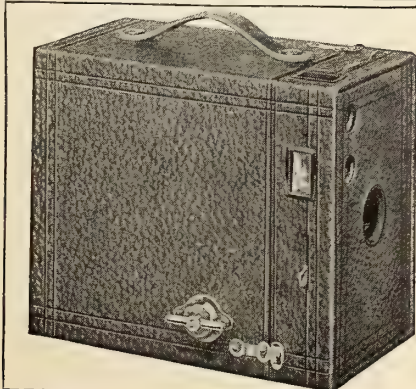
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St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 80.

Time to hand in answers is up July 25. Prizes awarded in September number.

Special Notice: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

For Competition No. 80, we are going to set you so easy a task that you will say, "Now is my chance for first prize!" Then you will readily guess all the answers, and will write them out in a hurry, with a plentiful sprinkling of errors, slam them into an envelop, and wait impatiently for a prize.

Hundreds of you will do this, and instead of those hundreds the judges will choose as prize-winners the sixteen competitors who carefully consider each "hint," make the answers fit the description exactly, give all names precisely as they are advertised, insert all marks and every necessary particular.

But age will be considered in the awarding of prizes.

COMPETITION NO. 80

A VACATION STORY

A SMALL boy and his sister, attentive readers of ST. NICHOLAS, made careful preparation for their vacation by sending or carrying to their summer home a good supply of advertised articles. In order that you may see how many useful things they had heard of through ST. NICHOLAS, we give you hints of what they were, and wish that you would make out a complete list of them from these hints.

They included preparations for changing the colors of cloth (1), two brands of chewing-gum (2, 3), some neat boxes of white crystals of which they were very fond (4), powder for making a beverage they drank hot for breakfast (5), a brown granular preparation for the same meal (6), some bonbons that bore a name often met with in Scotch history (7), a very fine almost impalpable mineral substance grateful to a sunburned skin (8), some little charms they liked to carry about (9), an instrument for packing air into a small space and then releasing it suddenly (10), three kinds of cakes they could not eat, but found useful every day (11, 12, 13), two black boxes for catching sunbeams (14), a machine driven by foot-power for making revolutions (15), a substance that would turn bread and butter into something named after an English lord (16), a lot of picnic material that would keep until wanted (17), some tableware much cheaper than it appeared (18), and two regular visitors, merely to look at (19, 20).

Now be kind enough to tell us what names are needed to make this list complete and clear.

Write out the twenty different things, in order as named, and numbered.

As many of you will guess them all, we are going to award the prizes for the best, neatest, and most creditable answers, *taking age into consideration.*

All of the things named have been recently advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, and there is nothing to prevent your guessing them all.

Please do *not* send type-written answers.

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

- One First Prize of \$5.
- Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.
- Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (80). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by July 25, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these, if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 80, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 78

The riddles which formed the basis of this trial of wits were composed by one of the judges of the competitions, and one who was entirely familiar with the marvelous ingenuity that enables our puzzlers to find more than one answer to the most carefully guarded question. And in this case, although the twelve riddles were gone over with the greatest care so as to prevent the fitting of but one answer to each, the unhappy judges confess that they are no match whatever for the constructive genius of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS. To nearly every question there came a number of answers. Yet in their perplexity the judges have one consolation — they feel that all of the best solvers agree in thinking that the judges' answers to the riddles fit them most closely. The answers which the judges had in mind are these:

1. Racycle.
2. Sapolio.
3. Diamond Dyes.
4. Ivory Soap.
5. Miniature Novelty Co.
6. Swift's Premium Hams.
7. Associated Sunday Magazines.
8. Grape-Nuts.
9. Baker's Cocoa.
10. Woman's Home Companion.
11. Meriden Britannia Co.
12. Pears' Soap.

Now, in regard to the answers that they received, the judges desire, first, to make a few general remarks. Most important of all, they wish to say that there is a marked increase in accuracy, neatness, and attention to all the conditions of the competition. This will be appreciated when it is announced that out of hundreds of answers received there were forty-one that were absolutely correct, neatly written, and, indeed, without anything that could be called an error. A great number of the rest contained only slight blemishes or the tiniest possible errors in punctuation, capitalizing, or matters of the very least importance. No doubt, many who read over the answers will say at once, "I do not see why I did not get a prize; my answers were just like those." But these same competitors, if they had

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to act in the judges' place, would have been forced to throw out their own answers, not because they were wrong in any way, but because others were equally faultless as regards correctness in answering, but were neater or more carefully prepared.

Another matter that should be mentioned before going into detail about the riddles is the danger of trying to do too much. A number of you wrote out the riddles in giving the answers. This is entirely unnecessary, and brings danger of mistakes in every line. The same remark applies to the careful explanations to show how the answers are correct. You may know that the maker of the puzzle will quickly recognize the correct answer, and knows well why it is correct. Some of you carefully put answers in alphabetical order, though expressly told to keep them in the order of the riddles. Others made tiny mistakes in writing, erased them, and wrote over the erasure. In so short a set of answers it was better to recopy the whole than to mar the answer when the competition was one in which neatness was especially mentioned as counting in the award of prizes.

The judges think you may be interested in a list of some of the remarkable answers that were given to the riddles. So, below, we give you a list of these guesses, errors, and wrong spellings, putting them under the number of the riddle to which they were meant to be answers:

1. Ray Cycle, Camera, Re, Rhea, Miami, 20th Century Limited, Gold-dust, Jell-o, Mead Cycle, Ammon-ia.
2. Pond's Extract.
3. Stamps.
4. Rubifoam, Dioxygen.
5. Minature, for Miniature.
6. Hams, Cured Hams, Swift's, Chesebrough Company.
7. Magazine, for Magazines.
8. Grape nuts, Grape Nuts, for Grape-Nuts, Grape juice, Libby's Olives.
9. Coco, for Cocoa.
10. Gold-dust, *Mother's Home Companion*, *Women's Home Companion*, Swift's Little Cook.
11. Oneida Community, Electro Silicon, Meridan, Brittaina, Britania, Brittana, for Britannia; Fairbanks' Gold-dust Twins.
12. PEAR'S, Honey and Almond Cream, Pond's Extract, Armour's Extract of Beef, Huyler's Licorice Tablets, Quaker Oats, Benger's Food, Campbell's Soup, Rat-Biskit, Crystal Domino Sugar, Pearline, Milkweed Cream, Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder.

But as to No. 12, the judges admit that there was some reason for considering a few of these answers as very nearly allowable. These are Pond's Extract, Rat-Biskit, Pearline, and Milkweed Cream. But, after careful consideration, it was believed and decided that no one of these answers filled exactly enough the riddle's phrase, "A friend who takes unwelcome matter off your hands." Pearline, for example, may be used to take certain substances from the hands, but "unwelcome matters" was purposely made a very

general phrase so as to cover all dirt, and the word "pear" can hardly be said to fit closely the phrase, "some food." "Pears" does fit the phrase. Rat-Biskit would require rats to be described as "unwelcome matters" to be "taken off the hands."

Now, considering that all but a very few of you easily found the correct answer, we do not think it right to stretch a point to put those who gave other solutions ahead of those whose solutions were entirely correct and needed no allowance.

Here follows the list of prize-winners:

PRIZE-WINNERS, ADVERTISING
COMPETITION NO. 78

NOTE: All those whose names appear in these lists sent in answers that were virtually correct.

Where competitors stood otherwise equal, preference was given to the younger, on the ground that good work is more creditable in younger competitors.

One First Prize of Five Dollars:

Elizabeth C. Beale (13), Cambridge, Mass.

Two Second Prizes of Three Dollars Each:

Dorothy Wormser (13), San Francisco, Calif.
Rakel B. Olsen (14), Stephen, Minn.

Three Third Prizes of Two Dollars Each:

Bessie M. Blanchard (14), Nicholville, N. Y.
Mary L. Ruhl (14), Clarksburg, W. Va.
Helen Pence (15), Madison, Wis.

Ten Consolation Prizes of One Dollar Each:


Rose Edith Des Anges (16), Alice Mason (15).
Margaret E. Nash (15). Eleanor S. Wilson (15).
Louise C. Brown (15). Gertrude Tower Nichols (17).
Gertrude M. Howland (15). Edwards Kneass (17).
Thelma Fremersdorf (15). Elsie Wormser (17).

ROLL OF HONOR

John E. Burke (14).	James Beiermeister (12).
Richard Steele (12).	Paul W. Newgarden (16).
Dorothy L. Nichols (14).	Isabel Totten (14).
Ruth Allen (14).	Marjorie Spencer (14).
Lucinda Bradford (15).	Florian Agnes Shepard (14).
Hilda R. Bronson (15).	Elizabeth D. Brennan (15).
Hester Matthews (15).	Rita Wheeler (15).
Grace M. Hermarne (16).	Mary H. Oliver (16).
Roy Phillips (16).	Marcus A. Spencer (16).
Kathleen McKeag (13).	Dorothy Wellington (16).
Agatha L. Walker (15).	Priscilla Lankford (12).
Nettie A. Moe (17).	Margaret Regal (13).
Adolf Keuffel (14).	Elizabeth Griffith (16).
Marion Morris (14).	R. L. Peek (9).
Carleton Hitchcock (13).	David Hitchcock (14).
Elizabeth Chown (15).	Hugh Hitchcock (8).
Mary Horne (13).	Marguerite Hyde (15).
Esther Depew (11).	Esther Ware Hawes (15).
Isaac Kinsey (13).	Merrill M. Goodhue (12).
Anna Schenck (11).	Florence M. Haldeman (15).
Winslow H. Randall (10).	Richard B. Thomas (11).
Eleanor Patterson Spencer (13).	Letty Robinson (14).

Competitors whom former prize-winning prevented from winning any but a higher prize in Competition No. 78.

Marguerite Knox (15) won \$1 in No. 72.
Neil Cameron (15) won \$4 in No. 64.
Esther Evans (14) won \$2 in No. 67.
Harlan A. Depew (16) won \$1 in No. 65.
Nellie Goldsmith (16) won \$1 in No. 71.
Alice H. Farnsworth (14) won \$1 in No. 65.
Myrtle Alderson (17) won \$2 in No. 48.
Clara Allen (17) won \$1 in No. 55.
Cornelia Sterrett Penfield (13) won \$2 in No. 75.
George Rollin Hippard (13) won \$1 in No. 76.
Jeanne Demétre (15) won \$2 in No. 67.
Elizabeth D. Lord (17) won \$1 in No. 21, and \$1 in No. 33.
R. A. Webb, Jr., (16) won \$2 in No. 67.

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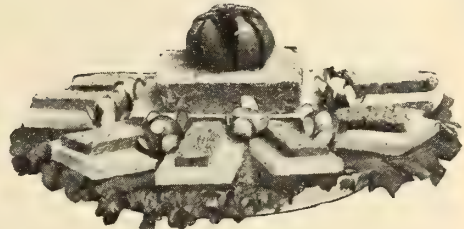
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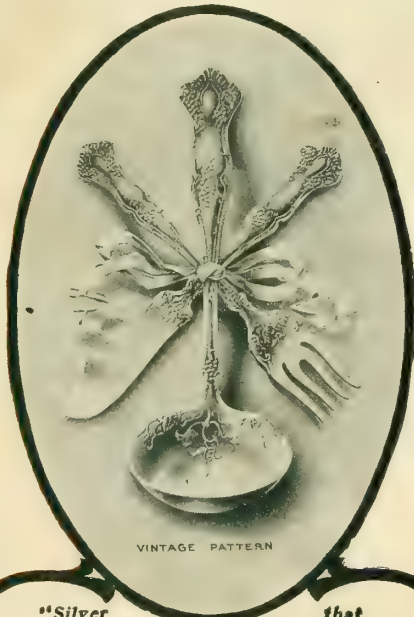
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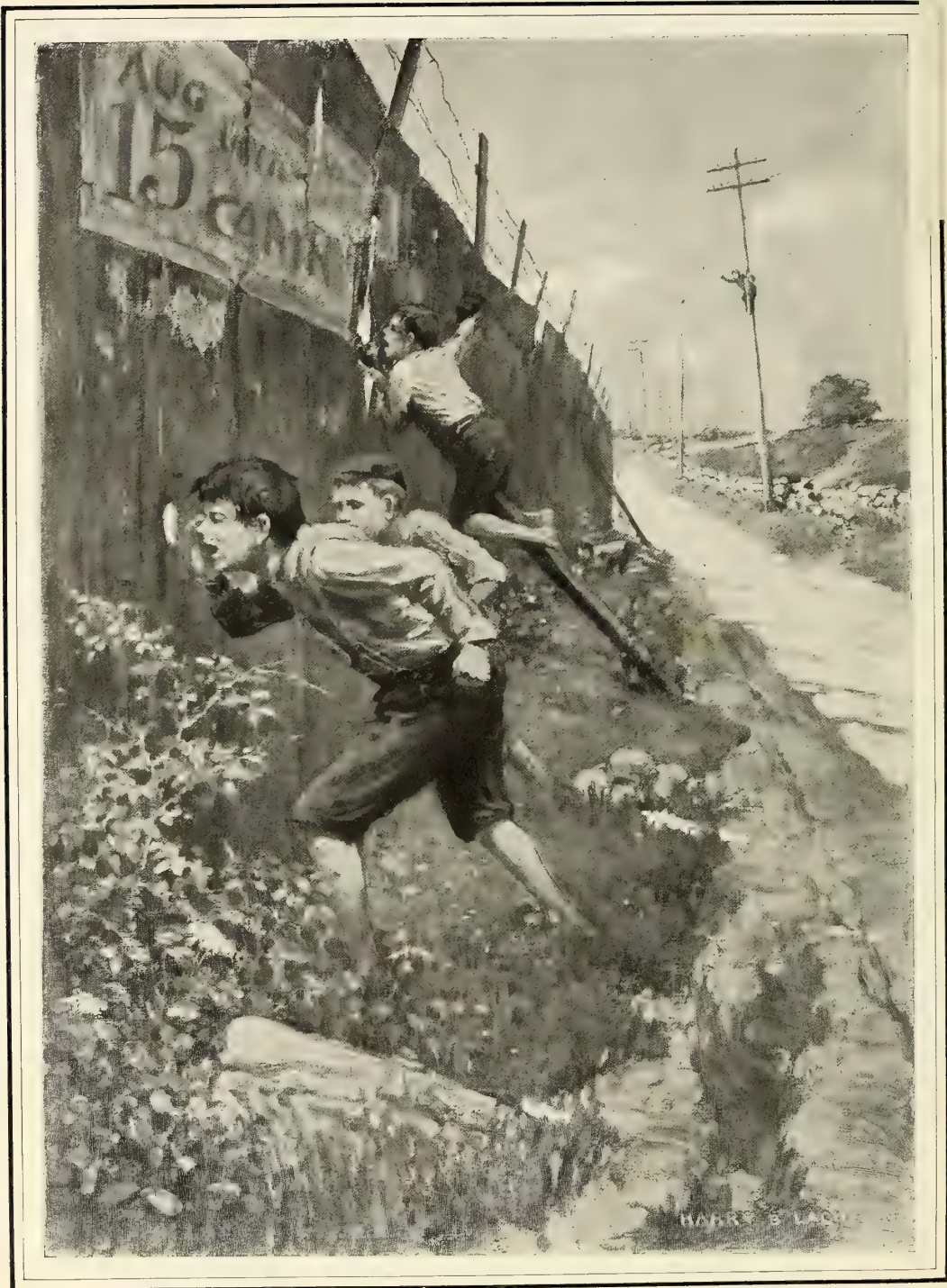
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VOL. XXXV

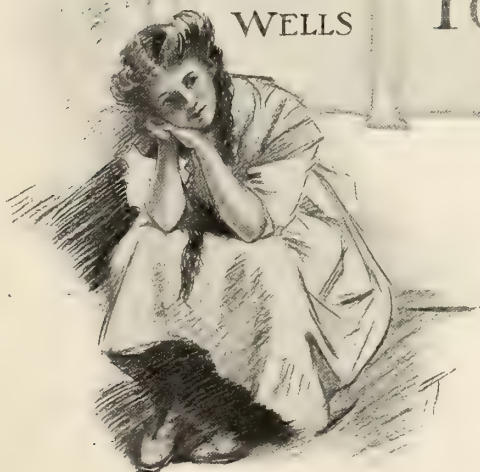
JULY, 1908

No. 9

By
MARY
WELLS

FOR THE FLAG

Drawings
by
Charles M.
Relyea



BETTY sat on the top step of the porch, her elbows on her knees and her chin propped on her hands. One long braid had become loosened and the strands of chestnut fell over her shoulder. Where the sun touched them, glints of red shone. Her brown eyes were dancing, and the little freckles only made the merry face more charming. Personally, Betty disliked the freckles. "Looks as if some one had taken a pepper box and just sprinkled them on," she once said disconsolately.

This afternoon, she was unwontedly happy. Suddenly, she burst into song, her childish voice ringing out over the old garden, and her hand keeping time in unconscious imitation of Miss Elwood, the singing teacher. Betty adored Miss Elwood. She was so slender and graceful and smiled so sweetly as she beat time with her ebony baton. The song Betty sang was one which

often accompanied the flag salute at the close of the morning Assembly. "Hats off. The flag is passing by." The closing phrases swelled and retarded on the high notes. "The flag—is passing—by-y-y" sang Betty.

A catbird flew down from the syringa bush, and hopped along with that upward flirt of his tail which Betty found so fascinating. He cocked his head inquiringly as if trying to catch the air, then fluttered away across the box hedges. As his plaintive lilt drifted down, Betty burst into laughter. "It sounds just like Freddie Hammond when he sings. His voice is just so squeaky, but then I don't suppose he can help it, he's so thin," she added contritely.

"Oh me, oh my, I'm so happy, and there's father driving in the gate!"

She started on a run down the gravel roadway, frantically pursued by the old collie, which, aroused by the sound of wheels, had come dashing from the stable.

Dr. Buford drew up in pretended astonishment. "Bless me! Who's this Madcap Brownie with flying hair?"

"It's Elizabeth Hepburn Buford, and she's going to hold the flag at closing," chanted Betty, as she clambered into the phaeton. "And it's the most beautiful flag, Father, silk with a gold cord and—an eagle." She gave her father's arm an ecstatic little squeeze. "I've got to stand on the stage in front of the minister, and the Board

of Education, and Dr. Dearborn. The whole school is going to sing, then they 're going to give the flag salute, after which"—Betty assumed the dignified air of Professor Faulkner—"we will all join in singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Is n't it just too lovely?" She paused breathlessly.

"Wonderful! How are we ever going to bear up under such honor?" exclaimed Dr. Buford with mock gravity. "I suppose all this is preliminary to a new frock," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, my white one will do, if only Mrs. Cameron would put a tuck in it." Betty sighed. "She does make all my dresses so long. She 's so afraid I 'll grow. None of the other girls wear theirs so long, and I do look so old-fashioned."

At Betty's tragic tone, Dr. Buford laughed outright. "Perhaps in honor of such a grand occasion, we might make a trip to Saltillo and buy a frock with the regulation number of tucks. How would you like that, eh?" and he gave a twitch to a curly lock.

"Just you and I, Daddy, without Mrs. Cameron?" questioned Betty.

The doctor nodded, smiling.

"It would be just too lovely, you dear, darling Father," and Betty pulled his head down to give him a grateful kiss.

"Well, here we are, Lady Elizabeth," and the doctor drew up before the porch. "Run in now and smooth your hair for tea, or Mrs. Cameron—" Betty caught up his words—"Mrs. Cameron will shake her head and smile and say, 'My dear, your hair is in disorder.'" Betty measured off her words. "Then I 'll feel so ashamed. If she 'd only scold once in a while, but she 's always so calm."

The doctor's lips twitched suspiciously as he gathered up the reins. Suddenly he paused. "By the way," he said, "Mrs. Dollivar sent for me to-day to see her little daughter. She 's hurt her ankle, and will have to stay in for a day or two. Her mother says the child is lonely. I thought you might run in to see her to-morrow. You 're the best tonic I can prescribe."

Betty looked sober. "I don't know Anne Dollivar very well. Of course she has n't lived here long, but she 's so quiet, and never stops to play with the other girls. She knows her lessons, though. She 's a perfect wonder in history." Betty's tone was one of respectful awe. "I don't believe I like her very well, but I suppose it 's hard to be in the house this lovely weather. I 'll go to see her, Father, and I 'll take her a bunch of my violets. Maybe she 'll like that."

"I 'm sure she will," said the doctor, "I have no doubt you 'll like her when you know her.

She seems a nice little thing. I think she will soon be up and about."

Between Dr. Buford and his daughter there was a strong tie, for Betty's mother had died when Betty was born. Mrs. Cameron, the elderly housekeeper, while good and kind, was not a person to invite confidence, and so Betty had gotten into the habit of bringing all her joys and perplexities to her father, finding in him a sympathetic companion and a wise counselor. To him, his little daughter was the dearest thing on earth.

At three o'clock the next day, Betty stood before the charming old doorway of the Dollivar home, which lay some distance from town. Her heart was beating rapidly, for the old mansion was somewhat imposing, besides, she had never seen Mrs. Dollivar. In response to her somewhat feeble ring, that lady, herself, opened the door, and then all of Betty's timidity vanished. She saw before her a little woman with the softest brown hair parted and waving low over her forehead. Her eyes reminded Betty of deep purple pansies, and her smile was beautiful.

Betty smiled back. "I 'm Betty Buford," she said. "Father told me Anne was sick, and so I came over to see her."

Mrs. Dollivar took her by the hand. "Come right into the library, my dear—Anne will be glad to see you."

She led Betty across the low, wide hall to a big room facing the west. Here Anne lay on a couch by the big window. "You 'll have to pardon her not rising," said her mother.

A flush of pleasure came over Anne's pale face as Betty came forward, holding out the violets with a friendly smile. "I 'm so sorry you 're sick," she said; "I hate being sick myself. I thought perhaps you would like some of my violets."

"Oh, thank you," said Anne, "they 're so sweet, and we have n't any in our garden."

"I 'll give you some of our roots if you would like them," said Betty. "We 've a lot of them."

"I should love to have some," said Anne, shyly.

"I think I 'll leave you girls to visit with each other for a time," said Mrs. Dollivar, then with a smile she went away.

As she left the room, Betty turned impetuously to Anne. "Is n't she lovely and sweet?" she cried. "I should think you 'd be so happy. My mother died soon after I was born. I have my father, though," she added loyally, "and he 's the best father on earth."

"My father died last year," said Anne, returning confidence for confidence. "That 's his picture on the mantelpiece."

"He wears a soldier's uniform," said Betty.

"He was a captain. We were living in a fort in Wyoming when he died. We've always lived in forts till we came here. This house belongs to Grandpa Dollivar. That 's his picture above father's."

Betty turned interested eyes on the bearded, handsome man. There were two swords crossed above the portrait and a silk flag intertwined. "Why, he was a soldier, too!" she exclaimed

them got into the fort and the Indians could n't take that."

Betty's brown eyes were wide with excitement. "And who was this one?" She indicated another large portrait opposite the chaplain's.

"That 's my great-great-Grandfather Dollivar. His name was Eliphalet. Is n't that a funny name?" and Anne laughed.

It was such a merry, contagious laugh that



"'HE WEARS A SOLDIER'S UNIFORM,' SAID BETTY."

"Yes," said Anne. "You see all the Dollivars were soldiers, and all the Davenports ministers. Grandfather Dollivar was in the Civil War. He was a colonel with McClellan—he knew the most interesting war stories. He was wounded in two battles—Malvern Hill and Gettysburg. And that 's my great-great-Grandfather Davenport." She pointed to the oil-painting of a stately old gentleman beside the book-case. "He was chaplain in the fort at Cherry Valley in Revolutionary times. When the Indians attacked the town, they killed most of the people, but some of

Betty joined in sympathy. "Tell me about him," she said.

"Open that cabinet, Betty," said Anne, "and get the little silver box on the second shelf."

Betty took out the little round box, shaped like an old-fashioned snuff-box. "What is it?" she asked curiously.

"Open it," said Anne.

Betty removed the cover. The box was full of little rolls. "Why, it looks like tea," she exclaimed.

"It is tea," said Anne. "It 's Boston Harbor

tea. Great-great-Grandfather Dollivar had been to a party that night and afterward, when they dressed up as Indians and went to the wharf—he wore his low shoes. When they emptied the tea into the harbor, so much was scattered around the deck that some of it got into great-great-Grandfather's shoes, and that 's it. It 's come down through the Dollivar family, till father gave it to me. You see he did n't have any boy to give it to."

Betty touched the little rolls reverently, then she surveyed the austere old gentleman respectfully, but could not imagine him a gay young fellow dancing, or taking part in the Indian prank.

"How awfully interesting," she said; "and how proud you must be to have such distinguished relatives. That must be the reason you like history so well. Now I can never remember the dates." She thrust out her hands with a despairing gesture. "Do you know," she went on confidentially, "I 've always been afraid of you, you 're so awfully bright."

"Afraid of me!" cried Anne in her soft little voice.

Betty nodded.

"But you 're so pretty and funny, Betty. I 've always wanted to know you. Everybody loves you." There was a wistful tone in Anne's voice that went straight to Betty's sympathetic heart.

"They 'll love you, too, Anne, when they get acquainted with you. You see I 've always lived here, and they 're used to me. Don't you like our school?"

"It 's the first I 've ever been to," said Anne, "and it seemed strange at first, but I like it. I like the assembly and the songs and the flag salute. Don't you love the flag?"

"Why, of course," said Betty, somewhat puzzled, "I think it 's the prettiest of any of the flags."

"I don't mean just that," said Anne. "Of course it 's beautiful, but it 's *our* flag, and it stands for so much. Father used to talk to me about it. I can't say just what I mean, but I feel it." Her pale face glowed as if lighted by an inward fire. "Won 't the closing be grand?" she added.

Betty opened her lips eagerly, then closed them. She had been on the verge of proclaiming the honor that had been bestowed upon her, but something seemed to hold her back. It might sound like bragging.

Just then Mrs. Dollivar came in bringing a silver tray with little cakes, and chocolate in the thinnest of old-fashioned cups. When, a little later, Betty rose to go, Anne whispered to her mother, who smiled and brought her a little box.

Into this, Anne put some of the Boston tea and handed the box to Betty.

"Oh, Anne, I could n't take it," said Betty.

"Please do," said Anne. "See, I have plenty left."

"Thank you, dear Anne, I 'll keep it always, and I 'll always think of your great-great-Grandfather Eliphalet running around on the tea-ship deck, with his tomahawk and feathers." She gave such a comical glance at the grave old gentleman that both Anne and her mother laughed.

"Come again soon, my dear," said Mrs. Dollivar at parting, then she bent to kiss the upturned face.

"I will," said Betty, "I 've had the nicest kind of a time."

Betty skipped along the country road, holding close her gift, and going over in her mind the events of the afternoon. What a quaint old house! How lovely Mrs. Dollivar was, and how kind Anne had been! And how wonderful to have such a relic for her very, very own. Betty stopped to take the cover from the box and regarded with satisfaction the precious Boston tea. She would have so much to tell father.

Then her thoughts turned to the closing and the delightful trip to Saltillo. She began to picture the new dress.

"I hope it will have four tucks," she soliloquized, "and a wide berth, short sleeves, and a long ribbon sash. I can just see it." She sighed blissfully. Then, in fancy, she saw herself on the stage before the crowded hall, holding the new flag. She could see just how they would all look, her schoolmates, Mrs. Cameron, and her father, all smiling at her. Into the pleasing vision came suddenly Anne Dollivar's face, but Anne was not looking at Betty. Her eyes were on the flag, and her face was shining, Betty seemed to hear her say again, "Don't you love the flag?"

All at once, Betty stopped short in the winding road. A sudden and unwelcome suggestion had come to her like a swift arrow shaft. All the brightness went out of her face, and words burst hastily from her lips as though in answer to a spoken argument.

"Oh, no! I could n't. It would n't be fair."

Then she walked on, but her steps lagged. She tried to turn her thoughts to other things, but the idea was persistent, "Why not let Anne Dollivar hold the flag at closing?"

Betty broke into a run as if to out-distance the inward voice, but, "Why not let Anne hold the flag?" It was as distinct to her hearing as if some one had spoken it to her outward ear.

"If Miss Ellwood had wanted Anne Dollivar

to hold the flag, she would have asked her." Betty's tone was almost sharp.

"But Miss Elwood does n't understand." "You could explain to her." "Think of what the flag means to Anne with her soldier ancestors and her training. It seems as if it were almost her right."

"She would n't do it as well as I, besides—" Betty's voice faltered—"She would n't look so pretty either."

"But Anne is so lonely, and it would make her so happy."

"She has a great deal more than I have," cried Betty; but the inward voice was inexorable, quoting Anne's very words: "Everybody loves you, Betty."

Give up the trip to Saltillo! Give up the honor of closing night!

"I can't; I won't!" said Betty, and her voice was almost a sob.

"Would Anne do it for you?"

Betty had recognized the unselfishness of Anne's nature, and now her innate justice and love of truth forced the reluctant answer from her. Anne *would* do it for her. Betty sank down by the roadside, a limp, miserable little heap.

"I don't care! I shan't give it up! Miss Elwood asked me, and it 's my right. I can't help it if Anne Dollivar has twenty dozen soldiers in her family. I wish I 'd never gone there. It 's just too mean. I won't, I won't, I won't!" and with each repetition, Betty set her lips still more firmly.

Even to much older persons and after long training, unselfishness is not always easy when something earnestly longed for has to be given up. It means a struggle for the mastery. So it is no wonder that a battle went on in Betty's heart.

As she arose to go she almost bumped into little Susie Shelton, who though always polite and daintily dressed was so shy that she hardly ever dared to look her schoolmates in the face, and was known among them as "Bashful Sue." With a timid "Good morning, Betty," she hastened by, while Betty said to herself, "I wish I were as bashful as poor little Susie, for then I would n't even *want* to hold the flag!"

When she reached home, she ran quickly upstairs and thrust the box of Boston tea into the remotest corner of the lowest bureau drawer. At supper she tried to act as if nothing were the matter, but in spite of her efforts, her speech was brief and her manner unnatural, for continually in her ears kept sounding, now pleading, now peremptory, but always persistent, "Let Anne hold the flag. Let Anne hold the flag."

Her father glanced at her curiously once or

twice, but forebore to question, satisfied that in due time Betty would come to him with whatever was troubling her.

After tea she picked up a book and tried to read, but even her beloved "Eight Cousins" failed to distract her thoughts; Anne's face looked out from every page and the letters danced before her eyes, forming themselves into "Let Anne hold the flag. Let Anne hold the flag."

Betty threw down the book, unable to endure the strife longer. She would go into father's office and tell him all about it. She ran across the hall, but stopped disappointed on the threshold, hearing voices. Mr. Anderson had come in for a game of chess, so all hopes of an interview were at an end.



BASHFUL SUSIE.

She reluctantly climbed the stairway to her room and slowly made ready for bed. From the oval frame at its foot, the face of her mother looked out at her, that sweet, girlish mother whom she

could not remember, yet whose face was so like her own. To-night, the brown eyes seemed to be following her with a sad expression.

"She thinks I 'm selfish," said Betty with a lump in her throat; but in the same breath, she added, "I can't give it up."

She turned out the gas and crept into bed. Here she tossed and turned restlessly for a time, but, at last worn out by the turmoil of her heart, fell asleep.

She awakened suddenly. The moonlight was streaming in at the window, silvering the different objects in the room. For a moment, Betty lay wondering, then gradually the trouble of the night before came back. She rose and went to the window, where she sank down with her head on the sill. The lace-like patterns of the locust leaves quivered on the white wall of the cottage, and the faint, sweet scent of the violets was wafted upward. High in the heavens rode the moon, shedding its silvery radiance over all. In all the wide, sweet world, Betty felt that she only was an alien.

Suddenly she laid down her head, bursting into a passion of tears. "I *am* selfish," she cried,

"but I won't be any longer, I will tell Miss Elwood, and I will let Anne hold the flag."

She sobbed on in the moonlight, but somehow, with the tears, all the bitterness seemed to vanish, and a great longing to be always true, helpful, and unselfish swelled up in her heart. The peace of the night seemed to settle upon her. As she crept into bed once more, the moonlight fell softly on her mother's picture, and Betty lay watching it with a smile on her lips. A few minutes later, she fell asleep, and the smile still lingered.

Early next morning, she was awakened by the catbird on the lilac-tree near her window. "There 's Freddie Hammond," she cried merrily.

Then she sprang out of bed and ran quickly to the bureau. Here from the remotest corner of the bottom drawer, she drew out the box of Boston tea, raised the lid and glanced anxiously within. She dressed hastily, then danced downstairs and out into the fresh, sweet morning. She whistled to the collie, and away they flew around the garden paths and down the winding drive. Betty brought up at the porch again, rosy and breathless, and Laddie dropped panting at her feet.

At the breakfast-table, she was bubbling over with gaiety. She gave an animated description of the Dollivar family portraits, produced the Boston tea and, with irresistible mischief, pictured the grave Elphalet prancing around the tea-ship deck. Even Mrs. Cameron was moved to mirth, and Dr. Buford smiled, rejoicing that all was well once more.

When Sam drove around to the door, Dr. Buford turned to Betty with mock ceremony: "Dr. Buford has a call to make up the River Road, and if Miss Buford is agreeable, he will be pleased to have her company as far as the school-house."

"Miss Buford accepts with pleasure," cried Betty. "Just wait till I get my hat, Daddy."

"How about Saturday for our trip?" inquired the doctor, as they were slowly climbing Halliday's Hill.

Betty's face grew suddenly sober. "I won't have to have a new dress, Father, for I've decided I won't hold the flag."

"Not hold the flag!" said her father in amazement. "Why, what—?" then he waited.

"You see, Daddy," explained Betty, "somehow it did n't seem fair when all Anne's relatives were soldiers and she loves the flag so. I felt like a mean, selfish girl. I know Miss Elwood will change, and Anne will never know. I'm so glad I did n't tell her. I really don't care so much about holding it, I mean," she added truthfully, "I don't care so much as I did."

"So this was what was troubling my daughter?" The doctor's tone was tender.

"Oh, Daddy," said Betty, "I was so miserable. At first, it did n't seem as if I could give it up, and I felt just hateful and horrid; and now, I honestly want Anne to do it. I begin to see a little what she meant about the flag, and somehow I feel as if, perhaps, I may be doing a little for it." Betty's tone was wistful.

Her father drew her close. "You are, Betty. I'd rather have my daughter learn the spirit of sacrifice, than have all the honor of closing night."

"Maybe," Betty smiled pathetically, "maybe I can persuade Mrs. Cameron to put in that tuck."

"If she does n't," said the doctor emphatically, "I'll do it myself."

At this little joke, Betty burst into a merry laugh. "Then I could n't go at all," she exclaimed roguishly.

Miss Elwood listened attentively to Betty's plea, but, at the close, merely said quietly, "Very well, Betty, it shall be as you wish. I'm sure Anne will do it nicely; I will go to see Mrs. Dollivar to-night." But as her gray eyes met Betty's brown ones, something in their expression told Betty that she was not displeased.

The gray eyes followed Betty as she walked briskly down the hall, "Bless her unselfish little heart!" said Miss Elwood.

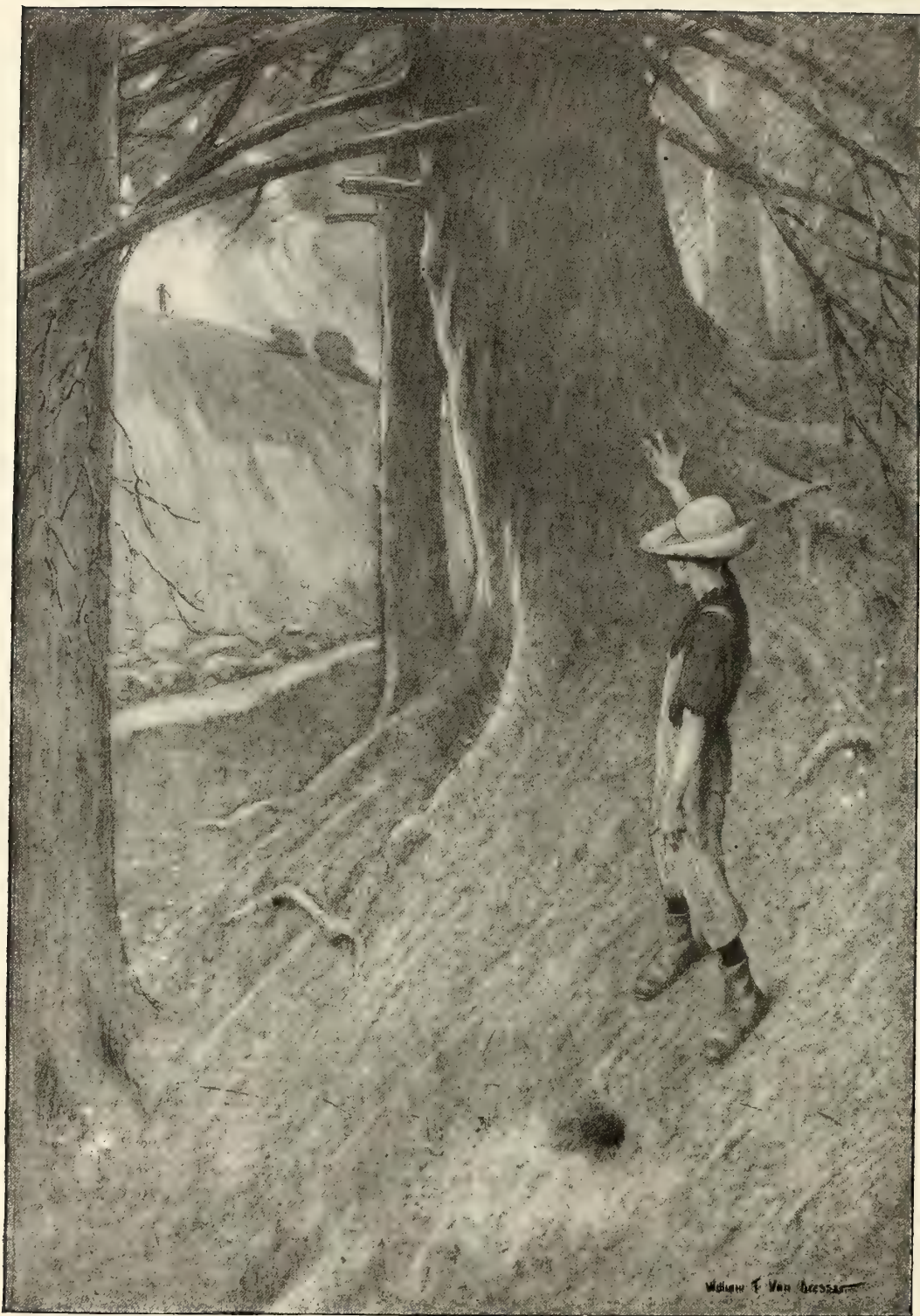
The next day was Saturday, and Betty was in the garden picking violets, when the sound of wheels made her turn—it was Anne Dollivar in her pony carriage driving in at the gate. Betty ran to meet her.

Anne's eyes were sparkling and her voice was trembling with eagerness. "Oh, Betty," she cried, "I've something to tell you. I could n't wait, and my ankle is so much better that mother said James might drive me over. Miss Elwood has been to see mother, and, what do you think?—mother has such a beautiful plan. You and I are going to hold the flag at closing. Mother's going to dress us in old-fashioned gowns. I'm going to be 'The Spirit of '76' and you're to be 'The Spirit of '61.' You're going to have the dearest white dress, low neck, with a lovely fichu. There are some little high-heeled shoes, and you're going to have your hair parted and coiled in your neck, just as they wore it then, with some rosebuds drooping at the side. It's one of Grandma Dollivar's wedding dresses. And I'm going to have my hair powdered and—why, Betty, you're crying! Are n't you glad? I thought you'd be pleased." She looked up timidly.

Betty threw her arms around Anne's neck. "Yes, I am glad, Anne, I'm only crying because I'm so happy."



"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."



William F. Van Orsman

"HEY, J-I-M-M-Y! COME OVER! HERE'S A WOOD-CHUCK HOLE!"

HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

II. ROBERT FULTON: THE BOY OF THE CONESTOGA

It was mid-afternoon on July 3, 1778. A group of a dozen boys sat in the long grass that grew close down to the banks of the narrow, twisting Conestoga River, in eastern Pennsylvania. All of the boys were hard at work engaged in a mysterious occupation. By the side of one of them lay a great pile of narrow pasteboard tubes, each about two feet long, and in front of this same small boy stood a keg filled with what looked like black sand. Each of the group was busy working with one of the pasteboard tubes, stopping one end tightly with paper, and then pouring in handfuls of the "sand" from the keg, and from time to time dropping small colored balls into the tubes at various layers of the sand. These balls came from a box that was guarded by the same boy who had charge of the tubes and the keg, and he dealt them out to the others with continual words of caution.

"Be very careful of that one, George," he said, handing him one of the colored balls, "those red ones were very hard to make, and I have n't many of them, but they 'll burn splendidly, and make a great show when they go off."

"How do you stop the candle when all the balls and powder are in, Rob?" asked another boy.

"See, this way," said the young instructor, and he slipped a short fuse into the tube and fastened the end with paper and a piece of twine.

"There 's something 'll let folks know to-morrow 's the Fourth of July," he added proudly, as he laid the rocket beside the keg of powder.

"What made you think of them, Rob?" asked one of the boys, looking admiringly at the lad of fourteen who had just spoken.

"I knew something had to be done," said Robert, "as soon as I heard they were n't going to let us burn any candles to-morrow night 'cause candles were so scarce. I knew we had to do something to show how proud we were that they had signed the Declaration of Independence two years ago, and so I thought things over last night

and worked out a way of making these rockets. They 'll be much grander than last year's candle parade. They would n't let us light the streets, so we 'll light the skies."

"I wish the Britishers could see them!" said one of the group; and another added: "I wish



General Washington could be in Lancaster to-morrow night!"

Just before the warm sun dropped behind the tops of the walnut-grove beyond the river the work was done, and a great pile of rockets lay on the grass. Then, as though moved by one

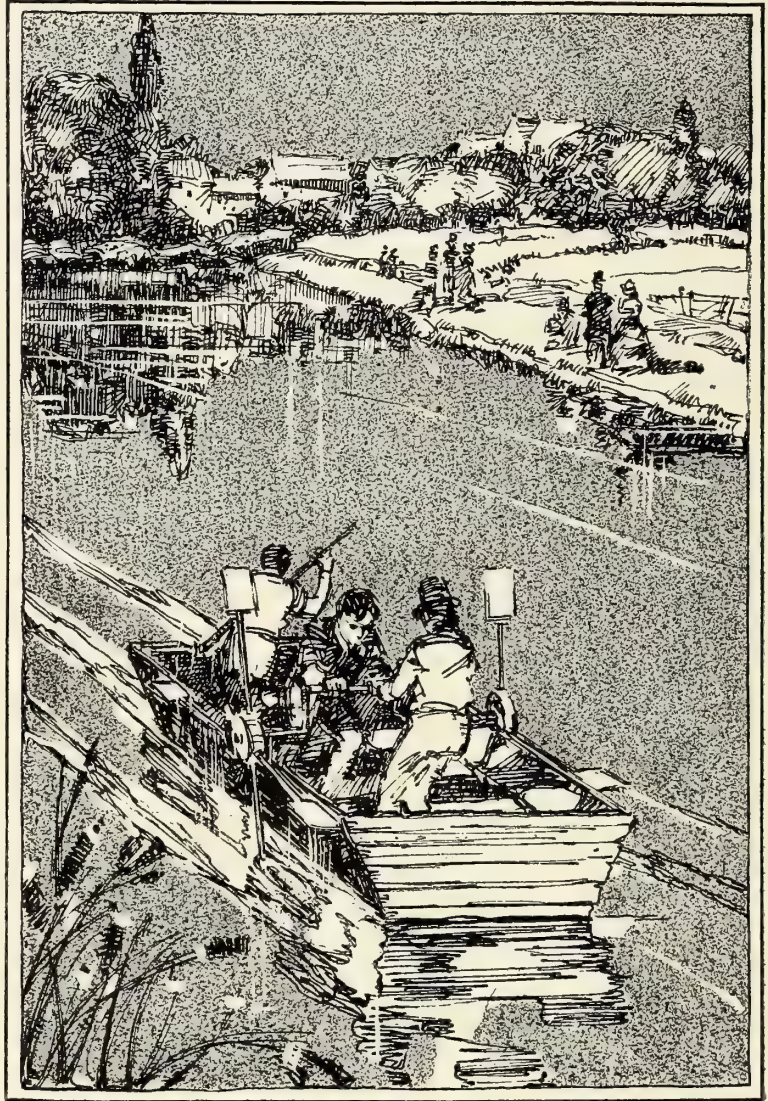
impulse, all the boys stripped off their clothes and plunged into the cool pool of the river where it made a great circle under the maples. They had all been born and brought up near the winding Conestoga, and had fished in it and swam in it ever since they could remember.

The next evening the boys of Lancaster sprang a surprise on that quiet but patriotic town. The authorities had forbidden the burning of candles on account of the scarcity caused by the War of Independence, and every one expected that second Fourth of July to pass off as quietly as any other day. But at dusk all the boys gathered at Rob Fulton's house, just outside town, and as soon as it was really dark proceeded to the town square, their arms full of mysterious packages. It took only a few minutes to gather enough wood in the center of the square for a gigantic bonfire, and when all the people of Lancaster were drawn into the square by the blaze, the boys started their display of fireworks. The astonished people heard one dull thudding report after another, saw a ball of colored fire flaming high in the air, then a burst of myriad sparks and a rain of stars. They were not used to seeing sky-rockets, most of them had never heard that there were such things, but they were delighted with them, and hurrahed and cheered at each fresh burst. This was indeed a great surprise.

"What are they? Where did they come from? How did the boys get them?" were the questions that went through the watching crowds, and it was not long before the answer traveled from mouth to mouth: "It's one of Rob Fulton's inventions. He read about making them in some book."

The father of one of Robert's friends nodded his head when he heard this news, and said to his wife: "I might have known it was young

Rob; I've never known such a boy for making things. His schoolmaster told me the other day



THE BOY FULTON'S PADDLE-WHEEL BOAT, ON THE CONESTOGA.

that when he was only ten he made his own lead-pencils, picking up any bits of sheet lead which happened to come his way, and hammering the lead out of them and making pencils that were as good as any in the school."

The fireworks were a great success; for the better part of an hour they held the attention of Lancaster, and when the last rocket had shot out its stars every boy there felt that the Fourth of July had been splendidly kept. For a day or two Rob Fulton was an important personage,

then he dropped back into the ranks with his schoolmates again.

It was not long after, however, that Robert set himself to work out another problem. The Fultons lived near the Conestoga, and Robert and his younger brothers were very fond of fishing. All they had to fish from was a light raft which they had built the summer before, and this cumbersome craft they had to pole from place to place. When they wanted to fish some distance down from their farm-house, they had to spend most of the afternoon poling, and this heavy labor robbed the sport of half its charm. So, a week or two after the Fourth of July, Robert told a couple of boy friends that he was going to make a boat of his own, and got them to help him collect the materials he needed. He liked mystery, and told them to tell no one of his plans. As soon as school was over the three conspirators would steal away to the riverside, and there hammer and saw and plane to their heart's content. Gradually the boat took shape under their hands, and after about ten days' work a small, light skiff, with two paddle-wheels joined by a bar and crank, was ready to be launched. The idea was that a boy standing in the middle of the skiff could make both wheels revolve by turning the crank, and it only needed another boy holding an oar in a crotch at the stern to steer the craft wherever he wanted it to go. Yet, even when the boat was finished, the two other boys were very doubtful whether such a strange-looking object would really work. Robert himself had no doubts upon that score, he had worked the whole plan out before he had chosen the first plank.

The miniature side-paddle river-boat was christened the *George Washington* and launched in a still reach of the Conestoga. It was an exciting moment when Robert laid hands on the crank and started the two wheels. They turned easily and the boat pulled steadily out from shore, and at a twist from the steering-oar headed down-stream. It was a proud moment for the young inventor. As they went down the river and passed people on the banks, he could not help laughing as he saw the surprise on their faces. Fishing became better sport than ever when one had a boat of this sort to take one up- or down-stream. Very little effort sent the paddles a long way, and there were always boys who were eager to take a turn at the crank. The Lancaster schoolmaster heard of the boat, and said to a friend: "Take my word for it, the world's going to hear from Rob Fulton some of these days. He can't help turning old goods to new uses. And he does n't know what it means to be discour-

aged. I met him the afternoon of the third of July and he told me that he was going to make some rockets, and I said I thought he would find such a task impossible. 'No sir,' says Robert to me, 'I don't think so. I don't think anything's impossible if you make up your mind to do it.' That's the sort of boy he is!"

A large number of Hessian troops were quartered near the Conestoga, and the Lancaster boys thought a great deal about the War for Independence, as was natural when the fathers and brothers of most of them were fighting in it. Such thoughts soon turned Rob Fulton's mind to making firearms, and as soon as his boat had proved itself successful, he planned a new type of gun, and supplied some Lancaster gunsmiths with complete drawings for the whole,—stock, lock, and barrel,—and made estimates of range that were fully verified when the gun was finished.

At this time in his boyhood it was hard to say whether the young Fulton was more the inventor or the artist, but as soon as the war ended he decided that he would become a painter, and went to Philadelphia, then the chief city of the new nation, to study his art. He made enough money by the use of his pencil and by making drawings for machinists, to support himself, and also saved enough money to buy a small farm for his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters.

Benjamin West, the great painter, had lived near Lancaster, and had heard much of Robert Fulton's boyhood inventions, and he now hunted him out in Philadelphia, and helped him in his new line of work. The young artist met Benjamin Franklin and found him eager to further his plans, and so, by dint of his perseverance and the friends he was fortunate enough to make, he laid the foundations for his future.

When he became a man, the spirit of the inventor finally overcame that of the painter. He went abroad and studied in laboratories in England and France, and then he came home and built a workshop of his own. What particularly interested him was the uses to which steam might be applied, and he studied its possibilities until he had worked out his plans for a practical steamboat. How successful those plans were all the world knows. It was a great day when the crowds that lined the Hudson River saw the *Clermont* prove that the era of sailing vessels had closed, and that of steamships had dawned. But to the boys who had lived along the Conestoga it did not seem strange that Robert Fulton had won fame as an inventor; they had known he could make anything he chose since that second Fourth of July when he had come to his country's rescue with his home-made sky-rockets.

HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER XIII

BILLY ENTERTAINS

THE next morning they started the work of transforming the *Pup* from a black-and-tan—I am using Chub's expression—to a fox-terrier. They loaded a good-sized rock into the rowboat and from there lifted it over the side of the launch and placed it on the starboard seat. But as it did n't raise the other side of the *Pup* high enough out of the water Chub was delegated to join the rock. With Chub perched on the coaming all was ready for the painters. So Dick and Roy at once began work—Chub in the *Pup* and Dick and Roy in the rowboat. At first it was lots of fun, but presently their wrists began to ache, while, to add discouragement, they discovered that it would be necessary to put on at least two coats to hide the black paint beneath. Chub began to show signs of mutiny about eleven o'clock and wanted to go ashore. He declared that he would perish of ennui and that he was getting a headache and a backache, and that if the others thought it was fun sitting there on that edge they might come and try it themselves. However, he was prevailed on to continue in service a few minutes longer, and at half-past eleven the *Pup* was painted with one coat of white from bow to stern on the port side. Then all hands were quite ready to quit work, Roy declaring that for his part he wished they had n't begun.

"There 's three days' more work on her," he grumbled, "for she 'll have to have two coats."

"Tell you what we might do, though," said Chub. "We might put another coat on this side and let her go. I think it would be original and sporty to have one side black and the other side white."

Dick said he was an idiot, and Roy indorsed the sentiment heartily, and good nature was not restored until they had donned their bathingsuits and were splashing around in the water off Inner Beach.

After dinner Roy went after Harry, while Dick armed himself with pot and brush and went back to work, and after looking on for awhile Chub was forced to join him.

In half an hour Roy had returned with Harry and the two watched the others work.

"There 's another brush, Roy," said Dick, "but you need n't help unless you want to.

"Huh," said Roy, "you know plaguéd well I

can't sit here in the shade and see you fellows working out there. If I get sunstruck, like Billy Warren in the boat-race, you 'll be sorry enough, I guess."

Dick had discovered that the first coat of white had dried sufficiently to allow of a second and so before supper-time they had finished the port side of the hull. And very nice it looked, too; until you got a glimpse of the other side!

"It 's like having two boats," said Chub cheerfully, wiping the paint from his hands to his trousers. "If it was mine I 'd put one name on one side and another name on the other. For instance, Dick, you could call the white boat *Pup* and the black boat *Kit*."

"They might fight," said Harry, who was comfortably settled in the shade on shore. "Just supposing the *Pup* began chasing the *Kit*, Dick!"

"It would be a stern chase," said Chub.

The next day was Flag Day at Camp Torohadik. In the morning they sailed down to Silver Cove in the *Pup*, the paint having fulfilled the promise of its maker and dried overnight, and got their flags. There was a nice red-white-and-blue yachting design for the stern and an owner's flag for the bow. The latter consisted of a white ground with a blue Mercury's foot on it, a design suggested by Roy in allusion to Dick's prowess on the cinder-path. The poles were each finished off with a brass ball, and when poles and flags were set the *Pup* looked very gay and jaunty.

Harry, who had been at work spasmodically on the camp banner, produced the completed article that afternoon, and after their return to the island Roy used the rest of a small can of black paint and lettered the long strip of white cotton cloth which Harry had brought with the inscription: CAMP TOROHADIK. Then it was bent to the hal-yards and with Chub, at popular request, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" it was hoisted into place and for the rest of their stay flew proudly by day above the camp. (The truth is that it also flew occasionally by night; but it was n't supposed to, of course, and any fellow is likely to forget things now and then, and so we won't mention it save parenthetically.)

Taken all in all, that was a busy and eventful day on Fox Island. For late in the afternoon, shortly after they had returned from a six-mile trip up the river in the *Pup* (it having been decided to postpone painting until next day)

and just as Dick was getting ready to take Harry home, there was a hail from the water and they ran to the point to discover Doctor Emery paddling toward them in a canoe. Harry at once decided that she was wanted at home and

best thing their chef did, and—oh, lots more besides, every one talking at once! The Doctor could have had no doubt of his welcome. Presently it developed that he was lamentably ignorant of his island; and so he was personally conducted around by Harry and Chub.

"If I owned an island," said Harry, "I guess I 'd know every inch of it! I 'd just love to have an island all my own, too! Would n't you, Chub?"

"I should say I would! One away off from everywhere, you know. I 'd live on it, and I would n't let any one on it that I did n't like."

"Would n't that be lovely!" cried Harry. "Still, you would n't want it so far off that you could n't get to land sometimes, would you? Suppose you needed things to eat?"

"Oh, I 'd keep plenty on hand," answered Chub.

"Well I think an island like this is pretty nice," said Harry. "But you boys can do the camping out. I like to go home at night." And she stole her hand into her father's.

"Then you think this one would suit, do you?" asked the Doctor smilingly, and Harry nodded ready assent. When they reached the farther end of the domain Harry pointed out Point Harriet very proudly and the Doctor was properly impressed. Then they kept on past The Grapes, ascended Hood's Hill, ran down the other side and—came plump upon Billy Noon in the act of jabbing a knife-blade into the

lid of a can. His fire was already lighted and a few cooking utensils were scattered around him.

"It 's the Licensed Poet!" cried Harry.

Billy turned suddenly at sound of the voice, dropped can and knife, and whipped his right hand quickly behind him. Then he recognized his visitors and laughed apologetically.

"I did n't hear you coming," he explained. He greeted Harry with a gallant bow, expressed his pleasure at meeting the Doctor again, and nodded to Chub. "You find me immersed in household



"IT 'S THE LICENSED POET!" CRIED HARRY.

was busily lamenting her fate when the Doctor announced cheerfully that he had come to visit the camp and take supper. Mrs. Emery, he explained as the boys drew his canoe up on the beach, had gone to the Cove to spend the afternoon and evening, and he had decided to beg hospitality of the campers. The campers declared with enthusiasm that they were awfully glad to see him, and that supper would be ready in about half an hour, and that they were going to have fricasseed beef, and that fricasseed beef was the

duties," he went on lightly. "I was just about to prepare my frugal repast." As there was nothing edible in sight save bread, butter, and the contents of the tin can, the others thought the adjective well chosen.

"Well, don't let us disturb you," said the Doctor. He glanced about the beach and the underbrush. "But you surely don't sleep here without any cover?" he asked.

"No, I sleep aboard the boat," answered Billy, nodding to the *Minerva*, which rocked gently in the current with her nose imbedded in the sand. "She's not very large, but I manage to keep pretty comfortable in her. I cook on board, too, sometimes, but when it's possible I like to build my fire outdoors. Perhaps you'd like to see my private yacht?" he added smilingly. The Doctor hesitated, but Harry was already scrambling over the bow, and so the others followed. There was n't much to see; just the tiny cockpit and, beyond, a rather dim cabin lighted by the sun which streamed through a few round ports. There was a bunk on one side, made ready for the night, a small stove at the apex of the space and, on the other side, a bench. There was a small clock above the stove, a few hooks which held clothing, a wash-basin and bucket of water, a few books on a small shelf, a pair of shoes and a valise under the bunk, and some cooking things in a tiny cupboard above the bench.

The middle of the cabin was taken up by the center-board and the Poet pointed out a shelf which was made to fit over the center-board box and serve as a table. But there was one other thing which aroused Chub's curiosity. On the bench just where the light from the hatchway fell upon it, was a pocket map spread out. Thinking that it was a sailing chart, Chub leaned over to examine it. It proved, however, to be a map of the country thereabouts, and the words Silver Cove stared him in the face. The map had been ruled with pencil into squares about half an inch each way and many of these squares had been filled in with pencil strokes until the map around the words Silver Cove was checkered with dark spaces. Chub had time to see no more, for Billy Noon reached past him and, taking the map, deftly folded it and tossed it carelessly on top of the few books, inviting them to be seated. But they had seen all there was to be seen and so they filed out on to deck again, Harry declaring ecstatically that it must be beautiful to live in a boat, and asking Billy how he managed to sail it when he was asleep.

She and Chub found themselves back on the sand before the others and she seized the opportunity to whisper hurriedly in Chub's ear.

"Let's ask him to supper," she said. "Shall we?" And seeing his hesitation, she added: "Why, he has n't a thing to eat! Just look, Chub!" And Chub looked and relented.

And so the Licensed Poet was invited and he accepted instantly. They waited while he gathered his few things together and returned them to the *Minerva*, closing and locking the hatch after him. Then he drew on his coat and the four went on. Presently Chub found himself walking beside Billy, Harry and her father having lost ground because it was necessary that the former should see the view from Gull Point.

"I say," asked Chub suddenly, "what were you reaching for when we came up?"

Billy darted a swift glance at him. Then he answered:

"My handkerchief. I'd been making the fire and my hands were n't very clean, you know."

"Do you carry your handkerchief in your hip pocket?" asked Chub skeptically.

"When I have n't my coat on," replied the other. "I should n't wonder if it's there yet; I don't think I've taken it out. Yes, here it is." And he reached back to his hip pocket and drew it forth.

"Oh," said Chub, looking a little foolish. "I thought—" He hesitated.

"You thought," said Billy, his blue eyes sparkling with good-natured raillery, "that I was going to 'pull a gun' and blow holes in you. Was n't that it?"

"Well, it looked as though you were reaching for a revolver."

"Did it? You're too suspicious," laughed the other. "I'll confess you startled me, but I'm a more peaceable chap than you give me credit for being." There was a moment's silence. Then Billy laughed softly. "Do you know what I was doing when you folks came along?"

Chub shook his head.

"I was just going to open that can of mushrooms," answered Billy. "I'd had a pretty successful day and thought that now was my chance to celebrate."

"Did you sell some books?" Chub asked.

"Well, something of that sort. I found a customer, in fact, two or three of them. But I guess those mushrooms bear a charmed life. Just as I'm going to stick my knife through the lid you come along and ask me to supper, and back go the mushrooms to the store-room. It's funny, is n't it? That's the second time I've almost had them opened."

"Maybe the third time will be successful," laughed Chub.

Supper was late that evening, for Dick had three

extra persons to provide for, and it was incumbent, besides, to set a rather more elaborate repast than usual. But when it was ready it proved to be well worth waiting for, and the fricassee of beef was delicious. Dick had learned the trick from a ranch cook out West. The ranch cook used to call it "frigasy de boof," but he made it much better than he pronounced it. After supper Billy Noon and the Doctor got into a spirited discussion on the subject of Early Elizabethan Drama, a subject which did n't greatly interest the others after the first ten minutes. But taken in connection with one thing and another, including the marked map seen in the cabin, Billy Noon's knowledge of the subject in discussion set the boys wondering harder than ever that night after the guests had taken their departures.

"Of course he is n't a book agent," snorted Chub contemptuously. "And what 's more, he is n't staying around here for any good. I 'll just bet he was going to pull out a revolver this afternoon, even if he did have a handkerchief there!"

But Roy and Dick were n't willing to go so far as to suspect the Licensed Poet of wrong intentions.

"Maybe he is n't a book agent," allowed Dick, "but that does n't mean that he 's a—a pirate or a 'bad man.'"

"Pirate!" answered Chub. "Who said anything about pirates? He might be looking around the country to see what was worth swiping, might n't he?"

"A burglar? Pshaw," said Roy, "you 're daffy! Why, any one could see he 's too much of a gentleman for that. Besides, you Sherlock Holmes, burglars don't take all that trouble. They just go and find out where there 's stuff worth stealing and steal it. Why, he 'd starve to death before he got anything!"

"Well, then, what—" began Chub stubbornly.

"Bless you, I don't know," yawned Roy. "But he 's no burglar; I 'll wager anything on that."

"He swiped our butter and our bread," said Chub.

"Shucks! That was just a sort of joke. Look at the way he talked back at the Doctor about those old play-writers! Think burglars know about—what was it, Dick?"

"Early Elizabethan Dramas," answered Dick.

"Some might," answered Chub, warming to the argument. "Look at that fellow in the book."

"Raffles? Pshaw, that was just fiction; I 'm talking about real burglars."

"Well, it 's mighty funny," grunted Chub. "And I think we ought to ask him point-blank what he 's up to."

"That would be polite!" scoffed Dick. "Why, we would n't do that to a 'greaser' out West. You have n't any sense of hospitality; and you 're too suspicious, besides."

"That 's what he said," murmured Chub.

"And he was right. The idea of accusing him of going to shoot you!"

"I did n't! I just meant that he was feeling for a revolver, as if he was scared. I did n't think he meant to shoot us."

"Same thing," said Roy. "Men don't carry revolvers in their pockets if they 're all right."

"That 's what I 'm saying," answered Chub triumphantly.

"But you don't know he had a revolver there," said Roy. "He said it was a handkerchief he was after, and he showed it to you."

"Yes, but he might have had a revolver there too, might n't he? Besides, I don't know that he did n't put the handkerchief there after he got into his coat. I was n't watching him."

"You ought to have been," said Roy severely. Chub grunted. Then he returned to the argument.

"What 's that map for, then?" he demanded.

"Maybe he 's employed by the Government to make—observations," suggested Dick vaguely. "They do that."

"Oh, Jehoshaphat!" said Chub. "You fellows make me tired. I 'm going to bed."

"Guess we 'd all better go," said Dick, yawning. "If we 're going to finish painting that boat to-morrow we want to get to work before the sun 's very hot."

Chub and Roy groaned in unison.

But they did n't paint the boat the next day, as it happened; nor for many days afterward. For when they awoke in the morning it was raining hard and by the time breakfast was over with it had settled down into a regular torrent. Going for Harry was quite out of the question. They passed the morning as best they could, remaining, for the most part, in the tent. They were glad enough for the ditch which surrounded them, for if it had n't been there they 'd have had to sit in water. Even as it was little rivulets crept over the banks of the ditch and meandered across the floor. Roy was the only one of the three who was n't thoroughly bored by the middle of the afternoon. He was at work on a new map of the island, becoming so absorbed in the task of tracing his lines on the big sheet of paper he had purchased for the purpose that he forgot all about the weather. Once it became necessary to verify a portion of his map, and he donned his thickest sweater and went around to Turtle Point, unheeding the ridicule of the others. By supper-

time he had finished it, and although there were many criticisms offered he was very proud of it.

After supper Billy Noon came over to visit them, and they were heartily glad to see him. There was no camp-fire that night, for they had thoughtlessly left their store of wood exposed and there was n't enough dry fuel except what was needed for the stove, to make any kind of a blaze. Billy was in the best of spirits and this affected the spirits of the others favorably. He shed a yellow oilskin coat and hung it from a tent-pole under the single flickering lantern.

"Well, how goes it to-night, boys?" he asked.

"Oh, we 've been bored to death all day," answered Dick. "I never saw such weather!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Billy. "I like a day like this once in awhile. I like to get out and feel the rain. Where 's Miss Emery to-night?"

They explained that the weather had been too bad for her to come.

"I see," said Billy. "Well, what have you been doing to pass the time?"

"Reading," sighed Dick, "and playing two-handed euchre. Roy has been making a silly old map all day and would n't say a word. Show him your map, Roy."

Roy did so and Billy praised it highly.

"You 're a genuine cartographer, are n't you?" he said.

"Gee, Chub," laughed Dick. "We called him everything else, but we never thought of that, did we?"

But Chub only grunted. Ever since Billy's entrance he had been sitting silent, watching the visitor as a cat watches a mouse. Roy kicked his shins once when Billy was n't looking and begged him not to be a silly fool, but Chub only looked wise and frowned. Soon Billy was telling stories, some warranted strictly true and some frankly impossible, but all interesting. The boys forgot their low spirits and laughed and applauded and begged for more. All save Chub. Chub sat and watched, soberly, like an avenging Fate. From tales Billy passed to ventriloquism and held an animated conversation with a man named Bill Jones who was presumably sitting astride the ridge-pole and doubtless getting very wet.

"Gee!" said Dick admiringly. "I wish I could do that! Could n't you teach me?"

"If there was time enough," answered Billy. "But I 'm going on in a week or so, and as it took me two months to learn what I know about it I guess it would n't be worth while starting to teach you. It 's just a trick of the voice, but it takes a lot of practice. Now I 'll hold a key in my teeth. Professionals pretend that that 's a difficult stunt,

but as a matter of fact it is n't anything a all, because you keep your mouth still anyway."

"Were you ever on the stage?" asked Roy eagerly.

Billy shook his head.

"Not regularly," he answered. "I did ventriloquism and sleight-of-hand tricks once for three nights."

"Oh, can you do tricks, too?" cried Dick.

"A few," replied Billy modestly. "I 'm rather out of practice, I 'm afraid. You 've got to work every day to keep your muscles limber or you 're not much good. I 'll try a few card tricks, if you like."

So the cards were produced, and for the next quarter of an hour Billy Noon had Dick's eyes popping out of his head. Chub still glowered, but it was noticeable that he leaned forward now and then and seemed pretty well interested in the Licensed Poet's dexterous fingers. Then Billy did some palming tricks with, first, a coin and, afterward, a tennis-ball which Roy happened to have.

"Now," said Billy, "to conclude the entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, I will ask one of you to kindly step upon the platform and lend me a moment's assistance." Billy arose and looked over the tent as he drew back his coat sleeves. "Thank you, sir," he said, smiling professionally at Roy, "you will do nicely. I can see that it will be very hard to deceive you, sir. You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that I have nothing up my sleeves, nothing in my hands." He turned his palms out and back quickly. "Now I should like to borrow a silk hat from some member of the audience." Dick and Roy were chuckling merrily. "Or failing that—let me see, ah, that cap on the bunk will do nicely. Thank you, sir." And Billy bowed impressively as Dick handed him his cap. "And now may I have a handkerchief, if you please?"

That proved a rather embarrassing request, and in the end Roy had to go to his suit-case and dig out a clean one from the bottom of the confusion therein. Billy took it with a flourish.

"Now, sir, if you will kindly stand here." He placed Roy beside him, facing the "audience." Roy grinned steadily and watched Billy as though he feared the latter was going to make him disappear.

"In doing these tricks," said Billy, rolling the handkerchief between his palms, "it is necessary to demand of the audience the very closest attention. So I will ask you to keep your eyes on me very carefully, ve-e-ry carefully, because I might do something that you did n't see, and I would n't want to do that, believe me. I always take my

audiences into my confidence, and if anything transpires here this evening which you do not fully understand—”

Dick and Chub were gazing fascinatedly at the handkerchief which had been rolled into a smaller and yet smaller ball and which was now entirely out of sight between Billy's palms.

“I want you to tell me so that I can explain,” continued Billy. Then he brushed the palms of his hands lightly together. The handkerchief had utterly disappeared!

“Bully!” said Dick.

“Blessed if I understand that,” muttered Chub. Billy laughed.

“Oh, that 's very simple,” he replied with a laugh. “Merely transference. Now, if the person in the audience is quite through with the handkerchief I 'll ask him to return it by one of the ushers.” Billy's eyes ranged questioningly from Dick to Chub and back again, while he smiled politely and expectantly. Then, “I say if you are quite through with the handkerchief,” he announced in a louder voice, “you will be kind enough to return it.” Chub and Dick grinned. Roy stood on his other foot for a change and grinned too. Billy pretended to be cross. “Really, ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “I assure you that I can't go on with the performance until the handkerchief is returned. I know where it is and if the gentleman who has it does n't return it at once I shall be obliged to call on one of the ushers for assistance.” The audience made no reply. “You, there,” cried Billy, pointing suddenly at Chub. “There 's no use in acting this way. The handkerchief is in your right-hand coat pocket. Kindly return it, sir!”

Chub nearly jumped off his soap-box. Then he stared dazedly at Billy for a moment, finally dropping one hand into the pocket specified, a look of incredulity on his face. But he found it, or at least he found something, for,

“*Thunder!*” he yelled, jerked his hand out again and jumped to his feet as something fell to the ground with a soft *thud*. The something went hopping away toward the tent door amidst howls of laughter from Roy and Dick. It was a large fat toad. Chub stared at it until it had hopped from sight. Then he stared at Billy. Finally he stared at Roy and Dick, and those youths went into spasms of even more riotous laughter. “Well!” said Chub finally, and sat down again after looking at the soap-box carefully to see that there were no more toads about.

“You 'd better look in your pocket again, Chub!” cried Dick. “There may be another!”

Chub obeyed the suggestion very gingerly and heaved a sigh of relief to find the pocket empty.

“My mistake,” said Billy easily, when the laughter had subsided. “I beg your pardon, sir. Had I known that you were in the habit of carrying pets around with you I should have been more careful, sir. I 'm very sorry, really. You 'll pardon me, I trust?” Chub grinned sheepishly and Billy was silent a moment, frowning intently at the lantern. Then, “Ah!” he exclaimed. “How stupid of me! Really, ladies and gentlemen, I don't know when I 've made such a foolish mistake before! I am really chagrined, I assure you!” He turned to Roy beside him. “You, sir, are at liberty to return to your seat. I thank you very much.” Roy smiled, hesitated, and moved toward his bed upon which he had been seated when summoned to assist “the Professor.”

But he was n't destined to get off quite so easily, for:

“Oh, but one moment, sir, if you please,” said Billy. “You had better leave the handkerchief here, had n't you?”

Roy stopped and smiled helplessly.

“I suppose so,” he said, “if I 've got it.”

“Do you mean to deny that you have it?” exclaimed Billy in apparent astonishment.

“No, I don't,” answered Roy forcibly, to the amusement of the others.

“Ah,” said Billy, “then I 'll trouble you for it.” And he held out his hand.

“I—I guess you 'll have to take it,” answered Roy uneasily.

“You compel me to use force,” said Billy. “I 'm sorry, but—” He seized Roy quickly, plunged a hand into the inside pocket of his jacket and drew forth the handkerchief *neatly folded!*

Roy stared at the handkerchief and at Billy. Then he shook his head and slowly walked over to his seat.

“I declare,” he said laughingly, “I was n't sure it was n't in my mouth!”

“Tell us how you did it!” demanded Dick. But Billy, pulling his sleeves down, shook his head smilingly.

“Professional secrets,” he said. “And now I must be off to bed. I 've kept you fellows up pretty late, I 'm afraid.” They assured him that they liked it and that he should stay longer. But he got into his oilskin coat and took his departure through the rain.

“I say, he 's all right, is n't he?” asked Dick awedly. They all agreed that he was that complimentary thing called “right.” But a moment later Chub said suddenly:

“I guess a fellow who can do things like that would n't have much trouble getting a handkerchief into his hip pocket!”

CHAPTER XIV

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

THE next morning when they awoke they found that it was still raining, although not so heavily. At half-past ten Roy and Chub went over to the Cottage and found Harry and brought her back with them. It very nearly ceased raining after dinner and they all went around to Billy Noon's camp to pay him a visit. But both he and the *Minerva* were absent. After an early supper, however, he showed up and there was an hour of stories and tricks, Harry demanding them since she had not been in the audience the evening before. Even Chub took part in the general hilarity to-night. He still had his suspicions of Billy Noon, but it was very hard to remember them when that gentleman was so frank and friendly and entertaining. To the amusement of the others, Chub kept his hands in the pockets of his jacket all the time Billy was doing his sleight-of-hand tricks; no more toads for him, he asserted. So the toad this evening was a pinecone, and Harry found it in the pocket of her rain-coat and was terribly disturbed until she discovered that it was n't nearly as dangerous as it felt.

The party broke up quite early, however, as Harry had to be home before dark and, besides, she was a bit nervous because of an attempted burglary the night before at Farmer Mercer's house, about a half mile away. So, about eight Roy and Chub paddled her across to the landing and only left her when the gate in the hedge was reached.

"There," said Chub, "burglars can't steal you now, Harry."

"No," answered Harry, "good night!" And she dashed across the campus. Roy and Chub stumbled back down the path. It was almost dark there in the grove, for there was neither moonlight nor starlight, and so it was n't altogether awkwardness that sent Chub sprawling over a root.

"Hello!" cried Roy. "Are you hurt?"

"No," Chub answered, picking himself up from the ground. "At least, not much. I've gone and wrenched that old tendon again, the one I hurt last year. Give me an arm down to the landing, Roy."

"That's too bad," said Roy as they went on, Chub supporting himself on the other's shoulder. "It's the tendon at the back of the ankle, is n't it?"

"Yes, but it will be all right to-morrow if I don't use it. It's getting dark! and warm, too! Where's the canoe? All right, I can get in."

Back in camp Roy turned himself into a doctor and treated Chub's bruised ankle with cold water. Then he gave it a good rubbing and finally did it up in wet bandages. It had swollen up considerably and hurt half-way up the back of Chub's leg. But it was nothing serious, and he knew it, and so composed himself to sleep when Dick blew out the light. But slumber did n't come easily to him. His foot and leg pained him considerably, and besides, it was a warm, muggy night with almost no air stirring and the interior of the tent was stifling. So Chub lay awake, staring into the darkness, listening enviously to the measured breathing of Dick and Roy, and all the time trying to discover a comfortable position for the injured foot. The night was very still save for the soft lapping of the water and the incessant voices of the insects. To make matters worse the mosquitos were having a gala night of it; the weather was just the sort they liked best. Usually Chub would n't have stayed awake for all the mosquitos in the world, but to-night their buzzing got on his nerves badly. He stuck it out for nearly two hours. Then he sat up in bed irritably, muttered uncomplimentary remarks in the direction of Roy, who was snoring softly, and suddenly felt as wide awake as he had ever felt in his life!

It was absurd to stay here in bed and suffer from the heat when it was, of course, much cooler outside. So he swung his injured foot carefully to the floor, arose and hobbled out of the tent. It was n't very cool out there, but the air was fresher and the odor of the damp woods and pine trees was soothing. So he hopped across to the nearest bench and made himself comfortable with his feet off the ground and his back against the trunk of a tree. It was a relief to get out of that hot, stuffy tent, he told himself. It was n't long before the mosquitos found him, but he did n't mind them greatly; some persons experience very little distress from mosquito bites and Chub was one of them. Presently, too, the bark of the tree began to feel rough at the back of his head, while his aching leg protested against the cramped position it held. But in spite of all this Chub was actually nodding, almost half asleep, when voices, seemingly almost beside him, drove all thought of slumber from his mind. Startled, he raised his head and peered about into the darkness. He could n't see a yard away from him, but the voices—and now he realized that, although distinct, they came from some little distance—reached him again.

"I don't like the idea of waiting," said one speaker. "They may move the stuff."

"Not if they don't suspect," said a second

voice. "And it 's better to get them all while we 're at it. Once let them know we 're after them and they 'll scatter, destroy the stuff, and hide the plates!"

"Yes," said the first voice, "I guess that 's so.

mur, and while Chub was trying to explain this the creak of boom came to him. That was it! The two men had been in a sail-boat on their way either up or down the river in the main channel and very near the island. There was almost no



MR. NOON ENTERTAINS THE THREE BOYS WITH SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICKS.

He 's due back on Thursday, Whipple says. Then Thursday night—?"

"Thursday night, unless something happens meanwhile. Only thing I 'm afraid of is that the local police will blunder on to a clue and spoil the whole job."

"Not they! I know 'em all and—"

The voices suddenly died away to a faint mur-

wind where Chub was, but there was probably enough on the water to keep a boat moving. But the odd part of it all was the fact that Chub was almost certain that he had heard both voices before, although, try as he might, he could n't place them. If the voices were familiar it disposed of the theory that the men were merely traveling the river. Perhaps they were going to land on

the island! Perhaps—! Chub started, forgot his injured ankle, and sank back on the bench with a groan. Supposing one of them was—he uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Billy Noon!" he whispered. He knew the voice of the second speaker now; there was no doubt about it. And yet, Billy had left them at about eight in the direction of his boat, declaring that he was going to turn in. Still, that did n't signify anything. The voice was Billy Noon's voice without a doubt, and very probably the boat was his as well. At that moment, from below the island, came again the creak of a boom. Then they were bound down-stream, thought Chub. In that case—but it was all an unfathomable mystery, and by this time he was very sleepy, and so, hobbling back to the tent, he threw himself down on his bed and dropped off to slumber.

When he awoke Roy and Dick had finished breakfast and it was nearly nine o'clock! Roy explained that they thought maybe he had n't slept very well, and so they did n't awaken him. The ankle was almost well, and after giving it

another sousing with cold water Chub ate with hearty relish the breakfast which they had left on the stove for him. Dick was out in the launch bailing the water out with a saucepan. The sun was shining brightly and almost every cloud had been swept aside by the westerly breeze that rumbled the surface of the river.

"Roy, this is Sunday, is n't it?" Chub asked. And Roy replied that it was. Chub groaned.

"That means letters to write," he sighed.

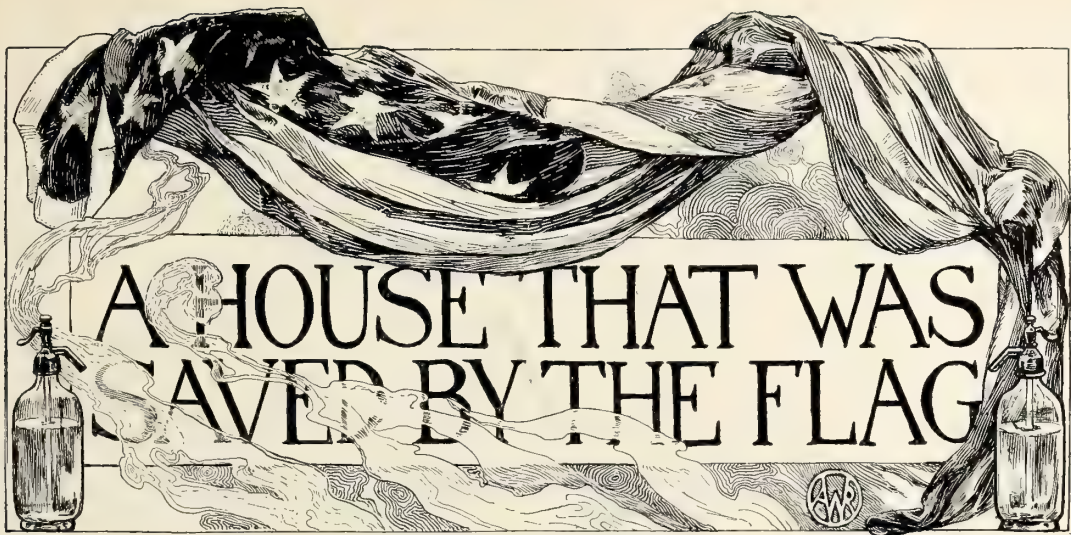
"How did you sleep?" asked Roy.

"Pretty well," answered Chub thoughtfully. "I was awake until long after midnight, though." He was trying to decide whether to mention the men in the sail-boat. Viewed by the sane light of morning the incident seemed to mean very little. And while he was still hesitating there came the sound of a merry whistle and Billy Noon appeared around the point. Chub looked at him attentively. He did n't look at all like a person who had been up half the night. Perhaps, after all, Chub thought, he had been mistaken in the voice; lots of voices sounded alike in the dark. So he kept his own counsel for the present.

(To be continued.)



MR. DORMOUSE: "AT LAST WE CAN HAVE OUR GAME! THE INCHWORMS HAVE AGREED TO REMAIN HUMPED FOR AN HOUR!"



BY F. H. WHEELAN

At 1654 Taylor Street, in the city of San Francisco, there stands to-day a house, which, in the greatest fire of modern times, was saved from the flames by the flag. When over four hundred blocks of buildings lay in smoking ruins, this house was the only one left standing unconsumed along the east side of the full length of Taylor Street—a distance of twenty-eight blocks, nearly two full miles.

The house is one of the prominent residences on one of the great hills of the city, known as Russian Hill; and was the first large dwelling-house erected in that section of San Francisco, away back in the early days. It is not built of lumber that grew upon the Pacific Coast. Like many of the houses of pioneer times, it came in the hold of a vessel around the Horn. In the far-off state of Georgia the pine-trees grew; and there the house was framed and fashioned before it started on its long sea journey of thirteen thousand miles. As shown in the picture, some additions have been made, and its exterior has been covered with California shingles; but for the most part it stands to-day as it was first framed in Georgia.

It has long been the home of patriots. Its owner, Mr. Eli T. Sheppard, served as a member of the Eighty-fifth Ohio Volunteers in the Civil War; rendered valuable service to his country as United States Consul at Tientsin, China, from 1869 to 1875; and, in 1876, was appointed by President Grant international law adviser for the imperial Japanese cabinet. Another portion of the residence is occupied by Mr. E. A. Dakin, a veteran of the Civil War. Mr. Sheppard had

gathered within its walls a large and valuable collection of oriental treasures. Among them were costly vases given by the Emperor of Japan; a sword presented by Li Hung Chang; a superb lacquer cabinet, the gift of the Chinese Empress to Mrs. Sheppard. On the other hand, flags had long been Mr. Dakin's hobby. He had one room entirely covered with American flags. Some of them had played a part in history. There was the jack of the *Oregon*; the rear-admiral flag of the *Bennington*; the jack of the *Marblehead* while at Cuba; the launch flag of Dewey's *Olympia*; and on the walls of this room hung the great banner of the Stars and Stripes that was to save the house and all its treasures from destruction.

At the time of the earthquake and fire, April 18, 1906, Mrs. Brindley, a daughter of Mr. Sheppard, was there awaiting the arrival of her husband to take steamer for Japan. She had long resided in that country, and had had "earthquake experience," so to speak. Accordingly, as soon as the earth had ceased trembling, she proceeded to fill the bath-tubs and all other receptacles in the house with water. She feared that the disturbance of the earth had broken the supply mains; and hardly had she filled the last pitcher when her fear was proved well-grounded. The water ceased to flow. But the first step that made it possible for the flag to save the house had been taken. Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Dakin took the second step. In order that the household might have a supply of drinking water, they brought home from a neighboring grocery a dozen or so bottles of water charged with carbonic acid gas,—

the kind of bottles where you press a lever at the top, and the water fizzes out in a stream under pressure. They are commonly called "siphons."

At this time no one thought the house in danger. It had sturdily withstood the earthquake; and the fire was many blocks away. But all Wednesday and Wednesday night and all of Thursday the fire raged in fury; and at last it came creeping up the slope of Russian Hill. The flames reached the block in which the house was situated. The heat grew intense. The sides of the house sent forth smoke. The veranda on the east broke into flames, and the under side of the eaves on the north and east kindled to a blaze.

Mr. Sheppard and his family had taken one last look at their home with its treasures, and had sought refuge with friends across the bay. Mr. Dakin had stayed to the last, hoping against hope. But now all hope was gone. The house was burning, and he was warned away. He determined to hoist his largest American flag and let the house meet destruction with the colors flying fair above it. He rushed to his room of flags, selected his largest Stars and Stripes, mounted to the roof, attached the great flag to the halyards, and flung it to the breeze. Then, with a feeling somewhat akin to respect for the conquering power of the great fire king, roaring forward in irresistible ruin, and with a spirit somewhat akin to the unconquerable pluck that stirred the breasts of his comrades in the days of the Civil War, he dipped the flag in salute. Three times the glorious banner rose and fell; and then, fastening the halyards, Mr. Dakin descended the stairs, locked the

door, and with a heavy heart left the house to its fate. High in the air, shining bright in the light of sun and flames, above the house of pines that



THE HOUSE THAT WAS SAVED BY THE FLAG.

had grown by the shores of the Atlantic, streaming forth on a breeze that came fresh from the Pacific, stood "Old Glory."

The white stars upon that flag were there as symbols of the States of the Union. One star was there for California and one was there for

Georgia; but three blocks away, to the eastward, at the corner of Vallejo Street and Montgomery Avenue, at that moment, there chanced to be a company of men who represented all the stars on that flag's field of blue—a company of the 20th United States Infantry.

Under the command of a young lieutenant, the company had been on its way to San Francisco on the day of the earthquake; and had been delayed on its journey twenty-four hours. It had entered the city, Thursday afternoon, by the ferry from Oakland, and was at that moment marching under orders to go into camp at Washington Square. The lieutenant and his men had seen the flag rise and fall in salute; and saw it now as it streamed forth in beauty amidst smoke and flame.

"Boys," shouted the young lieutenant, "a house that flies a flag like that is worth saving!" His men responded with a cheer; and as Mr. Dakin was sadly wending his way down the northern slope of Russian Hill, soldiers of the 20th United States Infantry were dashing up the eastern slope at a double-quick. No time was lost. They tore away the burning woodwork of the veranda; broke open the door; and discovered the bath-tubs filled with water. Some of them carried

earth from the garden; others mixed it in the bath-tubs to the consistency of wet plaster; and then certain of their number stationed themselves at different windows and as the wet mud was carried to them, they bombarded every spot that had kindled into flame.

One by one the houses in the block burnt up and burnt out until the old house stood alone. Every blaze that had started upon its eaves and sides had been extinguished save one. There was one spot under the eaves at the northeast corner that could not be bombarded successfully. Unless the fire at that point was put out, all that had been done were done in vain.

The soldiers were equal to the emergency. A squad mounted to the roof. One of the men lay flat upon the edge, and while four of his comrades held him fast by the legs, he leaned afar out over the wide old-fashioned eaves. Others passed to him bottles of the water charged with carbonic acid gas. And there, hanging far over the edge of the roof so that he might be able to direct the stream of water on the fire burning fiercely beneath the eaves, he squirted the fizzing contents of bottle after bottle, until the last flame and the last ember were extinguished—and the house was saved.



THE FOURTH IN NOISYVILLE

BY N. B. T.

LAST July Fourth, in Noisyville,
 We put a stop to labor;
 We closed the door of house and store,
 And neighbor called to neighbor.
 Some went off sailing for the day,
 Some went off flower-picking,
 Some went off crabbing in the bay,
 And crowds went off picnicking.
 'T were hard to tell the ways they took;
 But, toil and town forsaking,

All the good folk of Noisyville
 Went off a-merrymaking.

The stars came out on Noisyville,
 The moon came up, and found
 The happy truants home again.
 And soon 't was "noised" around
 (For numerous reports were heard
 Before the night was through)
 That all fireworks in Noisyville had—gone off too!

AT CARNARVON

(A Legend of the First Prince of Wales)

BY CORNELIA CHANNING WARD

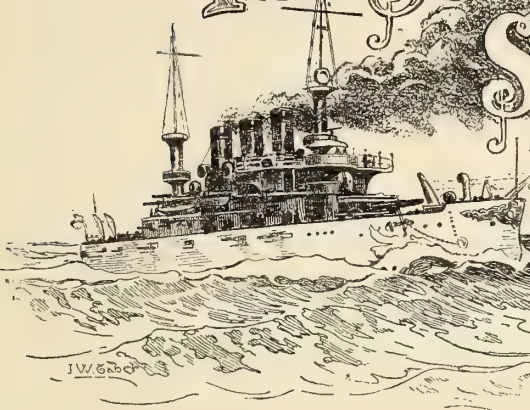
A LEGEND runs of Edward, the first king of the name,
A conqueror of England, whose mighty army came
Into the Welshman's country in cuirasses of steel,
On warlike steeds so armor clad they could no arrows feel.
Because the Prince Llewellyn had refused to homage pay,
Said Edward, "He shall bow to me, or else I go to slay."
They fought, and brave Llewellyn was killed upon his plains,—
His brother David, sent by night to Shrewsbury, in chains,
To perish as a traitor, and all the good Welsh lands,
Her people and her castles strong came into English hands.

At Carnarvon the king abode,—the fairest spot in Wales;
And there to gain his subjects' love,—so run the old monks' tales,—
He offered them a splendid prince, "a Welshman true by birth,
And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth."
The people shouted loud with joy while low on bended knees
They promised loyalty to him who sought their hearts to please.
The king then brought his new-born son,—the "Welshman true by birth,
And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth."
The baby cooed and cooed in glee, and kicked his tiny feet,
And, though chagrined, the people owned their new-born prince was sweet.
And thus that day at Carnarvon,—so run the old monks' tales—
Into the lasting title came that first small Prince of Wales.



MISS PICKANINNY SNOWBALL: "I 'S GWINE TO HAVE
A POODLE-DOG, SAME AS WHITE FOLKS!"

The Story of the Submarine.



BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

THERE was a time when "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" was for me the finest story ever written; and when, some years afterward, I saw a picture of the Holland submarine, I was sure that the inventor had got the idea from Captain Nemo's *Nautilus*. It is true that Mr. Lake, the inventor of the submarine that bears his name, was inspired to his life-work by reading Jules Verne's story at the age of ten; but the fact remains that the submarine idea was over two hundred years old when the clever French writer was born.

When President Roosevelt made a trip in a submarine not long ago, there was a great stir in the newspapers; but not many people know that as long ago as 1620, King James the First made a journey of two or three hours below the surface of the Thames on board the first navigable submarine in history. This was the invention of a Dutch physician, Cornelius Van Drebel, a man in high favor with the king. It was built of wood, covered with greased leather to keep out the water, and propelled by twelve rowers, whose oar-holes, also, were protected against leaking by greased leather. Van Drebel boasted that he kept the air inside by means of a secret elixir, but after his death his enemies declared that he must have had air-pipes sticking out of the water. At any rate, he died with his secret while in the midst of his experiments.

When we think of the difference in mechanical science between then and now, perhaps the king who would risk his life in such a boat was not so much of a coward after all!

During the next one hundred and fifty years,



several inventors tried to build submarines. One of them, oddly enough, was a John Holland, who took out a patent for his submarine in 1691. In 1891, just two hundred years later, another John Holland was perfecting a submarine which has come to be the accepted type in our Navy.

But the glory of making the first submarine that actually operated in time of war belongs to an American, David Bushnell, who built the *Turtle* to destroy the British blockading ships in New York Harbor.

When the *Turtle* was finished, she was manned by a sergeant of the Continental army who had been carefully trained in the use of the boat by Bushnell himself. One night the little submarine was towed near a huge man-o'-war, when it submerged and came up under the ship's bottom. But the sergeant found that, try as he might, he could not bore through the copper sheathing. Soon he found himself being carried away by the

tide, and, as day was breaking, he cast loose his mine and paddled for shore. The mine was set by clockwork and, after bobbing about on the surface awhile, it suddenly went off with a tremendous explosion, which did no damage. The attempt had failed, but it showed that submarine warfare was possible.

The chief objection seemed to be, and continued to be for nearly a century, that submarine warfare was "dastardly." The English were indignant at what they called "villainous and underhanded" methods, and Bushnell found that the American authorities felt the same way; so all he got for his trouble was hard names from friend and foe.

The next submarine builder of note was also an American—and a famous one—Robert Fulton. His boat was the *Nautilus* (from which Jules Verne took the name for Captain Nemo's ship), propelled, like the *Turtle*, by hand, only instead of oars there was a wheel astern. She had also a sail for use when on the surface. Notice the first appearance of the "cigar shape," which set the fashion for all the submarines that have followed.

As Fulton was in France at the time he was building the boat, he tried to get the French government interested. Finally, in 1801, he was allowed to give his boat a public trial in the harbor

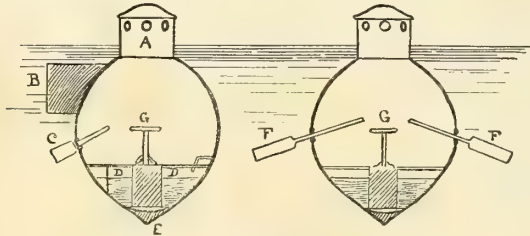


DIAGRAM OF THE SUBMARINE, *TURTLE*.

of Brest. There he made three trips without a hitch; in the last one he stayed under water five hours at a stretch, and blew up an old hulk with his mine. The crowds cheered, and the officials smiled; then, after pondering awhile, they told him politely that the *Nautilus* would n't do. It was much too novel for old frigate captains to encourage.

Disheartened by this, Fulton went to England, where he gave another successful performance in the Thames by blowing up an old Danish frigate. Again, his very success was against him. The Admiralty solemnly declared that the *Nautilus* was a device that threatened navies; and, since England's mainstay was her navy, she must not encourage such a thing! Poor Fulton came back to America, and even herê he met

nothing but opposition to his "villainous" idea. In despair, he gave himself up to the development of the steamboat.

Another American, with a more romantic turn

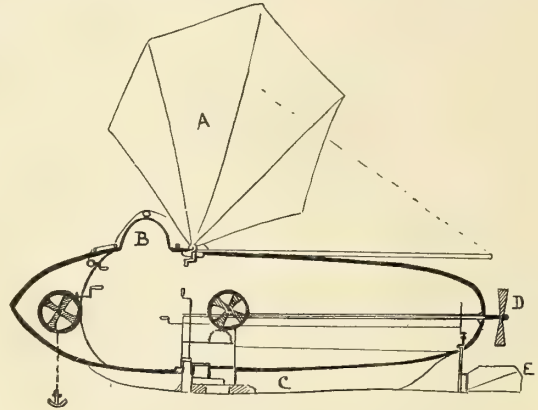


DIAGRAM OF THE SUBMARINE, *NAUTILUS*.

of mind, began in 1821 to build an enormous submarine, with which he was going to St. Helena to rescue Napoleon! Unfortunately, Napoleon died before the boat was finished. But throughout the first half of the century, men of all nations, especially the French, were puzzling over submarine construction. Bauer, a German, had an experience even more discouraging than Fulton's. Failing, after endless trouble, in Germany, Austria, and England, he succeeded only long enough in Russia to prove that he could make his boat work under water, when there, too, he was driven by official greed and jealousy out of the country.

After Fulton's demonstrations, the greatest advance in submarine construction was made by the Confederates in our Civil War. They combined the uses of steam and electricity, and carried the "spar" torpedo in the bow. But the only one of their submarines that succeeded in destroying an enemy was as simple as the *Nautilus*. This *David*, as submarines were then called, was about sixty feet long and manned by nine men, eight of whom worked the screw-shaft by hand, while the ninth acted as pilot. On the night of February 17, 1864, this little craft went out to attack the *Housatonic*, a Federal ship anchored in Charleston Harbor. The officer of the deck saw something rippling along the surface of the water directly toward the ship, and instantly gave the alarm; but, before the *Housatonic* could move out of the way, the *David* was alongside, and, a minute after, one hundred pounds of powder exploded under the keel of the ship. She fairly jumped out of the water and then lurched heavily to the bottom. During the

confusion of rescuing the survivors, the *David* apparently escaped, for she could not be found.

This exploit was the first case of a submarine destroying an enemy; and, strange to say, it is the last! The boat, before this, had had a tragic history. Five times before she had gone to the bottom with her crews, and five times she had been raised and remanned by men who volunteered for the perilous duty. Thirty-five men had already been lost in her when she sallied out to attack the *Housatonic*. Then, after the war, when divers went down to the wrecked ship, they found the *David* wedged into the very hole she had made, evidently sucked in by the rush of water.

The effect of the *David's* torpedo proved that the submarine was worthy of respect, and there-

after there was no more talk about its being "infamous." From the Civil War to our day there has been scarcely a year when an inventor in some part of the world has not taken out a submarine patent.

The result is that the modern submarine is a maze of machinery, with scarcely a square inch of room on the side to spare.

While we wonder at this perfection of the submarine of to-day, we should remember that it is the result of the labor of hundreds of inventors and hundreds of years, with the sacrifice of many lives.

The submarine may not yet be adapted for pleasure cruises like that of Captain Nemo's *Nautilus*, but it has at last fought its way to a position among the world's vessels of war.

THE UNDER-SEAS SAILOR AND HIS BOAT

HOW IT FEELS TO GO DOWN IN A SUBMARINE

BY A. W. ROLKER

TEN men sealed inside a gigantic torpedo, now skimming amid sunshine over the glassy surface of a summer sea, now vanishing and diving two hundred feet into the blackness toward an ocean bottom, seeing nothing save a maze of whirling brass and glittering steel, hearing nothing save the deafening drone of hammering, thumping, pounding engines, and all the time tense with the realization that death in one of its most harrowing forms may confront them at any instant—these are some of the experiences of the men detailed to the submarine torpedo-boat service of our Navy. Indeed, the submarine torpedo-boat man combines the hazards of the diver and the "sand hog"—as the under-river tunneler is called—and takes those of a man-of-war's man and a sailor into the bargain.

Even in time of peace the submariner's life is threatened. For, in order to keep men toned up to the highest degree of war efficiency, the vessels are ordered out for practice frequently, and, wonderful though the vessel is in its possibilities for demolishing enemies, only to an extent can the men inside control what is going to happen to themselves.

Without even a chance of knowing it, the submarine may rise and come to the surface directly in front of the prow of a steamship only to be cut in two like an egg-shell. Often diving

farther than the keels of the deepest ocean vessels reach, the submarine is in a strange maritime world where it must take chances in running upon uncharted reefs, or striking waterlogged spars or spiles that may meet it head on and lance a hole through the thin plates and hold the boat captive on an ocean bottom. Again, in the frail vessel subjected to an enormous strain while submerged, structural weakness may develop, and the hull may spring a serious leak; or, through negligence, the water-tight cover over the hatch may be improperly screwed down while the crew gazes on, horror-stricken and powerless. And as if these risks were not enough, the men are caged up as if inside the crater of a threatening volcano, for each submarine carries four monstrous torpedoes more than sixteen feet long, each loaded with 190 pounds of gun-cotton, enough to blow a *Dreadnaught* out of water. To these dangers add the fact that when a submarine torpedo-boat sends its deadly sting into an enemy there is the possibility that not a man aboard the boat would live to tell the tale, and you have a fair idea what it means to be a submarine torpedo-boat man.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUBMARINE

No matter how much you may have screwed up your courage, when the time comes to make up

your mind to board a submarine boat and take chances, your imagination is apt to run riot. Looking down from the pier from which you are to embark you see a lead-gray curved surface of steel, which rises above the water like the back of a big whale with a cheese-box hump and a hatch and a pair of ship's ventilators about the middle of it, and a mast at either end. What strikes you most is the insignificant size of the bleak, grim contrivance to which you are supposed to trust your life. All you see is a flat deck space, twenty-five or thirty feet long, three feet wide at the middle, and tapering to a point at either end, the level of the deck being an absurd twenty-four or thirty inches above the water surface.

As a matter of fact, what you are looking at is the back of a perfectly steerable, mechanical fish, one hundred feet long, and eleven feet at its greatest diameter, built of half-inch-thick steel plates, and provided at the stern not only with the usual vertical rudder with which all boats are steered in a horizontal plane, but also with a horizontal or "diving rudder," by means of which she is made to steer up or down. The tail with which this under-water colossus sends its hull of 170 tons' displacement through the water, consists of twin propeller screws, each driven by a separate high-power internal combustion engine while the vessel runs afloat or awash, and each driven by a separate electric motor while the boat runs submerged. If the captain wishes, he can take you on one continuous run of eight hundred miles, running either on the surface or awash, with his gasolene engines at a speed of thirteen miles an hour; and then he might dive, using his electric motor and storage batteries, and make one long "fetch" of fifty miles, at a rate of nine miles an hour, before his supply of electricity would be exhausted. At the end of these eight hundred and fifty miles he would have to make port for gasolene, would simply reverse his electric motor and run them as dynamos by means of his ship's engines until the batteries were recharged, rendering his boat as efficient as in the first place. No toy, therefore, is this submarine, but a formidable fighting craft, important enough to have induced Congress to appropriate \$3,000,000 to build other submarines just like her to be added to the twelve now on the list of the Navy.

THE IDEAL SUBMARINE MAN

BUT, gazing down upon the back of this uncanny vessel, which is in reality nothing but an enormous steerable torpedo with a human crew, what interests you most just now are the men who

handle the boat and into whose hands you are to intrust your life.

Lounging upon the end of the pier or on the deck of the submarine, the crew little resembles the sort of semi-heroes you might picture as belonging to this service. As likely as not, you are apt to meet a crew not a single one of whom is wearing what even remotely suggests a naval uniform. As a general rule the "captain" wears a uniform, one that is old and weather-beaten, with braid and buttons tarnished by the spray and spume of much salt water. Possibly the ensign or the junior lieutenant, the second in command, is similarly attired. But the three engineers, the two electricians, the gunner and his assistant, and the able-bodied seamen, these are apt to be togged out in "any old thing," from cardigan jackets and civilians' trousers frayed at the ends, down to undershirts and tattered overalls; for the Department recognizes that the submarine service is hard on uniforms, and it is lenient in this respect.

But though the men may appear at first sight disreputable, as a matter of fact you are gazing at one of the most marvelously drilled and disciplined crews of human beings—high class, picked men, not one of whom has been tried and found wanting. Indeed, the submarine itself sifts the wheat from the chaff. A nervous man, or a man otherwise unsuited by temperament to the work, would wear himself out to a nervous wreck inside of a month, simply by his own imagination. The crew is made up of *young* men, with alert, intelligent, manly faces, young men lured by the very dangers of the work, by the distinction of belonging to that branch of the Navy which is most perilous, by the chances of doing great big things if opportunity only will offer, and by the love of strong natures for excitement and adventure.

ON THE DECK OF A SUBMARINE

STEPPING upon the deck of a submarine you are startled to see how desperately near your feet are to the water. Of course, you have expected something like this at first glance at the boat, but as you actually stand upon the deck, the greatest width of which you could cover at a single stride, and as you gaze at the wavelets leaping up within a foot of your toes, there is a nervous cribbling about the ankles, and you wonder whether you will be seized with giddiness and become unable to resist the temptation of leaping overboard once the boat gets under way. You wish there were a rail around the deck or even a bare inch-high cleat to prevent you from slipping into the water; for there is nothing but

the two frail ten-foot masts, and they are where the deck ceases, being only for the peaceful purpose of showing observers on shore the location of the boat when partly submerged.

Out of the middle of the deck arises the conning-tower, which is the captain's bridge while the vessel runs afloat, and out of which the captain can peer in all directions when the boat runs awash; and telescoped in front of the tower is the eye of the submarine, the periscope. One glance at the conning-tower upsets all your notions of what this contrivance must be like. In shape it resembles a thirty-six-inch-long piece of twenty-inch sewer pipe, provided with a flat, hinged lid and with a circle of narrow slit windows, two inches wide and three times as long. The lid being open to permit ventilation inside the hull, you can gage the inside diameter of the tower as a trifle less than that of a sidewalk coal-hole, and you wonder how in the world you are going to squeeze through to get into the boat. Really, however, you are not supposed to squeeze through. The inside of the tower is lined with a maze of speaking-tubes and electric wires and compasses and bell-pulls and valves and wheels, the nerves leading from the captain's palm throughout the ship, and these might be injured were the tower ordinarily used as a companion-way. Generally, the captain glides in and out of this hole; but the crew descends by way of the hatch.

UNDER WAY

WHEN a submarine gets under way she leaves without fuss or feathers, without any of the ceremonies accompanying events on other war-ships. The submarine lives in the dark, striking without an instant's warning like an adder; and direct and to the point is everything that happens aboard the grim fighter.

Long before you have appeared, the vessel has been tested, as she is tested every day whether slated for a run or otherwise. The engines and the dynamos have been turned over and over, the storage batteries have been tested, each valve, each tube, each wire, each bolt and rivet and wing nut has been inspected as if life itself depended upon it. When the vessel is ready to start, the men simply disappear below, the captain takes his seat on the conning-tower, gives word to cast off and "yanks" the bell-pull leading to the engine-room. Simultaneously you feel a tremor throughout the vessel, a deep bass rumble comes out of the open hatch, and like a thing alive the boat moves forward.

Faster and faster revolve the engines, the rumbling settling into the runt of a song, farther

and farther and faster and faster moves the craft toward broad water until she is darting forward full speed ahead.

For the first time in your life you get an idea of what a fabulous rate of speed thirteen knots an hour is when viewed from the flat side of a plank with a river licking your boot tops. Twenty knots on the deck of a torpedo-boat destroyer may have failed to impress you, but sledding over the surface of the water on the narrow deck of one of these submarines amply provides for your desire for sensations. Back, back whisks the green water on each side of you as if you were gazing over the stern of a fast moving motor-boat. But there is no suggestion of dizziness, no feeling as if you might be tempted to leap overboard, as might come to you when gazing down a precipice. There is nothing of this save the sane fear that possibly you might mis-step and fall overboard to disappear in the trail of the white froth boiling behind in a long, narrow streak. All else is exhilaration and healthful excitement. The wind whistles in your ears and blows against your face and through your hair and into your eyes until you must squirt them.

Should the water be rough, or should white-caps rise, the bow wave over the forward deck climbs higher and higher, fetching up against the conning-tower, smashing into mist and rainbows and dousing you with cool, salt spume and spray. Your one fear is: what would happen were a whitecap larger than the rest to board the deck and drop into the hatch? But this is the captain's affair and he, wheel in hand and calmly alert, sits on the edge of the tower as if carved of stone. Mile after mile he sits gazing into the distance, now and then giving his wheel a spoke or two, the vessel, steady as a church, answering the helm and taking seas as if she were a delicately balanced steam-yacht rather than a devil-fish among the fighters of the Navy.

Running in this wise the submarine might cover her eight hundred miles at one stretch, if seas permit, gunner, assistant gunner, and others of the crew not on duty standing upon deck if they wish, while through ventilators and down through the conning-tower waft drafts of moist, cool sea-air.

Should seas arise and threaten to wash into the hatch the captain simply orders the crew below and the hatch sealed. If he does not mind a bucket of water down the back of his neck, he may stay where he is for a time until the seas become even more unruly, when he may glide down the tower, either leaving the lid open to peer over the edge like a jack-in-the-box, or

sealing the lid after him and peering through the slot-holes—depending upon the roughness of the water.

In case seas continue rising and run so high as to threaten to carry away the ventilators, these are telescoped into the hull and the openings through the deck sealed, when you find yourself safe as if inside a gigantic stoppered bottle tossing on the bosom of the seas, now scaling skyward as if shot out of a rocket, and now tobogganing down mountain sides of water. No gale, scattering wreckage and death on high seas, no hurricane, razing coast cities, can affect this craft so long as there is sea room, any more than seas could wreck a feather; and, barring a severe dose of seasickness that would come to you, you would sit as comfortably as in the smoking-room of your pet liner, the only sounds of the fury without being the swish and wash as seas wash clear over you.

INSIDE A SUBMARINE

CLIMBING down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler-shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear-splitting racket, like a dozen trip-hammers clattering a tattoo amid a grind and rumble and thump of machinery as if especially designed to burst your ear-drums. At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar, painted a neat pearl-gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull. You have expected, of course, to land in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead, the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space" or deck, measuring seven feet by twenty-five or thirty feet. At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines; in fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silvery steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of five hundred times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting, or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

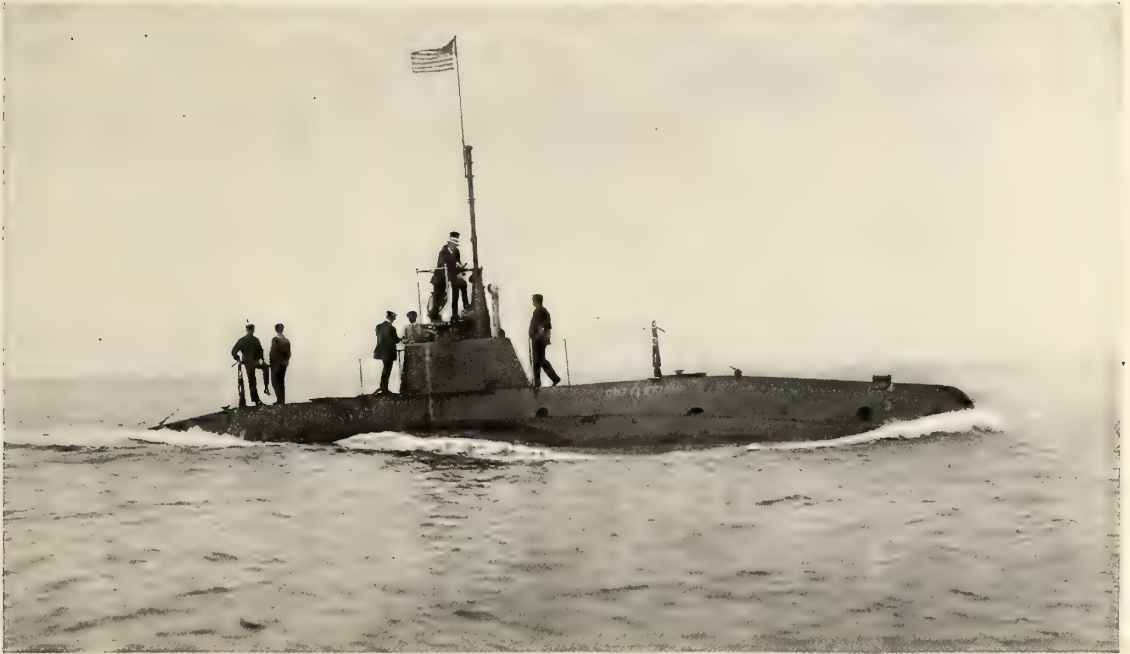
But this economy of space is as nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a

cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls amidships and the space in the bow are gigantic ballast tanks to be filled with water that will play a part shortly when you get ready to dive. The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter, and weighing fifteen hundred pounds each, are lashed end for end in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool-boxes, and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in. The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual, is compressed in a steel cylinder to two thousand pounds per square inch—a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin-hole, and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being, it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch-thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of thirty-five knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull. Directly under the conning-tower is a platform three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down; and at the feet of the captain, and on a level with his platform, is the station of the second in command, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gages that register the angle of ascent and decline, and show how deep the boat is down. The two officers are in personal communication so that in case of heart-disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

"DIVE!"

THE order to dive is the peal of an electric gong that clamors high above the racket of the engines, and is most likely to come when you least expect it and while the boat is proceeding on the surface, hatches, ventilators, and conning-tower wide open. Within two and one half minutes of the sounding of that signal, the boat is supposed to have vanished utterly from the surface; and what takes place within that time happens too quickly to be noticed. With the first stroke of the alarm the air is as if surcharged



A SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE, AT CRUISING SPEED.

with electricity. Men are everywhere, each running to his post. The engines cease to revolve. The engineers sever the couplings between the engines and the shafts and connect the shafts with the electric motors. The electricians are at their switchboards awaiting only the word to turn on the current. The gunner, the assistant gunner, and the able-bodied seamen screw down hatches and take in the ventilators. The junior officer, diving-wheel in hand, turns on the valves which admit floods of water into the ballast tanks.

You hear the water as it gurgles and seethes into the tanks, and you hear the displaced air whistling out of the valves on top. You feel the decks settle under you and realize you are going down, just as you would feel this in an elevator cage lowered gradually. As

the sinking proceeds, if you look at the portholes, you can see as the level of the water reaches the glass and rises and rises until instead of daylight there is a green-gray mist and you

THE SUBMARINE *OCTOPUS*, DIVING.

continue to sink until, the ballast tanks having been filled, only two inches of the deck are above the water's surface—the submarine is awash.

Briefly, what the men have done is to destroy the buoyancy of the boat by admitting water, so gaging the cubical contents of the ballast tanks that the vessel is balanced so delicately that of herself she will come to the surface showing only two inches above water, while all that is necessary to send her under to any desired depth within the fraction of an inch is the mere declining of the horizontal rudder at the stern. In fact, your vessel is so balanced on a hair-trigger edge that the weight of four 200-pound men would send her under, and so delicately balanced that were it possible to look through the bottom of the boat into the depths beneath, its keel might be brought against the glass of an open-face watch in place without breaking the crystal.

As the electric motors begin to buzz and hum, sending tremors throughout the boat and forcing her ahead, there is no sensation of motion. The vessel might be standing still or might be moving backward for aught you can tell. You have lost your ability to discern either speed or direction, for there are no stationary objects by which you can gage position. As the diving rudder is

Smoothly and evenly, as if you were gliding down a hill in a trolley-car, you feel your boat tobogganing into the depths. You hear the water as it breaks against the conning-tower, hear the swish and wash of the waves as they climb on deck, and hear the seething as they angrily close over you. The boat might glide into the depths decorously at an angle of four or five degrees; or she might seem to kick up her stern and lower her nose threatening to turn a somersault and dive at an angle of twenty degrees, but the sensation would be no more disagreeable than coasting. All you see is that the deck is correspondingly declined. This, and the fact that the gray-green against the port-holes is steadily darkening until, as you reach a depth of twelve feet, all you see is inky black, so that below this depth you cannot tell excepting by looking at the depth gages whether you are twelve or thirty or two hundred feet down.

THE CREW AT WORK

Nor until you have gone down in a submarine and seen the crew at work can you say you have seen the limit to which it is possible to drill human creatures. No crack company of a regiment, no fire company in any of our big cities, not even the engine force on a man-of-war is under such discipline as the crew of a submarine.

The Navy Department and the men themselves realize that months are required before even the most capable group of ten can be made to work as a unit, perfect as clock-work. There is no time to "break in" crews when once war is declared, and for this reason the submarine service is continually and in-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OCTOPUS, DIVING.

set you can see and can feel as the nose of the vessel declines, just as you can feel with your eyes closed in which direction a see-saw you are standing upon might be tilted.

cessantly in war practice. Practice runs in the ordinary sense do not exist. Each time the boat stands out to sea she goes as if for business, the scenes you see being exactly like those that would

be enacted were the vessel bent upon actually sinking an enemy.

When a submarine leaves her pier under her own engine, orders come fast and furious; but once she is ready to dive they become almost incessant. In order to train men to keep in prac-

found roving. Each man is a mere cog, a human, thinking, intelligent cog, nevertheless, a mere cog.

What the submarine does, once it has disappeared, depends, of course, upon the captain. Steaming forward she can turn completely within



THE SUBMARINE CUTTLEFISH.

tice at their various duties and to perform these almost subconsciously, every manœuver which the vessel performs is repeated again and again. On a single afternoon's run, for instance, the boat may be brought from her light to her diving condition as many as a dozen times, so that actually the crew has no time *except* to attend to business. In the hand of each man rests the lives of his companions. More, it is conceivable how in the palm of a single man might rest the fate of the nation. Every man, from the captain who ranks as a lieutenant, to the able-bodied seaman taken from the forecandle of a warship, is at his post, tense, alert, with lips set and eyes and ears wide open, for the time being not a human creature but just a part of a marvelous machine. Not a word is spoken. Not an eye is

three times her own length and running backward she can head completely around in a single length. If the captain wishes, he can sink the deck an inch or a half inch or a foot or ten feet beneath the sea and proceed on an even keel, appearing from the deck of a man-of-war a mile and a half away like a chip of wood floating over the water; or he can go down ten feet, showing only the flags on the tips of his masts and proceed on such a level plane that the wire stay, running between mast-tops, is right down to the surface of the water. Or, if he wishes, he can rise and dive and rise and dive, "breaking" his conning-tower at intervals of half his boat's length, like a porpoise at play, while you sit still and feel yourself alternately climbing and coasting and climbing and coasting, rays of sunshine

alternating with the green water through the port-holes, and the splash and the seething of the water aboil coming from overhead.

THE EYE OF THE SUBMARINE

It is while running under water, of course, that the submarine encounters her gravest dangers, for the submarine is her own worst enemy. Largely, then, the captain must steer by compass and estimate distances covered by computing the revolutions of the propellers and he must take chances on being swept out of his course by unknown currents and cross currents. From the instant the slit windows of the conning-tower go under, these show only the green of the water, and when twenty feet depth is reached, looking through these windows is like trying to penetrate a sheet of jet. In order to enable the captain to see what is going on upon the water surface he is provided with a periscope which is nothing but a *camera lucida* on the principle of the "finder" of a camera, mounted on the top of a four-inch telescope-tube which can be extended twenty feet upward from inside the conning-tower, and down which the camera deflects against a six-inch diameter white enameled disk the diminutive images of whatever goes on above. The periscope, however, is useless when the boat dives deeper than the length of the telescope pipe, and, besides, it takes in only forty degrees of the horizon at a time, thus showing only a section at which it is pointed. For these reasons, likely as not, the captain may ignore the periscope entirely, using it only to practise running submerged toward a given point, while for actual navigation purposes he depends solely upon coming to the surface at intervals of two or three miles for a hasty look around. All of which shows in a measure the helplessness of the submarine—a terrific, dangerous, grim monster in itself, but one that can only partly see.

ON AN OCEAN BOTTOM

UP to now, however, you have not seen in full the possibilities of a submarine, for although in rivers or harbors the shallowness of the water limits the boat to traveling within ten or twelve feet of the water's surface, once at sea the vessel dives deeper.

As the nose of the boat touches the broad ocean you require neither slit windows nor periscope to tell you where you are. Caught in the swell of the sea, the boat heaves and falls, heaves and falls, and unless you have your sea legs on, you are as apt to be seasick in a submarine as you

would be inside any other vessel, or more so. None, not even the most hardened submariner aboard, covets the sensation, and to overcome it the vessel dives deeper, twenty or twenty-five feet down, at which depth even the strongest wave motion on the surface cannot be felt. Overhead might be seas mountain high threatening even a *Deutschland* or an *Adriatic*, yet twenty-five feet beneath the ocean surface you would proceed unmolested as if traveling beneath a mill-pond.

But twenty-five feet beneath seas is by no means the limit to which your boat can dive; in fact, at this depth she has not begun to dive. If your captain wishes, within two minutes he might take you down two hundred feet—fifty feet deeper than the most skilled deep-sea diver dares to venture—and where against every square inch of the surface of your boat there is a crushing pressure of more than 133 pounds. This, in truth, is one of the tests the government insists upon. If desired, your boat might dive to this depth or to any intermediate depth, and lie perfectly still like a gigantic fish of prey. Or within this depth limit she might come to rest against the very ocean bottom, landing light as a maple leaf wafted down upon a lawn.

Sitting inside a submarine on an ocean bottom you would be no more conscious of the enormous water pressure without than if you were going to sleep in your own bed. You might remain twenty-four hours under water without coming up, using only the natural air supplied in the boat without feeling the least uncomfortable. If you wished, you might remain down four or five days, tapping the air tank as you needed a fresh supply of air. In the meantime you would bunk over the torpedoes and torture yourself by letting your imagination loose to your heart's content, or you might read by electric light or play cards or dominos or checkers, the cook serving you with coffee and canned things that can be heated on an electric furnace without causing too much smoke, and making the air disagreeable to breathe.

Lying there, beneath the water, you are indeed cut off from the world. Hurricanes, typhoons, snow or sleet storms and blizzards might rage above you, and you never would know it. The entire American navy might assemble over your head and fire one simultaneous, ear-splitting, earth-quaking salute that would be heard twenty miles away, but you would not hear it. Nothing would come to you save the underwater noises: the thudding of propellers of steamers overhead, the chafing and banging of spars on decks of a wrecked vessel not far off, the grind and the crunch of your boat's keel scraping the sands.

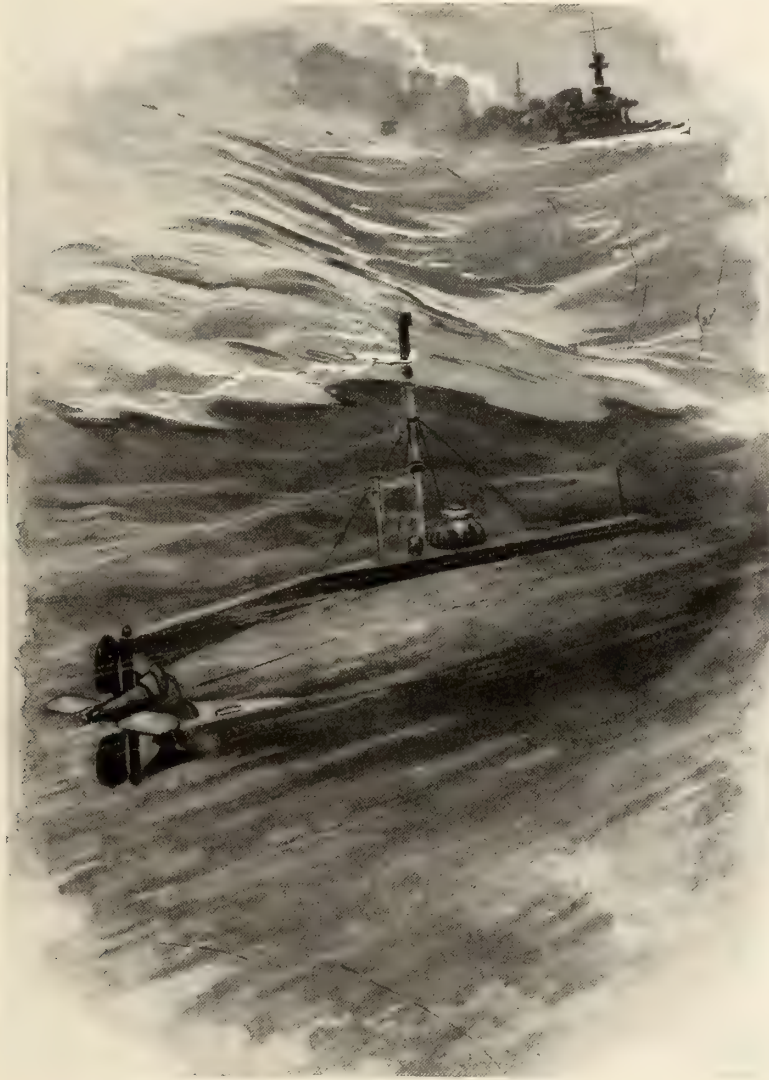
THE SUBMARINE IN ACTION

INTERESTING though it may be to lie in a submarine two hundred feet down on an ocean bot-

“stunts,” even though awaiting the arrival of an enemy off a sea-coast. Then, cruising light, the boat would hover on one side of the lane by which the hostile ships must enter, sighting a war-ship eighteen miles distant, long before she herself could be detected by powerful glasses.

Full speed ahead the submarine would dart, laying her course to intercept the enemy, letting herself down as she drew nearer until she is awash at two miles distant. Then, torpedoes in tube, electric motors whirling, and crew at fever heat, down she goes until within one and one half miles of her prospective victim. “Porpoising” at intervals of three fourths of a minute, breaking her conning-tower for five seconds, she would proceed until within eight hundred yards, where she would rise to the surface, head her nose at the broadside of the enemy, let drive her torpedoes, drop under at once, listening for the frightful crash as the dread missile explodes its one hundred and ninety pounds of guncotton against the hull of the ship.

The United States submarine in action you never will see unless you get into the service. During peace time you can visit any of our navy yards and they will show you through the battle-ships, cruisers, gun-boats, and any other boat, from stem to stern; but about the secrets of our



SIGHTING THE ENEMY WITH A PERISCOPE.

tom, this is a test which the Navy Department insists upon only as a practical test to insure that your boat is structurally of a certain standard. Ordinarily, even during war time, the submarine would not be called upon for such circus

submarines the Department is jealous. It is like having teeth drawn to get a permit to go down in one, and your camera is barred. For the one dreaded, unknown quantity in our next naval war will be the devil-fish of our Navy, the submarine.

JULY

BY MAY AIKEN

JULY FOURTH, when the big flag lay
Ready to celebrate the day,
"Barbara Frietchie" I became,
And faced the enemy's deadly aim
At my attic window. But I heard a cry

Of "Fire!"—and saw a sword close by
Of Stonewall Jackson, his steed astride,—
Well, I *meant* to have waved my flag and cried:
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,"—
But I hid inside the flag, instead!



A NONSENSE RHYME

BY ARTHUR MACY

As a busy little Buttercupper, working at his trade,
Was mending broken buttercups, he met a Daisymaid,
And said, "Oh, dearest Daisymaiden, if you 'll come with me,
We 'll spend the day in seeing if there 's anything to see.

"We 'll hide within the water-well, for there the weather 's cool,
And the nixies and the pixies have gone away to school;
I 'll tell you pretty anecdotes, and certainly you 'll find
I 'm but a Buttercupper, but a Buttercupper 's kind."

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SOPCHOPPYS

"Just the loveliest time two girls ever had," that is the way Bab described the weeks that followed the finding of the diamond crown, in her home letters.

Everybody was happy at Durley; Aunt Twilla in having her favorite back again, and in being forgiven; Ella in forgiving and being with her mistress, for she dearly loved Miss Twilla in spite of the injustice she had suffered. Pollykins was disgracefully jolly—laughing and squalling, calling the cats and whistling to the dogs, from her old perch at the bay-window. As for Aunt Kate, why, she was so joyful these days that her kind old face beaming merrily—"You 'd almost feel sure she had a lovely secret and was just sort of gloating over it," Bab confided to Uncle Edgar as the big red car shot up the Serpentine toward Durley one lovely evening. It stopped, of course, at the Trotts' for a moment, just to see how the pickle factory was coming on. Everybody from Brook Acres or Durley stopped to see the Trotts, coming or going, these days.

Such radiant Trotts as they were, too; for, bless you, every one of those rambling sheds that had so irritated everybody had been torn down and a neat substantial building was rearing itself with pride well back of the house. Already the sign Joan had painted with such loving care—Bart and Seth had only waited long enough to find something to nail it to—smiled from the front upon the public:

HAPPY HOME PICKLES
JAMS AND LEMON HONEY
CASSIUS D. TROTT AND CO.

There was a sign for you, picked out in red and gold on a white background, supported by a chubby tomato on the left, and a delicious cucumber on the right, and topped by three of the most lemonish looking lemons. Dear Mrs. Trott looked at it every morning with tears in a twinkle in her bright eyes—for it was an amusing sign—but there was a joy in her heart that the

name "Marta Hubbard," at the top of a poster, could never have brought her.

And Daddy Trott! Oh, it was good to see him. His meek face shone with inward light, and he stepped quick and lively, while somewhere down in his throat he hummed and hummed all day long.

"Just sort of simmering, like a kettle of his own pickles, you know," said Christie to Bab. "It 's so dear of Daddy, we just fly and hug him like bears, but he hums right on."

Bab and Jean were upon the most loving of terms now, for at last Jean could speak the girl tongue, and chatted away so delightfully in the language that the Trotts loved her next best to Bab. Oh, everybody was happy. You should have seen, by the way, the pride Christie took in her day-book and ledger, and her half dozen blotters all lay ready, so clean and spotless now, but teeming with entries to the imaginative eye.

After Mr. Linsey had tasted lemon honey he conceded readily that Mr. Trott was a jam genius and no mistake, and most readily he joined his sister in advancing the money for the new venture, and with his fine business judgment was aiding Mrs. Trott in a hundred ways. It was understood that Mr. Trott's talents were to be given entirely to the factory output, leaving the business in his wife's capable hands, which was just as well.

Joan walked on air these days, for Mrs. Linsey had told her friends the story of the dinner-cards, and already orders were coming in faster than Joan could fill them, and Aunt Sallie said she should go to town to study art as soon as the factory paid.

"Pooh," growled Aunt Kate in her enchanting bass, when Bab told her the joyful piece of news, "she 's going this very fall, before the factory has time to get on its legs. Shall a jam genius be the only one encouraged?"

Now all this was most interesting and delightful, but rarer still was the excitement of fitting up the mysterious west wing for the equally mysterious family Aunt Kate called the "Sopchoppys," because, as she said, "that was n't their name."

"When they rented the wing they asked that their name should be kept a secret, so I must keep it a secret. Sopchoppy is good enough for me, therefore it should be good enough for you," she

would say to the girls in her whimsy way when they declared the name horrid and laughed it to scorn.

But, oh, the most delightful things were happening to the west wing.

First, the masons came and cut a beautiful, wide, deep doorway toward the sunken garden, and soon a flight of broad stone steps with a grilled iron railing led entrancingly down into all its lovely greenery. From the windows just above the steps—the very windows upon the sills of which Ella's geraniums had bloomed—was thrown out a little balcony with a delicate iron balustrade, and from beneath it swung a big iron lantern to light the doorway. The room with the balcony, such a large, pleasant room, was to belong to the little girl—for Aunt Kate admitted the Sopchoppys had a little girl, a very dear little girl, she said—Hoppi, the girls had named her since it went so beautifully with Sopchoppy—and to tell you the truth, Bab was already a wee bit jealous of her.

Casper and the under gardener had spent days in the old garden, and now it lay in most beautiful array. The summer-house once more erect and wreathed in vines, the roses upon their trellises, a steady stream tinkling, tinkling, into the satyr's marble shell, and the grass clipped, and the flower-beds weeded. After the masons and the plasterers, came the paper-hangers, and in their work the girls had especial interest, for Miss Linsey had taken them to town with her to select the papers, though she had insisted that that of Hoppi's room should be pale green, much to Jean's distress, who preferred pink! It was n't until the day everything was finished that Aunt Kate explained her reason.

"You see," she said, as they stood in the bal-

cony room together, "I wanted this paper to match the hangings in the eagle room, for I'm going to give Hoppi all my eagle things."

"Aunt Kate!" cried both girls in a chorus, but Bab's lips quivered.

"I suppose," she faltered, looking out with blurred eyes upon the lovely garden, "I'll be



"BAB SPRANG INTO HER ARMS." (SEE PAGE 810.)

going home so soon that Hoppi—will—ride Comet and—be Jean's best friend."

"She won't any such thing," cried Jean, throwing her arms around Bab. "You'll always be first, Bab."

"And, dear," Aunt Kate's eyes twinkled so she had to look out of the window hard. "I did n't mean to tell you yet, but this is just as good a time as any—and I think I heard a wee bit of a

hurt in your voice just then; I would n't hurt either of my two dear girls for the world—Hoppi can, or cannot, ride on Comet, just as you say, for Star and Comet belong to Jean and Bab for their very own, forever and ever, and you don't have to invite Hoppi to ride unless you please."

Then did n't two happy girls go spinning—for Jean was growing more proficient in the girl tongue every day; and surely Aunt Kate had her reward when two rosy cheeks were pressed so close against her wrinkled ones and she heard, over and over, what a "dearest darling" she was.

"Of course," Bab assured her. "We 'll be lovely to Hoppi and she can ride one day on Comet and the next on Star until I go home. But, oh—how can I leave you all—when I love you so—and yet how can I stay—when I love them so?"

"Don't talk about it," wailed Jean.

"Of course you will have Hoppi," faltered Bab, "and I 'm so glad—and you 'll have the dear Trotts."

"Oh, well, don't put on your bonnet yet, my dear," chuckled Aunt Kate. "You are n't going for some time."

It was really wonderful what an interest Aunt Millicent and Uncle Edgar and Aunt Twilla and even the Trotts took in the new family. Every day Aunt Millicent seemed to think of something lovely for the west wing, and Jean and Bab got so interested in Hoppi they even dreamed about her, while Aunt Twilla and Ella were very busy making all sorts of dainty things for the new home.

"We do want them to be happy," said Miss Twilla, smilingly.

"Just as if anybody would n't be happy at Durlley," said Bab. "Why, Aunt Twilla, if I could have my own dear home folks with me, I 'd rather live here with you and Aunt Kate than anywhere on earth. And I do get a little jealous of Hoppi sometimes, for it seems she never can love you all as I do."

"Well, I 'll tell you a secret, Bab, dear," comforted Aunt Twilla. "You shall always be first in my heart right along with Jean. Sister Kate can keep her Sopchoppy's to herself."

"That 's so lovely of you, Aunt Twilla," said Bab, seating herself upon the floor at Miss Twilla's feet. It was very pleasant in Aunt Twilla's sunny sitting-room, with Ella sewing at the window, and Pollykins tiptoeing around the room "Poor meing" in an undertone. In vain did Bab try to teach her to say "Happy me." Pollykins preferred to pity herself.

Bab was busy examining a strained link in the little chain Aunt Millicent had given her, and had lain the locket with the wee twinkling diamond

on the floor beside her, as she tinkered at the link with Aunt Twilla's scissors. But when she turned to pick up the locket, what was her dismay not to find it.

"Why—why—it was just here this minute, aunty—this minute. My locket with the diamond, you know."

"Well, it has n't gone far," consoled Aunt Twilla, "as neither you nor I have moved."

"But—but it was *here!*" gasped Bab.

Far across the room went Pollykins, no longer muttering to herself, but scuttling along as if her life depended upon it.

"Pollykins—she 's got it, she 's got it!" cried Bab.

"Wait a minute, Miss Bab," said Ella softly.

"Yes, wait," and Miss Twilla was growing a bit pale.

For Pollykins had dropped the locket and had picked up with beak and claw a shoe-bag Ella had just finished for Hoppi's room. Taking up the locket again Pollykins set industriously to work, muttering and chuckling to herself. A moment later—evidently well pleased with herself—she went tiptoeing back to her perch.

"Poor me, poor me, poor old me!" she said, demurely scratching her head as she teetered back and forth.

"Ella—" moaned Miss Twilla.

"Don't grieve, dear Miss Linsey, don't," begged Ella coming over and kneeling by her mistress's chair, as Bab came flying back to show them how neatly Pollykins had tucked the locket into the pocket of the shoe-bag. "I never thought of Pollykins myself. We all remember, you know, that I was cleaning the diamond crown that morning Mrs. Arrowsmith called to ask you about costumes for her fancy-dress ball. You sent me up to the wardrobe and I brought down a number of toilets, the sea-green among the rest, and laid them here on the table. I suppose I carelessly pushed the crown off without ever seeing it, and Pollykins, attracted by the glitter of the diamonds, carried it off and, finding the reticule on the floor,—"

"Oh, the wicked thing," cried Bab; "and so *she* stuck the crown into that little pink outside pocket, just as she did my locket into the shoe-bag. Oh, you bad, bad Pollykins! No wonder you scratch your head and say 'poor me.'"

"It grieves me so," said Miss Twilla, with a loving hand on Ella's.

"Miss Twilla, you have been goodness itself to me. Please forgive yourself as I forgive you—"

"Bab, Bab," broke in Jean's voice, as she came flying up the stairs. "Aunt Kate has just had a letter from the Sopchoppy's, and they will be here

next Wednesday—Thursday, for she says they 'll be too tired to see anybody before—she 's going to have a lovely garden-party for them. Just father and mother and you and me and all the Trotts, and we are going to have toasts and everything."

"Oh, goody," cried Bab, ecstatically, forgetting Pollykins and the diamond crown. "Just four more days and we shall see that wonderful Hoppi. I suppose she will turn out to be a stupid Edith or Margery or Etta and, my goodness, maybe a Smith or a Brown; but I shall never call her anything but Hoppi Sopchoppy, for it 's such a dear Chinesey name. I just love it. One, two, three, four more days! Oh, how can we wait?"

CHAPTER XIX

JOY IN THE WEST WING

WEDNESDAY the sun arose and set in due time, but to Bab and Jean never had the hours crawled so shamelessly.

Half an hour before the automobile made its way to the front door, the two girls sat in state upon the wide veranda. Bab frocked in pink and with a wreath of wild roses adorning her broad hat, and Jean all in palest blue.

"Heighho! Well, here we are," laughed Uncle Edgar as he beheld them. "Bound to charm Hoppi, I see. Well, she certainly will be hard to please if she is n't charmed 'y my two."

"Honk, honk, honk," and away dashed the big red car up the Serpentine. But they did n't forget to stop to gather up a Trott or two, and at last gaily whizzed by the Rabbit and the barouche.

"Tell them we 're coming," called Mrs. Trott merrily, as she sat, all in white, her face so young and happy under her big hat, beside Daddy Trott, who looked stiff and most uncomfortable, gotten up in his best for the occasion.

Durley was in holiday array—any one could see that. There were flags and Japanese lanterns and a big, white tent that had blossomed out on the front lawn, while on the veranda stood Miss Kate and Miss Twilla, lovely in holiday apparel and gala-day smiles—but there was n't a Sopchoppy in sight.

"Did n't they come?" gasped Bab.

"To be sure, to be sure," chuckled Aunt Kate, stooping to kiss the eager little face under its rose-wreathed hat. "All safe over in the west wing—be here any minute. Ah, here come Seth and Bart—nice lads they are too—and there is Mr. Trott coming up the drive. My, what a joyous occasion!"

Bab, still with Aunt Kate's arm around her,

stood one moment just expectant eager little Bab Howard, but the next—pale, startled—then, swept up in a very cloud of gladness, off she sped. No one who saw that little flying figure, wild with joy, ever forgot how she hurled herself away and away toward the west wing, crying in a voice that broke with very happiness:

"Daddy-doctor, motherling—oh, my precious girls!"

"Dear little Bab, dear little Bab," and Bab sprang into her mother's arms.

"Why—why," gasped Jean, "it 's Uncle Robert and Aunt Mattie and the girls. But where are the Sopchoppys?"

"Oh, you little goose," laughed her father, "and here I have said from the first, Aunt Kate might fool Bab, but never you!"

Then everybody went into shouts of laughter, for everybody understood—everybody, that is, but Bab, who, beside herself with joy, clinging first to one, and then to the other, reached the steps at last.

"Oh, Aunt Kate," she cried. "Is n't it just the loveliest thing that all my six should get here just in time for your party? And did you know they were coming all the time, aunty? And did you invite them to meet the Sopchoppys? Oh, motherling, have you seen Hoppi?"

Then Aunt Kate gathered her up and swept her into the house, dear, foolish child, and stood her before the great hall mirror, while everybody trooped in after.

"Bab," said Aunt Kate, "you are the brightest little thing to be so stupid, I ever knew. But it 's your dear, generous heart that makes you so. You have been so happy doing things for Hoppi and her family you never stopped to study it out. There, do you see that little girl in pink, with the turned-up nose, the freckles, and the one crooked tooth? Well, that is Hoppi, my dear, Hoppi Sopchoppy, whom every one loves most dearly."

"That—that," and Bab shrank back from the mirror as all the loveliness of the situation swept down upon her. "Why, that is I—oh—the west wing—the sunken garden. To live at Durley with daddy and mother and the girls—and to be always with you and Aunt Twilla—"

"And near me," broke in Jean.

"And near us," cried the Trotts.

"Yes, oh, yes—but, oh, Aunt Kate," and Bab's arms were around that dearest lady. "The room with the balcony and your eagle furniture, that was for the littlest girl—that you *loved best*—oh, Aunt Kate—it 's just the loveliest thing to be alive!"

It certainly was the gayest, happiest day Durley ever saw, and long after the sun had gone to

bed away over in Jersey behind the Orange Mountains, the big red touring-car with Uncle Edgar and Aunt Millicent, Jean, and all the Trotts it could hold, had whizzed away followed by the meek Rabbit and the old barouche—long after Miss Twilla and Miss Kate, tired out but radiant, had said good night—the Howards sat on the broad stone steps that led down into the sunken garden, and talked.

This, then, was to be their home. Mr. Linsey and Miss Kate had helped Dr. Howard to buy out old Dr. Bunts's practice, and better times were coming to them all; and the girls were to study; and life was to be so full and beautiful. Bab had hardly had time to take it all in yet, but just sat silent with her father's arm around her, and her mother's hand in hers, while she gazed at the headless Mercury and dreamed.

"And, after all," said Patty, "we owe it all to Bab and her blessed little nose."

"And how she has poked," laughed Cissy "the Vain."

"Do you know, little daughter," said daddy-doctor, "from all that we hear, you've been a very busy little girl since you came. You have been interfering right straight along without a

let-up, bless your heart, just as I warned you before you started."

"I really did n't mean it, daddy," said Bab in a meek little voice. "I'll try to go slower."

"You'll try, dear child, you'll try, I have no doubt," said daddy-doctor, with a twinkle in his kind eyes; "but it's such a chronic case with you, my dear, I don't want to discourage you, but I doubt if ever you're entirely cured."

"Don't tease her, daddy," said motherling, drawing Bab's head down upon her shoulder. "It has always been intended for a gentle interference. If there have been mistakes of judgment, it's, after all, a very young head influenced by a very loving heart. But come, dears—"

"It's late as it is,

And we *won't* have a penny,"
caroled Patty, "if we don't go to bed."

A few moments later, Bab, ready for bed, stood at the window of her balconied room and looked down upon the garden.

It lay there all placid in the moonlight, the white Flora, the little summer-house, the odd sundial, and through the gracious stillness came the tinkle-tinkle of the water from the satyr's goat-skin as it fell into the marble shell.

THE END.



A FAIRYLAND MESSENGER.



A Hundred Years from Now

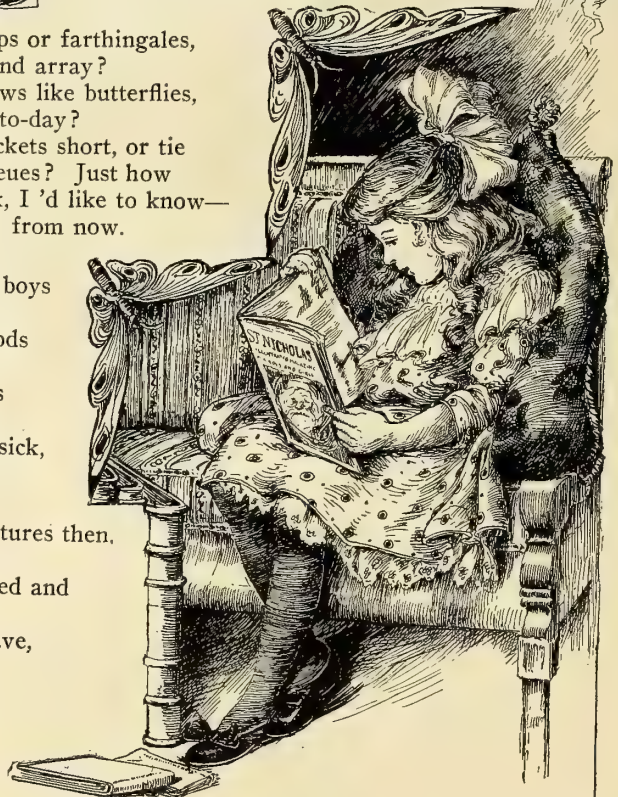
THERE 's a picture in the window
 Of a little shop I know,
 With boys and girls dressed as they were
 A hundred years ago.
 And since I saw it, I have thought,
 And keep on thinking how
 The children, maybe, will be dressed
 A hundred years from now.

By
 Sarah
 Noble
 Ives

Will girls wear caps or farthingales,
 Or hoops in grand array?
 Will they wear bows like butterflies,
 Just as they do to-day?
 Will boys wear jackets short, or tie
 Their hair in queues? Just how
 They 'll really look, I 'd like to know—
 A hundred years from now.

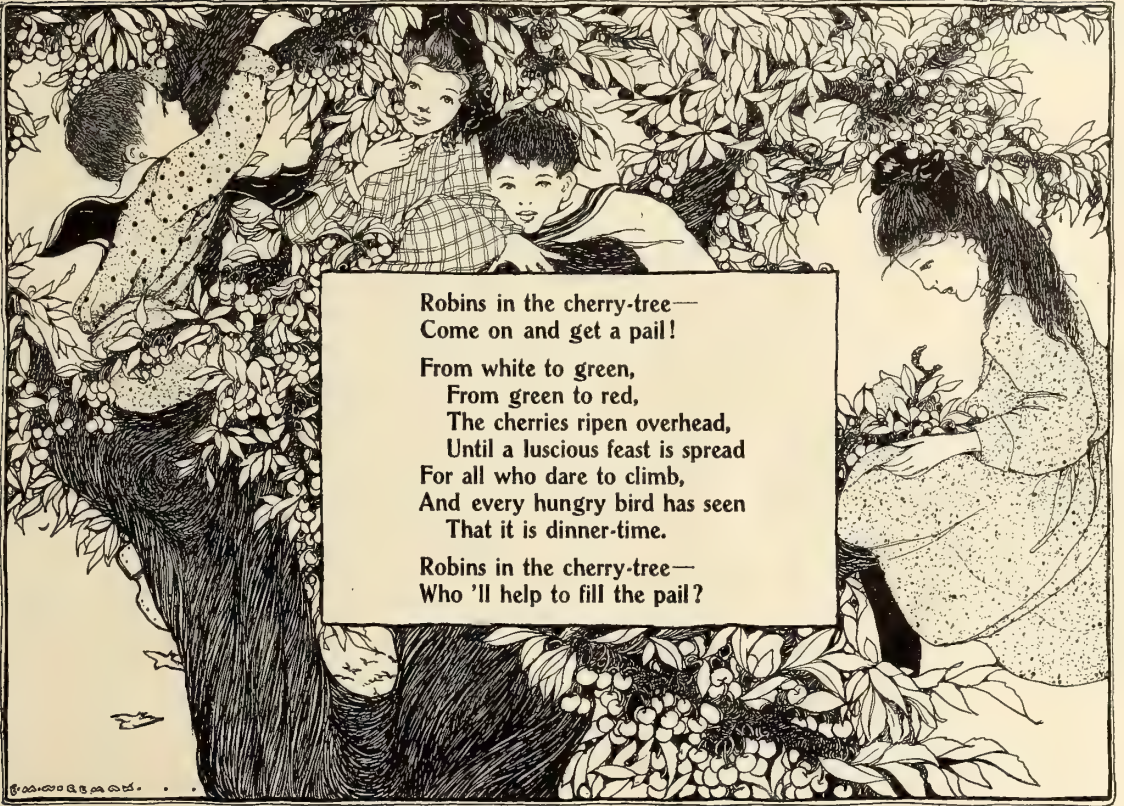
What do you think the girls and boys
 Will eat in those far days?
 Will they be fed on breakfast foods
 In many sorts of ways?
 Will all the good and tasty things
 Be worse for them than rice?
 Will ice-cream soda make them sick,
 And everything that 's nice?

Will children's books have pictures then,
 Or just all reading be?
 Perhaps they 'll be hand-painted and
 Most beautiful to see.
 But when I think of those I have,
 I truly don't see how
 They can be any prettier
 A hundred years from now.



CHERRY RIPE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



Robins in the cherry-tree—
Come on and get a pail!

From white to green,
From green to red,
The cherries ripen overhead,
Until a luscious feast is spread
For all who dare to climb,
And every hungry bird has seen
That it is dinner-time.

Robins in the cherry-tree—
Who 'll help to fill the pail?

THE PATRIOTS

BY EUNICE WARD

THE burly cannon-cracker to the slender little flag
Said, "How are *you* to celebrate the day?
You never make a single sound, you cannot jump nor shoot,
And where they put you, there you have to stay."

The rockets, Roman candles, and the giddy, racy wheels
With patriotic zeal began to brag
Of how they 'd leap and bang and fizz and flare and whirl—and all
United to deride the silent flag.

But when the day was done, the crackers lay in scattered shreds;
And bits of wheel were clinging to the trees;
The rocket sticks were lying prone; but high above the scene,
The little flag still frolicked with the breeze.



THE GIANT CRACKER.

THE PEPPERY MAN

BY ARTHUR MACY

THE Peppery Man was cross and thin;
 He scolded out and scolded in;
 He shook his fist, his hair he tore;
 He stamped his feet and slammed the door.

Heigh ho, the Peppery Man,
 The rabid, crabbed Peppery Man!
 Oh, never since the world began
 Was any one like the Peppery Man.

His ugly temper was so sour
 He often scolded for an hour;
 He gnashed his teeth and stormed and scowled,
 He snapped and snarled and yelled and howled.

He wore a fierce and savage frown;
 He scolded up and scolded down;

He scolded over field and glen,
 And then he scolded back again.

His neighbors, when they heard his roars,
 Closed their blinds and locked their doors,
 Shut their windows, sought their beds,
 Stopped their ears and covered their heads.

He fretted, chafed, and boiled and fumed;
 With fiery rage he was consumed,
 And no one knew, when he was vexed,
 What in the world would happen next.

Heigh ho, the Peppery Man,
 The rabid, crabbed Peppery Man!
 Oh, never since the world began
 Was any one like the Peppery Man.

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

XIII. WINNEMUCCA, CHIEF OF THE PIUTES

LIKE the great Montezuma of old Mexico, Chief Winnemucca, who was born and lived the most of his life beside Pyramid Lake, Nevada, had a thinking mind and a large, warm heart. He was chief of an Indian tribe called the "Piutes," and before any white men came over the Rocky Mountains to disturb them there were several thousand Indians to whom he was like a father. He saw to it that they had plenty of good food to eat, nice furs and skins to wear, and handsome tepees (or wigwams) for their families to live in. He had a good wife and many children of his own; he was always very kind to them, and took much pains to teach all he himself knew to his eldest son, who was to be Chief Winnemucca after him.

Seventy years ago the Piutes were a peace-loving and contented people. They knew how to gather in the swift antelopes from the plains, how to catch the deer and ensnare the wild turkeys, and help themselves to all the game of the mountains round about their broad valley and clear lake in which they caught splendid speckled trout and other choice fish. The Piutes never appeared to be as shrewd and smart as the Snake Indians, and they were not warlike; yet with their bows and arrows they did drive off the thieves that came from their Indian neighbors, sometimes, to hunt in the mountains or fish in the lake.

Chief Winnemucca taught the Piutes very different lessons from other Indian chiefs; for example, to love peace and make constant effort to keep it; always to be kind one to another; always to tell the truth, and never to take for one's self what belonged to another; to treat old people with tender regard; to care for and help the helpless; to be affectionate in families and show real respect to women, particularly to mothers; yet he and his Piutes had no books, no writing, no chairs, no furniture, almost none of those common articles that make our houses so comfortable. Chief Winnemucca, from time to time, had wonderful dreams. One night he dreamed that some people who were different from the red men, would by and by come from the east; that they would be finer people than any he had ever seen, and that their faces would be of a white color, bright and beautiful. He stretched

out his hands toward them and said: "My white brothers!"

Some time before the great explorers, Lewis and Clark, crossed the plains and saw Chief Winnemucca's valley, a company of hunters from Canada came. They were usually named "*Voyageurs*," and were trying to collect precious furs. They hunted and trapped the beavers and foxes or bought skins from the Indians. Then these voyageurs would carry the furs to the nearest trading places and sell them at a good price to white traders.

One day a party of these voyageurs came to a high plateau and, sitting on their hardy ponies, looked for the first time on Pyramid Lake. They were taking in the beauty of the scene when suddenly a few Indians, riding furiously toward them, halted abruptly, and one Indian rode forward, making signs of good-will as he approached. But the hunters were frightened and caught up their guns, though they did not fire. At this the Indian hurried away, joined the others, and they all dashed into the woods and rode as fast as they could straight to Chief Winnemucca's wigwam. As soon as the venturesome Piute, much excited, had told all he knew about the appearance of strangers up there on the eastern plateau, asserting that they were well mounted on large ponies, that they were curiously dressed, and that they surely had white faces, Winnemucca cried out with joy: "They are my white brothers!" and after a few moments, added: "I knew you would come; you are the white brothers of my dream."

Chief Winnemucca hastened with twenty of his Indians to meet the traders. All the Indians were mounted on little ponies adorned with cedar sprigs and some bright flowers fastened to their manes and tails. The Indians were afraid and kept close together, but the chief was happy and rode boldly ahead to meet his white brothers. Now the voyageurs were full of fear and, firing their guns in the air, motioned for the Piutes to stop. These unfriendly signs startled Winnemucca. His heart bled as he saw his men hanging back in terror; but he could not forget his beautiful dream, so for a while he tried to draw nearer the strangers. They shouted angrily at him; but he got down from his saddle fifty or sixty yards away, put his strong bow and quiver of arrows on the ground, and spread out his arms as a sign of peace; but the white men, believing

him and his followers to be treacherous because they were wild Indians, would not let them come any closer. Now Chief Winnemucca had heard about some powder guns which warlike Indians had and he instinctively recognized these white men's rifles as weapons of war. Greatly disappointed, he and his party rode back to their pretty village, and next morning the voyageurs passed on westward. The Piutes never saw them again.

It was not very long after this visit that another party of about fifty white men descended from the same plateau and encamped two miles below Pyramid Lake on the bank of a swift running river.

Again the good chief went down as he had done before and tried his best by peace signs to welcome the strangers, but they would not let an Indian approach them. They even fired from loaded rifles to frighten the Piutes away. This time the Indians saw where the bullets struck the trees and bushes. But Winnemucca, after the white men had gone, reflected upon the cause of the white brother's fear of them. So he said: "I will not give them up, I will show them a brother's heart."

He took a few of his principal men and had them bring with them their women and children. They followed the white men several days and encamped every night in plain sight. At last the white leader, prompted by his guide who knew something of Indian ways, decided that the Piutes meant no harm. Little by little they talked by signs. The Indians showed them how to avoid bad trails and some short cuts in their journey and always led them to the finest camping places where they could have plenty of wood and good water. Every night they brought them a deer or an antelope. The leader of the white people was a generous and good man, so he and Chief Winnemucca soon became friends. After this success, which delighted his heart, the chief and his followers returned to their home on Pyramid Lake.

The next company of white people going toward California were more numerous. With them was the American "path-finder," Capt. John C. Frémont, and he and Winnemucca communicated right away. They first met where the Union Pacific Railway now crosses the Truckee River—called by the Piute Indians Truckee because it means "all right." Frémont took a particular liking to the warm-hearted chief, and he asked him to lead a party of Piute scouts. The scouts consisted of the chief and eleven picked Indian men, and from that time Winnemucca was called Captain Truckee or All-Right. With Frémont,

these Indians went all the way to California, and helped him while there in his contests with the Mexicans. They learned after a fashion to speak English, and Winnemucca could always make an American understand him. He was proud of his English, but prouder of a piece of tough paper on which Frémont had written a recommendation of "Captain Truckee." This the chief always called "My Rag Friend."

Chief Winnemucca liked California so much that he decided after much thinking and talking with his people to go back to that beautiful and fruitful land. His son, who was to be the chief, Winnemucca Second, was put in charge of the whole tribe left behind, while Winnemucca took thirty families with him for the long journey. Of his own family he took his wife, his daughter-in-law, and four of her children—they were named by their grandfather a little later: Natchez, Lee, Mary, and Sarah, two boys and two girls. Sarah, who was then six years old, was the youngest, and her grandfather's favorite, and he always spoke of her as "my sweet-heart." She was dreadfully afraid of white men, and would hide her face so as not to see them, and weep a long time if one spoke to her. The cause of this terror was that she once heard her father say the Piutes were to have great sorrows and troubles from bad whites.

A Sister of Charity succeeded in winning her heart. The result of this good lady's friendship was that Mary and Sarah learned to speak good English, and for a short term were taken into the Catholic boarding-school, but the feeling against all Indians among the whites was such that they declared they would take away all their children if Indians were allowed to come there. In California Mr. Scott employed "Captain Truckee" and his Indians to care for numerous herds of cattle and horses, and the Indians on their ponies were most faithful and successful herdsmen.

The chief, after about a year in California, heard that the sub-chief (his son, Winnemucca Second) and all the Piutes with him had had great trouble. At first two white settlers on their way west had been waylaid in the mountains, and robbed and killed with arrows. The arrows were left there and had on them the Washoes' marks, but the white people insisted that Piutes and the Washoes were all the same. Again, two wicked white men carried off two little Piute children and hid them. After a long search the two Indian fathers found them in a cellar, bound with cords. The Indians became enraged at this and killed the white men.

Besides, a large party of white people came to Pyramid Lake as others had done before them.

It was quite late in the fall of the year and Winnemucca Second with most of his Indians was away hunting in the mountains. The Indians had left their winter supply of seeds, nuts, wild

flowers, he and his followers began to lose all confidence in the "white brothers" that his good father had always trusted and defended. So the sub-chief kept all of the Piutes he could get to



"WINNEMUCCA PUT HIS STRONG BOW AND QUIVER OF ARROWS ON THE GROUND, AND SPREAD OUT HIS ARMS AS A SIGN OF PEACE."

onions, and camas, and a large quantity of dried deer-meat and salted fish, carefully stored away near the Truckee River. The strangers helped themselves to what they could use, and burned up all the remaining food.

Winnemucca Second became alarmed at this, and when a volunteer company came to punish the Piute Indians for the loss of the white set-

stay with him in different camps in the mountains.

Hearing all this the old chief left his two grandsons to work for Mr. Scott in California and, taking with him his daughter-in-law and the two girls, Mary and Sarah, in a large wagon, guarded by several of his Indians, he drove five hundred miles back to Pyramid Lake. He sent a

messenger to find his son and begged him to come back to the beautiful valley and have his people come with him. Here they met the chief, and the wise and good-hearted old man spoke for his white brothers once more.

Beside the beautiful lake he lived for many years, and when at last he died, he called his son and told him never to forget his duty to his own people and to his white brothers.

XIV. TOC-ME-TO-NE, AN INDIAN PRINCESS

You all remember, in your school-books, the story of Pocahontas. Well, old Chief Winnemucca had a grand-daughter who was a sort of Pocahontas of our own time, and whose story deserves to be told in this series; for as old Powhatan's life-history would be altogether incomplete without that of Pocahontas, so Winnemucca's must include that of his grand-child, Toc-me-to-ne.

We called her Sarah Winnemucca, but her real name was Toc-me-to-ne, which means shell-flower. Have you ever seen these flowers growing in an old garden among their many cousins of the Mint family? Well, Toc-me-to-ne loved them of all flowers best, so they called her "shell-flower."

Her people were Piute Indians, and they lived in what is now the great State of Nevada.

Toc-me-to-ne had a flower name, so she was allowed to take part in the children's flower festival, when all the little girls dance and sing, holding hands and making believe that they are the very flowers for which they are named. They wear their own flowers, too, and after they have sung together for a while one will dance off on the grass by herself and sing:

I am a daisy gold and white
Somebody catch me—me!

The grown-up people watch, too, as their children play, and Toc-me-to-ne was never happier than when dancing and singing her shell-flower song:

See me! see me, a beautiful flower.
Give me a hand and dance.

Then after the plays and dancing the children had all sorts of good things to eat, and the flower festival was over for a year.

Only three times did Toc-me-to-ne take part in the flower festival, for when she was quite a little girl her grandfather, Chief Winnemucca, took his family and went to live in California, and when they came back she was almost grown up.

Her grandfather was very fond of her, and called her sweetheart, so she was sad and lonesome indeed when he died; but she did not forget

his last words to her before he went. "Sweet-heart," he said, "do not forget my white brothers; be kind to them and they will be kind to you and teach you many things."

In California the old chief gave to his grandchildren new names—Natchez, Lee, Mary, and Sarah, and Sarah learned to speak fairly good English. Later, when she came to Pyramid Lake, she played with Mr. Ormsby's children and learned to speak better English. Besides this Mrs. Ormsby taught her to cook and sew and to do housework.

When Sarah was fifteen years old she made the long five hundred-mile journey to California once more with her brothers and sister and her grandmother. Her brothers took care of cattle for good Mr. Scott, who had known and loved Chief Winnemucca, and he gave them good wages, several fine horses, and two ponies for Sarah and Mary to ride. The sisters had always ridden bareback like Indian men, but when Christmas came, Sarah was surprised to find a beautiful Mexican side-saddle from her brother Lee, and she learned to ride like the white ladies, and was very proud and happy.

Now the Piutes always would wander about. They lived by hunting and fishing, not by farming, so they moved from place to place wherever there was game. When they were in the mountains rough white settlers came to Pyramid Lake and caught almost all of the fish with nets, so that there were no fish when the Indians returned. This made the Indians angry, and so trouble began. All this time Sarah was in California. Her father, Chief Winnemucca Second, and her mother were in Nevada, and she often heard good news from them, but one spring when she was seventeen years old two Indians came bringing the news from her father that he was in the mountains and wanted all his children to come to him, but especially Sarah.

Starting on their ponies they began the journey, riding beside the wagon where the grandmother rode. It took twenty-five days to reach Carson City, but here their father and mother met them, and next day all went to see Governor Nye, whom Sarah told in English what her father, the chief, wanted to say.

Governor Nye was very jolly and good, and when he knew how things really were he told the white settlers not to interfere with the Indians, and sent soldiers from the fort to drive the rough men away; so Governor Nye and Chief Winnemucca became good friends, as they never could have been but for little Toc-me-to-ne and her bright, intelligent speech.

For the next year Sarah talked both Piute and

English, and settled many little troubles. She was called friend both by the Indians and soldiers, and her father and she thought often of old Chief Winnemucca's words and kept peace with their white brothers.

But just as storm-clouds gather, so whispers came that there would be war between the soldiers and the Piutes. One day some old men were fishing in a lake when cavalry soldiers rode up and fired at them. The Indians ran to their tepees near by, but the soldiers followed and hurt some of them. The captain of the soldiers thought they belonged to a band of bad Indians, and as he spoke only English none could explain. As soon as they understood the cruel mistake, of course, every one was very sorry and did what he could to make it right. One of Sarah's little sisters was badly hurt, but Chief Winnemucca and Sarah only spoke sadly of the "Lake Harney trouble," and were still friendly to the white people.

About this time Sarah came down to Muddy Lake to help her brother Natchez, who was sub-chief there. Near by, Mr. Nugent, the Indian agent, had a big store, where he sold all sorts of things. Now Uncle Sam did not allow agents to sell shot and gunpowder to the Indians, but one day Mr. Nugent did sell some to a Piute Indian. The Indian rode away across the river very happy, but soon one of Mr. Nugent's men met him. He saw the shot and powder and in English told the Indian to give them up. Of course the Indian could not understand and tried to ride on; then the white man fired and shot him. The dreadful news spread among all the Indians and they were very angry, and said Mr. Nugent must die, because they believed he had let the Piute have the powder and then sent his man to shoot him on his way.

Angry Indians rushed to Natchez and frightened women and children gathered around Sarah, but they both mounted their swift ponies and hurried away to save the agent's life if possible. The river at the ford was high. Sarah's pony stumbled in the swift current and threw her off, but her brother helped her to remount, and with wet clothes, on she still galloped to Mr. Nugent's house. When Sarah saw him she cried to him to get away quickly or the Indians would kill him, but he replied that he was not afraid and called his men to get their guns, saying he would show the rascals how to fight. Natchez and Mary begged him to go away till they could quiet the angry Indians, but he would not and told them to leave him. There was nothing else to do, but at the ford they met the angry Indians and stopped them. Natchez called a council in his

tepee, and here he and Sarah succeeded in quieting the excitement for a time. Soon afterward word came that two white men herding horses near a place called Deep Wells had been shot by the brothers of the Piute Indian who bought the powder. Then Mr. Nugent went to Fort McDermit to get soldiers to punish the Indians.

Now when the agent asked for soldiers the captain, who was a wise man, decided to know the truth first, so he sent two friendly Indians with a letter to Sarah. This is the letter:

MISS SARAH WINNEMUCCA: Your agent tells us very bad things about your people killing two of our men. I want you and your brother Natchez to meet me at my place to-night. I want to talk to you and your brother.

(signed) CAPTAIN JEROME,
Company M, 8th U. S. Cavalry.

The Indians were terrified when Sarah told them what was in the letter and said: "Write, write; you may be able to save us from a dreadful war." Sarah had nothing to write with, but she said: "I will try," and with a sharp-pointed stick and some fish blood scratched off this letter:

HON. SIR: My brother is not here. I am looking for him every minute. We will go as soon as he comes in. If he comes to-night we will come some time late in the night.

Yours truly,
S. W.

The messengers were hardly gone when Natchez and his men returned. They took fresh horses and he and Sarah started for the fort. She says: "We went like the wind, never stopping till we got there." When they arrived the wicked agent was with Captain Jerome, but Sarah told the whole story, and the Captain treated them well and promised to do what was right. Then the brother and sister, tired as they were, rode back to their tepee on Muddy Lake. The next day a good officer and some soldiers came and camped near them. The soldiers gave the Indians food and stood guard while Sarah and Natchez held meetings with their people and showed them how kind the soldiers had been. After this, because of the bad ways of Nugent, the commander at Fort McDermit had Natchez and many Indians come to the army post and pitch their tepees. Sarah lived with her brother and his wife, and was the interpreter and peacemaker; and she persuaded the chief, her father, to get together as many as possible of the wandering Piutes and bring them to the fort.

Sarah was sweet and handsome and very quick and able. When she grew older she married one of the young army officers, but later he went East and she returned to her own people and

lived on the Malheur Indian Reservation. Here she was always called "the Princess" because of her influence over her people.

It was in 1878 that the Bannock Indians



"PRINCESS SARAH," OR TOC-ME-TO-NE.

started on the war-path in Idaho and, joining the Malheur Piutes, fought the white people wherever they went. This was called the Piute and Bannock War. The Princess, Sarah Winnemucca, was riding near Fort Lyons, Idaho, when she heard of the trouble. She was on her way to a railway station at Elko, Nevada, hoping to go to Washington to try and have some wrongs put to right on the Malheur agency. When she heard the news she at once turned back and went to the sheep ranch near Boise City, and when I heard she was there I telegraphed to Captain Bernard, who was near by with some soldiers, to ask the "Princess" to go as a messenger of peace to the angry Indians. She said she would go, and, taking with her some true Indian friends, rode, in a day and a half, over one hundred miles. She was approaching the Indian camp in the dark and wondering how to get in unnoticed when she heard a sound. She called and an

answering sign showed her it was an Indian. To her surprise and delight it proved to be her own brother, Lee Winnemucca. They had a long talk, and Sarah changed her usual neat dress for an old skirt and Indian blanket, painting her face and pulling a shawl over her head like the squaws. Then she went straight into the Indian camp and to her father's lodge among the fighting warriors, who never thought for a moment of what she was there for. When she saw her father she had a long talk with him in the Piute language, and begged him not to have war with his white brothers. Of course the Bannock Indians could not understand what she said, so they suspected nothing. As soon as it was dark Sarah went out quietly into the woods and waited. One by one Chief Winnemucca and his family with many of his followers stole out of the camp and joined her. Then she guided them to the sheep ranch, and there I met them three days after I had sent my telegram. With her sister-in-law Mattie for a companion, this Indian princess, Sarah Winnemucca, became my guide, messenger, and interpreter till the close of that fearful Piute and Bannock War.

She did our government great service, and if I could tell you but a tenth part of all she willingly did to help the white settlers and her own people to live peacefully together I am sure you would think, as I do, that the name of Toc-me-to-ne should have a place beside the name of Pocahontas in the history of our country.

"THE PRINCESS SARAH" *

BY COLONEL C. E. S. WOOD

EVER since the defeat of the Piute nation at Steen's Mountain, old Winnemucca had steadily kept his place with the whites, he, his sons, and Sarah always using their influence to smooth away troubles. But Sarah's influence was no longer great because she had so linked herself with the whites; yet her sympathies had always been with her own people, their sorrows had lain on her heart, and she had worked faithfully to help them. Her eyes sparkled and her face showed the delight she felt in recalling her savage childhood. She loved to dwell on the legends, traditions, feasts, and ceremonies that made up the life of the Indians before the white man came, and it was with a kind of sadness that she told of the day when her grandfather and his band were filled with surprise as they saw the

* It happens that Colonel C. E. S. Wood had sent to ST. NICHOLAS, several years ago, an account of Sarah Winnemucca which, at the risk of a possible repetition of General Howard's incidents, may well be printed here, as an added picture of Indian child-life and an Indian heroine. Colonel Wood, moreover, was an intimate friend and a comrade-in-arms of General Howard during the Piute and Bannock War.—EDITOR.

first train of white-topped "prairie wagons" coming slowly toward them across the desert.

She remembered very clearly how her mother hid her by burying her in the sand and whispered to her not to move or those things coming would eat her,—and she added: "That 's the sort of babies Indian babies are. I was scared to death, but I would n't make a noise or move till my mother came for me, not for anything."

Her grandfather and the warriors crawled to the top of a low hill and watched the "tents" rolling over the plain and drawn by "queer buffalo with long horns." For three days they kept along with this wagon train, but the people in the train never suspected they were thus watched.

Sarah liked to tell us all how the Indians from a distance often watched the passing trains of white traders. On one occasion Winnemucca, after assuring the white men of his peaceable intentions, actually visited their camp. When he left them they gave him a new tin basin and he wondered what on earth that could be for, till, like Don Quixote, he saw, of course, it must be a hat or helmet. So with great dignity he put the tin basin on his head and walked back to his people, who wondered at the beautiful head-piece, and gave him a new name, "The Shining Moon."

Then the women ventured near, dragging the trembling children. Sarah remembered a horrible thing walking toward her which later she knew was a big man with bushy black whiskers all over his face. (She laughed, and said she had got used to such animals since.) But, of course, among Indians she had never seen a beard, so when this big man took the little Indian girl by the hand, she saw only a great nose and two staring eyes, and she says she must have fainted, for that is all she remembers. But afterward her mother laughed when the little Sarah or Toc-me-to-ne (shell flower) as she was then called, told her of the great "demon owl" that had seized her.

Thus Sarah loved to talk on, for there are few Indians born and bred in savagery who could talk English as Sarah could. She read the magazines and newspapers, wrote official letters, visited Washington as the representative of her people, and was successful in her mission; she taught the Indian children in school; or she painted her face, wrapped a blanket about her and went among her people at the head of our scouts, engaged in active war against part of the tribe.

She returned to her father, and took part in the Bannock and Piute Campaign of 1878. This outbreak was the work of a very young Indian, "Buffalo Horn" by name. He was a Bannock

and belonged on the Fort Hall reservation. Only the year before this (1877) he had been our chief of Indian scouts in the campaign against Joseph.

A council was held between the Bannocks and a part of the Piutes although Winnemucca was opposed to a war. While this talk was going on in the Piute camp, the frightened settlers who had escaped flew to the little mining town of Silver City, and here, excited and distrustful, they captured Sarah.

These people made all manner of charges that Sarah was a spy in league with her people. Sarah and her little band were taken from the settlers by one of our officers who passed by in pursuit of the Indians.

When she reached camp she told General Howard her story—how they had ridden to where her father's people were camped.

"I took my brother's blanket," she continued, "and dressed as a squaw. I painted my face.



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

When we came near the camp there were a great, great many people and horses. I was afraid. But I went to my father's camp and talked with my people. I told them the soldiers were coming. They said they were really held prisoners by the Bannocks, and could not come away. I told them they *must*. 'Here,' said I, 'go hide your ponies in the bushes and after dark you can leave.' My brother Lee got a pony for me. After dark we slipped out, a few at a time, and stole away. We all agreed to meet at a certain place.

"Lee and my father and I went out with about fifteen others. We journeyed all night. At daylight our horses were worn out, and we stopped at the place of meeting. Presently a man came up just as fast as he could and said my brother Jerry and some others of the last had been discovered and pursued; that he had heard much firing and feared all were killed. Then the women began weeping and moaning, and all was

trouble. My brother Lee said: 'I will go back and die with my people.' My father and I called to him, but he jumped on his horse and went. He blamed me for being the cause of all this and said I had brought nothing but trouble on them. Then my father started to go back. 'For,' said he, 'my son will be killed, then why should I live?' Then said I to him: 'You must not go back; here are women and children depending on you!' Then he waved his hand and said: 'What shall we do? If we try to go away, the Bannocks will kill us. If we stay, the soldiers will kill us.' Then he said to me: 'Sarah, go to the soldiers. Tell them where we are, and that if they do not hurry we shall be killed. Tell them to come to us, come at once. Spare not your horse, Sarah, but ride night and day.' Then I left him. Mattie (her sister-in-law) and I came just as fast as ever our horses could travel. Oh, I am afraid they are all killed! There was only one gun among them. My father said: 'Come at once.' Why do you wait?"

Here Sarah broke down completely. Little Mattie standing behind her listened intently and seemed much frightened.

The refugees were not killed, however, but were brought within our lines in safety. Sarah and her sister-in-law remained with the troops. Sarah acted as guide and interpreter and scout. The two women had their own tent, cared for their horses themselves, helped at the kitchen fire and the mess-table. They rode at the head of the scouts or went off alone on dangerous rides, bringing back valuable information. Not only did they read the trail as an open book, but they knew the Indian character so well that they would foretell the line of march and future plans of the enemy. When prisoners were taken Sarah was of great assistance as interpreter and by spreading her influence induced many to surrender.

But an incident that brought tears more of joy than sadness to the women's eyes was our capture of a "hostile" one hot July day. We had fought the Birch Creek fight and the Indians were running away as fast as they could and we were

after them. Their Medicine Men had told them the spirits of dead Indians could fight for them and the whites would surely be overcome, so when they themselves had to give way, they were not as well prepared for flight as usual. Their women and children were with them as they retreated. We drove them through the pine woods and at last lost them as we slowly pushed along the rough trail. Here, in the wildest part of the wilderness we found a fat, pretty little baby. Just think of a chubby little baby lying contentedly all alone in a great wilderness! Its black eyes looked a great deal of surprise at us, but the small enemy did not seem to be "hostile" at heart. But whoever heard of campaigning with a baby. Ah! But that is where the Indian baby is such a jewel. It never has aches or pains or temper; if it has it keeps them to itself.

This baby was a stoic. But it could n't eat salt pork and hard bread for all that. It was really too young for the campaign. What were a lot of men to do about it?

Well, by the women's help it was duly established at General Forsyth's headquarters, and Sarah hunted up two women among the prisoners and they were mustered in as nurses. The little savage was fed on soaked cracker till condensed milk was procured, and then it fattened on condensed milk till General Forsyth was pardonably proud of the baby, and at the end of the war it was, through his and Sarah's and the nurse "Susie's" exertions, restored to its own mother who allowed herself to be captured and became a prisoner in hopes of finding her little one. And she was as crazy with joy as if that wee brown baby was a genuine white one, and in her gratitude I think she would have taken its hundred nicknames along with the baby, if she could have pronounced them.

At the close of the campaign Sarah accompanied the prisoners of war to their new home on the Simcoe reservation, Washington Territory, and by the tireless perseverance, so characteristic of her, finally succeeded in getting permission for her tribe to return to their former homes.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

OUR cat and dog, they know the Fourth,
 For both have gone away,
 And in the attic, and the barn,
 Prefer to spend the day.

Florence R. Faxon.

The Rescue of a Red-coat



BY GRACE E. CRAIG

CHARITY MAY stepped briskly to and fro before the spinning-wheel which she had brought out to the door-stone of the gray farm-house on the hill. Occasionally she lifted her brown eyes from her work and gazed out over the rolling pastures of the fair island of Prudence or across the strip of bay to the Rhode Island shore.

"'T is a fine day, Polly," she said at length, to the small girl who sat beside her sewing. "I think perhaps mother will let us go out in the boat when our work is finished."

"Oh, Charity! Does thee think she will?" chirped little Polly, in her excitement taking rather longer stitches than usual. "'T will be beautiful on the bay this morning."

Charity studied the sea and sky intently.

"There 's very little breeze stirring," she replied. "I am almost sure mother will say we may go for a while if we do our work particularly well. Take care of those stitches, Poll. The last ones had best come out. They will never earn thee a jaunt, but more like an extra long psalm."

Polly pouted, but in a moment laughed and pulled out the offending stitches, crooning softly to herself as she set them again with great care. Charity worked with a will, and her task was soon finished. She disappeared into the house, and in a few moments her voice rang merrily through the open door.

"Mother says 'yes,' Pollykins. Put up thy work for to-day."

Sweet Mother May followed her elder daughter to the door, and gazed lovingly after the two young figures.

Though Charity was Polly's senior by five years, the sisters were loving comrades. They were both very happy when their brother Ben built for them a boat. It was a rough craft but staunch and seaworthy. Charity had strong young

arms, and soon became expert with the oars, and even eight-year-old Polly quickly learned to pull away gallantly.

This morning the boat lay on the sand where Ben had left it after a fishing trip the day before. Polly, with a joyful gurgle, climbed in, and took her seat in the stern. Charity pushed off with little difficulty, and they were soon floating on the wide bosom of Narragansett Bay. On this August morning the warm, blue haze made all distant points vague and indistinct. Presently Charity dropped her oars and sat still with clasped hands, and even Polly for once was quiet, as the little boat drifted with the ebbing tide down toward Newport and the ocean.

"The French ships sailed out yesterday to meet Admiral Howe's squadron at sea, so Father was telling Ben last night," Charity said at last, breaking the long silence. "How *can* men fight and kill each other in this lovely summer weather?"

"Oh, Charity! Do they really do such dreadful things? Does thee think it can be really true?" and Polly lifted a horrified face from the water, in which she had been dabbling her dimpled fingers liberally bespattering her gray gown and white kerchief.

"I fear it is, lambkin," her sister answered with a shadow for a moment in her dark eyes. "Ben said he heard firing over in Portsmouth when he was out fishing yesterday."

A puff of wind coming over the water made Charity look up suddenly at the sun.

"'T is past noonday, sis," she said, "and we are a long way from home. We must start at once or mother will worry."

Hastily picking up her oars she turned the boat away from the near-by Portsmouth shore, and headed for Prudence Island. As she settled herself for the long pull homeward, something on a

point of land directly in front of her caught her eye. She held her oars suspended and looked again.

"That must be a signal of distress yonder," she finally said to her sister. "Turn about, Poll, and see what thee can make of it."

Polly screwed her body around, and gazed with wide, blue eyes.

"I see naught but a rag tied to a stick," she said. "How thee affrighted me, Charity!"

"Yes, but why should a rag be tied to a stick on that lonely point? Some poor creature must be in trouble. We will go and see."

"But, Charity," objected the little girl, "'T is lonely there, as thee says. Some one may hurt us. And then, too, 't is growing late, and the wind is rising. The bay is all white ruffles now. If we don't get home soon, I shall be afeared."

"Don't fear, little one," Charity soothed, "sister will take care of thee. Sit still now. We will be only a few moments, and then if we both row I think we can get home before three." And she turned the boat again toward Portsmouth.

Once on shore, she hesitated. Was she taking her little sister into peril?

"Would thee rather sit in the boat and wait for Charity?" she asked.

"No, no," and Polly scrambled hastily out and caught her hand. "I'll not be left. I will go with thee. We will take care of each other."

The two girls climbed the slope to the summit of a knoll, and there, a few feet away, was the little staff with its pitiful banner. They threaded their way through the tangle of bushes, stopping now and then to look and listen. All about the bayberry and sweet-fern had been crushed and trampled as by heavy feet, but nothing broke the stillness of the summer noontide save the bees buzzing over the flowers and the crickets chirping in the grass.

"There must have been a skirmish here yesterday," Charity said.

Suddenly she stumbled and almost fell over something, and stopped with an exclamation. There, in the shelter of a thicket of bayberry, lay a man in the uniform of a British officer.

Polly clung to her sister and began to cry loudly.

At the sound of her weeping the man moved slightly, and opened his eyes.

"Hush, little one," Charity whispered. "He cannot harm thee. He is badly injured. His leg is broken, I think."

At her sister's assurance, Polly took courage and stopped crying. Coming closer, she examined admiringly the scarlet coat with its trappings



"LIMPING PAINFULLY, HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE BEACH."

of gold. To the little Quaker lass, who had never before seen anything but sober garments, it seemed wonderful indeed.

But it was Charity's turn to look distressed. "We must get him into the boat and take him home at once," she said.

"But how, Charity? He looks heavy," and Polly surveyed the prostrate man doubtfully.

"I don't know," answered her sister, "but we must find a way," and she gently touched the gold-braided sleeve. Again the soldier opened his eyes. Suddenly he made a weak effort to rise.

"Can thee not move a little way now, if we help thee?" Charity asked, looking out a bit

anxiously across the wide strip of water to Prudence Island. A fresh westerly wind had sprung up, and Polly's "white ruffles" of an hour ago had become whole caps now.

Once more the soldier endeavored to rise, and this time, with the girls' help, succeeded.

"If thee can only get down to our boat," Charity urged, "we can take thee home, and then mother will care for thee."

"Come, poor soldier," Polly echoed. "Dear mother will make thee quite well."

A smile crossed the officer's pain-drawn face.

"Bless your dear heart, pretty one," he said.

Limping painfully with the stiffened leg dragging, he made his way to the beach, Charity just behind him, supporting him when he stopped to rest, and Polly by his side patting his red sleeve when she felt he needed encouragement. The man's breath came in gasps, but he smiled at his rescuers.

"Good little Samaritans," he whispered.

Suddenly Polly cried out, "Oh, Charity! Look, there's a storm coming!"

Sure enough. Over the high shoulder of Prudence Island, great masses of purple cloud were rolling heavily eastward. The wind was increasing almost to a gale, too. One of the sudden, violent storms of the region was approaching.

"We must get home before it breaks," Charity spoke calmly, but for a moment her heartbeats quickened. "There is no shelter hereabouts."

Making a last, supreme effort the soldier rolled into the boat and fainted.

"Never mind him, Polly," Charity commanded. "Thee must take the other pair of oars and pull for dear life."

A low growl of thunder in the west served to turn Polly's attention from their wounded passenger. She caught up her oars and rowed like the brave little woman she was.

"What time does thee think it is, Charity?" she inquired once.

"After three a good bit," her sister answered.

"Mother will be worrying," the little girl said, with a slight shiver.

"Yes, mother will be worrying," her sister repeated, looking over her shoulder at the approaching clouds. She fully realized what Polly only felt, that they were in a perilous position.

Wind and tide were both against them, but they made good progress for some little time. The young man at their feet moaned now and then and moved uneasily, but the two rowers pulled steadily on.

"Mother will care for him, once we reach home," Charity said, looking back again at the clouds, which had now rolled over the sun.

It grew suddenly dark on the bay, the wind died away slowly and the sea became oily. In the lull the rowers paused to rest. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning rent the darkened sky, followed by a crashing peal of thunder. The girls in the boat sat motionless, petrified with terror. For a blinding, deafening moment, sea and sky seemed to meet. Then the squall shrieked down upon them in all its fury.

Charity's cap blew off, and her dark hair waved wildly about her face, but she flung the whole weight of her slender body upon the oars, pulling valiantly, and shouting through the din for Polly to do the same. One moment of hesitation on the part of either would have caused disaster, but, guided by the two pairs of oars, the little craft kept her nose pointed to the seas, and rode out the gale. The worst of the blow was over in a few minutes, and then sheets of rain began to fall. Through the storm the young mariners rowed bravely on toward the home shore, and, after a half hour of hard work, pulled into the calm water inside the point.

When the storm clouds had all rolled over, leaving the western sky aflame with gold, and a rainbow spanned the bay, promising a beautiful to-morrow, Charity and Polly, once more in spotless caps and kerchiefs, were sitting on the old door-stone hand in hand.

"I'm glad we saved the young man," Polly remarked happily, "and I think his red coat is very pretty, even though 't is wicked."

"Dear little Poll," Charity answered with a half smile. "'T is not wicked for him to wear a red coat. He wears red, the color of his king, just as we wear the gray of the Friends."

"I wish Friends wore red then, if 't is not wicked. I like it," Polly said decisively.

"For shame, Polly," her sister admonished. "If Elder White should hear thee, he would say again that mother is not strict enough with us."

Up-stairs the British officer, his injury having been found to be only a bad strain, lay in Mother May's lavender-scented best-room bed. He was now fairly comfortable and had told his story.

When the French ships had been lured from Newport harbor by the appearance of Admiral Howe's fleet, the British troops had marched out of the city, and succeeded in driving the Americans from the island, though not without severe loss. In the battle on the downs, he, Sir Hugh Grantham, major in his Majesty's Sixty-third Foot Regiment, met with an accident. His horse was shot, and fell instantly, pinning him beneath its body, and injuring his right leg. He with difficulty crawled away from the scene of the combat, and, when the British retreated to

the city, was left unnoticed in his place of refuge under the bushes. Next day, he succeeded in dragging himself nearer the shore and hoisting a signal of distress, a bit of his shirt-sleeve tied to a stick.

The young soldier improved steadily under the kindly care of the Quakers, and soon was able to limp down-stairs, and often joined the children in their favorite working-place on the old door-stone. He proved a merry companion, telling many stories of his home across the sea, the old red manor-house among the great oak-trees, where his mother lived with his little sister Marjory, whom he declared Charity strongly resembled. Polly rejoiced greatly when he once more donned the beautiful red and gold coat.

"It is so gay," she said, patting it often. "I do like it."

"Dear heart!" its wearer cried one day, catching her up, "I believe you are a little turncoat. I think you would really change your peaceful gray for warlike red. Is it not so?"

"Yes," and Polly struggled to be free. "I would. Does thee not think I could be as good a girl in a red coat as in a gray one?"

"Perhaps," he answered gravely; "but certainly you could not be a braver little maid."

At last the day came for Father May to take Major Grantham over to Newport, whence he was to sail for England with his regiment, and two very sorrowful little lasses in white caps and kerchiefs watched their father's boat out of sight.

They missed their friend sadly and they had not forgotten him, when, in the early spring, a boat came up from Newport bringing letters and

a large box which had just arrived from over the sea. The letters were from the major and his mother, thanking the Mays once more for their kindness to the wounded "redcoat," praising the bravery of the little girls, and begging that the family accept the contents of the box with the heartfelt gratitude of the Granthams. Marjory sent many loving messages to Charity.

When the great box was opened, wonderful treasures were disclosed, beautiful things such as the simple New England Friends had seldom seen. Books for Father May and the boys, fine linen and delicate china for the mother, some heavy silver spoons for Charity's dower-chest, "just like Marjory's" the letters said, and, down in the very bottom something red. As Mother May drew it out, Polly began to dance.

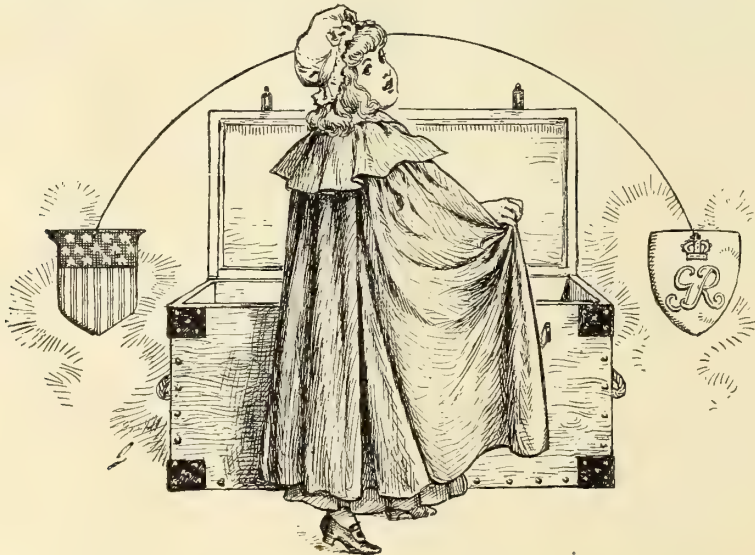
"For me!" she cried, "is it not, mother dear?"

Her mother looked at the label a little doubtfully, and then suddenly smiled, as she saw her little girl's shining face. In another moment Polly was shaking out before the admiring eyes of the family a beautiful, long, scarlet cloak.

"May I wear it, mother? Will thee not say I may?" she begged.

And Mother May, wise woman that she was, still smiling answered gently, "Thee may wear it sometimes, my dear."

And Polly did wear it until the Friends in Providence City heard of the frivolous red cloak down on Prudence Island, and sent a stern letter of remonstrance to Mother May. Then it was laid carefully away and has been kept safely through many, many years, and Polly's great, great, grand-children treasure it still as a memento of their little Revolutionary ancestress.



THE HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON GADY

HARRISON GADY

HAPPYCHAPTER VII



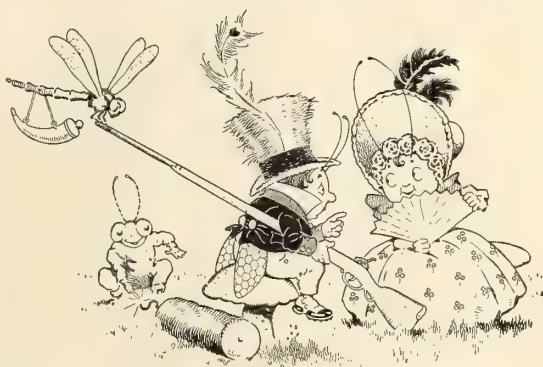
“HAPPYCHAPS and Skiddoodles! Lend me your ears!”
Said old Hiram Hoppergrass, loudly;
Some frightened Skiddoodles hid under their beds,
For most of them had n't an ear to their heads!
But the Happychaps offered theirs proudly.

“Ho! Ho!” cried old Hoppergrass, laughing aloud,
As he noticed the scurrying Skiddoodle crowd,
“Hey! don't run away!
Come back here and stay!
Don't think for a moment I mean a *real* ear!
That's a figure of speech. I mean; listen and hear!”

Much relieved, the Skiddoodles came back to their places,
With smiles of content on their dear little faces,
And listened with eager and earless attention
To whatever the eloquent Hiram might mention.

I must tell you the scene
Was the big village green;
And Skiddoodles and Happychaps came to find out,
What old Hoppergrass could be talking about.
You see Jollipopolis proudly could boast

Of a green that could hold a million, at most!
For its citizens (as you well know) were n't big,
And they crowded together like seeds in a fig.
Well, on a great stand
(The kind they call grand)
Hiram Hoppergrass made a big speechification
Recommending a Fourth of July celebration.
“We Skiddoodles,” he said, “have always done this;
And I think an omission would be quite amiss.”
Then General Happychap, handsome and bland,
Exclaimed: “I am sure that you all understand
The Day that we celebrate all over this land,
And 't will be a new thing to Happychap folk,
For, you see, we were housed in Centennial Oak
Ever since this triumphant American nation
Made cause for a Fourth of July Celebration.



HARRISON GADY

A PLEASANT CONVERSATION.

And, indeed, and forsooth,
To tell you the truth,
I cannot deny,
No notion have I
Of what ought to be done on the Fourth of July!”
The Skiddoodles their laughter could scarcely contain,

But as they were polite, they tried to refrain
 From making the blunder
 Of showing their wonder;
 And at Hiram's admonishment
 Hid their astonishment;
 And yet their surprise
 Could be seen in their eyes.

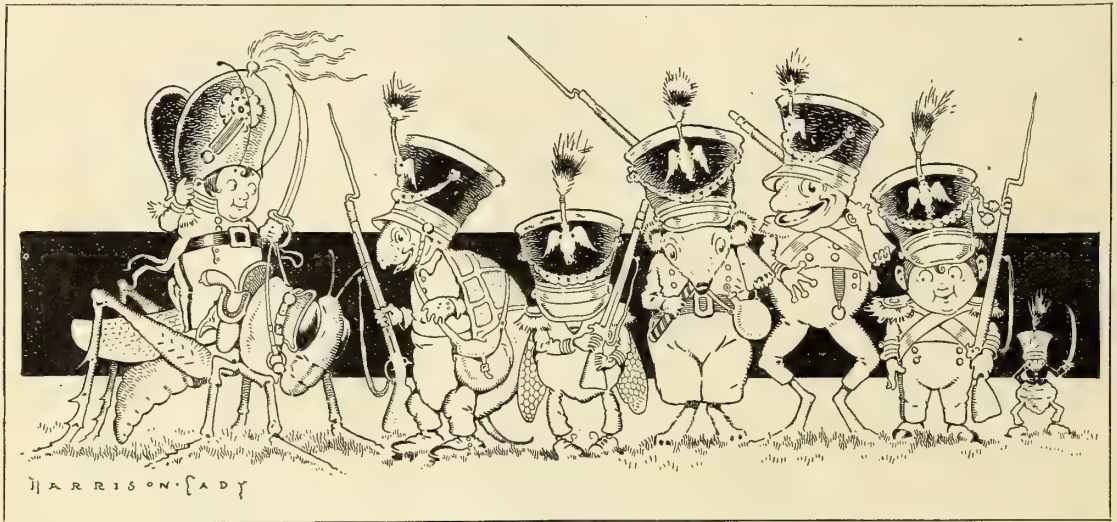
To think anybody 'most half an inch high
Did n't know how to celebrate Fourth of July!
 "Of course," said old Hiram, with courteous tact,
 "We Skiddoodles well know that it is a fact

With just the same hubbub they kicked' up before!

A flicker and flash!
 A clang and a clash!

A clatter and clamor! a crack! and a crash!
 And what was the cause of this hullabaloo?
 Why, Fourth of July! and the Red, White, and
 Blue!

'T was just about—nearly—'most daybreak. At
 least,



THE CRACK REGIMENT OF JOLLIPOPOLIS.

That all of you Happychaps
 Were very nappy chaps;

And being in bed for more than a century,
 You were just as 'shut in,' as in some penitentiary."

"Quite so," said the General; "now, I propose
 That the whole of the day, from its dawn to its
 close,
 Hoppergrass takes the whole celebration in
 charge,
 And I hope that he 'll make it both brilliant and
 large."

Whiz! Rattle-te-bang!
 Boom! Clingety-clang!

The cannons went off, and the village bells
 rang.

With a snap and a snort,
 And a deafening report,
 Sounded rifles and guns of every sort.
 And as they exploded,
 Again they were loaded,
 And then they went off with a boom and a roar,

The sun had just poked his nose up in the east,
 And Skiddoodles and Happychaps sprang from
 their beds,

Tightly (for safety's sake) holding their heads,
 And gallantly marching right past their front
 yards,

They saw the white-plumed Jollipopolis Guards!
 A crack regiment, this,
 With nothing amiss;

From their spurs to their helmets the pink of
 perfection,

For General Happychap made the selection.
 The trills and the toots
 Of their fifes and their flutes,
 Were mingled with firing of noisy salutes.

While the blare of the trumpets and roll of the
 drums,

Could be heard o'er the banging and bursting of
 bombs.

Well, in just half a jiffy, as you may suppose,
 Happychaps and Skiddoodles jumped into their
 clothes.

They hustled their feet
 In a manner quite fleet,
 And in less than a jiffy were down in the street.

Some Happychaps
Had pistols with caps;
Some had fire-crackers,
And some snicker-snackers.

But all men and women and all girls and boys,
Had firearms of some sort to make a loud noise.

So the racket and fun
On the Fourth was begun;

Though the panes of the Fireflies' House broke,
one by one,

Outside of that, little damage was done.
Old Chief Dewdrop, for instance, was thrown
from his horse,

When a big cracker went off with terrible force.
The cracker went off—and Dewdrop did, too!
But he only jumped up and cried: "Whoop-a-
ma-roo!"

An American flag was proudly unfurled,
The noblest, most glorious flag in the world.
To Jollipopolitans it was endeared,
And its stars and its stripes were exultingly
cheered!

There took place in the morning a "Horribles'
Parade"!

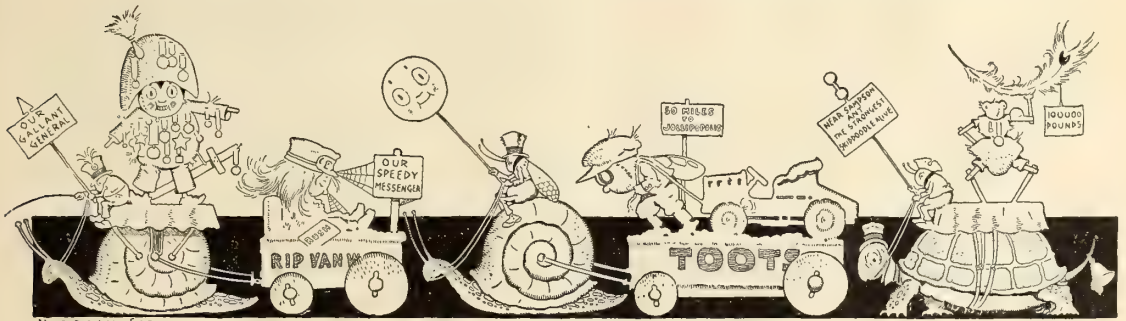
And all sorts of jokes on the people were made.
Ridiculous floats
Represented queer boats;



TIMOTHY TERRAPIN SETS OFF A ROCKET.

Was made up as an owl, with great, blinking
eyes;

Messenger Happychap
Received many a clap
As old Rip Van Winkle, enjoying his nap!



A PART OF THE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE.

And showed up the foibles of this one or that,
Hoppergrass very thin, and Hoptoad extra fat.
Even General Happychap had to be guyed,
As, covered with medals and puffed up with
pride,

Percy Porcupine threw quills, in hopes they 'd
stick in,

But they harmlessly lit on old Tim Terrapin.
A game of golf Duncan McHappychap tried;
But he broke his sticks and his strokes all went
wide.

Poor Toots got a jar
As he fell from his car,
And wearily dragged the machine from afar.
Professor Happychap, solemn and wise,

In glee they applauded each float and each raft,
For nobody minded how much he was chaffed.
And as the procession went lumbering by,
The Rah-Rah Boys shouted Hip-Hip-Hooray!
Hi!!

For the afternoon there was planned an ascen-
sion

Of a monster balloon of wondrous dimension.

Some shouted "Hurrah!"
When this sight they saw;
But others just held their breath with awe.
The balloon soared high,
'Most up to the sky;
But it was a fire-balloon, you see,



HARRISON [ADY]

TIMOTHY TERRAPIN SAVING THE LIVES
OF THE BALLOON PASSENGERS.

And as it sailed higher,
It somehow took fire,
And then all were scared as could be!
Then Timothy Terrapin, clever old fellow!
Calmly opened his "umberellow,"
And holding it like a parachute,
To the balloonists, said simply, "Scoot!"
They all jumped into the queer life-boat,
And thus to earth they could safely float.
Though some little Skiddoodles fell out in the dirt,
No one was injured and no one was hurt.
But you all know how newspapers act,
And that funny old *Daily Buzz* (for a fact!)
Got out an "Extra!" and newsboys screamed:
"Balloon on fire!
Disaster dire!
Great holocaust!
All lives are lost!
Happychaps burned!"



HARRISON [ADY]

READING THE NEWS.

Details not learned!
But those we cherished,
In flames must have perished!"
An awful thing it seemed!
But would you believe those newsboys' capers?
They rushed right off to sell their papers—
Without waiting to hear of Timothy's "flight"
And that no one was killed the leastest mite,
And how everybody came down all right.
In the evening, fireworks were all the go,
And they were a sparkling, spectacular show.
Bombs and rockets and Catharine-wheels,
Flower-pots and sizzling snakes and eels;
And gay Greek fire,
Like a blazing pyre;



HARRISON LADY

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH IN JOLLIPOPOLIS.



OLD HIRAM HOOTS AFTER THE CELEBRATION.

And Roman candles whose stars went high,
 And mixed with the others up in the sky.
 Then the fireflies swarmed,
 And quickly formed
 Themselves in a glittering "set piece," bright,
 Whose sparkling pattern spelled
 "Good night!"

Then the Star-Spangled Banner streamed out
 from its pole,
 And a thrill went through each little patriot soul;
 "And the rockets' red glare,
 The bombs bursting in air,



A HAPPYCHAP
 TAKES A RIDE.

Gave proof through the night
 still there!" that our flag was
 For all Happychaps and all the Skiddoodles,
 Are loyal, true-hearted, and brave Yankee
 Doodles!



GUESSING SONG

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE

We are very, very many, and although so small we be,
 With our numbers we are able to control the mighty sea.
 You may tread on us at pleasure, but remember, as you go,
 That we keep a faithful record of your passing to and fro.
 So, if you are bent on mischief, kindly go some other way;
 Let us have no guilty secrets to conceal or to betray;
 For it pleases us far better when we share your lawful sports
 And you pile us up and shape us into monuments and forts.

ANSWER: *The sands of the seashore.*

EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN

I

WHEN Mother drops things on the floor,
My father asks me: "Who
Should always pick them up for her?"
And so I always do.

II

He says I have n't far to reach
And that a gentleman
Must do things for his Mother
And be helpful as he can.

III

But Mother bends down just the same,—
She has to, don't you see?
For after she 's said "Thank you, dear,"
She stoops and kisses me.

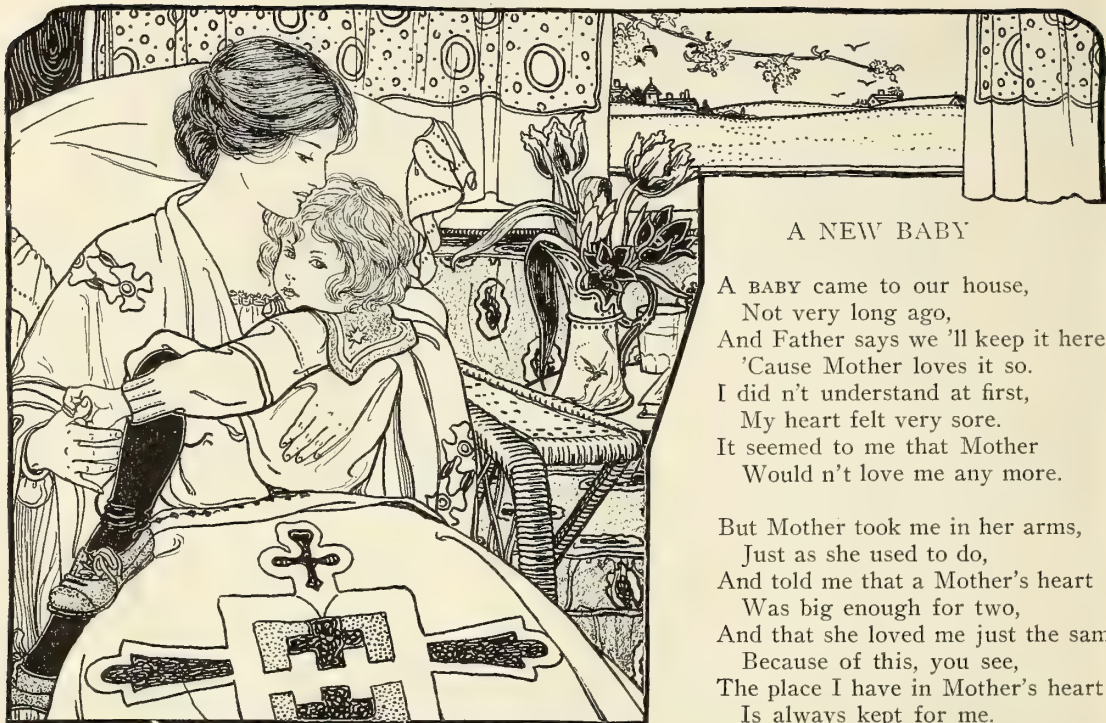
HELPING

WHEN cook is baking you can help,
If Mother says you may;
But p'rhaps the best help you can give
Is just to stay away.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

THERE 's a time to run and a time to walk;
There 's a time for silence, a time for talk;
There 's a time for work and a time for play;
There 's a time for sleep at the close of day.
There 's a time for everything you do,
For children and for grown-ups, too.
A time to stand up and a time to sit,—
But see that the time and actions fit.





A NEW BABY

A BABY came to our house,
 Not very long ago,
 And Father says we 'll keep it here
 'Cause Mother loves it so.
 I did n't understand at first,
 My heart felt very sore.
 It seemed to me that Mother
 Would n't love me any more.

But Mother took me in her arms,
 Just as she used to do,
 And told me that a Mother's heart
 Was big enough for two,
 And that she loved me just the same.
 Because of this, you see,
 The place I have in Mother's heart
 Is always kept for me.



SUMMER

THE sun and the sky
 And the birds and I,
 And the great, tall whisp'ring trees,
 Are all as happy as happy can be,
 Out in the Summer breeze.

There is time to play
 All the live-long day,
 For our holidays are here;
 I'm free as the birds and happy as they—
 School's over for the year!



"SCHOOL'S OVER FOR THE YEAR!"

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

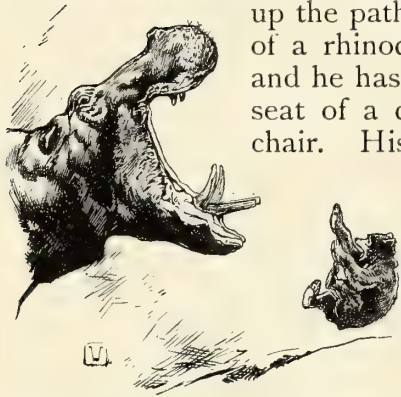
THE BEAR FAMILY AT HOME

AND HOW THE CIRCUS CAME TO VISIT THEM

BY HON. CURTIS D. WILBUR

THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL WITH THE BIG MOUTH

THAT evening, after dark, the little Cub Bear heard the beaver go "Bang! Bang!" and he rushed to the mouth of the cave to see who was coming. He saw a very strange-looking animal coming up the path. He said, "I see an animal that is about the size of a rhinoceros, only he has no horns on the end of his nose, and he has the biggest nose I ever saw,—about the size of the seat of a chair. His teeth are as big around as the leg of a chair. His mouth is so large that a little bear could sit inside of it. His legs are almost as big around as an elephant's legs, only they are very short."



Just then the owl said, "Who-o-o-o? Who-o-o-o?" The animal did n't say a thing, but he gave a great snort, and the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is Mr. Hippopotamus. In the Circus they called him 'Sam.'" Just then the hippopotamus came up to the door of the

cave, and the little Cub Bear said very politely, "Come in, Mr. Hittopotamus." You see, it was such a long word he could n't pronounce it right.

So Mr. Hippopotamus came into the cave, and as he did so, he gave a great yawn, which frightened the little Cub Bear so that he ran way back to the back part of the cave. The hippopotamus said, "Don't be afraid, little Cub Bear, I would n't hurt you for anything. I am a very kind animal even if I am big and have a big mouth."

But after a little while the little Cub Bear was n't scared any more, and he said, "Mr. Hittopotamus, we are going to fix up the cave large enough for all the animals, and we want to know if you can help us?" The hippopotamus said, "I would be very glad to help you if I can, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the Circus." And the little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" "Well," he said, "I don't know. I can't dig in the dirt, because when I am at home, I live in the water." Well, the little Cub Bear thought a long while, and he could n't think of anything the hippopotamus could do, so he said to his papa, "Papa, can you tell me what the hittopotamus can do to help us in building our house?" And the Papa Bear said, "I don't know. I think if he would go down and live in the lake above the dam that the beaver built, that would be the best place for him, and he could help the beaver to make the dam

higher, and then when the beaver went to sleep, the hippopotamus could make some kind of a noise to warn us when people were coming."

So the hippopotamus said he would do this, and he went down to the lake. Just before he left he said, "I am very hungry, and I would like something to eat."



"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WENT DOWN TO THE LAKE, WHERE HE GOT ACQUAINTED WITH THE BEAVER."

The little Cub Bear said, "We have plenty of meat here, if you would like some meat." The hippopotamus said, "I don't eat meat. I eat grass like a horse, only the grass I eat I get away down under the water." The little Cub Bear said, "Then you will find plenty to eat down in the lake."

And the hippopotamus went down to the lake, where he got acquainted with the beaver, and planned to live there as long as the animals were living in the forest.

THE STORY OF THE CHARIOT RACE

THE next day the monkey was telling the little Cub Bear about the chariot races they had in the Circus; how the men would hitch up four beautiful snow-white horses to one chariot, and four coal-black horses to another chariot, and then race around and around the track in the Circus; and how everybody in the Circus would be as excited as could be. The little Cub Bear said, "Why can't we have a race? You know the four beautiful black horses are down at the foot of the mountain in a little valley, and the four snow-white horses are down at the foot of the mountain, in another valley. Perhaps we can get them up here and run a race. Don't you think it would be fun to run a race?" And then the monkey said, "You never learned how to drive horses. I learned how, in the Circus." But the little Cub Bear was very brave, and said he would try, anyhow. He would never be afraid of a horse, he said.

So the next morning they went down to see if they could get the horses to come up and run the chariot race. Jumbo saw them going, and asked where they were going. The monkey told him, and Jumbo said that was fine. He would be very glad to act as judge of the race, and that he would go half-way down the mountain and draw a line, and that the first one to get over the line, would win the race. So the monkey went down and told the black horses and the white horses what was wanted, and they all agreed that they would be very glad to come up and run a race, just as they used to in the Circus.

So they all came up to the den, and they were the most beautiful horses you ever saw. It took the monkey a long while to hitch up the horses. The bears helped him all they could. All four of the white horses were hitched to one of the red and gold chariots, and the four black horses were hitched to the other red and gold chariot; and the monkey chose the white horses, and the little bear chose the black horses. The monkey got into his chariot and took the reins, and little Cub Bear climbed into his chariot and took the reins, and looked over to see how the monkey held them, and he tried to hold them the same way. Then the monkey said, "How are we going to know how to start, so we can both start together?" And the Circus Bear said, "I will tell you what to do. We will get the beaver to slap his tail on the water, and that will be just as good as firing a pistol. When you hear the noise, you both start at the same time."

So the owl flew down and told the beaver what to do. And they both waited, all ready to start, the moment they heard the noise. Soon there was a sharp "bang!" and the horses all started, just as though they had been shot out of a gun. The Cub Bear let go the reins the very first thing and just hung on to the chariot for dear life. The monkey looked over and laughed. The black horses were getting ahead of the white ones, and they were running down hill at a terrible rate.

Papa Bear came out of the cave just then, and he was terribly frightened, because he felt that his little Cub Bear would surely be killed. But the horses had run so many times that they were not afraid at all. They were going like the wind. First the white horses would be a little ahead, and then the black horses would be a little ahead. The little bear hung on as tight as he could, and he looked straight ahead of him. Suddenly, he saw a stump right in the way, ahead. The horses saw it at the same time, and two of the horses went on one side of the stump and two on the other, and the chariot ran right into the stump with a terrible smash and crash, and broke the

chariot all to pieces. One wheel rolled down the hill one way, and the other wheel rolled down the hill the other way, and two of the black horses went in one direction, and two of the black horses went in the other direction, and the little Cub Bear rose right in the air just exactly as if he had been a woolly foot-ball.



THE MONKEY TELLS THE LITTLE CUB BEAR ABOUT THE CHARIOT RACES.

When his papa looked to see what had happened, he saw him come down all safe and sound and then roll on down the long hill. And just when the monkey thought he surely would win the race, he saw a great stone ahead of him, and two white horses went on one side of the stone and two white horses on the other, and the chariot ran "smash!" right into the stone, and two white horses ran in one direction and two white horses ran in the other direction, and



THE EXCITING END OF THE CHARIOT RACE.

one chariot wheel rolled down the mountain one way and the other chariot wheel rolled down the mountain the other way, and the monkey rose right up in the air, just as though he had been shot out of a gun.

The elephant was standing at the line, and just as the monkey flew past him in the air, he reached out and caught hold of the monkey's tail with the thumb and finger on the end of his trunk and swung him on top of his back. And just as he caught the monkey by the tail, the bear rolled across the line, like a great big rubber ball. And that was the end of the race. The elephant never could make up his mind which won the race, the monkey or the bear.

The little Cub Bear was not hurt a bit, and so he wanted to try again the next day, but the Papa Bear would not let him, because the Papa Bear was afraid the little Cub Bear would get hurt. Anyhow the chariots were both broken.

And now we must say "good-by" to the Bear Family and their friends.

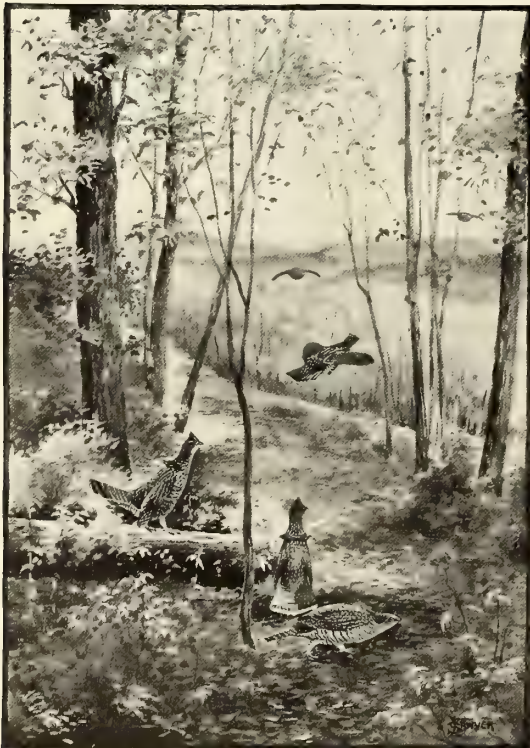


THE RUFFED GROUSE ON A LOG.

OUR WILDEST BIRD: THE RUFFED GROUSE

WHETHER we flush the ruffed grouse from the ground or from a tree, or discover him walking quietly about his business, the meeting is sure to

be a surprise and a pleasure. On the one hand the powerful bird dashing off with a whir and a roar, on the other a strutting beauty full of self-consciousness.



A FLOCK OF RUFFED GROUSE.

Just at this time the eggs are about hatching, and we may find the mother with her brood or, perhaps, among the leaves, a nest with eggs; it will be beside a log or stump in the wood. All is quiet except for the occasional song of an oven-bird, until from the bush and low weeds a whir of wings startles us, and at the same time we see a brown body bound off a few yards and fall to the ground, to repeat the maneuver again and again as we approach. Maybe, too, you noticed a suspicion of scattering among the leaves at first. Now the way to find out what all this means is to return to the place from which the grouse started, conceal ourselves as best we can and wait. All is still for about a quarter of an hour; then a soft distant mewing is heard. The sound soon comes closer and in the five minutes more the weeds part and there, about fifty feet away, stands the grouse, calling gently, watching alertly. Now a faint little peeping greets us; soon there is peeping from all sides and a little buff chick is seen scrambling over the leaves toward its mother; another ventures out, then another, all coming from under the leaves in response to their parent's call. The brood, to the number of about a dozen, around her, she leads them out of sight into the woods.

This little fellow pictured among the leaves was found in a bushy place at the edge of a pasture where the writer was strawberrying. He ap-

peared to be the last of the brood, since a careful search and patient waiting failed to show the slightest sign of another chick; he was only a few

THE SEA-CUCUMBER

It would look rather droll, would n't it, to see a cucumber start up and crawl out of the garden? Well, the sea has a little creature who looks so much as if he might have done this, that he has gained the name of the sea-cucumber.

He is, in fact, the most ridiculous little fellow in his looks and habits to be found in the ocean. He can draw his body out far beyond its real length until he looks like a worm, or he can shorten it until he is round and pudgy.

He has rows of tube feet with suckers under his body, or along the edge, so that if you turned him over, he could easily right himself.

He belongs to the same spiny-skinned family as the starfish and sea-urchin, but instead of spines he has a few small, hard plates within his body, and so tough a skin that a spear once thrust into a sea-cucumber had to be cut away, the skin held it so fast.

The sea-cucumber's mouth is at one end of his long body and his feelers branch out from it like a feathery-edged plant. The crimson sea-cucumber has feelers like little red trees which branch so thickly and grow so long, that when the sea-cucumber has burrowed in the muddy beach and



A YOUNG RUFFED GROUSE HIDING AMONG THE LEAVES.

days old. When but a few weeks old a young grouse is not easily distinguished from bob-white as he goes whizzing off through the brush and close-growing trees.

Even in summer, when not in charge of the nest or young, the ruffed grouse is timid. In the autumn all the bird's native wildness is developed. When the shooting season is near its close you may walk through a wood where they are plentiful without seeing a single bird; only a distant



RUFFED GROUSE AND YOUNG.

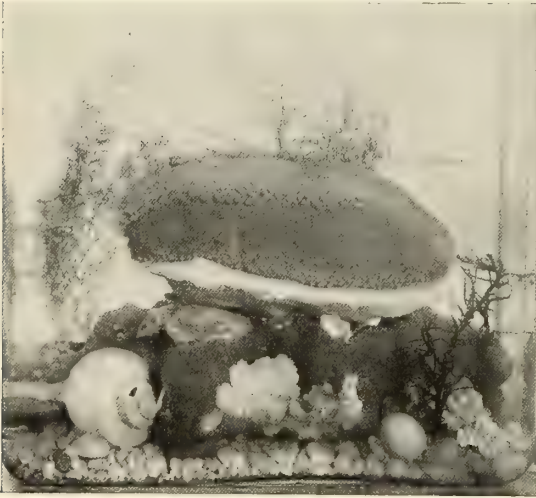
whirring tells where the wary grouse has instantly taken alarm upon the first sound of approach.

EDMUND J. SAWYER

only his feelers are left above, you think a beautiful crimson plant is growing from the sand.

But this pretty red plant is doing good work for the sea-cucumber, for if you watch a moment

you will see one branch after another sweep out over the sand and back to the center, and if you



THE SEA-CUCUMBER.
Photograph by L. B. Spencer.

could also watch the sea-cucumber's body while it is feeding you would see him begin to swell until finally his skin was stuffed as full as it could hold. He has really stuffed himself with sand, for he eats the sand itself in order to get the tiny living things which it contains; then, when he has digested all the life in it, the sand is cast out of his body.

The funniest thing about the sea-cucumber, however, is the way he will get rid of all of his organs and grow them again, as long as he keeps his mouth or his empty skin. One species, called the *Synapta*, when he is frightened or kept without food, breaks his body into pieces. He will contract at one point and drop off a piece, then at another point and drop off a piece, and then another, until there is nothing left but his mouth and feelers. But even then, if his enemy disappears, he will begin to piece out his lost body.

But there are even funnier sea-cucumbers than the *Synapta*. There are some who, if you leave them without food or frighten them, will drop off their feelers and throw their stomachs and other organs out of their mouths until nothing is left but their empty skins, which they probably think no enemy will want; but if you take even the empty skin, it will soon grow a new stomach and feelers and the sea-cucumber will be as hungry and hearty as ever.

It used to be thought that the sea-cucumber committed suicide, but in reality, like the brittle starfish, he is merely trying to save *some* of his body, that he may make a fresh start in life.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

AN INTERESTING "LIVE FOREVER" PLANT

ON page 651 of "Nature and Science" for May, 1906 (in connection with an article on the *Bryophyllum*), was published a quotation from a botanical friend's letter in regard to the *Sedum Sieboldii*. My friend wrote, "I have had a dry and apparently dead stem produce young plants after it had been hung on the wall of my library."

I experimented in the summer of 1907 and found that all he said of it was true and that there was much more of interest and beauty in the plant. Even aside from its wonderful endurance and power of growth when detached from the parent, it is well worth cultivating for its merits as a garden plant. Here is a photograph of two branches that bloomed after they had been cut from the plant and pinned on the wall.

My correspondent says further, in reply to my inquiry:

"My first acquaintance with this *Sedum* was in a wayside garden, where it was blooming in what seemed to be a solid mass of bluish-purple clusters, above which a delicate mist was hovering. A small box was so filled that there appeared to be no room for more, while the pink *cymes* were



"TWO BRANCHES THAT BLOOMED AFTER THEY HAD BEEN CUT FROM THE PLANT AND PINNED ON THE WALL."

superb. What seemed to be a mysterious mist was made by thousands of little, pink-tipped stamens that protruded from the entire surface of

those flower-masses. I could only lean on the fence and express my satisfaction in exclamations of delight. Late in the following autumn, a single stem was thrust into a flower-pot, placed in the southern window of an unheated attic, and forgotten. A month or more later, my sister said, 'Your plant has a row of cabbages down both sides of the stem.' And so it had. Little green cabbages, about the size of a pea, ornamented that stalk, a cabbage near each scar left by the fallen leaves. And from each one extended several delicate, nearly colorless rootlets, that seemed to be feeling for the earth. I gently detached them and planted each one up to the point from which the rootlets started. By spring I had as many new and thriving stems as I had cabbages, and now there are hundreds, in a mass which blooms with a profusion of pink cymes that are the admiration of every flower lover that sees them.

"The plant grows more luxuriantly and blooms more freely, and with larger clusters, if the roots are confined in a box.

"There is a variety as easily cultivated, and with similar habits, but its clusters of white flowers are not so pleasing as are those of the purplish *Sedum Sieboldii*. At this moment I have several young plants of the white form growing in my window. These I intend to place with or near the pink *Sieboldii*. The clusters of two colors in the same box will make an interesting and beautiful display.

"The *Sedum Sieboldii* came originally from Japan."

BICYCLING IN THE AIR

CROMWELL DIXON, a fourteen-year-old boy of Columbus, Ohio, has invented and successfully operated an air-ship. The machine is sustained in air by a balloon and driven forward by power supplied by pedaling as on a bicycle. This power is applied to two revolving propeller blades.

In a calm breeze he has control of the machine, driving it wherever he wishes.

"The Technical World Magazine" says of his work:

"Two years ago Cromwell Dixon, then in the sixth grade of the Columbus public schools, witnessed a flight of Roy Knabenshue's air-ship, and from that time on has been working constantly in an effort to build a similar vessel. He worked for more than a year on a motor-driven boat, but finally was obliged to give it up as he could not secure a motor that would work to his satisfaction. After several disastrous attempts he finally hit upon the idea of a bicycle gear, and having worked out the problem of transmitting power by means of a cog-wheel arrangement attached to a propeller shaft, he attached his boat to the gas-bag and in May of this year made his first flight at the Columbus driving park.

"The wind was blowing about ten miles an hour, but despite the adverse currents he met with, he was able to make the circuit of the race-track several times and to control the machine almost at will. His first gas-bag was too small to give him the needed lifting power, so that his



CROMWELL DIXON.

An aeronaut at fourteen years of age.

flights were close to the ground, but this he has since remedied by increasing the capacity of the balloon.

"By using a high-g geared bicycle wheel he was able to develop considerable power, the wide expanse of his propeller-blades assisting in this. Dixon's knowledge of mechanics was necessarily limited and he learned much as he progressed in his work. His principal ideas were obtained from studying Knabenshue's air-ship, and he has had the aid of the Toledo man in a number of ways."

The boy's mother writes to ST. NICHOLAS as follows:

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: As I attend to my son Cromwell's business, I will write you a few lines pertaining to his work, and also send you some very good photographs of Cromwell himself and his sky-bicycle and of his air-ship that he used a few times last summer. Most people prefer the sky-bicycle, as it was the little fellow's own invention and he built it himself, even cutting the silk for the gas-

bag over a pattern that Mr. Knabenshue, the great Toledo aëronaut, cut for him. I stitched it for him and we both worked night and day until it was finished. Then we varnished it. We had to be very careful indeed, for if we had not watched it carefully it would have stuck together so tightly that we could not have gotten it apart, but after several days it dried sufficiently to put on another coat, and so on until we had five coats of varnish. Then we kept it inflated until the last coat was dry. Cromwell was happy then, as he could get ready to test his sky-bicycle.

We have a very large backyard and barn. Cromwell has the barn for his workshop, and the yard has been cleared of most all the trees and large grape arbor that he may have room to inflate the bag while varnishing or testing it. The bag is forty by fifteen feet.

Then while at one of the Columbus parks, where Cromwell was engaged to make a flight, he lost everything he had by fire, so all had to be done over again. He went to work and made the second outfit even better than the first, so you see what a brave little man he was. Not even a



STARTING ON THE SKY-BICYCLE.

sigh, when all that he had accomplished lay a heap of ashes. He turned to me and said: "Well, mother, we must commence to-morrow on our new outfit so that we can fulfil our engagements this summer," which we did, and the photographs I send you are of the second outfit. Now he is preparing to build a larger and more practical air-ship that he may compete with some of the other aëronauts for large cash prizes, which he is certainly able to do, having proven it at every place he has been, and I have signed several contracts for him for this spring and summer.

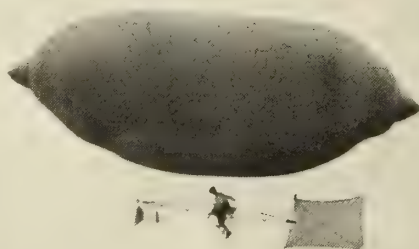
Cromwell has always been of a mechanical nature. Having shown his preference for such things, I encouraged him, and helped him besides. He lost his father when a baby.

He attended the St. Louis balloon and air-ship carnival, where Cromwell was a great favorite and where he made a beautiful flight in his sky-cycle.

Very truly yours,

MRS. C. DIXON.

It will be noted that much weight is saved by utilizing the "power" of the aëronaut and not requiring the addition of a motor. A machine of



SPEEDING THROUGH THE AIR.

this kind serves well as an amusement even if it has no great speed or practical use. This sky-bicycle is named "The Moon."

THE TREE THAT GROWS BOTTLES

THERE is found in Australia a tree which grows bottles. Of course they are not glass bottles, nevertheless, they are receptacles for a substance of great importance to the tree, and there is that in the appearance of the growth which suggests the every-day bottle.



TWIGS OF THE BOTTLE-BRUSH.

Showing arrangements of buds about the stems. Photograph by Arthur J. Burdick, Los Angeles, Cal.

The botanical name for the plant is *Callistemon lanceolatus*. It is the red bottle-brush or water-gum of Queensland, Victoria, and New South Wales. The plant grows to the height of thirty

to forty feet and attains a diameter of twelve to eighteen inches. It was known to the Greeks



AUSTRALIAN BOTTLE-BRUSH—A PLANT CURIOSITY.

The flowers consist of whorls of scarlet bristles which appear from woody buds which cluster about the stems of the shrub at various intervals. These clusters of woody buds are the "bottles" which give the plant its name. Photograph by Arthur J. Burdick, Los Angeles, Cal.

under the name of "metrisideros," or "heart of iron." The wood is hard and heavy, and it is related to the "ironwood" of this country.

Flowers of the bottle-brush consist of whorls of scarlet anthers or bristles which appear from woody buds which are clustered about the stems of twigs and branches at various intervals. These clusters are the bottles which give the plant its name. A cluster of the woody buds with a section of the twig left to answer for the neck, bear a striking resemblance to a bottle. Each of the tiny buds of the cluster, however, is a bottle—a wooden one—which, after the blossom has disappeared, is filled with fine yellow dust, the pollen of the plant. A large bush or tree yields several pounds of this pollen, it being most prolific in this respect.

Leaves of this interesting plant are opposite, lance-like—elliptic-ovate, veiny, with extra nerve near each margin. They are smooth and parallel. Flowers are scarlet and calyx, top-shaped.—

ARTHUR J. BURDICK,

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LONG-TAILED CHICKENS OF JAPAN

ABOUT a hundred years ago, in the Shogun period, the noble classes kept as pets or as curiosities in their gardens, wonderful, long-tailed chickens, which, in some parts of the country, are still cultivated, one of the present day being shown in the illustration. The remarkable tail generally grows to a length of from five to six feet, but if the fowl be treated with care, it may reach to a length of from ten to fifteen feet.

Originally the birds came from Tosa, and the best even now come from that region, but at the present time not many are found in any part of Japan, yet some are occasionally seen. Several specimens, with the tail from five to six feet



long, are in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The illustration is a copy of the original drawing which I

made in Japan.

KAKO MORITA.

MR. BEEBE in his chapter on "Tails" (of birds) says:—

"Most tails of birds are for use—for steering in flight or swimming or as a brake to stop motion. Creepers, woodpeckers and swifts use their

THE LONG-TAILED CHICKEN.

tails as a prop or support in clinging to vertical surfaces. Some birds have only four pairs of tail feathers, others as many as twelve. In the fan-tail pigeon is an extreme number, sometimes as many as forty."

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”
 St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York.

WHAT IS SHAMROCK?

EASTBOURNE, ENGLAND.
 GLENDEVON, DEVONSHIRE PLACE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, a piece of real Irish shamrock was given to me. I put some wet cotton about the roots and placed it in a tiny glass half full of fresh water to keep it till the evening, when I wished to wear it. However, I forgot it until three days later, when, on going to look at it, I found that it was growing, and apparently flourishing. The roots had stuck down into the cotton and had knotted it together. Did the shamrock merely use this only as an anchoring place, or as a sort of sponge through which to draw up the water into its leaves? Surely it cannot derive any nourishment from the cotton though it is still growing.

I need hardly say that, in common with all your readers, I admire your lovely magazine very much.

Your interested contributor,
 MARGARET STUART BROWNE.

Cuttings of many species of plants will grow if they are supplied with moisture. In fact all plants depend upon the air as well as upon the

Your expression, "real Irish shamrock," suggests an explanation of what may not be gener-



UNDER CULTIVATION, MOST OF THE LEAFLETS WERE IN FOURS AND CHOCOLATE COLORED.

ally known to our readers. Several varieties of plants claim the honor of being the true shamrock, and no person can state authoritatively which is the "true" one.

The word is from the Irish *seamrog*, meaning threefold, and is applied to many three-leaved plants native to Ireland, sometimes to the water cress which is not three-leaved. Various plants are sent from Ireland to other countries and sold as the "true shamrock," and it is a common belief that shamrock cannot be grown in this country even with the most careful cultivation. The fact (astonishing in view of this claim) is that every one of the plants grows freely in many countries, in all sorts of waste places, with no care whatever. So it is not the kind of plant, but the fact that it was actually grown in Ireland that makes it cherished by lovers of that country. In that sense only is it true that shamrock can be grown only in Ireland. But the same thing is true of any souvenir of any place. It is n't a souvenir if it did n't come from that place. So the same kind of plant growing out of Ireland is not to be cherished as shamrock.

It is amusing, in view of this fact, to know that some florists in this country advertise certain plants as the "true shamrock," while they might as well offer twigs broken from bushes in Connecticut as souvenirs of Oregon.

One of these plants is our common white clover (*Trifolium repens*). The fact that it has been induced by cultivation to grow leaflets mostly in fours and fives, and that they are choc-



A SO-CALLED "TRUE SHAMROCK" AS SUPPLIED BY A FLORIST.
 (Just white clover.)

soil for their food supply. Aërial plants are so named because they obtain most of their nourishment from air-dust, rain-water and the air.

olate color, is claimed as additional proof of their identity with "the true shamrock!"

The professor of Botany of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, Ireland, writes to ST. NICHOLAS as follows:

I have much pleasure in replying to yours of the 30th ult., just at hand, more especially as ST. NICHOLAS is a great favorite with my children. The shamrock is, like the Celtic temperament, elusive and hard to define. No one uses the wood sorrel nowadays as shamrock. The honors are divided between *Trifolium minus* (least hop clover), *Trifolium repens* (white clover) and *Medicago lupulina* (black seed hop clover).

Professor Henry H. Dixon of the School of Botany, Trinity College, Dublin, cites various references to the literature of shamrock. Among these he mentions:

"The Shamrock in Literature" by Nathaniel Colgar. And the important reference is "Irish Naturalist," 1893, page 207. "The Shamrock — A Further Attempt to fix its Species." I am sorry I cannot send you reprints. In the latter paper the author relates how he procured shamrocks from the peasants of various counties in Ireland and identified them as botanical specimens. His results were as follows:

19	shamrocks were	<i>Trifolium repens</i>	(white clover).
12	"	"	<i>Trifolium minus</i> (least hop clover).
2	"	"	<i>Trifolium pratense</i> (red clover).
2	"	"	<i>Medicago lupulina</i> (black seed hop clover).

In no case was *Oxalis acetosella* (wood sorrel) selected, although one often hears that it is the true shamrock. I am sure you will find representatives of these species in U. S. A.'s floras.

Professor Dixon is right in his surmise that all these plants grow wild in the United States.

To sum up: Shamrock, meaning any one of many kinds of clover-like plants, grows wild in this country; but shamrock, as a souvenir of Ireland, grows only in that country. It is in this sense that the Irish people use the word, and not as the mere name of a special plant, but an expression of their affectionate associations and memories with the homeland.

A TWO-HEADED TURTLE

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama told me to write and send you the clipping. She says that when she was a little girl and took ST. NICHOLAS you had a picture of a two-headed turtle in it. The other day she was reading, and saw the inclosed picture, and it reminded her of your little story. She said that these are the only two she has ever heard of, and the piece in ST. NICHOLAS was printed so many years ago she thought your readers would like to hear about them. This is my first letter to you.

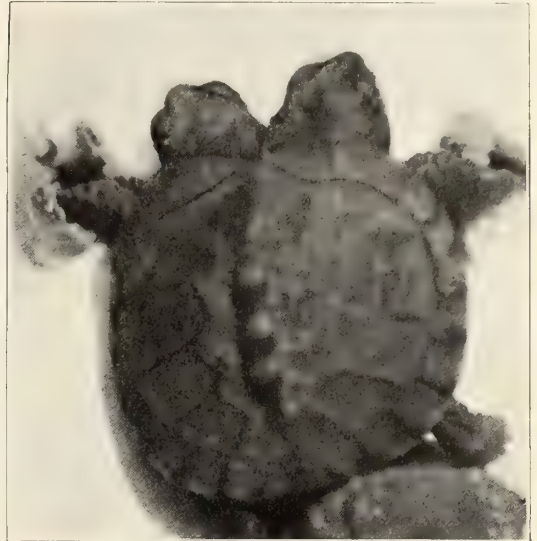
Your loving reader,

JULIA RUST.

The clipping accompanying this letter was from "The Grit," Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Through the courtesy of that newspaper I obtained the address of the photographer, Mr. J. B. Finley, Ringgold, Georgia. He writes as follows:

"The two-headed turtle was about the size of

a silver dollar. It was picked up at Catoosa Springs, about four miles east of Ringgold, Georgia. It has two fully developed heads, four eyes, four legs, and one tail, and will eat worms



THE TWO-HEADED TURTLE.

and bugs with either head. When it starts to take a journey one head will pull one way and the other head the other way. Then all at once it will stop and the two heads will come together and then it will go straight forward just like any other turtle."

WAS IT REASON OR INSTINCT?

SCRANTON, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for the past six years and have never yet asked a question of you, but I am going to ask one now. Mr. J. J. Tomasick, editor of the Pascagoula "Chronicle," related to me today the following incident:

An English sparrow saw a piece of straw, about three or four feet long, lying in a yard, that she wanted for her nest-building. She picked up the straw, and flying over a near-by roof, it caught in the shingles. She tugged away at it, but could not loosen it. While she was tugging away three other sparrows came and joined with her and tugged away at the straw until they had got it loose, when the three that came to her assistance flew away leaving the first sparrow to take the straw to her nest.

How did the last three sparrows know that the first one needed help? If the birds are guided by blind instinct, how do you account for this?

Your constant reader,

ARTHUR A. CHIDSEY (age 13).

I do not see anything remarkable in the case of the sparrows and the straw. Most gregarious animals will aid each other at times. The sparrows saw their fellow tugging at the straw, and lent her a hand, their instinct and not their reason prompted them. They had, no doubt, all had trouble with straws and strings themselves.

JOHN BURROUGHS.



HARRY B. LACHMAN, AT 20. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, JAN., 1904.
CASH PRIZE, DRAWING, MAY, 1904, THEN 17. NOW
CONTRIBUTING TO MAGAZINES.)

ELEANORE MYERS, AT 17. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE,
AUG., 1904. THEN 14.)

NANNIE CLARK BARR, AT 16. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE,
OCT., 1904. CASH PRIZE, VERSE,
OCT., 1906. THEN 15.)

HELEN DAVENPORT PERRY, AGE 13. (GOLD
BADGE, PROSE, MAY, 1905.)

A GOOD many times during the years since the League began we have called attention to the necessity of living up to League rules in the matter of submitting contributions. For some reason, however, the very worst offenders never seem to read these cautions, and some of them to-day are perhaps wondering why they have not won prizes and become Honor Members with the privilege of being included in the League Album. Well, if that is so, they may be interested enough in the Album to read some of those cautions, here, in nice large print, then turn over a new leaf and so get to be Honor Members by and by; for certainly they will never win honors of any sort if they do not prepare their work according to the rules.

There are only a few rules—as few as possible and most of them are just as necessary to

the success of “grown-up” writers and illustrators as they are to the success of Leaguers.

First, every contribution of every sort must bear the sender's name and address, plainly written, not scribbled, and in a conspicuous place.

Second, every contribution must bear the sender's age, plainly written.

Third, every contribution must be properly indorsed as “Original” by the sender's parent, teacher, or guardian, who must *know* that the work is not copied from any other work.

Names, ages, addresses, indorsements, should be *on the contributions*, and not in an accompanying letter. It is not necessary to send a letter with a contribution. (*No letter can add any value to any work of art, whether literary or pictorial, and it may harm rather than help it.*)

Fourth, every contribution of whatever sort

must be *on one side of the paper only*. Stories and poems must be plainly written, or typewritten, and drawings must be made with India ink, very black writing-ink, or black and white wash

intends to follow literature or illustration in after years, these rules (except those pertaining to age, indorsement, and number of words) will be quite as necessary to success then as now.



JAFFREY CLARK WEBSTER, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE, DRAWING, NOV., 1907.)



CLAUDIA STELLA BLOUNT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, NOV., 1901.)



MARION R. BAILEY, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, APRIL, 1908.)



PRUE K. JAMIESON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE-MAKING, NOV., 1906, THEN 11.)

(i.e., with a brush). Drawings in pencil, pale ink, or color, will not be considered.

Fifth, stories and sketches (prose) must not contain over four hundred words, and the number of words, carefully counted, should be given with the sender's name and address and the par-



RUTH GREENBAUM, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, FEB., 1907.)



MYRTLE ALDERSON. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, APRIL, 1904. THEN 14.)

ent's indorsement, at the top of the manuscript.

Sixth, drawings must be somewhat larger than they are intended to reproduce. A drawing half as large again as it is intended to appear is likely to give the best results, unless very coarsely done—then it should be fully twice as large as the reproduction. Drawings for the League should never be on paper or cardboard larger than nine by thirteen inches for the reason that larger drawings are likely to be broken.

The above rules are all made for the League members' good. If any young author or artist

THE FOREST VOICE

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGED 15) (*Cash Prize*)

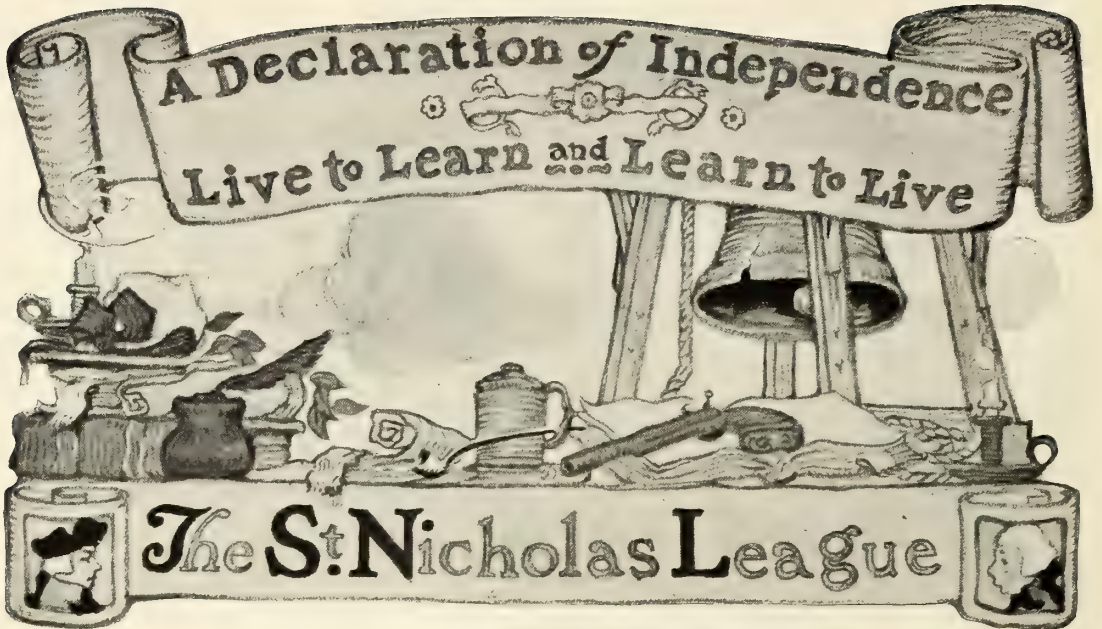
Do you not hear them call you, dear, away?
 Sweet, scarce distinguished voices of the night,
 Spreading before you o'er the field and brae,
 To where the first dark trunks shut out the light.
 The somber, brooding branches in the dark
 Hold out strange treasures, winds that sing and sigh,
 And moonlight drifting down, spark after spark,
 From the far, high-lit altar of the sky.
 They sing you night songs, half articulate,
 They lead you, fairy child, along the path
 Where?—but the forest-bred may roam, and wait
 The visions which the world-old forest hath.
 The wistful trees bend closer unto you;
 Dream-child, you long so earnestly to pace
 The great dim roads no mortal ever knew,
 Forever in the darkness and the space.
 Childhood is gone, night vanishes, the song
 Is stilled. Go also back from fancy's gleam;
 Leave the dream forest where you lingered long,—
 But take with you the memory of your dream.



LOUISE FITZ, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE-MAKING, SEPT., 1904. THEN 14.)



GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, PHOTOGRAPHY, JUNE 1904, THEN 11. CASH PRIZE, PHOTOGRAPHY, JULY, 1906.)



"HEADING." BY GORDON STEVENSON. AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE HERO

BY ETHEL WARREN KIDDER (AGE 10)

(Gold Badge)

In our old hall, where the rays of the sun
Strike, just as it sinks in the West,
Is a picture, old-fashioned and rare
Of a soldier with golden hair,
And a medal upon his breast.

His eyes are blue, and his face is a boy's,
And under the picture a sword is hung,
And over it two flags are crossed,
Which the winds of battle have often tossed
Where many have died unsung.

He was gentle and pleasant to one and all,
And cheerful and patient, I've heard them say.
I'm sure I should love him if he was alive
But he died down South at twenty-five,
Shot by a musketeer in gray.

That's why I love to sit
In the hall at the close of day,
And see the colors leap and fall
Till he seems to smile at me from the wall,
With the touch of the sun's last ray.



"THE DUSTY ROAD." BY LYLE SAXON, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE HERO

BY IRMA A. HILL (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

WITH mighty Jason he had sought
The Fleece at Colchis far;
With brave Achilles he had fought
In the by-gone Trojan War.

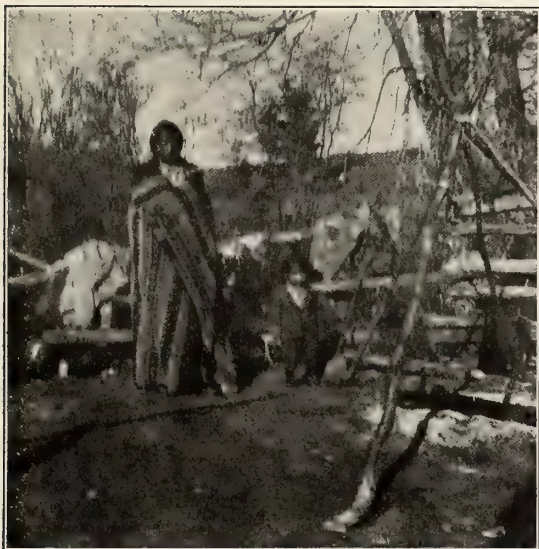
He'd sit upon a prancing steed,
His armor'd shine like gold,
And through the fight his men he'd lead,
This valiant hero bold.

And countless other deeds he'd done
In golden days of yore,
And many victories he'd won,—
Great battles by the score.

But if the sad truth I must tell,—
For sad to me it seems,—
I must say that I know quite well
He did these in his dreams.

SPECIAL NOTICE

IN the many magazines and newspapers published in this country and abroad, hundreds of stories, poems and drawings appear every month. It is impossible for any one person to see more than a very small portion of these, and to deceive an editor by offering a copied contribution is no great achievement. The editor is obliged to trust to the standing, and to the honesty and good sense of the contributor; and now and again it happens that a plagiarism is offered and accepted, because the editor cannot know



"CAMPED IN THE DUSTY ROAD." BY CECILE BOLTON, AGE 10.
(GOLD BADGE.)

everything that has been published, and because his confidence was misplaced.

Only, that is not the end of it. It was not so difficult, perhaps, to deceive the editor, for he is just a single reader, but when the magazine appears and is seen by a hundred thousand readers, or more, then it is a different matter. No poem, or picture, or story, however obscurely published, if it has any merit, that has not been seen, not only by one or two, but by hundreds of that great throng. Letters begin to pour in upon the editor, telling him that he has accepted a stolen contribution and giving the name of the publication in which it first appeared. This means grief and humiliation to the editor, but to the contributor it means something much worse. To him it means that for a moment's triumph and a paltry reward he has sold that most precious of all jewels — his reputation.

Now and then, during the years that have passed since the League was formed some member has been willing to risk that priceless treasure for the chance of winning a prize. It is a simple matter to look up a poem or a picture in some old and seemingly forgotten corner and to copy it. It is simple enough, too, to get a trusting parent to indorse it as "Original," and it is only one more step to get it accepted by an editor who believes in young people and their work because in these years that have passed he has seen so many of his boys and girls accomplish such amazing things. But then comes publication day, when a vast throng of readers sit in judgment, and the deception is made known on every hand. That is a bitter day enough, especially when the offender is one who in the past has won recognition by fair means. It is with grief,

and reluctance that we are obliged to take notice here of a recent case of this sort. Our gold badge poem on page 566 in the April number was copied from a magazine poem published more than a year ago. To the League editor this means humiliation — all the deeper because he has awarded a cash prize to the same contributor in the League for May. But to the sender of the poem, and to the sender's parents, it is a tragedy. The pity of it!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 101

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badge, **Ethel Warren Kidder** (age 10), 114 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

Silver badges, **Irma A. Hill** (age 10), 194 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City; **Dorothy Foster** (age 12), Chester St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Elizabeth Rogers** (age 6), Prospect St., Belmont, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Eva Matthews Sanford** (age 13), 54 Caroline St., Ogdensburg, N. Y., and **Dorothy Wooster** (age 15), Ossining School, Ossining, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Jean L. Fenton** (age 15), 1117 S. Walter St., Albuquerque, N. M., and **Lorraine Voorhees** (age 12), 924 W. 11th St., Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Dorothy Rieber** (age 14), 15 Canyon Rd., Berkeley, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen Amy Seymour** (age 13), 202 Harrison St., La Porte, Ind.; **Atala Scudder** (age 15), 320 W. 91st St., N. Y.; **Percy Blumlein** (age 16), 436 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Helen Louise Walker** (age 11), 100 Lincoln Pk. Boule., Chicago, Ill.

Photography. Cash prize, **Lyle Saxon** (age 16), 309 St. Louis St., Baton Rouge, La.

Gold badge, **Cecile Bolton** (age 10), Garrison, Mont.

Silver badges, **Fritz Hartman** (age 15), Junction City, Kans., and **Frank Phillips** (age 14), 315 Pullman Ave., Pullman, Ill.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Pelican and Buzzard," by **John H. Hill** (age 12), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Second Prize, "Japanese Golden Pheasant," by **Norman H. Read** (age 16), Manchester, Mass.



"A DUSTY ROAD." BY FRITZ HARTMAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Third prize, "Wild Crow," **Cassius M. Clay, Jr.** (age 13), Paris, Ky. Fourth prize, "Sea-gull," by **Eliza L. Friswell** (age 12), 80 14th St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Edward Foster** (age 13), Route 1, St. Joseph, Minn., and **Winthrop B. Field** (age 13), 329 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lois Holway** (age 13), Machias, Maine, and **Florence West** (age 12), 174 Inwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Tremaine Parsons** (age 13), Lenox, Mass., and **Caroline Curtiss Johnson** (age 14), 87 High St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Lucie D. Taussig** (age 13), 191 Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., and **Edna Astruck** (age 12), 114 W. 86th St., N. Y. City

HEROISM

BY ELIZABETH ROGERS (AGE 6)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE man who does a good deed
Does a good thing, be sure.
And often trouble in his task
Is what he must endure.

If he ever gets it done,
A hero then is he
And no matter how long it takes,
He must do it; don't you see?

AN ANIMAL HERO

BY EVA MATTHEWS SANFORD (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge*)

ONE of the coal companies in Ogdensburg has a number of coal boats running between Ogdensburg and Charlotte, the port of Rochester. On each of these there is a guest's cabin, and father and mother have a standing invitation to make the trip.

One day last September they were on one of the boats, on Lake Ontario, out of sight of land, when a heavy shower came up. Toward the end of this, a flock of goldfinches, too wet to fly, alighted on the boat. They were on their fall migration.

Although the sailors were all around, they displayed no fear, but went into every nook and corner of the deck, as if they were anxious to find out what sort of a place it was. When the sun had been out long enough to thoroughly dry them, they flew away. But one poor little bird had a broken wing, and could not fly with the rest.

In about an hour, father and mother were surprised to

she had eaten all she wanted. They twittered together a little while longer, and then he flew away. The sailors made the little lame bird comfortable, and put her on the grass at Charlotte, but a heavy shower soon came up, and probably killed it.

I hope that the other bird found the flock again, and reached the South safely, but I am afraid he did not, for he had delayed so long. Brave little thing! I think that he



"PELICAN AND BUZZARD." BY JOHN H. HILL, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

was a real hero, to drop behind his flock in migration, to come back a long distance to comfort his mate and do his best to get her to fly back with him.

A NORTHLAND HERO

BY CAROL THOMPSON (AGE 12)

(*Honor Member*)

HE came from the North in his wolfskin cloak,
With his customs rude and wild.
And he marveled long
At the thrush's song
And the south wind soft and mild.

HE came from the North in his wolfskin cap,
And his manners sharp and bold.
His eyes unafraid,
Gleamed like his blade —
His hair like matted gold.

BUT he sadly longed for his Northland home
His sword grew dull and old.
He hated the mild,
He longed for the wild,
He longed and yearned for the cold.

HE saddened for skies that were blue as his eyes,
The dash of the waves on the beach.
"Where's the North?" he said,
But they stared instead,
For they did not know his speech.

SO he laid him down on southern soil,
By a sparkling ford one day;
And his soul and his sword
Went up the ford,
Where his glorious Northland lay.



"THE DUSTY ROAD." BY FRANK PHILLIPS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

see that where they had supposed there was one bird, there were two! The lame bird's mate had flown back to urge her to join them. But his entreaties were all in vain, she could not fly. However, he did his best to comfort her and make her happy. Before the other birds had flown away, the sailors had scattered some crumbs for them, but the lame bird had not been able to reach them. Now her mate picked up a crumb, and brought it to her. She opened her bill, and he put it in. He repeated this until



"JAPANESE GOLDEN PHEASANT." BY NORMAN H. READ, AGE 16,
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

AN ANIMAL HERO

BY LORRAINE VOORHEES (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN we speak of animal heroes one's first thought is of the many acts of heroism relating to horses and dogs. Few would imagine that a cat could be a hero.

This little incident occurred during the last flood of the Caw River, which is a branch of the Missouri River. The flood did a great deal of damage, washing away the many homes of the poor working people, who lived on the lowlands. While the crowds stood watching the houses and furniture, which were floating rapidly down the river, they noticed a very strange object and at first did not know what it was. As it came nearer the shore they discovered it to be a cradle. And on the cradle stood a large maltese cat, standing in such a way as to balance the cradle perfectly, and in the cradle lay a laughing baby which was being cared for by this cat, who little imagined that he was a hero. So far as I know the mother and father have never been found, but the baby was adopted by a family, and the cat became a great pet.

A HERO

BY DOROTHY FOSTER (AGE 12)

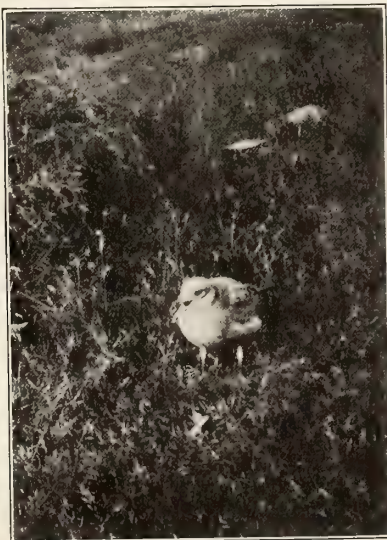
(*Silver Badge*)

TARRY is a darling
Yes, Tarry is a dear,
And if you care to listen,
His praises you will hear.

His fame is spread
Yea, far and wide,
His name is heard
On every side.

He is a bulldog,
Black and brown,
A watchdog, too,
Of great renown.

No thief dare enter
Where he is,
For fear he'll
"Settle down to biz."



"SEA-GULL." BY ELIZA L. FRISSELL, AGE 12.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

AN ANIMAL HERO

BY DOROTHY WOOSTER (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge*)

IN the beautiful Catskills on a bright summer afternoon, Ina and I were walking along the road which led from the lovely patch of blackberries where we had been picking.

As we walked along we thought we heard some faint squeals. Sure enough! There on the side of the road we saw a snake greedily guarding the nest of a little field mouse. Before we could turn around the mother mouse came running down the ditch by the road just as fast as she could. She ran back of the snake and bit him hard. When the snake turned to fight her she avoided him and snatched one of her babies in her mouth and ran back up the road again. In a moment she returned, attacked the snake again and took another one of her babies. She did



"WILD CROW." BY CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR., AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

this once again and the next time she came back the snake was gone, but still she could hear those pitiful little squeals. Down the hole she sprang but was up again in less than no time. She went quickly in and out again several times and we began to wonder what she was doing. We soon found out, for the snake came out of the hole just about as fast as he could. The mother drove him away, and he seemed very willing to go. She then trotted back up the road. We followed her and about ten or twelve feet farther up we saw her four, tiny, baby mice all safe in the tall grass by the road.

HEROISM

BY MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON
(AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

IN spite of storms and winter's cold
Bravely she lifts her head;
Awakened by the first spring rain
From mossy winter bed.

What cares she, though the stormy
winds,
The trees around her sway,
She knows that from behind the
clouds
The sun will shine some day.

And so she smiles in sweet content,
At all who come her way;
And "Here 's the first hepatica!"
We hear the children say.

HEROISM

BY ELEANOR M. SICKLES (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge Winner)

HE, who, framing the nation's laws,
Thinks not of self, but of her cause
Should be deemed a hero.

He who fights for his country's cause, —
Freedom and right and guarded laws, —
Should be deemed a hero.

He, who, leading a righteous life,
Doth guard the land from crime and
strife,
Should be deemed a hero.

Aye, he who, to his duty true,
Doeth the best that he *can* do,
Should be deemed a hero.

A HEROIC MOTHER

BY JEAN L. FENTON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN we were living on the ranch
we had one of the nicest mares that ever walked on four
legs.

Sometimes we used to say Brownie could do everything
but read and write, she was so intelligent.

When called by name she would answer with a gentle
whinny.

When she thought it was meal time and no one came to
feed her she would come to be fed.

Her colts always were the cutest and gentlest on the
ranch.

They did n't seem to be afraid of anything but would
come poking their little noses up to us in a very confident
manner.

Brownie kept a close watch on her colt and if another
horse laid back its ears or a cow shook its head she would
see that that offender was out of sight of her precious babe.

When the colts were old enough to run around safely,
the mares were turned out on the range for the summer.

Now was the time Brownie had to keep her eyes open,
for the mountain lions looked at those fat, tender little colts
with hungry eyes.

One day as the horses were trailing down to water the
colts lagged behind in the hot sun.

All at once there was a commotion.

Brownie, looking around, saw an unusually large wild-
cat clinging to the side of her colt.

She was back in no time and pawed and bit at the beast
until it was forced to leave go and run for its life.

The colt was badly scratched but, with care, recovered.

The next summer Brownie was the proud mother of
another colt.

One hot day it and another colt were lying under a large
spreading pine tree, while their mothers were grazing near.

There was a slight rustle amongst the branches and a
lion dropped down on the helpless colts.

At the first sound, Brownie turned.

When she saw the awful sight she jumped into the
center with a loud neigh and fought with teeth and hoofs
until the lion gave up his prey.

Brownie and both the colts were badly scratched and
took some time to heal.

When they did get well they were as lively as ever.

Later two other colts were killed by mountain lions.

We always said if Brownie had been there they would
still be alive.

Unfortunately she was at work in the harvest field.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY ATALA SCUDDER,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

TRUE HEROISM

BY ELISABETH ELIOT (AGE 10)

IF I were a hero and wore a green
wreath
And had at my side a sword and a
sheath,
If people stood staring as I would go
past
And under my horse's feet roses would
cast,
Would mother love me just the same
As if I had n't all this fame?
For mother says when I am bad,
And she is feeling rather sad;
That truest heroes do not dare
To go into a lion's lair,
And, too, they need not be so brave
That many lives they always save;
For those who would be true heroes
Must first make friends of all their
foes:
And then be in a helpful mood,
And never gobble all their food

AN HEROIC FOLLOWER

BY GABRIELLE E. M. CLENDENIN (AGE 14)

SOME years ago my father who was interested in the his-
tory of our family, was looking over some old papers on
the Scottish line and there he found the history of a remark-
able cat.

It happened that the family were moving from Scotland
to England, and as they had to travel in the large coaches
of that day, it was hard to carry animals, so they had to
leave behind them this cat, one of the family pets.

Arriving at their new home that evening after their long
journey they sat around the large fireplace, when in walked
a poor little cat. It looked so much like their own, but of
course it could n't be. She could n't have followed them



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY HELEN AMY SEYMOUR, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A DUSTY ROAD" BY STELLA M. SONDEHEIM, AGE 12.

fifty miles! The cat purred and seemed glad to see them. When they picked her up they saw that her paws were bleeding. She must have run behind the coach for fifty miles, hiding behind the bushes when they stopped.

Well, of course, after that Kitty was cuddled and loved above all their pets. Yet some people say that cats have not heroic faithfulness

A HERO

BY MARGARET BOORAEM RICHARDSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge Winner)

HE was only a little dust-colored dog,
With infinite love in his eyes,
And he had n't a friend in the whole wide world,
This hero small, in disguise.

The fire-bells were ringing, the people were wild,
"Make way!" the excitement was rife,
"There 's a child in the way of the fire-engine's path!"
"Is there no one to save the babe's life?"

Then out from the crowd flashed a dust-colored streak,
And straight to the baby it flew;
Two seconds later the child toddled safe
To the arms of the nurse whom it knew

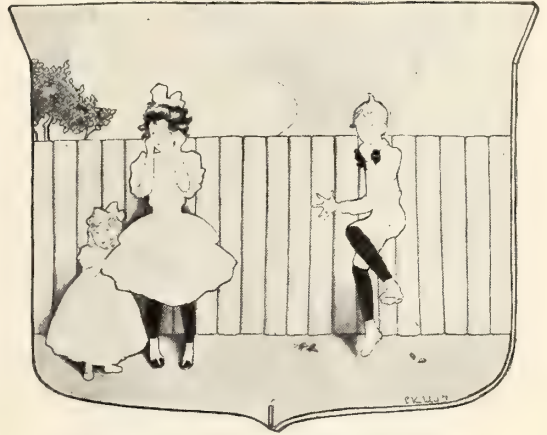
But what is that limp little figure of tan
They 're bearing so gently away?
Oh, that? That 's the little dust-colored dog;
He 's the hero of the day.

AN ANIMAL HERO

BY BABS DAVIDS (AGE 10)

ONE very rough day we were walking along the parade at Margate with our Irish terrier "Scamp."

There were railings all along and "Scamp" would always walk on the outside of them.



"A GLORIOUS FOURTH" BY CATHARINE VAN WYCK, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"A HEADING." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



A Study of a Child

BY DOROTHY RIEBER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

The sea was coming right over the parade and "Scamp," whilst barking at the waves, slipped and fell into the water. He at once commenced to swim, but although he was quite close to some steps the tide carried him the wrong way so he could not get to them.

The next place where he could get out was a slope which was some long distance away.

Once he scrambled on to a breakwater, and made vain attempts to jump up the high, straight wall which was between him and safety, but the cruel waves knocked him off again and once more he was struggling in the rough water.

By this time quite a crowd had collected, one offered to go for a boat, another (a Frenchman) rushed for ropes, but in the meantime by continually calling "Scamp! Scamp!" and walking slowly along the parade the poor dog was encouraged to keep on swimming and after twenty minutes' fight for his life he reached the slope a shivering, half-drowned animal.

He was too exhausted to walk, so we had to carry him home, and when we got there we made a large fire, and rubbed him dry with bath towels.

Poor Scampy was so grateful that he could not show his gratitude enough.

That night, soon after we were in bed, we heard a scratching at our bedroom door and when we opened it, "Scamp" came in, jumped on our bed and lay down to go to sleep. He refused to be turned away, and always after this he seemed to try to show his gratitude by never leaving us.

Perhaps your readers may not think that "Scamp" was a hero because he did not save any one else's life, but we always think he was one, because he showed *such* pluck in saving his own.

AN ANIMAL HERO

BY CAROL S. KEAY (AGE 12)

BRUNO was a faithful Saint Bernard. He came from Miss Whitney's kennels at Lancaster, Mass., when he was very young and all his life was most devoted to me, and my brothers and sisters.

We could not move about the grounds, even, far from the house, but he would rouse from his most comfortable nap to be by our side.

When he was only fifteen months old he saved a baby's life.

The baby was playing in the back yard, and the mother had been called into the house for a few minutes. In the meantime the baby had crept under the fence into a field where cattle were grazing. An angry bull started for him. Bruno seeing it dashed between the bull and the baby, barking fiercely, trying to keep the bull away, and at the same time trying to push the baby through the fence with his hind feet.

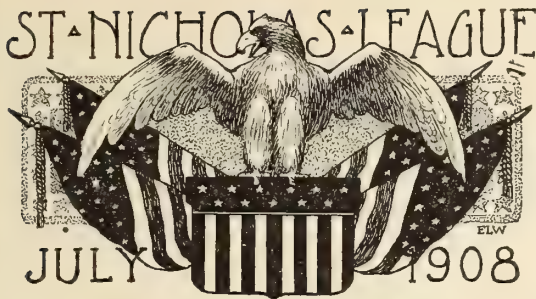
He was just pushing the baby under the bar of the fence, when the mother came hurriedly out to see what was the matter. And she felt that Bruno had surely saved the baby's life.

Bruno died when he was twelve years old.



F. BLUMLEIN

"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY PERCY BLUMLEIN, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"HEADING." BY EUGENE L. WALTER, AGE 15.

CHAPTER LIST FOR JULY, 1908

- No. 1047. "Six Amateur Actors." Harrison Dimmitt, President; Charles Bayly, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer; six members.
- No. 1048. "Eugael Club." Hazel Bowman, President; Mary G. Dickinson, Secretary; five members.
- No. 1049. "The Young Folk's Social Club." Tillie Sommerfeld, President; Mildred Harris, Vice President; Harry Sommerfeld, Secretary; Irwin Kahn, Treasurer; ten members.
- No. 1050. "Cozy Club." Christina Claus, President; Louisa A. Lunt, Secretary; seven members.
- No. 1051. "I. M. A." Margaret Hearsey, President; Katherine Davis, Secretary; seven members.
- No. 1052. "St. Mary's Chapter." Elsie C. Comstock, President; Loraine Ransom, Secretary and Treasurer; thirty-two members.
- No. 1053. "Sunshine Workers' Club." Ruth Spencer, President; Harriette Adcock, Secretary; Grace Lester, Treasurer; six members.

LEAGUE LETTERS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you many times for the badge which I received last month. You can imagine how it delighted me, when I tell you that I have been competing ever since the League began, for we have taken the ST. NICHOLAS about ten years.

I used to make my drawings very small, the size they were to appear when in print. One month, however, the League Editor wrote that many drawings were rendered useless because they were drawn too small, and he then gave the proper directions. I followed these and had better success immediately.

From your sincere reader,
RENA KELLNER.

The ST. NICHOLAS
League.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

HILLSBORO, ILL.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our chapter, 829, has never written to you before. We have a great deal of fun and pleasure at our meetings. We are now planning for a valentine masquerade party. We should like very much to correspond with other chapters between the ages of thirteen to sixteen. Our address, Aldine Frey, corresponding secretary, or Evelyn Wolfe, secretary, Hillsboro, Ill. Also Evelyn Wolfe would like Miss Dorothy M. Wolfe to write to her whose name she saw in the November number.

Hoping you prosperity and good luck we remain
Your loving readers,
THE SOPHOMORE BACHELOR GIRLS.

Other welcome letters have been received from Virginia Swain, Martha Aschezn, Philip Wooster, Helen L. Patch, Albert Wieshofer, Marjorie S. Harrington, Esther E. Galbraith, Hazel Smithson, Elbridge Colby, Katharine Keen, Helen M. Peck, Arthur J. Kramer, Pierre W. Laurens, Marian Rose. Gordon B. Sherwood, Althea Bertha Morton, Florence Mallett, Rebecca P. Flint, Amy Peabody, Esther A. Tiffany, Florence E. Dawson, Helen Goodall, Archie Douglas,



"CARICATURE OF A CHILD." BY OSCAR A. TRONSTAD, AGE 17.

Freddie Roberts, Arthur William Kamily, Homer Harrison, Elizabeth Gordon, Ida F. Parfitt, Agnes M. Mial, Maud L. Fan, Kathryn T. Motley, Thaddeus Martin Daly, Marian Jenkins, Blanche N. Loeb, Kathlee Buchanan, Eleanor M. Sickles, Katharine A. Lewis, Helen Whitcomb, Marjorie Moses, Frieda Rabinowitz, Eloise Nolte, Hazel S. Halstead, Madge, A. Dunnell.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
- No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1	Carrie Blake	Ruth Livingston
	Thomas Nolan	
Bernard F. Trotter	Doris F. Halman	VERSE, 2
Gisela von Unterrichter	Beulah Elizabeth	
Marion B. George	Amidon	Margaret G. Kerr
Eugene Ecclestone	Franklin Warren Wolf	Dorothy Ordway
Sparrow	Frederick A. Thompson	Lucretia Mackenzie
Ruth Adams	Noreta L. Netz	Rose Norton
Faith Baldwin	Rue Eaton	Esther L. King
Helen Fitz-James	Agnes Gray	Constance H. Smith
Searight	Elizabeth Walker	Emma L. Liechty
Margaret L. Reazor	Therse H. McDonnell	James Boyd Hunter
Aileen Hyland	Margaret Hunt	Ilse M. Neymann
Aline J. Macdonald	Ralph C. Jenkins	Therese R. Robbins
Elsie Cromwell	Elizabeth Toof	Charlotte Bennett
Comstock	Catharine H. Straker	Ruth Stanley-Brown
Agnes M. Miall	Earl Reed Silvers	Zyepha M. Cheney
Lucile Delight	Annie Louise Hillyer	Ruth Harvey Rebolu
Woodling	Beryl Morse	Marjorie Wabridge
Emmeline Bradshaw	Marie Josephine Hess	Brown
Olave Dodgeson	Eleanor Johnson	Roy G. Hannis



"HEADING,"
BY
IRENE
FULLER,
AGE
16.
(SILVER
BADGE
WINNER.)

Julia M. Barley
Alice Brabant
Nettie E. Bedell
Frances Berenice
Bronner
Bessie Emery
Josephine B. Richey
Lois M. Cunningham
Dorothy May Brown
Marjorie Clark
Babette Deutsch
Jean McWilliams
Ruth E. Fitts
Grace S. Nies
Phyllis Walsh
Erik Achorn
Ruth Leekley
Marian G. Seid
Dorothy Ramsey
Lewis O. Edwards
Katherine Park
Veronice Furlong
Pauline Nichthausen
Ethel L. Blood
Elizabeth Furlong
Helen MacGowan
Margaret Finch
Josephine Freund
Eleanor Hussey
Laurie True Bayley
Marjorie Gibbons
Eloise Liddon
Elizabeth Wilkinson
Helen Hall Jillson
Elizabeth Reynard
Jean Williams
Emily Tyler Holmes
Frances Hyland

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

James Raiford Wood
Rolla H. Hedges
D. G. McGregor
Sidney D. Gamble
John Wentworth
Jeffersen Jones

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Carolyn P. Kidd
Alice Robinson
Nathaniel Hathaway
Jean Patterson
Geo. Rollin Hippard, Jr.

Richard Tufts
Joe L. Mood
Ruth Patterson
Ruth Duncan
Ethel Badgley
James Bruce
Florence Carey
Kate Babcock
Oscar A. Reum
Henry M. Noel
Clyde D. Dick
E. Arthur Ball
Harry Behn
Richard S. Ely
Sam P. Collier
Constance Ayer
Arthur Minot
Howard
Gordon B. Howard
Madison P. Dyer
Margaret Stanley-
Brown
Marian L. Flavell
Carman Vander Voort
Frederick R. Bailey
Mary D. Buttener
John W. Beatty, Jr.
Dorothy Keasbey
Eleanor Williams
Elizabeth S. Billings
Brandt V. B. Dixon
Edwin H. Reum
Helen B. Nichols
Pauline Dudley
Elizabeth S. Backer
William McDermott
Owen
Harold M. Bales

DRAWINGS, 1

Theresa Rion
Williams
Dorothy Q.
Applegate
Decie Merwin
Rachael Bully
Jacob Weinstein
Dorothy Starr
Gladys Nolan
Helen Irwin
Edwin Walters
Helen Moore Sewell
Helen Spies
Grace Garland
Elizabeth Eckel
Ellen Briggs
Harry Thomas
Betty Lisle
Margaret Roalfe
Katherine Dulcebeilla
Barbour
Edwin Shear
Dorothy Howland
Chessman
Elsie De Celle
Stanley C. Low
Rowena L. Johnson
Annie Gilzean
Langve
Gladys Schauweker
Elsie R. Russell
M. Udell Sill

Margaret Farnsworth
Elizabeth Chippendale
Helen Therese
Damrosch
Beth V. Burlingame

DRAWINGS, 2

John F. Keys, Jr.
Dorothy Foster
Lucia E. Halstead
Marian Wright
Rosamund B. Simpson
Emery F. Poor
Margaret Rhodes
Henry Scott
Margherita Wood
Irene Farnham
Winnifred C. Hamilton
William Northrop
Helen E. Prince
Aline Jean Macdonald
Edna Comins
Louise Alexander
Robinson
Margaret E. Nicolson
Gwendolyn
Frothingham
Helen Lewell Heyl
Marjorie Acker
Rachel Doub
Alice Howard Paine
Louise F. Dantzebecher
Helen Nagill
Margaret Foster
Elizabeth Finch
Mary Pauline Hopkins
Harrlette Nason
Rachel L. Field
Louise Hickox
Karen Busch
Charlotte Baker
Florence Crane
Margaret K. Turnbull
Waldron Faulkner
Murel Minter
Engenie M. Wuest
Jack B. Hopkins
Allison Hays
Seibert Fairman
Dorothy Taylor
Henry K. Hannah, Jr.
Joel D. Harvey



"JULY." BY GERARD C. DELANO, AGE 17.

Martha A. Oathout
Edwin L.
Schwarzwalder
Harry Fritz
Harriet Ida Eager
Bodil Hornemann
Max Silverstein
Mildred S. Lambe
Edith Parsons
Alice M. Young
Paul L. Bissell
Dorothy P. White
Louise Davies
C. W. Veatch
Frida Tillman
Ruth Alden Adams
Charles W. Horr
Jessica Wagar
William Moody
Marshall B. Cutler
Helen J. McFarland
Ruth Merriitt Adams
Helen Purdy
Elizabeth Gardiner
Paul E. Brady
George Guinter
Elizabeth Sears
Ramsay
P. Knapp
Margaret E. Kelsey
Engenia G. Baker
Elizabeth Dearing
William E. Fay
Stanley R. Humbert
Eleanor E. Campbell
Lemuel Louise Dade
Lucy Brungenhof
H. Lilla Pease
Gladys Logan Winner
Laurens Weddell
Verna Keays
Marjorie Benson
Hortense Cramer
Betty McVikar
Annie Lamar Noble
Isabel M. Rettew
Margaret B. Campbell
Muriel G. Read
Mildred Fairchild
Catherine I. Slocum
Sarah Lippincott
Beatrice H. Cook
Laurena Phillips
Louise A. Bateman
Helen Baker
Dorothy P. Brown
Agnes Nicholson
Ada B. Field
Marie Wilson
Elizabeth Stockton
A. Wechster
Henrietta Browning
Frances Noble
Mary M. Ludlum
Esther M. Daly
Mabel E. Foster
Rachel Blair
Virginia Stone
Elizabeth Taber
Ruth E. Wright
Clara B. Bush
Charlotte P. Smyth
Margaret Caldwell
Clara Brush
Herbert Ross
Isabel S. Allen
Carrig F. McDowell
Margaretta Myers
Helen B. Walcott
Joseph Auslander
Alison Douglas
Elfrida Nagel
Esther Christensen
Helen Clum
Clifford Standing
Frances T. Sterenson
Marie Danielson
Robert Basil Keator
F. Schultz
Doris Lisle
Mary L. Peck
Elizabeth Thaxter
George W. Hall
Josephine Keast
Helen D. Baker

Clara Manny
Helen Kaan
Victoria Whipple
Eleanor B. Watt
Charlotte MacEvan
Pauline Scanlon
Jack Wittenberg
Helen M. Peck
FrancesDeneen
John B. Mathew, Jr.
Hobart Fairman
Marian P. Richardson
Dorothy Allen Brown
Efa Prudence Heward
Mary Alice Tate
Ralph W. Lester
Margaret J. Marshall
Oswald Cammann, Jr.
Alice W. Hull
Beryl H. Margetson
Dorothy A. Brown
Elizabeth Zulauf
Frank W. Simpson
Virginia Sandford
McKee
John J. Draffan
Margaret Lartz Daniell
Ethel Shear

PROSE, 1

Helen Tyler
Anthony Crawford
Elizabeth Walker Ladd
Constance Pateman
Marjorie Aborn
Alberta Peters
Katharine Spafford
Raymond Griffin
Alice Phelps Rider
Emily Margaret Hicks
Florence Conner
Edith Dean Fanning
Manon de Hunersdorff
Rebecca Edith Hill
Charlotte Laidlow
Mary H. Oliver
H. Randall Canfield
Margurite Mullen
Susan J. Appleton
Harriet Eleanor
Webster
Eliza MacLean
Piggott
Marguerite Broadman
Blanche Willis
Florence M. Ward
Jeannette Miller
Mabel G. Seitz
Oak Amidon
Mary Lord Holway
Delos Cissell
Esther Wolford
Alice Frances Foster
Amy Herrick
Alice Winthrop
De Wolf
Helen L. Lawrence
Erma Quinby
Denis Higgins
Albert Lunt
Mary Louise Milligan
Myles Higgins
Jeannette Munro
Helen Lee Sherwood
Ruth Hunter
Thelma Kellogg
Elizabeth Page James
Louise Hoffman
Mary E. Camacho
Janet Bailey
Irene Nichols
William Frances
McNeary
Bernard Bronstein
Edward Silsky

PROSE, 2

Bedros Y. Chekib
Rivis G. Little
Margaret T. Babcock
Dorothy Elizabeth
Wallace
Rebecca Wolfson
G. Gladys Drake

Mabel Jordan
Mary Conrad
Carolyn A. Perry
Elizabeth Naclay
Cecile Leona Decker
Helen Hunt Haines
Louise M. Anault
Katharine Laidlow
Frances Moyer Ross

Eleanor Baldwin
Lucile Olive Thorne
Helen Maclaren
Mary Widdifield
Ellen Coleman
Mary Lydia
Barrette
Howard C. Cox
Nanna Lake

Ruth S. Coleman
Edward N. Horr
Louise Fitz
Althea Bertha Morton
Frances A. Handy
Grace Lowenhaupt
Marion F. Hayden
Dean Jenkins
C. Lindzey Nicholson

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 105

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 105 will close **July 20** (for foreign members **July 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Rest."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "My Favorite Memory."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Solitude."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "A Landscape," (must be from nature) and a **November** Heading or Tailpiece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

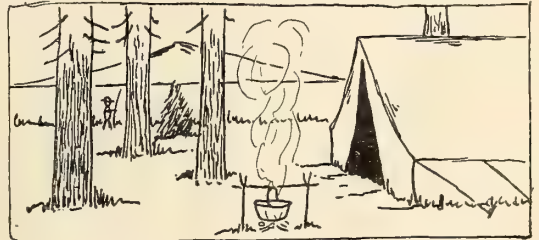
Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and



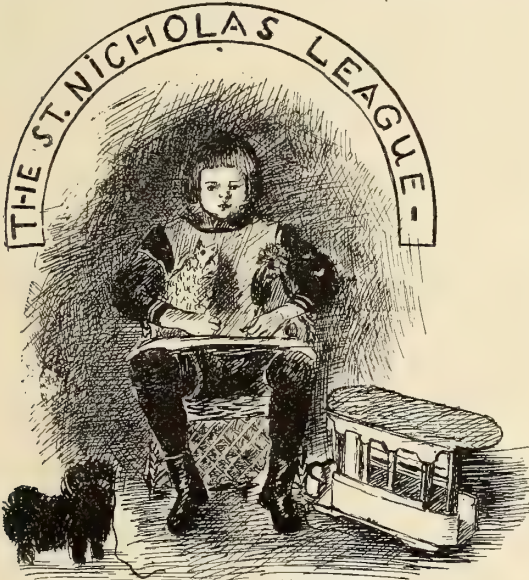
"HEADING." BY PAUL D. AUGSBURG, AGE 10.

leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY FRANCES WATTS, AGE 12.

R. Stuart Wells
Grace F. Woods
Elizabeth Knowlton
Carolyn Holbrook
Beth Brunet
Ruth Brunswick
Alice Denny
Gretchen M. Gafiga
Eleanor Steward
Cooper
Marian Louise
Andrews
Mildred Simonds
Silence Rowbe
Grace Taylor
Catharine Dunlop
Mackenzie
Duncan Scarborough
Frederick Natus
Katharine Holway
Fritz Korb
Marian Rose Bettmann

Mary S. Bristed
Reginald Low
Mary Starr
Anne Hawken
Marcia M. Weston
Romaine Frampton
Agnes D. Boone
Katharine de Kay
Harriette E. Cushman
Guion Pope
Mary Pearre
Henry Templeton
Elizabeth Kirkwood
Dorothy Edmonds
Stewart Coryell
Margaret Normoyle
Hazel R. Abbott

PUZZLES, 1

E. Adelaide Hahn
Blanche S. Mason

Helen Cookston
Helen P. Herrick
Emilie O. Wagner
Katharine Hauxhurst
Lois Donovan
Agnes H. Knight
Louise Otis
Shirley Clement
Robert L. Baldwin

PUZZLES, 2

Charles Bayly, Jr.
Mary Gale Clark
Dorothy Coleman
Bertha Pitcairn
Carrol T. Mitchell
Joseph W. Homer, Jr.
Minna Lewinson
Kenneth V. Ashley
Isabel W. Clark
Palma W. Griffith
Harold W. Helfrich

ROLL OF THE RECKLESS

HEREAFTER we shall print each month a list of those who, because they failed to sign their work, or forgot to give their ages, or addresses or in some other way did not fulfil League requirements, could not enter the competitions. We will begin this list with the names of three young illustrators whose work would have been used had it been properly prepared: Elmer E. Hagler (no age); Dorman Smith (no age); Miss Ford (no other name, no age, and no address).



"TAILPIECE." BY J. CHARLES O'BRIEN, JR., AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE LETTER-BOX

THE letters on this and the following page are from young friends in foreign countries. It certainly makes Europe and Asia seem very near when we hear from boys and girls who are reading every month, only a little late, the same stories that our American readers are enjoying, and are entering into the same League contests.

TOURS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I came abroad in March and expect to be away from America for a year. I felt so badly at the thought of not being able to see ST. NICHOLAS for so long a time that I am having it sent over to me.

My mother and I are living in Tours. It is the city that Sir Walter Scott wrote about in his novel, "Quentin Durward." I have been to visit the palace of Louis XI which, though a total ruin, is very interesting.

We have been to five other chateaux. They were all very fascinating and each was interesting in its own way. The one I liked best was "Amboise." Our guide took us out on an iron balcony and showed us the bar from which the Huguenots were hung. We were also taken out on the terrace and shown the low stone doorway where Charles VIII is supposed to have struck his head, which proved to be the cause of his death.

My oldest sister started taking you in 1880, and we have never missed a copy since.

Your interested reader,

EVELYN LINDERMAN (age 14).

BEYROUT, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers would like to hear about the time when I saw the Sultan of Turkey.

I live here in Beyrout at the Syrian Protestant College and last summer my grandparents invited me to take a trip with them to Constantinople. So on the 20th of July my grandfather, grandmother, and I started on the one-week voyage to Constantinople. We stopped at several ports on the way there, including Rhodes, Smyrna, Dardanelles, and finally we reached the capital of the Empire. The city was a lovely sight, as we came into the harbor, with the many minarets, mosques, houses, and busy crowded streets.

We were met by Dr. Gates of Robert College and Mrs. Washburn, who took us up the Bosphorus to Robert College. There we stayed during the fortnight's visit in Constantinople.

I have n't room to write of all the things I saw, but there was one thing which interested me most of all. That was the sight of the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II. We got permission to go to Selamlik, from the American Ambassador, and on Friday morning about eleven o'clock a party of twelve of us started from Constantinople for the Palace grounds. When we got there our names were read off to be sure that we were the same ones that had been given permission to see the Sultan. Then we waited on a kind of terrace for some time. Soon after we arrived men began to sprinkle sand over the road so that the Sultan should have a new road to drive on.

All the time soldiers were lining up along the road. A few minutes before the Sultan came, an officer came to us and took away any handbags, purses, umbrellas, etc., that we were carrying. They did this, because once a man hid a bomb in his camera and as the Sultan was passing, tried to throw it at him, but he was unsuccessful. So now they take every precaution.

Suddenly a horseman blew a trumpet and the bands began to play the Turkish march, and out of a gate came the procession. It was headed by some horsemen, then came carriages with high officials, princes, and ladies, and at the end came the Sultan, in a carriage drawn by white horses, and with the minister of war sitting opposite him. As he came along he bowed right and left, and when he was about half way to the Mosque, the soldiers gave the Sultan's cheer. After he had entered the Mosque together with his son, we waited for twenty minutes or half an hour while he was inside at prayer.

He drove himself back to the Palace in a different carriage, in company with his son, and when he had disappeared from sight, the soldiers began to disperse. Soon after that we were in our carriages again driving back to the city.

It was a grand sight and I only wish that I could describe it better.

My sister has taken your magazine for about nine years and I enjoy the stories so much.

Well, I must stop this letter now as it is getting pretty long.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Your interested reader,

MARGARET BLISS (age 15).

MONTEREY, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The names of my sisters and brother are Mary Katharyn, Margaret Lydia, and Samuel. Samuel is away at St. Paul's School, and we miss him very much. I think that is near where you are. We have two Jersey cows, two horses, two carriages and we used to have two little calves, but we sold them.

We have electric cars running on both sides of our house.

Your interested reader,

JAMES PITTS BRIDGE (age 9).

KEKAHA, KANAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Hawaiian Islands. My father is not too old to read out of ST. NICHOLAS, but he is over thirty years old.

My grandmother has the first ST. NICHOLAS that ever came into this home, Waiawa. It is the October number, 1874. It is very old. The story I like best in this old one is, "How Charlie Cracked the World."

My home is on Kanai, and I live farthest away from you of all the little white girls of America.

I have taken you for three months, and I want to tell you I love you from cover to cover.

I have five pets — my cat, Daisy, my dog, Puck, my dear Teddy Bear, my horse, Hekili, which means Thunder, and my calf, Tossie, named for my grandmother's calf, she had a long time ago in New Zealand. The story I like best is "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

Your loving little reader,

RUTH KNUDSEN.

HAWAII being now one of the United States' possessions, perhaps we ought not strictly to call this a "foreign" letter. It will seem odd for some time to come, to think of a resident of the "Sandwich Islands" as a "countryman" of ours, especially if he or she is a "native." It is, of course, different, in the case of those of American or European parentage.

KENSINGTON, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just begun to take you and I think you lovely. I think "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" are just too killing for words!

I am an English girl, but I was born in Shanghai, China, and I have been to America and Ceylon and Italy and a few other places. I think American boys and girls are very entertaining and clever. We spend our winters in the south of France and our summers in England. I love London, but I am not very fond of the country. The chief thing that reconciles me to it are my beloved cats. They are all common tabby cats, but I love them better than the most beautiful cats in the world. We had a darling puppy-dog last summer. We named her Patricia. She was a very, very small fox-terrier and so clever, but when we went to London we had to give her away.

Your devoted reader,

ELFRIDE DOROTHEA DOWDALL.

CHINA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy born in China. I live in the country near Wei Skein (Way Shen) city, in an inclosed compound or big yard about two blocks large. There are eight dwelling-houses, a boys' and girls' school, a college, a big church, and two hospitals.

A new house is being built (the house we are to live in) by Chinese carpenters and masons.

It will take about eight months to build it. What a long time! The Chinese have no saw-mills, but every log has to be cut and sawed by hand.

I think you are fine.

Your true friend and reader,

HENRY R. LUCE.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How shall I thank you for the many happy hours you have given me? We have taken you for years, until I love your delightful pages. I have read such a number of charming stories there, however, that I cannot say which is my particular favorite, but if I were to choose three, among the older numbers, they would be, "Felix," "Elena's Captive," and "Elinor Arden, Royalist." "When Daphne Danced," makes a beautiful recitation, and I give it in an eighteenth century costume and enter the room, to the music of a minuet. I also find the League interesting, and I should like to join it very much.

Did opportunity offer, I should be pleased to describe my home to you, where I live with my parents, sister and brother, at Bondi, a suburb of Sydney, by the mighty Pacific. . . .

With best wishes to dear ST. NICHOLAS, for a long life of continued prosperity and fame I remain

Your young friend,

PEGGY O'CONNOR (age 12).

ROCK ISLAND, QUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write you a letter, because I am very interested in your letter-box.

Once when we were out on a hunting trip at Indian River, our old dog Sang, a retriever, was with us. One day we were out in the boat shooting ducks. Papa wounded one, after which it kept swimming and diving.

He told Sang to go and get it. Sang obeyed and we did not see him for five or ten minutes, but when he came up he had the duck in his mouth.

With best wishes to your letter-box,

FRANCES GOODHUE (age 10).

VICTORIA, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I thought you would like to hear about my seeing Queen Alexandra of England. Last summer when I was abroad with my father and mother, I went to a military and naval tournament, held in the Olympia, which seats ten thousand people.

We were fortunate in having seats right opposite the Royal Box.

The King and Queen and several members of the royal family were there. Among them was little Prince Henry, the youngest son of the Prince of Wales.

When the Queen was seated, the first thing she did was to take off her grandson's overcoat.

My mother said: "That shows the mother in the Queen."

The Queen looked so young and pretty, and has such a gracious manner.

Your devoted reader,

MARGARET L. SAYWARD (age 12).

WHAT young American reader knows what "bar" means in the following letter, from a little Australian subscriber?

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Whenever we hear the postman at the door, there is always a shout: "I bar the ST. NICHOLAS." My auntie, who lives in Crail, sends you out to us. I like reading "The Rainy Day Amusements." I made a Christmas tree of paper.

I tried to make Jock (the little monkey), but it was a monkey, I must say. I like reading the Letter-Box. I would like to be a member of the League. Will you please send me a badge and a leaflet.

I think I have told you all the news.

I remain your loving reader,

ALAN MURRAY (age 10).

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like reading "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" very much.

We have got a dear little kitten named "Jet." She has got a white spot under her neck, and we call it a diamond brooch.

I go to learn cooking and I get on very well.

I am in the sixth class at school and have gained my Standard Certificate. I hope to gain my Merit this year.

Will you please send me a leaflet and badge. Then I will be able to tell my friends that I belong to a League in America.

With every success for the loveliest magazine in the world.

I remain your loving reader,

NANCY MURRAY (age 12).

GUATEMALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the April number of last year in the article by Frank Y. Stillman about "Stamp Collecting," it refers to the Quetzal as a mythical bird; this bird really exists and is very beautiful; it is meant to express freedom as they say it dies in captivity. My mother saw one some months ago. I should like Americans to get interested in our little republics and to know them better.

My brothers and sisters join me in wishing long and prosperous life to our dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your affectionate reader,

VICTORIA SANCHEZ.

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is the first time I write you. I have taken you for two years but I think every number is prettier. The stories that I love best are: "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," and "Harry's Island." I find them beautiful.

I'm a Chilean girl and don't speak and write English very well. I've been learning it for one and a half years.

My mother and brother are going to Chili for a while and we stay with our aunt and uncle.

I am your faithful and loving reader,

OLGA DE COUSIÑO (age 13 1-2).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly ten years, but I have never written to you before. Please do not think this is because I do not like your magazine, for I read it from cover to cover every time it arrives. A few of my favorite stories are: "The Story of Betty," "Another Chance," "From Sioux to Susan," and all of Ralph Henry Barbour's stories.

I think the League is extremely interesting and I hope some day to earn a prize. My name was on the honor roll last month which gave me great encouragement.

I was pleased to see a letter from a girl in Oxford, telling about the Pageant which was given last June, for I was there myself and thought it better than any entertainment I had ever seen.

Wishing dear St. NICK much success I remain forever your interested reader,

ROXANA WENTWORTH BOWEN (age 12 3-4).

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose you and most of your readers know that San Diego has just passed through "Fleet Week," which, as you can guess, was the week the Atlantic Fleet was here. Forty-six hundred marines marched in our parade. Every day was full of overflowing with fun. Thursday night we had lovely fireworks; and we were fortunate enough to get a seat on top of the coal-bunkers. Every one up there cheered and clapped like anything when a picture of Admiral Evans' head was shown in fire off the fireworks barge. I am inclosing a snapshot I took of the parade. The city and ships were illuminated by night and it was a lovely sight indeed. I went on the flagship of the second division, the "Georgia."

I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine for children that ever was, and I like the stories better and better every month.

Your interested reader,

ALICE WANGENHEIM (age 12).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much. And am always waiting for it on the last day of the month.

I have no pets but there is a cat next door which I like very much. It is black and a white spot under its chin. I often skate. There is a pond back of the house, and also in front. I live in Upper Montclair which is a branch of Montclair. I play games with two playmates. They both take the ST. NICHOLAS. I like very much the story for "Very Little Folks" and "Harry's Island." I am a new subscriber, but my mother would get me the magazines most every month.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET H. STILLMAN (age 8).

P—, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has sent you to me for a long time. And I like you very much. I read the stories for very little folks to my brother. My mother read the stories and told them to us. I like to read the letters in the ST. NICHOLAS. I learned two pieces in the ST. NICHOLAS and spoke them Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Your's truly,

CHARLOTTE JEWELL (age 10).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years and have enjoyed every number. "From Sioux to

Susan," and "Fritzi," were two of my favorite stories. I am also very fond of the Barbour stories, "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," and "Harry's Island," which I am reading now and find it very exciting.

I am your loving reader,

ADELAIDE SEEBERGER (age 12).

B—, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for four or five years. My father used to take it when he was a boy and he used to answer the puzzles. He does not have much time to now, but he likes to read the Nature and Science part.

I have also got two or three volumes of "Our Young Folks" up to time it joined the ST. NICHOLAS.

Your sincere reader,

WILLIAM D. WOODCOCK.

S—, PENNA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much. I herewith send a puzzle and hope to see it in print.

PUZZLE

What is it which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?

Answer: A bald head.

LETTIE KINNE (age 12).

THIS was received too late for the League competition published in the June number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a poem that the first letter of every line spells Saint Nicholas like this. The title is "Home." My age is twelve.

HOME

Swiftly, swiftly I ride over the bounding main,
And my heart is brimful with joy and glee,
I am going back home again.
Now shall the wanderings cease with me,
Then never more will I plow the sea.

Never more shall I go to roam,
I always will stay in the dear old home,
Ceasing to wish to go away.
How glad I am, words cannot say,
Oh ever more will I stay on land,
Longing no more to grasp adventure's hand,
And seeking no more a sailor to be,
Sailing over the great wide sea.

Yours sincerely,

SYLVIA HOLT.

OTHER interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Katherine V. Hicks, Marshall Cheney, Eunice Stanly, Ellen M. Camblos, Elizabeth H. Parker, Kathryn Tukey, Robert Trowbridge Sherman, Elizabeth Geraldine Henderson, Harold Ballin, Beetha Pitcairn, P. Hanahan, Jr., Dorothy Perry, Gertrude Onken, Jean L. McPherson, Lillian L. Kahn, Charlotte Williams, Corona Brownlee, Floyd Keser, Frances Burleigh, Blanche Deuel, Dorothy Coy Kendall, Helen Day, Madeline Baman, Ethel K. Simmons, William E. Gabe, Harriet Evelyn Brokaw, Elizabeth D. Brennan, Dorothy Hinchliff.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

CHARADE. Dis-crete, discreet.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Pennsylvania. 1. Sup-ply. 2. Arr-ear. 3. Gar-net. 4. Can-not. 5. Par-son. 6. Can-yon. 7. Bal-lot. 8. Con-vox. 9. Asl-ant. 10. Man-ned. 11. Unl-ink. 12. Ret-ail.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Ralph Barbour; finals, "Harry's Island." Cross-words: 1. Rough. 2. Arena. 3. Leper. 4. Prior. 5. Holly. 6. Bliss. 7. Alibi. 8. Rakes. 9. Babel. 10. Opera. 11. Union. 12. Rapid.

INTERLOCKING WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Knob. 2. Nape. 3. Opal. 4. Belt. II. 1. Slab. 2. Lira. 3. Arab. 4. Babe. III. 1. Abel. 2. Bare. 3. Erin. 4. Lend. IV. 1. Ends. 2. Neat. 3. Dare. 4. Stem. V. 1. Glen. 2. Line. 3. Enow. 4. Newt.

NOVEL ACROSTIC: Second row, Rudyard; fourth row, Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Drake. 2. Music. 3. Adept. 4. Cycle. 5. Maxim. 6. Brine. 7. Adage.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA: "Queen Zixi of Ix, or The Story of the Magic Cloak."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 15th, from "Queenscourt"—Betty and Maury—Maurice and his Aunt—"Me and Auntie"—A. P. and J. H. Miller—Elsie, Lacie and Tillie—David I. Hitchcock—Frederic P. Storke—Helen Marshall—Lucius C. Boltwood—"Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Frieda Rabinowitz—Carolyn E. Hutton—Edna Meyle—Mary Louise Storer—Harriet E. Gates—Myrtle Alderson—James A. Lynd—Walker E. Swift—Dorothy Haug—Mary N. Wootten—"Sages and Dunes"—Irving T. Beach—Edward Juntunen—C. B. Gottlieb—Katharine Brown—Hart Irvine—Pierre W. Laurens—Marjorie Lachmund—Frances McIver—Kenneth Birkin—Cornelia Crittenden—Malcolm B. Carroll—Frances Crosby Hamlet—Frances L. Sittser—Jean, Doris and Edythe—Dorothy Coddington—Alice H. Farnsworth—Nettie Kreinik—James G. Adams—Dorothy Fox—Lois Treadwell—Samuel G. A. Rogers—Emma D. Miller—Margaret E. Slocum—Jo and I—Miner and Mother—Jean M. Newton—Ruth Hamilton—Mary H. Oliver—Walter H. B. Allen, Jr.—Randolph Monroe—"St. Mary's Chapter"—Miriam Robinson—Mabel C. Franke—Kenneth M. Bixler—Cornelia Gardiner—Ida Finlay—Peggy Shufeldt—A. Robert Kirschner—Elizabeth D. Lord—Beatrice Frye.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 15th, from M. Kennedy, 3—E. Nay, 2—H. Anderson, 3—M. Miles, 2—M. G. Eichelberger, 3—G. Howe, 3—D. West, 3—A. Parker, 3—A. J. Stern, 4—F. Brodrick, 3—D. Gilbert, 2—J. Goldwater, 3—Clay Hayden, 7—E. Selby, 2—L. McArthur, 4—M. C. Allen, 2—A. G. Blodgett, 8—R. Jolly, 2—H. Montgomery, 4—B. T. Abbé, 5—No name, Damascus, 5—F. S. Bellows, 8—E. Mossman, 8—A. H. Gerberich, 7—E. Chase, 8—R. S. Brown and E. Black, 8—M. K. Culgan, 8—J. H. Anthony, 2—D. Scarborough, 7—M. G. Bowner, 3—E. Doollette, 2—Polly Prim, 7—W. H. McFerson, 4—V. W. Hoff, 3—A. S. Reid, 6—J. P. Sedgwick, 5—A. Underwood, 8—R. B. Patch, 8—A. Brown, 5—A. E. Carpenter, 6—G. E. Jenkins, 7—D. C. Jenkins, 7—K. C. Barnett, 5—M. A. Dole, 4—W. Lloyd, Jr., 8—D. L. Carpenter, 2—G. Brosseau, 7.

So many sent in answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, these cannot be acknowledged.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous American, and the fifth row of letters, by taking every other letter, will spell the name of another famous American. Their names are often associated.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Merry. 2. To sustain. 3. Malicious foes. 4. An intimate associate. 5. To make dear. 6. Penitence. 7. A plan. 8. One distinguished for his skill as a public speaker. 9. Freshest.

LOIS HOLWAY.

A DIAGONAL

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a book beloved by young people.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who keeps house. 2. Of a harsh countenance. 3. In a hankering manner. 4. One who buys and sells horses. 5. Very narrow indeed. 6. One

ZIGZAG. Portulaca. Cross-words: 1. Pansy. 2. Soles. 3. River. 4. Otter. 5. Unite. 6. Place. 7. Arabs. 8. Acorn. 9. Abide.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. First row, Ann Hutchinson; third row, Daniel Webster. 1. Ad-den-da. 2. Ne-are-st. 3. No-nag-ed. 4. He-ire-ss. 5. Un-eat-en. 6. Ta-lip-ot. 7. Co-war-ds. 8. He-ed-uf, fed. 9. Im-bib-er. 10. No-sin-gs. 11. Sa-tin-et. 12. Op-er-a-te. 13. Ne-rei-ds, ire.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS. Cross-words: 1. Baron. 2. Impel. 3. Abash. 4. Honor. 5. Label. 6. Assay. 7. Armor. 8. Ebony. 9. Erase. Upper diamond, Rehobam; lower, Barnabas.

CONNECTED SQUARES: I. 1. Iron. 2. Rove. 3. Oval. 4. Nell. II. 1. Nell. 2. Erie. 3. Lima. 4. Lean. III. 1. Slew. 2. Live. 3. Evil. 4. Well. IV. 1. Well. 2. Erie. 3. Lira. 4. Lean. V. 1. Lean. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Nest. VI. 1. Tram. 2. Rose. 3. Asks. 4. Mess. VII. 1. Nest. 2. Ever. 3. Seta. 4. Tram. VIII. 1. Tape. 2. Away. 3. Pate. 4. Eyes. IX. 1. Nest. 2. Ella. 3. Slap. 4. Tape.

who dresses hair. 7. Freedom from disease. 8. Theatrical representation. 9. A basket for holding scraps of paper. 10. Cordate. 11. One who determines the conditions of a handicap.

EDWARD FOSTER.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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I . . . 3
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4 . . . 2
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5 . . . 6
  
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Certain fruits. 2. Part of a cog-wheel. 3. A dress trimming. 4. Daggers. 5. Homes of birds. 6. Musical instruments. 7. Part of the body. 8. A famous Irish king born in 926 A. D. 9. Stopped.

From 1 to 2, the tops of mountains; from 3 to 4, to color; from 4 to 6, a water nymph; from 2 to 5, part of a church.

WINTHROP B. FIELD.

PEARS'

*Stands
Every
Test*



Try it on yourself or on the beautiful skin of a child. The results are always the same, because it is pure. A hundred years have found Pears' Soap matchless for the complexion.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 81.

Time to hand in answers is up August 25. Prizes awarded in October number.

Special Notice: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

For competition No. 81, we wish to give another chance to the artists among the competitors, and therefore the prizes named below are offered for the best illustration to any one of the following advertisements:

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon.

(Bringing in a new drawing of the little cook.)

Egg-O-See Cereal Company.

(Bringing in a drawing of Toasted Corn Flakes being served at breakfast.)

Diamond Dyes.

(A drawing showing two figures.)

Eastman Kodak Company.

(Either a drawing or a photograph representing the use of a camera by children.)

Peter's Chocolate.

(A drawing of the well-known mountaineer, not a copy of one of the published pictures.)

Ivory Soap.

(A drawing illustrating the fact that the cake will float.)

Libby's Food Products.

(A drawing showing a maid in the usual costume.)

Huyler's Confections.

(A drawing of a child with a box of candy.)

Your drawing must be in black and white, either in outline or in wash, and must not be larger than twelve inches on a side.

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize of \$5.

Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.

Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years of age may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (81). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by August 25, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 81, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 79.

This contest belonged by its nature among those in which the chief requisite in order to win prizes was great care, and yet the judges have regretfully to confess at the very outset of their report that the puzzle as printed in the May number contained two misprints. We do not know how these came through the careful reading that was given to the proofs, but possibly these errors were designed to teach the judges the humility which none of them will confess to be needed. At all events in No. 18 of the combinations Clicquot was printed without the second "c," and the word Pears' had the apostrophe before the "s." Besides these two errors, the name Whitman and the name Waterman were printed without an apostrophe and "s" although it is certain that in nearly every case the possessive of these names is used by the advertisers in connection with the things named.

Thus, having made a frank confession, we are sure of your forgiveness; but at the same time, despite your forgiveness, there remained the question of what is fair toward the competitors misled by these errors. A number of you wrote to make inquiry in regard to them, and were told that in all the competitions correctness was desired even if the error existed in the competition terms themselves.

The judges' first impression was in favor of not counting among the thirty-four terms the two or the four where the printing of the puzzle might have misled you. But as the examination of the hundreds of answers proceeded, it was found that a very large proportion of the competitors had seen and corrected the manuscripts, showing that they had gone to the original advertisements in order to come upon the correct form. It was likewise remembered that in the same number with Competition No. 79 was printed a report pointing out that Pears' should be possessive plural.



“Diamond Dye Days”

Open-window Weather—Just the Day for Dipping—Just the Weather for Drying. Right Now, when Household Tasks are Light—When you have Plenty of Time to Look Ahead toward Fall and Winter—When Everything Favors and Nothing Interferes.

Now is the Pleasantest Time of All the Year for Dyeing with Diamond Dyes

It's Fun to Dye with Diamond Dyes—and This is Why:—

- The work is always finished on the day you begin it.
- Your task can be just as large or just as small as you like.
- You can dye the dress you are going to wear to-morrow—or the overcoat your boy will be wearing this Winter.
- You can dye dresses without ripping them, or taking them apart—without even taking off the trimming.
- You can dye furniture hangings, covers and household draperies, curtains, etc., before putting them away—or you can put them back on the furniture and on curtain-rods the same day.
- You can dye ribbons almost in a minute—wash dresses in *less than an hour*—your whole Winter wardrobe between breakfast time and lunch.—

Pleasure, Interest, and Saving,—
Some Suggestions for these
Diamond Dye Days.

- Change the color of Wash-Dress.
- Change the color of a Summer Waist.
- Change the color of your Ribbons, Stockings, Sashes, etc.
- Change the whole appearance of Your Room, by changing the colors of Furniture Covers, Rugs, Curtains, etc.
- Prepare “New” Cloth for Fall Dressmaking.

Even if your Fall dressmaking will not begin for some weeks, do your Dyeing *to-day*, while the weather is fine, while kitchen windows are wide open, and while the work dries so well in the open air.

You have plenty of time *now* to get the full enjoyment of your Dyeing. Look up the Winter overcoats, cloth skirts, waists, jackets, etc. A few hours' work to-day will double, or triple, the pleasure and ease of your Fall and Winter dressmaking.

Diamond Dyes will do it

“When I first started using Diamond Dyes I occasionally dyed an old waist or skirt in the Fall or Spring. I really did n't appreciate Diamond Dyes then. Now I have what I call my regular Diamond Dye Days. I plan ahead and look over all of our ribbons, stockings, ties, trimmings, waists, skirts,—in fact our entire wardrobe, and select everything that is a little faded or spotted, or old-looking; and then decide on the colors I want for each—usually about three different colors—and dye one color at a time. It is so easy, and although I live in an apartment and have only a small gas stove, I always get through by noon and have my little clothes line full of bright, fresh, new-looking things. I honestly believe that Diamond Dyes are the most delightful and best method of economy I could possibly practice.”

—MRS. C. H. JENKINS, *New York City*

Important Facts about Goods to be Dyed:

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the **real** Diamond Dyes.

Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the **kind** of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye. Beware of substitutes for Diamond Dyes. There are many of them. These substitutes will appeal to you with such false claims as “A New Discovery” or “An Improvement on the Old Kind.” Then the “New Discovery” or the “Improvement” is put forward as “One Dye for all Material,” Wool, Silk or Cotton. **We want you to know that when any one makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods.** Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a Special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up the dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

No dye that will color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool Dye.

Diamond Dyes are anxious for your success the first time you use them. This means your addition to the vast number of women who are regular users of Diamond Dyes. **When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton.** If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE.** Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

At all Reliable Dealers—Insist upon the Genuine

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

As it is impossible to ignore the fact that those answers which corrected these errors showed better work than those which simply copied them without verifying, and as there were two or three times as many competitors who made the corrections as there were prizes to be given out, the judges reluctantly were compelled to give precedence to the corrected lists. We were the more ready to do this because great pains were taken to point out exactly what items should make up a correct answer, and the puzzle was anything but a difficult one. Difficult or not, it proved an exceedingly popular one, both as shown by the number of answers and also by one enthusiastic letter saying that it was the best of all competitions.

We must repeat ourselves in order to assure you once more of the general improvement in the correctness of the answers. The judges are inclined to pat one another upon the back for having taught accuracy to a very large proportion of educated young Americans, for there is a very marked difference in this respect between the earlier competitions and those of to-day.

It was possible to shift about the word "Company," and yet give a correct answer, as the word could be added either to Mead Cycle or to Postum Cereal, but the other "Company" could not be separated from "Bankers Trust," though an attempt was made to attach it to some other articles.

Though these competitions in which the answer is merely a list of names are easy for the competitors, they are very difficult for the judges, since the ranking of the answers depends upon the minutest differences, and sometimes lists have to be gone over again and again before prize-winners can be fairly selected.

Here follow the correct answers, as given by the winner of the First Prize, and then the list of prize-winners in Competition No. 79.

HELEN GILLESPIE (11), ALBANY, GA.

Competition No. 79.

1. Bankers Trust Company.
2. Calox.
3. Chiclets.
4. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.
5. Copley Prints.
6. Crystal Domino Sugar.
7. Diamond Dyes.
8. Dioxogen.
9. Durkee's Salad Dressing.
10. Fairy Soap.
11. Gala Peter.
12. Gillette Safety Razor.
13. Hand Sapolio.

14. Huyler's Licorice Tablets.
15. Ivory Soap.
16. Jap-a-lac.
17. Language-Phone Method.
18. Libby's Pickles.
19. Macbeth Chimneys.
20. Mead Cycle Company.
21. Mennen's Talcum Powder.
22. Miniature Tools.
23. Packer's Tar Soap.
24. Pears' Soap.
25. Pond's Extract.
26. Postum Cereal.
27. President Suspenders.
28. Sanitol.
29. Shawknit Socks.
30. Shredded Wheat.
31. Swift's Premium Ham.
32. Victor Talking Machine.
33. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.
34. Whitman's Chocolate.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS
COMPETITION NO. 79

One First Prize of Five Dollars:

Helen Gillespie (11), Albany, Ga.

Two Second Prizes of Three Dollars Each:

Ruth M. Haggood (16), Hartford, Conn.
Florence M. Lowenhaupt (17), Roselle, N. J.

Three Third Prizes of Two Dollars Each:

Annie Ruth Mays (9), Plainview, Texas.
Louise Evans (15), Bloomington, Ill.
Ruth McMillan (16), Winterset, Iowa.

Ten Fourth Prizes of One Dollar Each:

James Frederick Turner (12).
Mildred Taylor (15).
Beulah Addie Beach (14).
Mary White Pound (14).
Eleanor Whitman Machado (14).
Gretchen M. Gaffga (13).
Gertrude I. Wright (12).
Dorothy Marvin (12).
Agnes Maud Dunshee (12).
Ruth Harris (13).

ROLL OF HONOR

Annabel Rush (13).
Beth Tucker (14).
John Edwards (12).
Helen Le Sueur (12).
George B. Curtis (14).
Emma Wadsworth (14).
Vida T. Graham (14).
Roy Phillips (16).
Beatrice F. Cockle (14).
Clark R. Greene (16).

Competitors whom former prize-winning prevented from taking any but a higher prize in Competition No. 79.

Eleanor S. Brock (15) won \$5 in No. 58.
Elizabeth D. Lord (17) won \$1 in Nos. 21 and 33.
Harlan Depew (16) won \$1 in No. 65.
Christine Fleisher (13) won \$1 in No. 72.
Cassius M. Clay, Jr. (13) won \$1 in No. 72, \$2 in No. 74.
Elsie Nathan (17) won \$2 in No. 70.



Pulling for the Shore!

One of Uncle Sam's Navy boys was given up by the doctor.
His stomach would not retain food or medicine, until a
mess-mate suggested

Grape-Nuts

On this world-famed food and milk he gained about 40 lbs.
in four months and got well.

It requires no "Expert Chemist" to prove that

"THERE'S A REASON" for **Grape-Nuts.**

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A STAMP EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

THESE is no more valuable aid in the building up of a collection of stamps than a good method of making exchanges. Duplicates accumulate rapidly when, as is the case with many collectors, there is some special source of supply like a connection with a commercial or importing house which has a large foreign mail. An opportunity to exchange such duplicates on an equitable basis with other collectors not only builds up a collection rapidly, but also arouses the interest of the collector himself to the highest pitch.

ST. NICHOLAS has a very large number of collectors among its readers, and these have frequently written to know what to do with their duplicates, and to ask if it were not possible to establish some sort of an exchange in connection with the stamp department of the magazine.

The writer of this page will undertake the establishment of an exchange which can be used by collectors to mutual advantage. There has also been arranged an offer of a fine lot of valuable stamps as a basis of such an exchange.

All who desire to participate or to secure further information can do so by addressing the Editor of the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Page.

CLEANING CANCELLED STAMPS

RUSSIA is a country in which there is a great deal of difficulty experienced by the government in preventing the cleaning and re-use of stamps. It is said that in some districts of the empire as much as fifty cents a thousand is paid for used specimens of the ordinary seven- and ten-kopeck stamps in order that they may be subjected to a cleaning process, and sold to those who will use them a second time. The efforts of the authorities to stop this fraud on the government have so far been unavailing. The older issues of stamps in common use were printed in water colors, or in such inks as would not endure a washing process. It is now said that the stamps will be printed with bars of varnish across them similar to the way in which Austrian stamps have been made. The chemicals that are used in the cleaning process will turn this varnish white. Thus, the re-use of stamps is prevented.

THE STAMPS OF HOLLAND

THE stamps of Holland and her colonies form a series very interesting to the collector. There are a number of quite prominent collectors who find enough in the different series of these Dutch issues to employ all the time and attention that they can give to stamps. Three or four different sets of unpaid letter stamps present considerable sameness in a collection, but the detecting of the varieties and the separating of them into the various sets is certainly extremely interesting work. The Queen's head types also, showing the ruler at different periods of her life, are always of great interest.

THE CATALOGUE PRICES OF STAMPS

THE prices of stamps in the catalogue are not in all cases an indication of value. It is surprising how many cheap, yet "hard to get" stamps there are. Old issues sometimes come out in quantity as in the case of remainders, that is, stamps left over from old issues in the possession of the government issuing them. It is found in most cases that some stamps necessary to

make complete sets of these are missing. These may not be high priced stamps, but they immediately become difficult to find and are known among collectors as "hard to get" stamps. Sometimes, also, a stamp has comparatively little use either in or outside of the country issuing it. Such a stamp soon gets into the "hard to get" class, especially if the country issuing it prints very few on account of the small demand for it for postal purposes.

COUNTERFEIT STAMPS

IT is a good thing for the young collector to preserve all the specimens of counterfeit stamps which he gets from time to time. Familiarity with the variations from genuine stamps which these present will teach one the means of detecting the more obvious frauds and prevent being deceived in very many instances. Old collections are very apt to contain counterfeits made by a crude process, such as the wood-block imitation. The roughness of these as compared with the engraved stamp is very plain to any one. Electrotypes also were formerly used a great deal by the counterfeiters, and some very good imitations were put forth. Photographic processes and lithography, however, have produced the most perfect imitations of genuine stamps that have been made. Such counterfeits have indeed deceived even those who have become, by long practice, very expert in the detection of impostures. These fine counterfeits, however, are imitations of rare stamps in nearly all cases so that the young collector is in little danger of being deceived by them. The collector of stamps is in a much better position so far as counterfeits are concerned than collectors of art-objects of various kinds. The frauds that are perpetrated in these lines are many and often undetected, while there are no counterfeit stamps put forth that do not receive instant exposure at the hands of competent experts, who also stand ready to show the facts to any collectors desiring to know.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

☐ The four-penny stamp of the first issue of Tasmania frequently comes cut to shape and it is probable that it was used in this way on letters more frequently than cut square, as stamps were rather a curiosity in the days when this issue was made, and people frequently cut out imperforate stamps very carefully before placing them on their mail. ☐ The Bolivia stamps surcharged E F 1899 have been counterfeited considerably so far as the surcharge is concerned. These were sold to some extent before it was discovered that they were fraudulent, and therefore, specimens should be submitted to an expert before being placed in one's collection. ☐ Wide margins are desirable in imperforate stamps, and unless a specimen is very common it is not advisable to trim it down at all, even to make it fit an ample space in the album. Some very common stamps are very scarce with wide margins and worth many times their ordinary price in this condition. ☐ The syllabic characters on Japanese stamps indicate the numbers of the plates from which they were printed. ☐ Ecuador stamps of the issues of 1882-87 are common in unused condition because they were sold as remainders, some years after their use was discontinued, at much less than face value. ☐ The fifty varieties of New Caledonia stamps of the issue of 1858 come from slight variations in the plate from which they were printed, the lithographic process having been employed.

STAMPS, ETC.



STAMPS—108 different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

116 Stamps all different, including 8 unused Pictorial, and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent, 50 per cent. commission.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.

FREE 40 U. S. from 1851 to 1902 for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 110 all diff. and album 10c. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

10c. Sets British Colonials—ALL DIFFERENT. 6 Gold Coast, 6 Barbados, 7 Hong Kong, 4 Lagos, 4 Nigeria, 10 Jamaica, 6 Mauritius, 5 Bermuda, 6 Malay, 6 Trinidad. Copy Colonial Stamp News and catalog free with order. Stamps bought and exchanged. **COLONIAL STAMP CO., 953 E. 53d, Chicago.**

UNUSED CUBAN STAMPS FREE— 7 VARIETIES, old issues, for the names and addresses of three active stamp collectors. Send 2-cent stamp for postage. **OLD COLONY STAMP CO., Dept. A, P. O. Box 59, Milford, Conn.**

FREE A BEAUTIFUL STAMP BADGE for the names of several stamp collectors and return postage. 1000 foreign, 14c.; 30 diff. Sweden, 10c.; 12 diff. Austria, 4c. Catalog pricing all stamps, 10c.; 6 diff. China, 10c. Write for our List of DEALERS' OUTFITS, and other Lists. **TIFFIN STAMP CO., Sta. "A," 116a, St., Columbus, O.**



STAMP ALBUM with 588 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Acrs. Wro., 50 per cent. Big bargain list, \$1; coupons and a set of rare stamps worth \$0c. **ALL FREE! We Buy Stamps.** **C. E. HUSSMAN CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.**

GREENBACKS Pack of \$1,376 Im't Confederate Bills and present roc.; 3 packs 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry. **C. A. Nichols, Jr., Box 74, Chili, N. Y.**

Stamps Free 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.**

DID YOU SEE

our 1/4-page advertisement in the June St. NICHOLAS? We offered some really good stamps (cat. value \$6.75) to each new subscriber to REDFIELD'S STAMP WEEKLY. The offer is still good. "REDFIELD'S" only costs 50 cents a year—less than a cent a week. If you collect stamps you cannot afford to be without it. Why not send in your subscription? The **Redfield Publishing Co., 759 Main St., Smetport, Pa.**



STAMPS! Boys make money during vacation trading in stamps! We help you—our Surprise packet, 1000 assorted fine, many odd, including Malay, Newfoundland, etc., only 15c. Special—fine set unused worth 24c. Free! Album, lists, coupons, free! Agents wtd. 50 per cent. **E. J. Schuster Co., Dept. 8, St. Louis, Mo.**

FREE!

Montenegro 1874 7n cat. 35c.; S. Ujong 2c. (tiger) cat. 20c.; Persia 1903 10k cat. 25c., and 15 others as good. Any one of them free to new approval customers. Our 60% discount sheets are the finest in the world. Over \$40,000 worth of stamps kept in stock for our 60% selections. Lists free. Write now. **W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., Glastonbury, Ct.**

BARGAINS Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 4 Labuan; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 7 Dutch Indies. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free. **CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City.**

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

52 DIFFERENT, including China and unused Cuba, for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send 2-cent stamp for postage, Edgewood Stamp Co., Dept. X, Milford, Conn.

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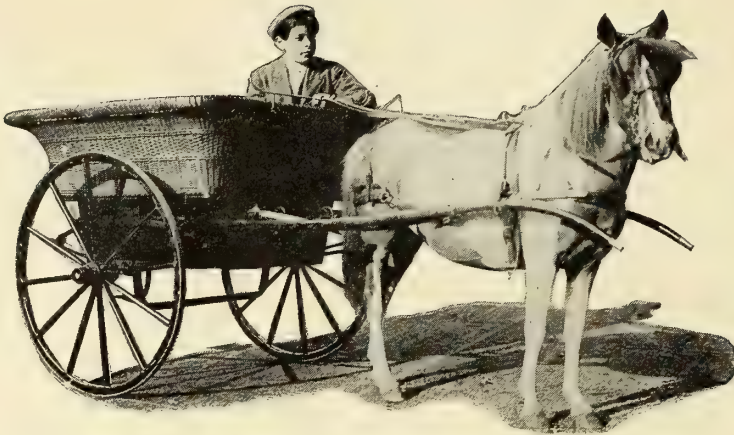
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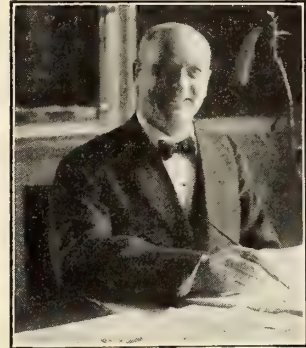
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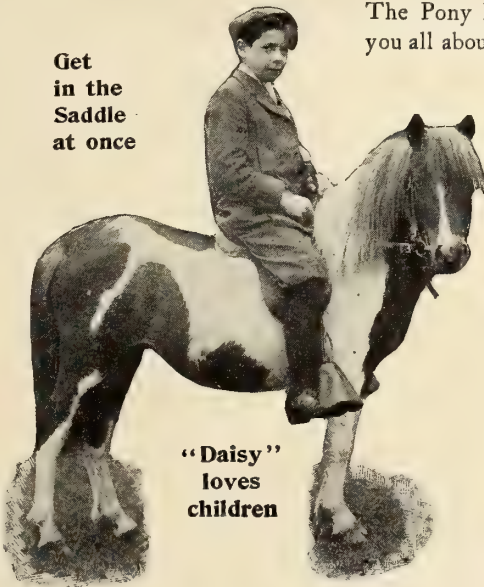
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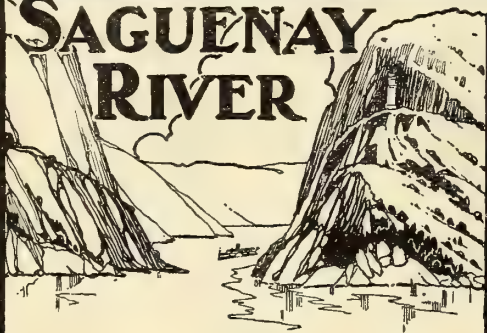
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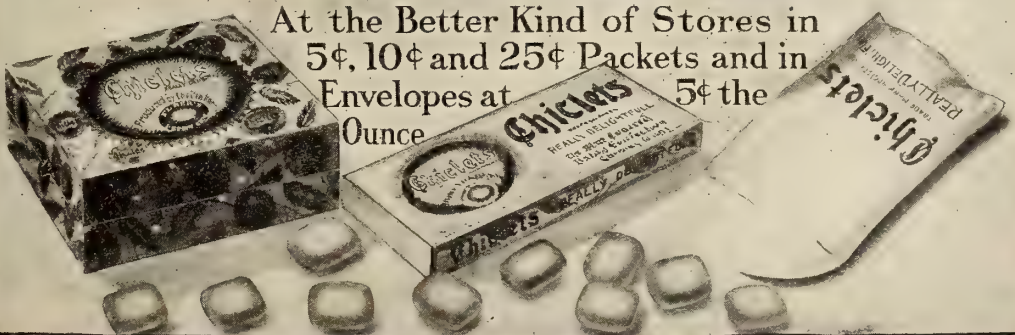


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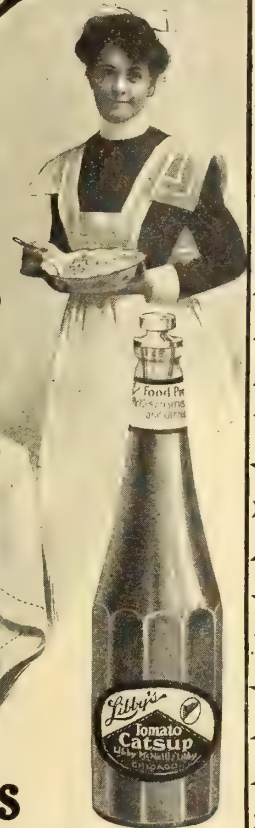
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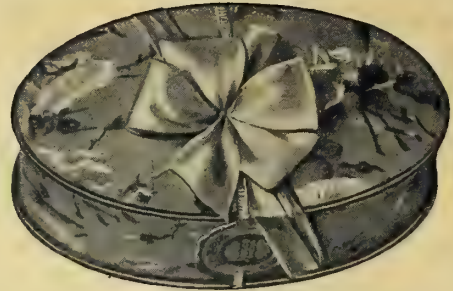
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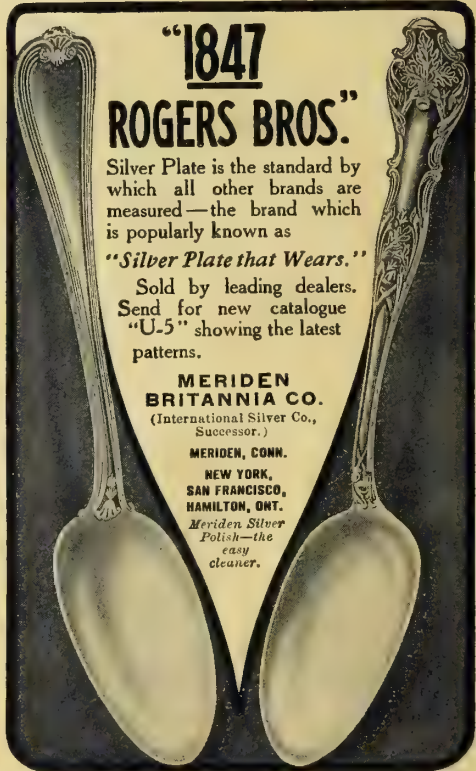
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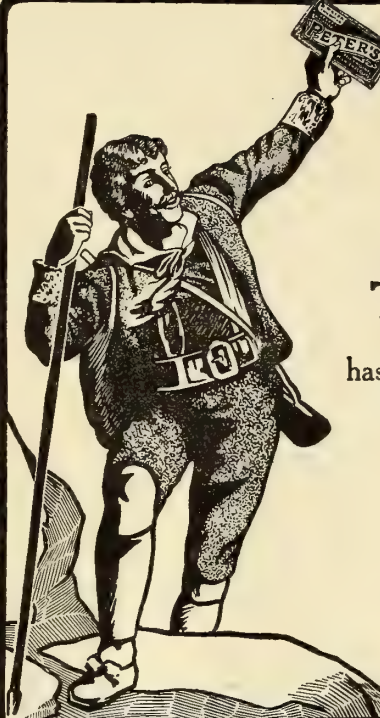
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A BREEZY AUGUST MORNING.

Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS by George T. Tobin.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV

AUGUST, 1908

No. 10



By MARGARET JOHNSON.

It had been so slow in coming that it did seem as if it must have lingered on purpose—the provoking, dilly-dally Day which had glimmered like a star down an endless vista of ordinary, every-other days; and then, after keeping them all on pins and needles of anxiety lest it should rain or snow or broil or blow, as days have ways of doing in our fickle clime, it turned out, as it probably meant to do all the time, a blue, bright, soft, sunny, perfectly dazzling Day.

“A *darling* day!” said Dositia, coming down to breakfast with eyes as bright as the last of yesterday’s raindrops twinkling in the sun. And Rob nodded a vigorous assent, his mouth full of cakes and syrup.

It might have been supposed that it was Cousin Alicia’s Day, Cousin Alicia being the bride; but everybody knows that being the bride’s maid of honor is next door, at least, to being the bride herself.

“If, indeed, it is n’t even *more* important,” said Cousin-Ralph-to-be, who dropped in while the Harrises were at breakfast, with his best man, Mr. Tompkins. “You see, Dodo, you’re the only person to walk up the aisle all by yourself, and the only one, as I understand it, to wear a peach-blow gown. All the rest wear just plain white—

even the bride. As if anybody could n’t wear white, any time! And then, the responsibility!—the bride’s bouquet, and her train, and her smelling-salts,—oh, well, she might need them! It’s a good thing you have a trusty little head on your shoulders. I only wish Mr. Tompkins were half as reliable!”

“I *am*,” protested Mr. Tompkins, aggrieved. “*Quite* as reliable! Except that I’m a little—sometimes—just a little absent-minded.”

“A little!” echoed the bridegroom. “Hear the man! I give you my word, he’s afraid now that he’ll mislay me somewhere before the ceremony, and not know where to put his hand on me when the time comes!”

Cousin-Ralph-to-be tried his best to frown, and failing, went on looking as if the world was all made of chocolate ice-cream, and he was just about to sit down and eat it up. This simile was Rob’s, and was much applauded by Mr. Tompkins.

“Miss Dodo looks a good deal that same way,” he remarked, glancing at Dositia’s sparkling face.

“Huh!” observed Harold, loftily, “that’s because she’s going to a ball-wedding—a ball-wedding of the world!”

Harold was seven, and was a little bitter, as

well as lofty, because he was going to be left behind. Dosia's hands would be full enough, Mrs. Harris had declared, without having her little brother falling downstairs or getting lost—Harold was forever getting lost—out at Cloverfields. Mrs. Harris herself was away, traveling in the South with her invalid husband, and Rob and Dosia were taking care of each other and of Harold, with trusty Nora to look after them all.

"Never mind, dear," said Dosia, soothingly. "Be a good boy, and you shall go to a wedding, too, some—"

"Honk! honk!" Mr. Tompkins's automobile was tooting merrily at the door, and every one jumped up to look out.

"I'm going to take Ralph up in the machine," cried Mr. Tompkins. "I can keep my eye on him that way. And mind you and Rob take an early train, Miss Dodo, so that you will have plenty of time to put on that peachblow gown!"

"We will!" cried Dosia, sparkling more than ever as she thought of what Rob called her "trousseau," the lovely, lovely peachblow chiffon, with all its dainty accessories, which her mother had finished and left ready for her to put into the suit case.

Up the stairs she flew, with Harold at her heels, and wedding-bells already ringing blithely in her ears. Oh, but the Day had hardly begun as yet! It might have laughed in its sleeve at the thought of all that might still happen before its hours were over! Scarcely had the last fold of rosy gauze been tucked away in its place when Nora appeared at the door, her apron at her eyes.

"Sure, Miss Dosia," she said, choking, "'t is bad luck to be throublin' you this day! But I've a message from me sisher in Jersey, an' she's that sick that I'll have to be goin' to her at oncet. It may be only the night I'm gone, an' it may be more; but I can cook ye up a bit of something to last over, an' Harold can go wid me an' be fetched back in the mornin'."

For one fervent heart-beat Dosia hoped against hope. Then Harold's voice rose beside her.

"I'm goin' to a wedding!" he announced rapturously. "I'm goin'—you said I could, Dodo. You said—"

"I said *some* day!" pleaded Dosia, "and you'll get lost! You always do!"

"No, sir!" declared Harold, proudly. "I never! It is n't very advisable of you not to take me, I don't think, Dodo Harris! When my froat's sore and I never was to a ball-wedding in my life, and my muvver's away—!"

Tears threatened. For a moment Dosia hesitated, a big cloud hanging over her beautiful Day. Then she rallied bravely.

"Don't cry, dear!" she said, hastily. "Be good, and you shall go! Nora, do make us up some cookies or something—Rob *must* have enough to eat! I'll pack your bag for you; and I've got to dress Harold and help Rob and—"

Dear, dear, how the time did fly, and how much there was to do! Rob lost his collar-button and discovered a rip in his glove and was as fussy as a girl about his necktie and his pin and his "wedding hat"; and Harold balked and hindered at every step of his difficult toilet.

"Keep still *one* minute, dear!" begged Dosia, fastening his collar distractedly under one ear. "Rob, carry down Nora's suit case, will you? And set mine in the hall, and get—"

Honk! honk! The automobile tooted again merrily without. "We're off!" shouted Mr. Tompkins, putting his head in at the front door.

"This your suit case, Miss Dodo? We'll take it along, and then you won't have anything to carry but the baby!"

He was off, in the midst of a protesting roar from Harold. Then the toilets were finished, lunch was eaten, Nora was left to shut up the house, and after a wild final scurry to catch the train, Dosia found herself, exhausted but safe, flying away through the sunshine toward Cloverfields.

An hour, more or less, and then there was the church, there was the wide old house, there was the velvety green between, across which the bridal party was to walk, in pretty rural fashion. On the very threshold the wedding gaiety leaped out and caught them. Everywhere was sunshine and fragrance and the delicious stir of expectancy and excitement. Bridesmaids were arriving by twos and threes, caterers were bustling to and fro, and servants hurrying to obey their orders, lorded over by black Dinah, one beam of complacency and importance; expressmen were driving up with packages; ushers were appearing from everywhere and nowhere, and begging to be told exactly what they must do; Aunt Esther, majestic, eagle-eyed, indefatigable, was directing matters from garret to cellar, and continually stumbling over poor, dear, handsome Uncle George, who had n't the least idea what to do himself, and was forever getting in the way of everybody else. And in the midst of it all, dear Cousin Alicia, serene, laughing, dimpled, looking like any flower herself in her little blue gingham frock, was as unruffled by the flurry about her as if it had been black Dinah's wedding instead of her own.

"I've lived in a breeze all my life," she declared, "and I expect to get married in a breeze. It would n't seem natural any other way. You're

to have the blue room to dress in, Dodo, dear—a room to herself for my little peachblow maid of honor! Look at the presents? Yes; and go up whenever you like. Your bag is there."

A song came bubbling over Dosithea's lips, when she ran up the stairs at last. Cousin Alicia was so dear, everything was so gay, so delightful! Harold was safe with Dinah. Her Day *was* beautiful after all!

It was early to dress yet, but she would just

There was no mistake as to the hopelessness of the situation. Everybody realized that, at once. When Dosithea flew down to the parlor to tell Aunt Esther, it happened that everybody, except the bride, was there, gathered for some last consultation, and after the first moment of speechless dismay, everybody began to make suggestions, all at once, and all equally frantic and impossible. Could n't they send back and get the other suit case? Could n't they telephone and



"THERE WAS NO MISTAKE AS TO THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE SITUATION."

shake out her gown and have it ready. Lips smiling, eyes shining, heart too full to notice what hands were doing, she unstrapped the suit case, threw it open—and fell back, gasping, on the bed.

Instead of peachblow chiffon, prim, starched folds of purple calico; instead of tiny, high-heeled slippers, stout Number Seven shoes; instead of lawn and lace and all the fripperies of her "trousseau," the sensible and frugal outfit which she had herself packed that morning for Nora's visit to her sister! Rob in his haste—oh, it was plain enough—had set Nora's bag instead of hers in the hall, and Mr. Tompkins had gone off with it unsuspecting.

have Nora bring it? Could n't somebody lend Dosithea a gown? Could n't she go as she was?—that was dear, kind, dim-sighted Uncle George! Everybody knew all the time that it was really too late to go or send back, as Nora would have left the house by this time, taking the other bag with her; and nobody had a suitable dress to lend; and as for going as she was—Dosithea turned pink at the thought. Cousin Alicia's maid of honor in a dark-blue traveling-suit, and clumping common-sense shoes!

"I just can't be in it, I guess," she said bravely, though not quite steadily. "It's all right, only—poor Cousin Alicia!"

"I should say so!" cried Cousin-Ralph-to-be.

"Who 's to hold her bouquet, I should like to know, and her smelling-salts and all that?"

"Could n't you hustle round and get another maid of honor?" ventured Rob, from the remote corner where he hovered in a vague and ineffectual anguish.

"Great—Moses!" said Cousin-Ralph-to-be. "I should as soon think of hustling round to get another bride! It 's to be Dosia or nobody, I can tell you that! If it comes to the worst, I suppose

we had that lawn-party in May. Cheesecloth makes lovely drapery, and I 'm all dressed, and we 've got two hours and more before the wedding, and if you 'll let me have a needle and thread, I 'm pretty sure I can gobble up something—"

She paused inquiringly. Aunt Esther looked as if she was going to faint away. As for Dosia, she turned white instead of pink. Cousin Alicia's maid of honor in gobbled-up cheesecloth! What, oh, what had become of her beautiful Day! She felt that she was going to burst into tears, and very likely she might have done so, had not Harold, escaped from Dinah, providentially fallen downstairs at that moment, and come rolling in at the parlor door.

With this distraction of her thoughts, Dosia had a sudden vision of Cousin Alicia's bright face, and bethought herself that the only reason why she was the maid of honor at all was that dear Cousin Alicia loved her, and wanted her, and that it did n't matter in the least what became of her Day, so long as dear Cousin Alicia's Day was unclouded; and she laughed, too, and took Miss Minnie by the hand.

"Come!" she said. "Let 's go and gobble up the cheesecloth; and if it won't do—*you* can take the bride's bouquet!"

If her voice faltered a little on that, nobody—except Rob—noticed the fact. There were other things to think of besides the little maid of honor, and, after all, they *could* get on without her. Everybody melted out of the parlor. Aunt Esther bustled away to dress the bride. Mr. Tompkins bore Cousin-Ralph-to-be to the house next door where they had rooms—to take a nap, he averred. Miss Minnie and Dosia went up to the garret, accompanied by Harold; and Rob, left by himself, wandered



"'WHAT IS IT?' PANTED ROB, DASHING INTO THE HOUSE AND RUNNING PLUMP INTO DOSIA ON THE STAIRS." (SEE PAGE 872.)

Alicia can just throw her bouquet on the floor, and Tompkins can pick it up when he 's through with the ring. But, look here, I should think, among you, you might rig up some kind of a dress—"

"We can!" Miss Minnie, one of the gauzy white bridesmaids, spoke up suddenly. "Mrs. Morris, there 's a lot of white cheesecloth up in your garret, I know. Alicia and I used it when

out on the veranda and scowled furiously at the sunshine.

To all appearances the Day was as beautiful as ever. Doubtless it was so regarded by some people. *He* knew well enough how Dosia was feeling about it! Nobody else knew, or cared, apparently. If anything was to be done about the matter, he was the one to do it; and something must be done, there was no question about that.

He sat down on the steps and cast about him wildly for an idea. Usually he had ideas in plenty, good ones, too; but in relation to the present problem, his mind so far was a blank. He gazed desperately up and down the street, at the pretty houses set back among their trees and lawns. It was maddening to think how many chiffon gowns there probably were just going to waste behind those heartless walls! He imagined himself going up to their doors, one after the other, and saying politely: "Mrs. Smith," or Jones or Robinson, according to the name on the door-plate, "could I trouble you for a bridesmaid's outfit, complete, for a girl going on fifteen, with blue eyes and—" Pshaw, it would never do! If it was a drink of water he wanted, now, or a bicycle pump!

Coming suddenly out of a daze of distraction, he perceived Mr. Tompkins standing near with an air of friendly concern.

"What 's up, old man?" inquired that gentleman. "Anything you want?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rob, prompt but gloomy, "there is. I want a pink chiffon gown—quick!"

"You do, do you!" cried Mr. Tompkins, heartily. "Well now, to tell you the truth, so do I!"

"If there was a little more time," pursued Rob, still gloomy, but with vehemence, "I 'd go and chase that suit case! I 'd run it down *some*-where! It 's a shame," he burst out suddenly. "If they knew how she 's been looking forward to this thing, for a year, more or less, and all her little duds ready, and it would n't have happened if she had n't been so busy looking after Nora and Harold and all of us—and now—!"

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Tompkins, warmly. "If it was my wedding, I 'd call it off on the spot!"

That was something like sympathy! Rob revived; and Mr. Tompkins sat down on the step beside him. "You think there 's a chance," he said, "that you could find the thing? I 'd take you down in my machine, but I sent it back to town, and there is n't another to spare. I can't leave, anyway—would n't be here now if I had n't Ralph locked up in his room and on his word of honor not to try to get out. There 's the railroad."

"I know," said Rob, briefly. "Next train leaves at 2:10, and return gets here at 4:20. Wedding 's at 4:30, and Aunt Esther would n't have it half a minute late,—even to please Cousin Alicia!"

A gleam came into Mr. Tompkins's eye.

"Cousin Ralph is going to have her all the rest of his life," pursued Rob, bitterly. "I should think he might wait five minutes now!"

"Fifteen," said Mr. Tompkins, "if necessary."

This time Rob saw the gleam, and caught fire. "If Nora *had n't* carried off the suit case," he breathed, "and if there was any way of holding this thing back, even for so long—!"

"Where there 's a Will, there 's a way," softly observed Mr. Tompkins, whose first name was William.

Rob's face spread into a delighted grin. "I believe you!" he said, with conviction.

"There are so many things," mused Mr. Tompkins, sadly, "so *many* things that are liable to happen just at the last minute, especially if one is a little absent-minded! And—there 's Harold. I believe, if I were you, I 'd take the chance. And I 'd take that automobile," he added, abruptly. "It 's going to meet somebody at the station now. Hi yi, there! Hold on!"

"Hi yi!" yelled Rob, wildly. He jammed on his hat, dashed down the path, and flung himself into the moving machine beside the astonished chauffeur.

"Good luck!" shouted Mr. Tompkins. "Honk! honk!" answered Rob, hoarsely, with the horn. And he was off.

THE hands of the clock in the church-tower moved neither faster nor slower for all the flurry below, and moment by moment the hour appointed for the wedding drew on. The florist put the last touch to the blossoming chancel. The organist took his place in the choir. The steps overflowed with the bright dresses of the arriving guests, and the aisles murmured with the hum of voices and the stir of feet.

Over in the blue room at the house, Dosa looked at herself in the glass and gave a final twitch to the gobbled-up cheesecloth. It sagged down on one side and hooped up on the other. Its hasty stitches gaped here and there, and its defects were but partially hidden by the white ribbon borrowed from the florist's stock. It was a credit to Miss Minnie, all things considered, but—! Dosa shook herself severely. What did it matter? What did anything matter, so long as dear Cousin Alicia was satisfied?

Slipping down the stairs, she caught sight of a radiant vision through an open door, and Cousin Alicia's own voice called her softly from within. For one wonderful moment she was held close to the heart of all that bridal whiteness and sweetness, under the misty folds of the bridal veil.

"Do you *mind* a cheesecloth maid of honor?" she whispered, against Cousin Alicia's cheek.

"I *love* her!" came the fervent answer.

What, what! Aunt Esther, magnificent in silver-gray satin, stood, amazed, in the door. Only ten minutes to the time, and Alicia standing there,

hugging her little cousin, as if there were no such thing as getting married in the world! A breeze, a gust, swept through the house. There was a flutter of bridesmaids and a rush of ushers. The bride descended the stairs, with Dinah holding her train. Were they all there? Was everything ready? Where was the bridegroom? 'Oh, *he* was on hand. Where was Mr. Tompkins, then? Where was—?

The clock in the church-tower struck half past four. A rustle went through the church, and then a hush. Heads were turned and ears strained. But the organ went on playing "Traü-merci," softly, sweetly, and nothing but the breeze came floating in at the wide doors.

Down at the station, the arriving train had brought one belated wedding-guest. Dusty, disheveled, wild-eyed, hatless, but armed with a dress suit case, to which he clung desperately, he bounded into a carriage and demanded to be driven to Cloverfields in less than no time.

Fast as the carriage went, it slowed up a trifle in turning the corner by the church, and without waiting for it to stop, he leaped out, fell in a heap on top of the suit case, picked himself up without waiting to shake the dust off it or himself, and rushed on.

The organ was still playing "Traümerci," softly, sweetly. Nobody was on the church steps or the porch. All was sunny, peaceful, waiting. But beyond, across the green—what had happened there? The house seemed to be shedding bridesmaids on all sides. They fluttered out into the sunshine like white butterflies, and here and there an usher darted among them like a distracted black beetle. On the end of the porch appeared Aunt Esther, waving her arms and pointing in majestic excitement hither and thither, and through the parlor window Cousin Alicia could be seen, standing like a lily under the white mist of her veil.

"What is it?" panted Rob, dashing into the house and running plump into Dositia on the stairs.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands fervently. "Rob! is n't it *just* what we might have expected! We're not frightened, because of course, he's *always* lost; but Cousin Alicia says she should never forgive herself if she got married while he's down the well or up the chimney or—oh, did n't I tell you?—it's Harold—they can't find him—they—*Rob!* Is that my—"

"Your trousseau!" gasped Rob. "Take it!—here, wait, I'll carry it up for you. Get it on! hustle! don't stop to breathe! I'll send somebody to hook you. If you can do it in ten minutes—!"

"But—Harold!"

"Don't worry!" There was a curious sound,

half choke, half chuckle, in Rob's throat. "He'll be found. Mr. Tompk-k- No, it's not hysterics, it's just the dust. Mr. Tompkins will find Harold! Go!"

Reassured, though bewildered, she went. Ten minutes—! She could have done it in two, if necessary. Three bridesmaids flew up to help her. They tore open the suit case and out tumbled everything that her eyes had so longed to see. Off came the gobbled-up cheesecloth, and on went the peachblow chiffon, the silk stockings, the little rosy slippers and the long white gloves. Before the last hook was fastened, a soft rush sounded from below, and a chorus of soft shrieks, with Harold's voice above them, lifted in shrill, indignant protest, and silenced by somebody's gentle but peremptory hand.

"Found!" cried Rob, jubilantly, flying up-stairs as the bridesmaids flew down. "Did n't I tell you? Now then, Dositia! The wedding's on! One, two,—*are—you—READY?*"

"Ready!" echoed Dositia, floating out to meet him like a little rose-colored cloud, crowned by a radiant peach-blossom of a face. Downstairs she flew, greeted by oh's and ah's of admiration. In a trice the procession formed. The organ, over at the church, brooded for a moment among hushed, expectant harmonies, and then broke softly into the first thrilling notes of the bridal music; and out into the sunshine stepped the white bridesmaids and the lily-white bride, and between them, her heart keeping time with her happy feet, walked the little peachblow maid of honor.

It was not till all the breathless, joyous afternoon was over, till the last handful of confetti had been thrown, and Cousin Alicia had waved her handkerchief for the last time from the window of the carriage which bore her away with really-truly-Cousin-Ralph from the watching group on the green, that Dositia, turning to walk back to the house, found Rob beside her, and fell upon him with all her pent-up wonder.

"Tell me, Rob!" she cried. "*How* did it happen? *Who* did it?"

"Why, a little of everybody, I guess," said Rob, understanding. "Pretty much everybody was in it, first and last, even to the conductors and chauffeurs; they all but stood on their heads to help, when they knew what was up. We had to hold the wedding back a little, of course; that was why Mr. Tompkins lost Harold."

"Mr. Tompkins—lost Harold—!" Dositia's eyes were wide.

"Well, he—mis-laid him, I guess," chuckled Rob. "He's a little absent-minded, you know!"

Anyway, he found him again pretty quick, when the time came. He 's a brick, Mr. Tompkins is. And so 's Nora. Did n't I meet her coming up

"And you, Rob!" cried Dosia. "How can I ever thank you enough? You went all the way down there and back! You must have *flown!*"



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

the steps with that suit case, after I 'd ransacked the house for it? And had n't she lugged it all the way back from the ferry when she found out the mistake, just on the chance that we 'd send?"

"Flown!" Rob heaved a sigh that sent the rose-leaves flying. "You just ought to have seen me! I thought one time I 'd never breathe again —and lost my wedding hat into the bargain! I

tell you what, Dodo, I hope you enjoyed yourself, but it 's a good thing we don't have a wedding in the family *every* day! If we did, there would n't be enough left of me to—"

"Rob!" said Dosia, and her eyes were so dewy with tears that they fairly made rainbows of the

laughter sparkling through. "Rob! you are *dear!* Everybody is dear! It has been a *darling* day!"

And even as she spoke, over in the west, where the sun was just setting, the Day sent out a great golden smile, as if in answer, and went peacefully to sleep among its primrose clouds.



POINTS OF VIEW

ELAINE HARRISON

I 'M glad I 'm a girl, and never need go
 Out on that endless sea;
 Its heart 's too wide and its hurrying tide
 Might never turn for me.
 'T is nicer to sit on the warm, dry land
 And hear the soft waves lap the sand.

Let the boys brave the wind and the foam
If they must fortunes win,—
I'll be on the wharf to welcome them home
When their ships come sailing in.

I'm glad I'm a boy,—the jolly sea
Calls me the whole day through.
Soon will the hour come for me
To launch upon the blue.
Rigged and ready! I see it now —
Stiff-set sails and a cleaving prow!
Hurrah for the ports I'll touch before
I take the homeward tack!
And think of the gifts for the girls ashore
When I come beating back!



A BOY'S PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC

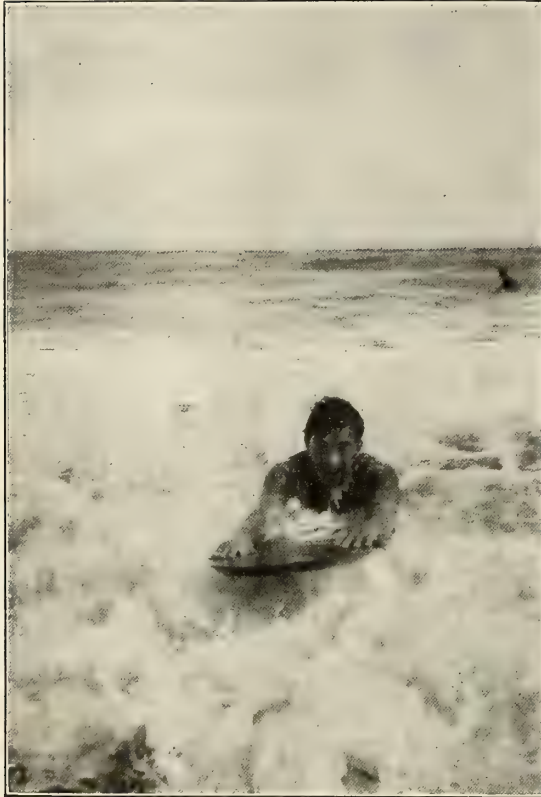
BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

HAWAII is the land of sports for boys and girls. Approach Honolulu by steamer, and at first sight of the breakers on the reef the eye is arrested by little specks upon the waves that, examined

course, is a sport in which every one, old or young, indulges in Hawaii, our island territory. Even the small dogs are taught by the native boys and girls to burrow for the crabs in the mud at low tide. In fact, the chief sports of the boys and girls in Hawaii to-day are those that have descended to them from the old Hawaiians, who have long since abandoned play for work. Surf-board-riding was once the pride of the chiefs, and to this day only native Hawaiians can infallibly steer an outrigger canoe through the raging surf, although the small white boys of Honolulu are sometimes successful in the smaller canoes and in comparatively calm weather.

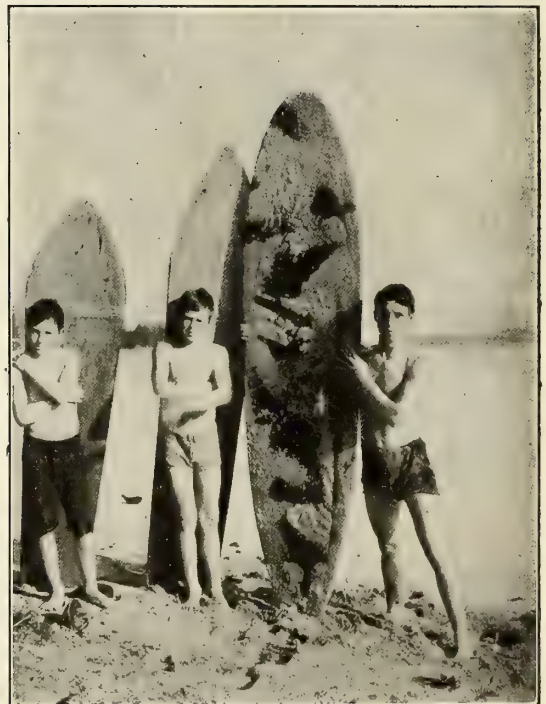
Then there were the famous mountain slides down which the most athletic of the Hawaiian braves used to hurl themselves. This sport survives to-day only on the hillsides where the white boys use ti leaves in place of the ancient native land-sleds.

Foot-diving from great heights is still a pas-



SURF-RIDING. LEARNING TO KEEP THE PLANK IN FRONT OF THE WAVE.

through the glasses, prove to be small boys, black and white, standing erect upon the foaming crests—the surf-riders. At the dock are a score or more brown-skinned lads ready to dive for dimes and nickels which the passengers are invited to throw overboard. On the wharf are women and girls with leis (wreaths) of brilliant flowers to throw about the necks of those who land, and the young girls a-horseback in those long, gorgeous, flowing robes are the Paa-u-riders, for Paa-u-riding is the girls' sport in Hawaii, as diving and surf-riding are the special delight of the boys, although some of the little native girls are as skilful at these aquatic sports as were their mothers before them,—when they were girls. Fishing, of



HAWAIIAN BOYS AND THEIR SURF-BOARDS.

time of living Hawaiian princes. Few others attempt it, and the white boy is usually quite will-

ing to watch the native try his remarkable aquatic leap, foot foremost, while *he* plunges into the water, head first. The white lad has taught the native boy to play base-ball, and the native has taught his fair-skinned American cousin all the sports of his forefathers.

In Hawaii the Japanese children outnumber the whites and natives combined; the Chinese children are as numerous, and the Portuguese, who

Point one end and smooth the edges all round and you have a surf-board. Next you must learn to



A SURF-RIDER STANDING.

are in a class by themselves, more than equal the number of American-born children in Hawaii; yet it is the white children only who have successfully mastered the Hawaiian sports. I was more than amused when learning to ride the surf-board to notice that the Japanese seemed never able to acquire the difficult knack, while the small white boy very quickly became more adept than the native himself.

Most of the surf-board-riding on the island of Oahu is done at Waikiki Beach, just outside of Honolulu. Here the small boy keeps his surf-board, and even little girls and young ladies sometimes try to learn the secret of keeping the little plank going before the wave. I will tell you the secrets of the art as I learned them from the small boys of Waikiki.

First get a two-inch plank six or seven feet long by about a foot or even sixteen inches wide.



KEEPING JUST BEHIND THE BREAKER.

send her shooting through the water. This requires developing certain muscles. For first you lie flat on the board on the water, learn to balance yourself, then send your arms flying around like a pair of windmills. At first you will grow very weary and your ribs at the chest where they rest on the board will pain you, but persevere and in a few days you will begin to acquire the neces-



A NATIVE HAWAIIAN BOY ON HIS SURF-BOARD.

sary stroke and learn to balance yourself. Within a week or two, new muscle will develop, and you

will be able to send your board speeding through the water.

Now for a try. Start out for the great long



"COASTING" DOWN A WAVE.

rollers beyond the breakers. As the waves roll over you, duck the bow of your board and cut through. Once out where the rollers begin to form, be on your board until one comes with a feathered edge, usually the third in a series. Just before it reaches you, paddle with all speed as if to escape it; if you have judged the right moment and are speeding your board fast enough, the oncoming billow will carry you before it, and on that great sloping wall of water you keep sliding down and down never reaching the bottom of the briny hill. Then the wave breaks and before it you go flying with the speed of a cannon ball toward the sandy beach; throw your legs to the right if you wish to turn to the right, and to the left if in the other direction. Keep your arms out rigid, clasped to the bow of your board if lying down, or if you wish to rise to your feet, do so in the flash of a second and then balance yourself.

That is all there is to riding a surf-board, but, oh, what long and tedious trying it takes to put

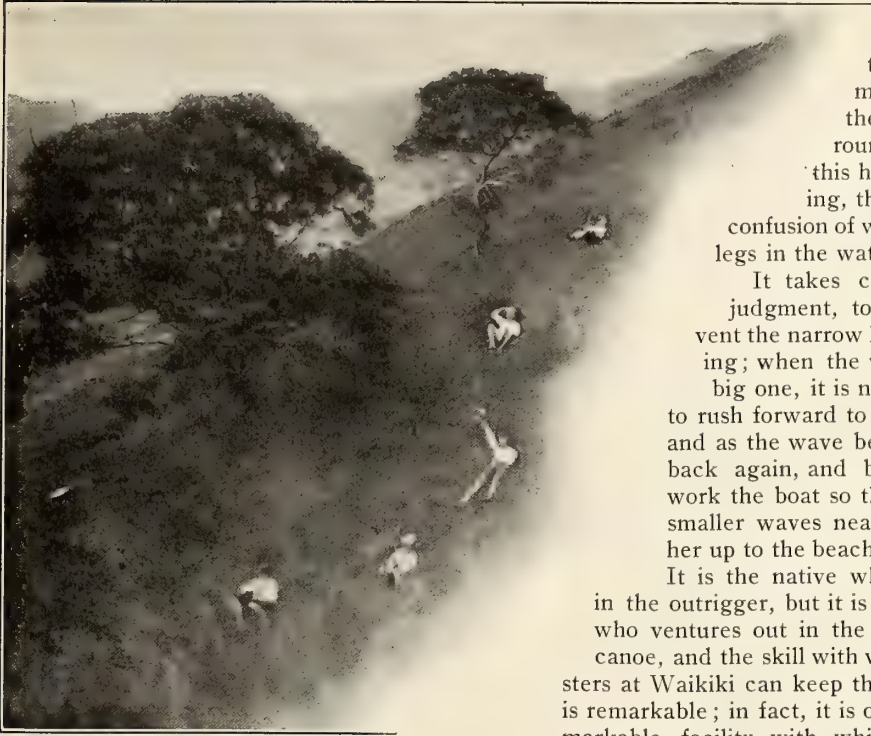
these simple rules into successful practice. I am certain that I gave four hours a day to the sport for nearly three months, before I could ride standing, either upon the crest of the wave or before it, but my advice to every small boy who has the opportunity, is: Learn to ride a surf-board. It is the king of sports.

The small boy at Waikiki does not stop at surf-boarding; he delights, when the waves are high, to startle new-comers, by giving exhibitions of body surfing, that is, he uses his body as a surf-board and comes in with a wave, only his head appearing through the wall of water. It is a difficult feat, and one which I succeeded in accomplishing but once, and then by accident. My board, almost caught before a wave, sank back and lifted to the crest, and remained there despite all my efforts to thump her down to the hollow below. Suddenly the rushing waters about me lifted me bodily from my board and hurled me forward through the air to the briny valley. I thought only of the light board that in front, freed from my weight, I feared would leap up into the air and dive down, perhaps on my head. My arms became rigid and half raised before me, while my head went down. I struck the smooth water, slid upon its surface, felt my feet raised on the hill of water behind me, then a mad rush of foam about me, like a man shot from a catapult. I kept going, how far I know not, but it was a long, long swim back to my board. Yet



STEERING A HAWAIIAN OUTRIGGER CANOE THROUGH THE SURF.

body surfing seemed simplicity itself when indulged in by the Waikiki small boys who spend half their life in the water, and swim like fishes.



SUMMER COASTING IN HAWAII.

The native boy of Hawaii takes to the outrigger canoe; not that his light-skinned compatriots do not also go in for this thrilling sport, but when there are large waves to encounter, it is usually a native boy who holds the paddle that guides and keeps the craft from turning broadside to the wave and swamping.

Surf-boarding is a bathing-suit pastime, for the sport ends in a swim. Four or five boys is the usual load for a small outrigger; patiently the crew waits, half a mile from shore, for a great roller, then as it comes rolling in, the shouting and paddling become fast and furious. Every muscle is put into play as the broad native paddles are dipped into the water. If sufficient speed is attained the boat tilts up on the approaching billow and speeds downhill like the

wind. Nothing can now stop her, unless the arm of the steersman fails him, and then the outrigger swings round to the wave, and if this happens as she is breaking, there is an upset and a confusion of wildly-waving arms and legs in the water.

It takes considerable skill, and judgment, too, sometimes, to prevent the narrow little bark from swamping; when the wave breaks, if it is a big one, it is necessary for every one to rush forward to the bow of the canoe, and as the wave begins to die out, work back again, and by a pumping motion work the boat so that she will catch the smaller waves near shore that will carry her up to the beach, and strand her there.

It is the native who acts as steersman in the outrigger, but it is usually the white lad who ventures out in the surf in a light canvas canoe, and the skill with which even tiny youngsters at Waikiki can keep these before the waves, is remarkable; in fact, it is only equaled by the remarkable facility with which the little paddler sometimes leaps from his bark when a wave that is too big for him begins to roll his boat over and over toward the shallows. Altogether it is hard to say which is "the better man" in a boat in Hawaiian



COASTING ON TI LEAVES, INSTEAD OF SLEDS.

waters—the native boy of color, or the white boy born on the islands and within sound of the sea.



A LITTLE HAWAIIAN CADDY.

Water sports are by no means the only vigorous athletics indulged in by the boys of Hawaii. Mountain climbing is a favorite pastime, for there are peaks four thousand feet high within easy walking distance of any part of Honolulu, and on the island of Hawaii there are two moun-



PAA-U RIDERS.

tains fully fourteen thousand feet in height. Sometimes the Honolulu schools give picnics on

the mountain sides that the pupils may gather land-shells. It is on these excursions in search of land-shells that the Hawaiian school-boys revel in the once national sport—mountain-sliding.

A very steep mountain side is selected, where the grass is long and sloping downward. Every one gathers his own ti leaves—the ti leaf is something like the banana leaf but not nearly so



AT THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN COOK, THE FAMOUS VOYAGER, AND THE DISCOVERER OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

long. With a bunch of ti leaves in his hand the first boy steps to the edge of the slide, grasps the leaves by the stems in both hands, places the leafy part under him and sits down, gives himself a start and drops down the edge of the scenery like a flash. I was assured that it was an easy matter to regulate the speed of descent, by merely grasping the ti stems firmly and lifting them upward, this acting as a brake. I longed for the thrill of dropping down over the edge of a mountain, and upon my brief sled of ti leaves began the descent. I went like the wind; it seemed as though my breath would be taken away from me, or that I would plunge head over heels, to be dashed to

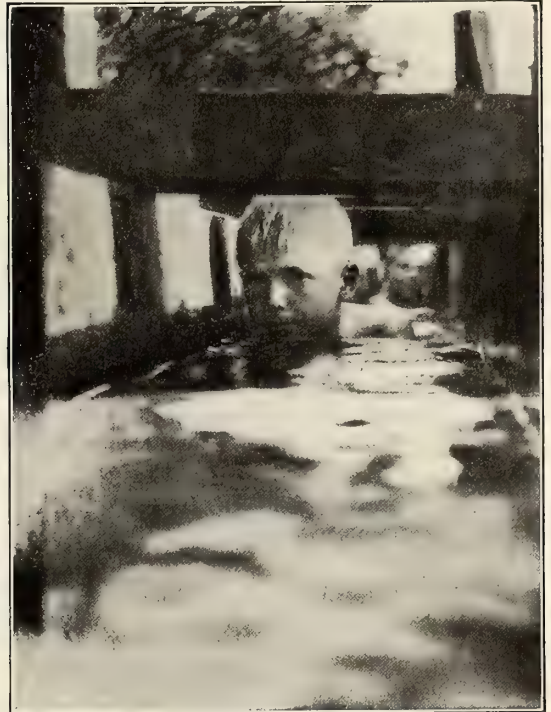
pieces among the trees below. I thought of my brake and drew up on the ti leaves with all my

women, robed in long flowing bloomers of gorgeous and varied color, ride by her stand at breakneck speed, yards of gay calico flying behind them in the breeze. It is not surprising that sometimes the horses bolt, and then Paa-u-riding becomes fully as thrilling as the steepest mountain-sliding.

Raising ducks might be a pleasure and occupation for boys anywhere; but in Hawaii it is the chief delight of the Chinese small boy, and he has spread the contagion to his lighter-skinned cousin. Near Honolulu thousands of ducks are raised, the irrigation canals between the rows of banana-



"CHUTING" A BOX-FLUME, FEET FOREMOST.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"LYING AT FULL LENGTH, THEY WILL GO SPEEDING
ALONG FOR MILES."

might and came up with a jerk that jarred every bone in my body. There I sat looking downward almost perpendicularly, held in position only by a few ti leaves resting on the smooth slippery grass, but the sliding grass is nearly a foot long, and it is only after it has been repeatedly slidden over and beaten down that it approaches perfection in the eyes of the Hawaiian small boy, and sometimes leads to accidents. For instance, the thin layer of ti leaves beneath the slide, a gentle tug sends the slider down, and sends the slider down in a most uncomfortable way. The arms and legs. Luckily, if he is not held by the trunk of

When the popular caddy in ten, who understands any boy, does sport all are special Pa... of July, and Ka... Hawaiian holiday in Honolulu, and ruled all... queen attends the Pa... and

trees serving as duck-ponds. The small boy delights, not only in raising ducks, but in hatching them. He buries the eggs in soft mud that soon hardens, and leaves them out for the sun to do the rest—and it does. Verily the youngster in Hawaii is never at a loss for occupation and amusement.

After all, on an island, water sports must be expected to take first place. It is not surprising, therefore, that many houses in Honolulu contain swimming-pool annexes, where the children of the family delight in holding revels with their young friends. Sometimes the little girls give a bathing-party and have an enjoyable "tea"—in



DIVING FOR DIMES AND NICKELS. "A JUMP OF FIFTY OR SIXTY FEET IS NOTHING TO THESE HAWAIIAN BOYS."

the bath—then the next day the pool or bath-house is turned over to the boys. You can tell the boys' day from afar by the noise and splashing.

The Japanese have introduced at least one sport to the notice of the Hawaiian small boy. Jiu-jitsu and Japanese wrestling have not, so far, appealed to the small boy of Hawaii, but when on

the sugar plantations, the sons of the planters saw the Japanese laborers riding home from their day's work seated upon bundles of cane leaves floating in the flumes, their ambitions were fired. Discarding the cane leaves they lie at full length in the flumes and go speeding along for miles. The very small boys are apt to confine their efforts to the box flumes, but there are many who enjoy the thrill of floating down a flume that crosses trestles between hills and mountains, hundreds of feet above the valley below. They even look over the edge, and wonder why the Japs prefer to sit upon bundles of cane leaves; but as it sometimes happens a piece of broken stone, or other obstacle, finds its way into a flume there is the risk of an accident, and so the Jap method of flume riding is coming more and more into vogue.

As aquatic sports are the first we become acquainted with upon approaching the Hawaiian Islands, so they are the last. From the bridge of the mail-steamer as she departs—if the captain is obliging—small brown boys leap down to the waters far below, every time a coin is thrown overboard, and invariably they catch the bit of metal. A jump of fifty or sixty feet is nothing to these native Hawaiian boys, for they live in a land of sports, and are still fired by the tales of their fathers, who sometimes to this day will plunge from a steamer's deck, knife in hand, to fight a monster shark in his own element. While the boys are diving, young girls are hiding the departing guests behind leis of flowers, and singing "Aloha,—till we meet again," for no one in Hawaii will ever believe that he who has once tasted the delights and enjoyed the outdoor sports of the Paradise of the Pacific will fail to return to them, again and again.

THE USEFUL CAMEL

BY ROSAMOND LANG

A TURTLE, meeting May one day,
Said, "I will snap at you."
And to the turtle's great surprise
She said, "And I at you!"





THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE

BY CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY

You surely have heard of the old Woman, I know,
Who lived in a Shoe, oh, so long, long ago!
She had such queer notions and terrible ways—
What would we all do if she lived in these days?

As all of her children were supple and young,
She packed them in closely, pulled up the shoe's tongue,
And then laced the shoestrings across, very tight,
And her children all slumbered until it was light.

A little Old Man, who is popular here,
Has a way of his own, that is almost as queer—
His house is not mostly of leather;—but steel;
And, instead of a Shoe, it 's an Automobile.

And as for the children, there 's room for each one.
(They all are so happy, so brim full of fun!)
What sport by the roadside to picnic each day—
Pick berries and flowers—then up and away!

Some morning you 'll see them—oh, *such* a big load,
Just flying along, like the wind, on the road!
You cannot mistake them, for all in the car
Are singing and shouting wherever they are.

Their laughter and noise can be heard half a mile,
But every one nods or responds with a smile.
I 'd far rather ride with this Man—would n't you?
Than dwell with the "Woman who lived in a Shoe."

HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER XV

A VISITOR

"WELL, what 's the programme for to-day?" asked Billy merrily.

"Write letters," said Chub dismally.

"Go to church," said Roy. "We did n't go last Sunday and so Dick and I are going to-day. You coming, Chub?"

"With this ankle?" asked Chub in surprise.

"You said it was about well," Roy answered. Chub sighed.

"I know," he said, "but I would n't want to have a relapse."

Billy asked about the injury and by the time Chub had finished telling him Dick came back with the saucepan.

"The *Pup* is all ready," he announced, greeting Billy. "We 're going to sail down to the Cove and go to church," he explained. "Want to come along?"

"I don't know but I might," was the reply after a moment's thought. "I 'll have to spruce up a little first, though. Can you wait a few minutes?"

"Easy! We don't need to start for an hour yet, I guess. You going along, Chub?"

"Sure," replied Chub cheerfully. "Church for mine!"

"I thought you said your foot was too bad," observed Roy suspiciously.

"Well, you did n't tell me you were going in the launch, did you? Sea-trips are beneficial to invalids."

Billy was back shortly and a little before ten they started off. The *Pup* ran splendidly and they reached the Cove long before church time. As they passed up the street they encountered the freight-handler who had helped them get the launch into the water. They did n't recognize him until he spoke to them, for he had his Sunday clothes on and was quite a respectable looking citizen. As he passed Chub turned to have a further view of him. The freight-handler had also turned his head and as their glances met, the latter nodded and:

"A fine morning after the rain," he called cheerily.

But Chub made no answer. He went on silently for the next block, stumbling over two curbstones and thinking busily. Even if he had made a mistake in thinking that he had heard Billy

Noon's voice last night, he was positive that he was making no mistake now. One of the men in the boat was the freight-handler! Chub was stumbling over his third curb when Billy, who was walking beside him, put out a hand quickly and steadied him.

"Here," he said, "that is n't good for your ankle. Maybe we 're walking too fast for you?"

"Not a bit of it," murmured Chub.

I 'm afraid he did n't hear very much of the sermon, for his thoughts were busy with the problem of the man in the boat. He wished that he had looked at Billy as they had passed the freight-handler and seen whether the two had recognized each other. He might ask Billy, but there was no reason to suppose that the latter would confess to an acquaintance with the freight-handler unless he chose to. No, he would just keep things to himself and watch. Whatever was to happen would not occur until Thursday, and that was four days distant. Perhaps before that he could find a solution of the mystery.

Letter-writing and reading consumed most of the afternoon. At about four Billy passed down the river in his boat, hailing them as he sped briskly along. Chub watched him as long as he was in sight and then returned with a sigh to his letter. Later they went into the woods in search of fuel and at six sat down to supper. Harry was spending the day with a girl friend at the Cove and so there were only three at table this evening.

But Harry was on hand bright and early next morning with Snip and a basket of fresh, still warm doughnuts.

"I 've been up ever since a quarter of six," she explained proudly, "and I had these all made by half-past seven."

"I 'll wager they 're good, too," said Chub as he stole one and put his teeth into it. "Yum, yum! No almond flavoring this time, fellows!"

After breakfast they went fishing about two miles up the river and had fairly good luck. Chub had wanted to go in the launch, but Dick had declared that he was n't going to have the *Pup* all messed up with bait and fish-scales. So they took the canoe and the rowboat, and by the time they were back in camp and the fish were sizzling in the pan they were four of the hungriest persons alive. The boys did full justice to the doughnuts and praised Harry's cooking ability until she blushed with pleasure.

"Oh, these are easy enough to make," she said. "I only wish I could make cake, though."

"I'll show you any time you like," said Chub kindly. "I've taken prizes for my cake."

"I guess you mean for eating them," laughed Harry. "Oh, but just you all wait! On my birthday I'm going to have the biggest cake you ever saw! It's going to be fourteen inches across on top and it's going to have pink and white icing all over it and sixteen candles!"

"By Jove!" cried Roy. "I'd forgotten about your birthday. Is it this week, Harry?"

"Yes, Thursday, and I shall be—"

"Thursday!" exclaimed Chub sharply. The others stared at him in surprise.

"Why, yes," said Harry.

"Do you object to Thursday?" asked Roy sarcastically. "If you do Harry can change it."

"No," muttered Chub, "but I did n't know it was so soon."

"He's worried because he's forgotten to buy you that diamond necklace," explained Dick. "How old will you be, Harry? Not sixteen?"

"Sixteen!" declared Harry proudly. "Is n't that lovely? And I'm going to have a birthday party at the Cottage. And you are all invited."

"Hum," said Roy suspiciously, "who else is coming?"

"Oh, just some of the girls I know," answered Harry carelessly. But she looked at the boys anxiously. Roy shook his head.

"I guess that lets us out, Harry," he said. "I would n't dare take Chub into Society. He'd probably eat the candles off the cake and drink out of his finger-bowl."

"Oh, I think that's mean!" Harry cried disappointedly. "I wanted you to come!"

"Too many girls," grunted Dick. "Can't stand them in coveys like that. I get nervous for fear I'll tread on one of them."

"I tell you what we will do, though," said Roy. "We'll give you another birthday party here in camp in the evening, and it'll be a dandy, too! What do you say to that?"

"Oh, that would be fine!" said Harry rapturously. Then her face fell again. "But I did so want you to come to the Cottage, Roy!"

"Much obliged," murmured Dick.

"Oh, I meant all of you," declared Harry, "and you know very well I did."

"I'm not afraid of a few girls," said Chub. "I'll go, Harry."

"You'll stay right here," answered Roy. "I'd just like to see you at a girl's party!"

"I've been to lots of them," said Chub loftily. "I'm a great success at functions of that sort. At home they can't do without me."

"Well, they can do without you here, all right," responded Roy cruelly. "And they're going to. Harry's going to have her girls' party in the afternoon and then she's coming over here and we're going to give her another. We will employ that celebrated caterer, Mr. Richard Some, to prepare the repast."

"And we'll invite the Poet!" cried Harry.

"Of course," said Dick. "We'll have him write an 'Ode to Harriet on her Sixteenth Birthday.'"

It was settled so, and Harry regained her good spirits and fed doughnuts to Snip until the boys made her desist, not, as Chub explained, because they had any fears for the dog's health, but for the reason that it was a shame to waste good doughnuts on an unappreciative nature. Harry declared that Snip had a very appreciative nature, but was at a loss when Chub demanded proof. Snip, finding the harvest at an end, jogged off to investigate things in the woods, and while the dinner things were being cleared up he made day hideous with his incessant barking. Finally Chub went off to investigate.

"I suppose he's treed another bear," he said. "You dig your revolver out of your bag, Dick, and stand ready to come when I yell."

But Chub did n't yell. Instead he was back in a minute with news written all over his face.

"What do you think?" he cried.

"A racoon!" guessed Roy.

"A skunk!" cried Dick.

"No, a house-boat," answered Chub with a grin.

"A what? A house-boat?" exclaimed Roy. "What are you talking about? Snip caught a house-boat? Say, you're too funny for anything, Chub, you are, in your own estimation!"

"I did n't say he'd caught it," answered Chub, "but he discovered it. It's lying against the shore near Round Head. Come and see for yourselves!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE FLOATING ARTIST

SURE enough, there it was; although from where they were it was hard to get a good look at it. So they hurried along the beach until they came up to it. It was lying close against Round Head, its deck almost on a level with the top of the big rock, two ropes—Chub called them "hawsers"—and no one dared dispute with him—holding the boat firmly to the shore.

The first thing they noticed when they arrived abreast of the boat was a big, handsome red setter watching them intently from his place on the

deck. His head lay between his paws and he never moved at their approach, but his brown eyes watched them suspiciously every moment. It was doubtless the presence of the setter which had so excited Snip. Snip was still excited, and said so plainly and at the top of his lungs, but the red setter paid absolutely no attention to him. There was no one in sight on the boat. The four stopped at the edge of the wood and examined the odd craft to their hearts' content.

For it was odd; there was no doubt about that. In the first place, it was painted in such a funny way. The lower part of the hull was green—a real pea-green like the boat that the Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea in—and above that was a foot-wide streak of red dish-pink, and above that again the hull was finished off in white. She looked very much like a scow with a little cottage on board. There was a suggestion of a bow, however, and a rudder-post arose a few inches above the level of the deck at the stern. In length she was about thirty feet and in breadth about ten. There was a few feet of deck space at the bow and a few more at the stern, just enough to accommodate a small dinghy and leave room to pass, and it seemed just possible to walk along the side of the boat without falling off. But the rest of the deck was monopolized by a cabin, or, more properly, house, some eight feet high. This was painted a dazzling white, while the two doors and the six one-sash windows which faced them were trimmed with green. The top of the house seemed to be something between a promenade deck and a roof-garden. There was a railing about it and it was covered with a faded red-and-white canvas awning. Here and there about the edge were red flower-boxes filled with crimson geraniums which were masses of bloom, German ivy which was already creeping up and along the iron railing and the white-and-green-leaved vinca whose drooping sprays made a swaying festoon along the top of the house. There were several green willow chairs on the roof-deck, a small table holding magazines and books and some bright-hued rugs beneath. At the stern a flight of steps gave access from the deck below, while at the bow the house was crowned with a small pilot-house.

The windows were curtained with white dimity and through one of the doors, which stood partly open, they saw an engine. ("Gasolene," murmured Dick knowingly.) On the hull at the bow was painted the name in bold black letters: *Jolly Roger*; and above, from a pole at the forward end of the roof-deck was a white flag which, when the little breeze spread its folds, displayed the gruesome skull-and-cross-bones in black!

"Must be a pirate ship," said Roy, and Harry looked somewhat uneasy until she saw that the others took it as a joke.

"Is n't she a wonder, though!" exclaimed Chub, half in admiration and half in derision.

"I think she 's perfectly lovely!" cried Harry. "Would n't it be the biggest fun to live in a boat like that and travel all around the world?"

"Well," Roy laughed, "I don't believe I 'd want to go across the ocean in her! Still, you could have lots of fun."

"Why don't you buy her?" asked Chub. "She 's for sale, you see."

Which was true, since on the forward end of the house was a board bearing the inscription in startlingly large letters:

FOR SALE!
INQUIRE WITHIN
OR WITHOUT

"What 's it mean by 'without'?" asked Harry.

"Without any money," Chub suggested.

"I suppose," said Dick, "it means that if the owner is n't inside he 's up there on top."

"He should have said 'Inquire above or below,' then," said Roy.

"Let 's change it for him," Chub proposed genially. But Roy glanced at the dog and shook his head.

"There 's no sense in carrying philanthropy too far," he answered. "We 'll let him make his own changes."

"I wish we could see inside of it," said Dick. "Do you suppose he 's in there? We might say we wanted to purchase and would like to look it over first."

"That 's so," said Chub. "We could tell him we were particular about the plumbing. I wonder how much land goes with it?"

"Just what 's in the flower-boxes, I suppose," answered Roy.

"Let 's call out and see if he 's at home," whispered Harry.

"All right; you shout," Roy said. But Harry told him it was n't a lady's place to shout.

"I guess if he was at home," remarked Dick, "he 'd been out here five minutes ago to see what the trouble was; Snip 's been making enough racket to wake the dead."

"Who do you suppose he is?" wondered Harry. "And how long do you suppose he 's going to stay here?"

"I think," said Chub, "that he 's a traveling salesman for a paint factory, and this is his color card. I think I 'll go in and order a gallon of that old-shrimp pink."



"'A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!' CAME FROM A DEEP VOICE BEHIND THEM."

"I think it 's prettily painted," said Harry.

"Ought to have a touch of blue, though," said Dick.

"And orange," Chub added. "There ought to be more variety; it 's too—too somber as it is." The others laughed; all save Harry. She had advanced across the rock until she had only to take a step to reach the deck of the house-boat. The setter did n't move an inch, but he kept his eyes on her very intently.

"How do you do, Mr. Red Setter?" inquired Harry affably. The red setter flapped his tail once or twice, feebly but good-naturedly. "Will you kindly tell us where your master is?" For reply the dog arose, stretched himself luxuriously, and walked dignifiedly to the edge of the deck. Harry had no fear of any dog that ever lived, and so she reached forward and patted the setter's head. He responded by wagging his tail in a leisurely and friendly manner and looking up into her face with a pair of very intelligent brown eyes.

"Is n't he a dear?" cried Harry.

"He 's a rascal, that 's what he is," laughed Chub. "Here he had us all scared stiff and he 's just an amiable old Towser after all!" And Chub started across the rock to join Harry. But he thought better of it, for the setter turned his head toward him and growled warningly, the hair along his back standing on end.

"Well, of all the rank partiality!" cried Chub, re-joining Dick and Roy, who were laughing at his discomfiture.

"He knows I love dogs, don't you, you old dear?" murmured Harry.

"I love dogs myself, don't I?" asked Chub offensively. "Why does n't he know that?"

"It 's your face, Chub," said Roy. "He has only to look at that to see that you 're a suspicious character. He 's a very intelligent animal, is n't he, Dick?"

"Oh, I don't know; 'most anybody could size Chub up after a glance at him. Well, if we can't see any more, suppose we go on about our business and come back later on when the chap 's at home? I 'd like to get a look inside, fellows."

"Oh, so would I!" cried Harry. "Do you suppose that he 'd invite us in if he was here?"

"No," replied Chub, somewhat disgustedly,



"' WELL, WELL, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, NOON?' EXCLAIMED THE ARTIST." (SEE PAGE 892.)

eying the setter in disfavor. "I 'll bet he 's a regular old bear! A man that 'll have a dog with as suspicious a disposition as that one is n't going to invite us in to see his old boat."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" came from a deep voice behind them.

Snip, who had ceased barking for very weariness, broke out again frantically as the boys turned startledly about. At the edge of the wood, a few yards away, stood a big, brown-bearded

man viewing them solemnly with his legs apart and his hands thrust into the pockets of a pair of yellow corduroy trousers. I say yellow because they were possibly a little more yellow than they were anything else, but there were many other colors to be found on those trousers: spots of red and blue and green, splashes of brown and white and black, and smears of all the variants possible. Even in his surprise and embarrassment Chub remembered his guess that the owner of the *Jolly Roger* was a paint salesman, and silently congratulated himself on his acumen.

I have said that the man was big, but that does n't begin to convey an idea of the impression received by Roy and Dick, Chub and Harry, as they turned and found him there. At first glance he seemed to them the biggest man outside of a museum. He was tall, well above six feet, and more than correspondingly broad, with huge muscles that indicated great strength. He was wonderfully good looking, with a long, straight nose, wide, brown eyes, a heavy head of wavy brown hair, and a thick brown beard trimmed to a point. He suggested strength, health, sanity, and kindness. And after the first instant even his intense solemnity of countenance did n't deceive the campers. For there was a half-hidden twinkle in the brown eyes. The red setter began to bark joyfully and so for a moment the dogs had everything their own way. Then:

"Be quiet, Jack," commanded the man, and the setter dropped obediently to the deck and restricted his manifestations of delight to a frantic wagging of his tail. Snip was not so easily controlled, but Dick grabbed him up and muzzled him with his hand.

"Well, here 's the bear," said the man, still regarding them solemnly. "A big brown bear ready to eat you up. Are n't you frightened?"

"No," said Harry, "not a bit! That was just some of Chub's nonsense. He did n't mean anything."

"You 're sure?" asked the man anxiously. He had a splendid deep voice that made one almost love him at once.

"Yes, quite sure," laughed Harry.

"I am relieved," said the man soberly. He took his hands from his pockets and came toward them with long, easy steps which showed that, in spite of his size, he was far more graceful than many a smaller man. "So you 'd like to see inside the bear's den, would you?" he asked. "Well, come along then, ladies and gentlemen; this way to the grand salon."

They followed him on to the boat, Harry, Dick, Roy, and Chub, Chub still looking a trifle abashed and keeping to the rear. Their guide led them

along the side of the house to the space at the rear, threw open a door and bowed them in. They found themselves in a little room about eight feet square. The sunlight streamed through the two windows on the island side and cast a golden glow over the apartment. It was furnished with a table, which still held the remains of a meal, two chairs, a large easel holding a clean canvas, a high stand bearing a huge paint-box, brushes, knives, and tubes, and a green bench. There was a cupboard built against the wall in one corner, a pile of canvases under the table, and a few pictures between the windows.

"This is the workroom," explained the host. "Not lavishly furnished, you see."

No one answered. What they were all wondering was, how on earth the man managed to move around in that tiny room without upsetting the easel or the table! Perhaps he surmised their thoughts, for:

"Rather a small den for a big bear, is n't it?" he laughed, showing a set of big white teeth through his beard.

"It 's very nice," murmured Harry. "Do you make pictures?"

"Yes, I 'm a painter," he answered, as he opened another door.

"Told you he was!" whispered Chub to Roy, and received a scathing glance in reply.

Out of the living-room was a tiny kitchen with an oil-stove, cupboards for dishes and food, a sink, and, in short, all the requirements for house-keeping. Harry went into raptures over the place, and the boys agreed that it was "just about all right." On the other side of the kitchen, or the "galley," as their host termed it, was a small engine-room with a twenty-horse-power gasolene engine. That interested Dick, and he had to know all about it before he would consent to go on. The man explained smilingly, obligingly.

"It 's a fairish engine, I guess," he said, "but I 'm free to confess that I don't understand it and never shall. Engines and machinery are beyond me. I start it going and if it wants to it keeps on. If it does n't want to it stops. And I stay there until it gets ready to go again. It 's stopped now, as it happens. That 's why I 'm here."

From the engine-room he conducted them on deck and then through a door near the bow. Here was a narrow entry crossing the boat, opening on one side into a bedroom and on the other into a sitting-room. The bedroom was simply and comfortably furnished and had a real brass bedstead in it. The sitting-room was very cozy and inviting, and was the largest room of all. There were two windows on each side and one

locking over the bow. A queer circular iron stairway popped straight upward to the pilot-house above. There was a window-seat along the front containing some comfortable leather cushions—the sort a fellow is n't afraid of soiling—a table in the center, three comfortable chairs, a bookcase half full of volumes and holding a bowl of geraniums, a talking-machine which pointed its horn threateningly toward the front window as though ready to be fired at any moment, and, to Harry's delighted approval, a big, gray Angora cat asleep on the window-seat.

"Is n't he a perfect beauty?" cried Harry, falling on her knees beside him. "Oh, I never felt such long, silky hair! Dick, maybe you'd better put Snip outside. You know he sometimes chases cats that he is n't acquainted with."

Dick, who still held the excited Snip in his arms, turned toward the door but his host stopped him.

"Put him down, put him down," he said. "Let him get acquainted with my family. The cat won't hurt him, and if he wants to tackle the cat—well, I believe in letting folks fight their own battles. It's good for them. Beastie, observe the fox-terrier. Behave yourself, now. You, too, Jack.

Snip was set at liberty. Approaching Beastie cautiously he gave one experimental bark. Beastie only blinked at him. Whereupon Snip paid no more attention to the cat, but proceeded to make friends with the red setter.

"I don't use this room much," said their host as they sat down at his invitation, "so I fancy it does n't look very well. I'm a poor housekeeper. Well, boys, what do you think of the bear's den?"

"It's just swell!" answered Chub earnestly. "I should n't think you'd want to sell it, sir."

"No," murmured Roy and Dick.

"Had it four years," said the painter, "and been all around in it. Besides, it's too big for comfort. Two rooms are all I need; so I'll sell when I get a chance. But I've been trying to get rid of the thing for over a year and have n't done it yet."

"Wish I could buy it," said Dick seriously. "I suppose, though, it would be worth a lot of money, sir?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy! You can have it tomorrow for a thousand dollars. It cost me just short of three, engine and all. But I'll sell it cheap. It's in the best of condition, too; nothing run down—except the engine." He chuckled. "Or I'll take the engine out and you can have the boat for fifteen hundred! Want to buy?"

Dick shook his head ruefully. "I'd like to," he said, "but I guess I could n't find that much money right now."

"Well, when you do you let me know and maybe the boat will still be waiting for you. Forbes Cole is my name, and 'Holbein Studios, New York,' will reach me any time. You see, I began to lose interest in this boat when I'd worked out the last combination in color on her. How do you like the way she's painted now?"

"Very nice," answered Dick, after an appreciable pause.

Mr. Cole burst into deep laughter.

"Don't care for it, eh? Well, you should have seen her two years ago; she was worth while then. I had her in Roman stripes. Beginning at the water-line, she was blue, white, orange, cerise, purple, and pale green; stripes about six inches broad. Well, she attracted a lot of attention that summer. Folks thought I was crazy." And he chuckled enjoyably, his brown eyes twinkling. "Then, the year before, I had the hull all bright green and the house burnt-orange. But I did n't care much for that myself; it was a bit too plain."

The boys laughed.

"Are you going to stay here long?" asked Roy politely.

"Ask the engine," replied the artist, "ask the engine. I give her a few turns every morning. If she starts, why, I go on; if she does n't I stay. It's simple enough. Saves me the bother of deciding, too. But I've never stopped just here before, and it looks as though I might find some paintable bits around. Where am I, by the way? Is this a private island I'm hitched to? Any law against trespassing?"

"It's Fox Island," answered Roy, "and it belongs to Doctor Emery, her father." He nodded toward Harry. "He is principal of Ferry Hill School which is just across there on the hill. I don't believe he would mind your staying here as long as you—as long as your engine likes."

"Do you boys go to school there?"

"Yes, that is, Chub and I have just graduated and Dick has another year of it. We three are camping out here, and Harry comes over every day. It's pretty good fun."

"Yes, but it would be more fun in a boat like this," said Dick. "I'm going to have one some day, I'll tell you that!"

"So'm I," said Harry, lifting her face from where it had been buried in Beastie's silken coat. "And I'm going to travel all around in it, Japan, Greece, Africa, Venice, Holland—everywhere!"

Mr. Cole laughed again until Chub wondered why the windows did n't fall out.

"Bless me," said the artist, "you're adventurous for a young lady, Miss—er—Emery! I'll have to sell the *Roger* to you."

"Roy says," remarked Chub, "that you ought

to have your sign read: 'Inquire above or below.' We wanted to change it for you," he added audaciously, "only we did n't like the look of the dog."

"'Above or below,' eh? Ho, that 's not bad, boys, that 's not bad! I 'll do it, I 'll change it myself. 'Above or below,' eh? Yes, yes, that 's a splendid idea. Folks will think I'm dead, maybe."

"Roy meant," began Harry anxiously, "that—" "Don't tell me," interrupted Mr. Cole. "It might spoil it. Now, where 's this camp of yours, boys?"

Roy explained, and told him that they would like very much to have him come and see them.

"Of course I 'll come," answered the artist heartily. "And you come and see me, any time. If I 'm at work, why, here 's some books and there 's the ready-made music." He pointed to the talking-machine. "You can't disturb me, so come around whenever you like while I 'm here. And we 'll have a dinner-party sometime, maybe, when I get some provisions in."

They made their adieus, their host-accompanying them to land and shaking them each by the hand with a pressure that made them gasp. Jack, too, followed, wagging his tail in friendly farewell, and Beastie stood at the doorway and blinked benevolently.

"You need n't be afraid of Jack the next time," said Mr. Cole. "He knows you now. Good-by, good-by. Come again. The bear's den is always open, and if I 'm not here make yourselves at home." He waved one big brown hand in farewell as they passed around the point.

"Is n't he jolly?" exclaimed Dick when they were out of his hearing.

"Bully," said Dick.

"He 's all right," added Chub. "Nothing stuck-up about him. I knew an artist chap at home once and he was a cad. Always talking about when he studied in Rome. I asked him once if he meant Rome, Georgia, and he got mad about it."

They went back to camp by way of Point Harriet and Billy Noon's camping-place, but, as usual, Billy was n't at home.

"If people keep on coming here," said Roy, "we 'll have a regular village pretty soon. Already the population has increased fifty per cent. That 's pretty near the record, I guess."

"We ought to establish a form of government," said Chub. "I 'll be mayor."

"You 're too modest," replied Roy. "You ought to try and fight against it, Chub."

"It 's no use," Chub sighed. "I was born that way. Lots of folks have spoken about it."

"Well, I don't care who 's mayor," said Dick, "if I can be chief of police."

When they got back to camp Dick remarked casually: "This would be a great afternoon to do a little painting, would n't it?"

"Yes, and it would be a dandy afternoon to do no painting at all," answered Chub. "Let 's go out in the launch and loaf around up and down the river. Let 's go over to Coleville and make faces at Hammond. By the way, I wonder if Mr. Cole comes from Coleville."

Dick finally allowed himself to be persuaded that it would do them more good to take a sail than to paint, and so they all four piled into the *Pup* and, as Chub put it, went barking around for an hour or more, Harry serenely happy at being allowed to take the wheel and steer, Snip fast asleep in her lap. Harry reverted to the subject of the birthday party that they were to give her and begged them not to forget to invite the Licensed Poet.

"We won't," said Chub. "And, say, why not ask the Floating Artist, too?"

"That 'll be lovely!" cried Harry, laughingly. "A Licensed Poet and a Floating Artist for supper!"

"That 's all right," answered Dick, "but I 'd rather have a Broiled Beefsteak."

"I have an idea," remarked Chub, "that the Licensed Poet won't be able to accept."

"Why?" demanded Harry anxiously.

"I think he 's going to be busy Thursday night."

"Doing what?"

"Well, I don't know just what," answered Chub mysteriously, "but something."

And although they tried their best to make him explain he only shook his head and frowned darkly at the passing shore.

CHAPTER XVII

A MEETING OF FRIENDS

It turned off quite cool that evening toward sunset, a stiff breeze blowing up the river, snapping the flag at the top of the pole and sending the smoke from the stove swirling away in sudden gusts. They lighted the camp-fire early and, although the "dining-room" was sometimes invaded by choking gray fumes that made them cough and sent their eyes to smarting, the warmth was grateful. Scarcely had the things been cleared up when there came a mighty hail from Inner Beach:

"Hello, the camp!"

They answered, and the big form of the Floating Artist, as Chub insisted on calling him, arose into sight over the bank, looking bigger than ever against the golden haze of sunset. Jack was with him, trotting demurely at his heels. Of course

Snip was thrown into a fit of terrible excitement and had to dance around and bark wildly for the ensuing minute. But at last order was restored in camp, Snip silenced, Mr. Cole installed on an empty box that creaked loudly whenever he moved, and Jack was lying at Harry's side with his head in her lap.

"Well, you 're pretty comfortably settled here," said Mr. Cole. "And I suppose you 're having a grand time."

"Yes, sir," answered Roy, "we 've had a good deal of fun so far."

"Got a launch, too, I see; and a rowboat and a canoe. Quite a navy at your command."

"The launch belongs to Dick," said Chub. "The canoe is mine, and the skiff belongs to the school. The launch is named the *Pup*."

"The *Pup*?" laughed their guest. "How 'd you happen to think of that?" Dick explained and the artist was vastly amused.

"Well," he said, "if I followed your method my boat would be called the *Great Silence*, I guess."

"Won't the engine go yet?" asked Dick solicitously.

"Oh, I have n't tried it since morning. I don't like to hurry it. I think, though, that I 'll stay here a day or so. I 've found some nice bits that I 'd like to try my hand at."

"Do you paint landscapes?" asked Harry.

"Mostly, yes; figures now and then. Landscape is my line, but I 'd rather do figures; I guess it 's human nature to always want to do something you can't. And that reminds me," he turned to Harry, "I wonder if you would be willing to sit for me a little while to-morrow. What do you say? It won't be difficult, you know. Just sit kind of still for—hem—an hour. I 'd be awfully much obliged, really."

"Sit for you?" stammered Harry. "Do you mean that you want to *paint* me?"

"Exactly. Sound a bit alarming, does it?"

"N-no," answered Harry, "only—only I will have to ask mama, of course, and I have n't—"

"I know," laughed the artist. "You have n't any costume to pose in. Is n't that it?" Harry's silence gave assent.

"Well, now, I 'd like you to wear just what you 're wearing now." He paused and eyed her critically. "Never mind a hat. And—let me see—if you have a bit of blue ribbon at home you might just tie it around your waist. What do you say, now? Yes, I hope, Miss Emery."

Harry was much too delighted to speak, but the others mistook the emotion.

"Oh, go ahead, Harry," said Roy. "I 'd like to see a picture of you."

"So would I," chimed in Chub. "And maybe if it 's awfully good we 'll buy it for the camp."

"There 'll be refreshments in case you get hungry," said the artist smilingly. "Let me see, what do young ladies like? Candy, of course, and—hum—pickled limes and gingerbread."

Harry smiled nervously.

"I don't like pickled limes," she said.

"All the better, for I have n't any. How about gingerbread?"

Harry shook her head.

"No? Then it will have to be candy. I can manage that, I guess. So it 's all settled, is it?"

"If you want me," answered Harry shyly.

"Of course I do! And what time, now? Morning? Afternoon? Morning would be better for me; the light 's clearer. What do you say to ten to-morrow forenoon, Miss Emery? Will that suit you and the young gentlemen?"

"Yes," she replied, "if Mama 's willing."

"Very well, and thank you. I 'll expect you then at ten o'clock."

There was a noise in the woods and Billy Noon appeared and joined the circle around the fire. As he came into the light the artist exclaimed:

"Well, well! Where 'd you come from, Noon?"

Chub turned in time to see Billy press a finger swiftly against his lips.

"Eh?" said Mr. Cole. "Oh, yes—er—well, I did n't expect to come across you up here on this desert island." The two shook hands, as Billy replied:

"Guess I did n't expect to see you, sir. In your boat, are you?"

"Yes, in the old *Jolly Roger*."

"I see," said Billy as he found a seat. "You 've changed her name and her paint, have n't you?"

"Oh, plenty of times since you saw her last," was the reply. "Let 's see, she was the *Ark*, then, was n't she?"

"No, sir, the *Greased Lightning*."

"To be sure, so she was. That was when she was ultramarine and sulphur yellow. Well, she 's had many names since then, and many colors. You ought to have seen her when she was *Joseph's Coat*; she was striped then with six colors and very effective. At one place I stopped they wanted to arrest me for disturbing the peace." And the artist laid back his head and laughed uproariously in his deep voice.

"I saw her lying at the island this morning," said Billy, "and I thought that she looked something like your boat, but the difference in the name and the painting misled me."

"Naturally, although you ought to be able to penetrate a disguise, Noon. I mean that you ought to have remembered her graceful lines. I

was telling these chaps this afternoon that I wanted to get rid of her now, for I've tried about every combination of colors I can think of, and I'm running out of names as well."

"How would the *Keep Mum* do for a name?" asked Billy carelessly.

"Eh? Oh, well, it might," answered the artist thoughtfully, eying Billy across the firelight. "By the way, what are you doing now?"

"I've got a bit of a boat with a sail in it, and I'm going down the river in the interests of Billings's 'Wonders of the Deep,'" answered Billy. The artist chuckled.

"Let's see," he said, "the last time I saw you you were buying old furniture, were n't you? Ever do any of that sort of thing now?"

"I'm doing a little on the side," was the reply. "Had a pleasant summer, Mr. Cole?"

"So far, yes, although I've been pretty lazy. But then, I generally am lazy. Miss Emery here has just consented to pose for me to-morrow. I've got a little sketch in mind that ought to turn out well." He half closed his eyes, cocked his head on one side and studied Harry for a moment, a proceeding which brought the color into her cheeks and caused Chub to grin maliciously. Billy asked the boys what they had been doing to-day and they gave him a history of events. Harry reminded Roy in a whisper that they were to invite the Poet and the Artist to supper Thursday, and Roy promptly issued the invitations. To Chub's surprise Billy accepted at once, as did the artist.

"It's some time, though," the latter added, "since I've attended a birthday celebration, and I don't know whether I'll behave myself."

"We'll risk that," laughed Dick. "It won't be very much of an affair, sir; just some supper here in camp, you know. Harry's going to hold her real celebration at home in the afternoon."

"I see. Well, now, look here, boys! I don't want to upset any plans, but the fact is that I was thinking about having you all on board the *Roger* some evening while I'm here. And as I don't suppose I'll remain here more than two or three days, why can't we lump the thing and hold the celebration on the boat? You bring your things and I'll supply the rest, and we can do the cooking in my galley. Now, what do you say?"

The boys hesitated, but Harry clapped her hands in delighted approval.

"That would be simply fine!" she cried. "Let's do that, Dick? Do you mind? I hope you don't!"

"No, I think it would be very nice," answered Dick. And so it was arranged that on Thursday afternoon Dick was to bring their share of the feast to the *Jolly Roger*, and as chef, was to take charge of the preparation of the spread. Presently Mr. Cole arose to leave.

"By the way, Noon," he said, "you're a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. Know anything about gasolene engines?"

"He knows all about them, sir," answered Dick.

"Does, eh? Well, then, supposing you walk back to the boat with me and look over mine, Noon? It has n't been acting quite fair lately. I don't mind its stopping now and then for a day or so, but it's been overdoing it recently; it's been imposing on me."

So the Floating Artist and the Licensed Poet took their departure, followed by Jack.

"Harry's a patron of the arts," said Roy to Chub as they walked off. "She won't look at us pretty soon."

"I," declared Chub, "shall learn to sculp."

"Learn what?" asked Roy.

"Learn to sculp; to be a sculptor, you ninny. That's an art, is n't it?"

"Not the way you'd do it," answered Roy unkindly. "It would be a crime. I thought you said Billy would n't accept for Thursday."

"I did n't say he would n't accept," Chub replied. "I said I did n't think he'd be able to."

"Well, what's the difference?" asked Dick jeeringly.

"If you don't know I shan't tell you," answered Chub with intense dignity. "Come on and get the canoe, Roy. This young artist's model must go home and get her beauty-sleep."

Harry, who for several minutes had been sitting chin in hand staring into the fire, roused herself.

"I think," she remarked dreamily, half to herself, "that I'll wear the gold brooch Aunt Harriet gave me for Christmas."

After Chub and Roy had returned from taking Harry home they sat talking in front of their tent.

When they were getting ready for bed Dick said suddenly:

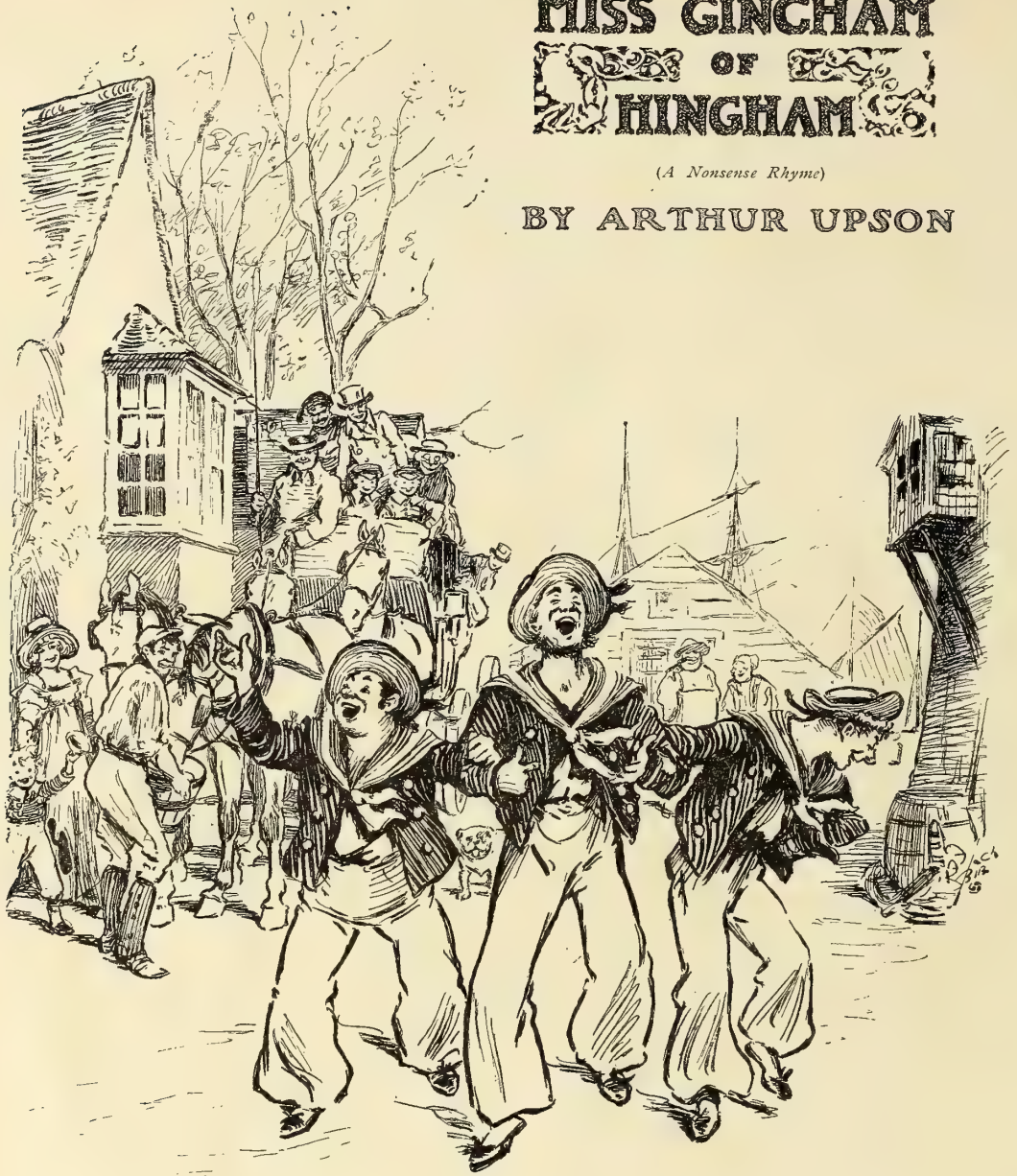
"I'd like to know who the dickens this Billy Noon is! Where do you suppose the painter chap got to know him?"

"Oh, that's easy," yawned Chub. "It was when Billy was with the circus. Mr. Cole was the elephant."

MISS GINGHAM OF HINGHAM

(A Nonsense Rhyme)

BY ARTHUR UPSON



HERE sailed into harbor at Hingham
Three sailors one hot summer's day ;
They were Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham,
And fair shone the houses of Hingham,
And kind were the breezes to bring 'em
To such a snug port in the Bay.

Right jolly those sailors at Hingham,
And worthy stout seamen were they,
And they sang up the streets of old Hingham,



Did Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham,
Till they reached the abode of Miss Gingham,
Who kept a small inn by the way.

“What cheer, Mistress Gingham of Hingham!”
Loud shouted those mariners gay;
“Be there any ice-cream here in Hingham?”
Quoth Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham;
“If you’ve any cold ices, pray bring ’em;
There’s gold in our pockets to pay!”

Now Miss Gingham was noted in Hingham
For skill in concocting *trappés*;
Not a housewife at Weymouth or Hingham



But envied the way she could fling ’em;
And Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham
Regarded her skill with dismay.

With fond eyes they followed Miss Gingham,
And the ices that garnished her tray,
While more and yet more did she bring ’em,
Till, reluctantly, out of old Hingham
Went Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham
Pursuing their nautical way.



THE BUMBLE BEE.

William H. Gardner.

George T. Goldthwaite.

1. The bum - ble bee spends
2. The bum - ble bee is

Slow.
mf

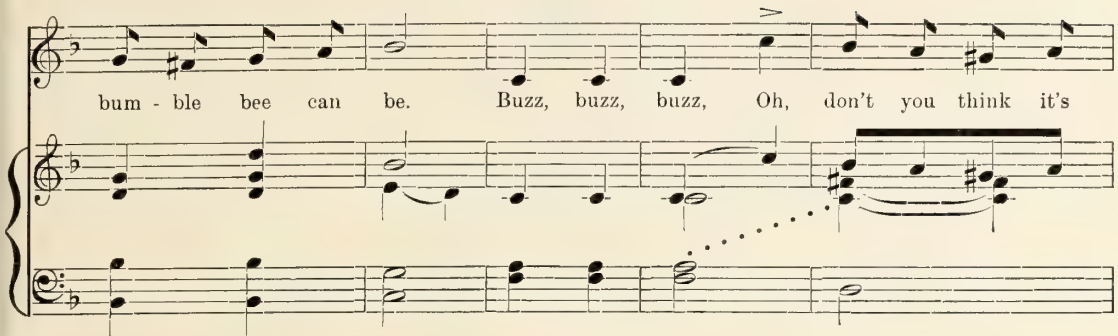
ma - ny hours In gather - ing hon - ey from the flowers; And then he quick - ly
nice - ly dressed In coat of black and yel - low vest. You nev - er could call

REFRAIN. A little faster.

flies a - way To store it for a rain - y day. Buzz, buzz, buzz, sings the
him a shirk, For he is al - ways hard at work. Buzz, buzz, buzz, sings the

lit - tle bum - ble bee, I'm bus - y, bus - y, bus - y as a

bum - ble bee can be. Buzz, buzz, buzz, Oh, don't you think it's



The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "bum - ble bee can be. Buzz, buzz, buzz, Oh, don't you think it's". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The music features a simple melody with a trill on the word "Oh".

fun - ny, I'm just as fond of hon - ey as a bum - ble bee can be....

D. C.



The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "fun - ny, I'm just as fond of hon - ey as a bum - ble bee can be....". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D. C." (Da Capo).



"WHOSE TOADSTOOL IS THIS, ANYHOW?"

TENTING

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES

WHEN the summer breezes blow
Trying to cool the sun,
The June days are hot and slow
Until school is done.
Then Dad and I go tenting,
Just for fun.

Tenting on a woodsy hill
By the briny shore,
Learning how to sail a boat,
How to pull an oar;
Catching crabs—and cunners, too—
By the score.

Funny, how a little cloth
Makes a house for two!
Funny, how a smoky fire
Flavors all the stew!
Funny, Dad's things taste so good!
But they do!

Oh, the long cool afternoons,
Splashing in the sea!
Wading woods and bushes where
Blackberries are free;
And at night a bed of boughs
For Dad and me.

Moonlight nights we watch the sea—
Far ships sailing by;
Twenty thousand sparkling waves
Like stars in the sky;
And the lighthouse far away
Winks its eye.

Time goes tiptoe by the sea!
Here 's a fond "Good-by!"
Nail the old flag to the pole;
Leave it waving high;
Till next year we 'll go tenting—
Dad and I!

AUGUST



AUGUST's hottest sun shines down
On the fields and silent river,
And wakes the harvest-fly's shrill song
Where berries in the bushes quiver.

bum - ble bee can be.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics "bum - ble bee can be." are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is shown on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

fun - ny, I'm just as fond of home

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "fun - ny, I'm just as fond of home". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns, including chords and melodic fragments.

YES

the long cool afternoons,
splashing in the sea!
ading woods and bushes where
Blackberries are free;
nd at night a bed of boughs
For Dad and me.

Moonlight nights we watch the sea—
Far ships sailing by;
Twenty thousand sparkling waves
Like stars in the sky;
And the lighthouse far away
Winks its eye.

Time goes tiptoe by the sea!
Here 's a fond "Good-by!"
Nail the old flag to the pole;
Leave it waving high;
Till next year we 'll go tenting—
Dad and I!

GUST



THE BOY WHO RODE ON THE FIRST TRAIN

BY MARY K. MAULE

THERE is a boy in New York, who—but wait a minute, he is n't a boy any more, come to think of it, he is ninety-four years old, and that is hardly a *boy*, is it?

But he *was* a boy once, and a lively, healthy, hustling boy he was, too, away back in the early '30's, and he did something that no boy had ever done before, and that no boy will ever do again—for he was the first boy that rode on the first train in America.

His name was Stephen Smith Dubois, and he was just as fond of fun and excitement, and of going to places and seeing things, as boys are today. In the autumn of 1831, after the crops were harvested, and he had in his pocket the money he had earned as a farm-hand, he thought he would give himself a great treat. So he put his little bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and started to walk all the way from Providence, Saratoga County, up to Albany, to visit his uncle. He was fifteen years old then, and a forty-mile walk was nothing to his active young limbs.

He had been living on a farm, and the sights of Albany kept him at a fever heat of interest for a week, at which time he felt that he would have to start on his return journey. He did not in the least mind the prospect of the long walk, but when he mentioned the matter to his uncle, he was told that if he would remain a little longer his uncle would take him on the trial trip of the new railroad then being built, and which was the greatest experiment that had ever been undertaken in that part of the country.

What boy could possibly resist the opportunity

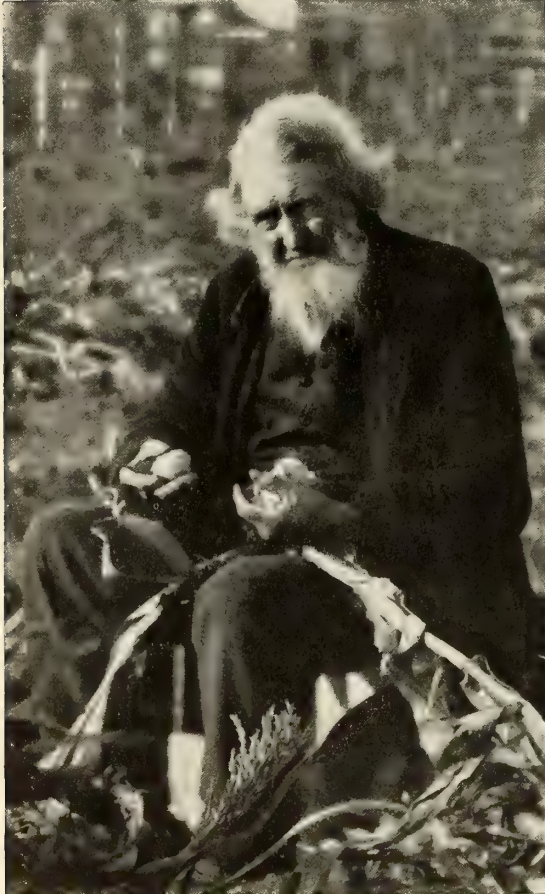
to ride on a brand-new invention that was the talk of the whole country, and which, moreover, it was predicted, would run away, or blow up, or go over into a ditch at the first trial!

THIS big boy was sitting out in a five-acre corn-field, near Norwood, Long Island, busily shucking corn, when he told all about it.

"My first ride on a railroad train," he said, reaching over to the pile of golden corn-stalks that lay at his feet, and deftly stripping off the husks with the wooden peg that he wore strapped to his middle finger. "My first ride on a railroad train! I'll never forget that as long as I live. I remember it all just as well as if it was yesterday. Why, that was one of the biggest events that New York State had ever seen, and to think that I, just a common farm-boy, was privileged to take part in it, was a thing I could never forget. Why, the whole country, from Albany to Schenectady and back again, was fairly wild about that railroad. There had n't been much effort at railroading anywhere up to that time, and the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad was a little the biggest experiment that our part of the State had ever tried. My uncle, John Conklin, was interested in the road, and that was how I got the chance to ride on the first trip. You can just imagine I was a pretty excited boy when I heard about it. I could hardly sleep nights thinking about it, and I hung around the railroad yards looking at the locomotive, and studying the rails, and the cars, every chance I got. I tell you it was a grand opportunity for a boy like me!

Such an opportunity as will never come to another boy in the United States of America. The locomotive was built down in New York by a man by the name of David Mathews, and the coaches were made in Union Street, by a man by the name of James Goold. I found all that out around the work-shops.

"There had been an engine made in England



THE "BOY" WHO RODE ON THE FIRST TRAIN.

and sent over here, and they called it the 'John Bull,' and boy as I was, I kept looking over the new engine that had been built here in our own country, and hoping it was better than the English engine.

"As I said, railroading was a pretty new thing in those days, and some of the folks around there were terribly down on the experiment. They said that the Lord had made rivers, and lakes, and dirt-roads for man to travel over, and that as they 'd been good enough for their forefathers and *their* merchandise to travel over, and to build up the country as well as they had, they guessed it

was good enough for them; and they could n't for the life of them see what folks wanted to make such a fuss for, and waste their time fooling 'round with such outlandish contraptions as 'that tootin', screechin' locomotive.'"

At this the old man straightened up and laughed heartily.

"Why, they were afraid as death of it. They vowed it would run away, or blow up, or back down a hill and be smashed with everybody aboard, and they insisted that if any people were going to risk their lives by riding the thing the directors should ride first, as they were the ones to blame for getting innocent people interested in it.

"All that kind of talk rather scared some people out, but it did n't scare me. I only wanted more than ever to go. I could hardly wait for the day to come. I remember that day well; it was September 24, 1831. Nothing else had been talked of for weeks. And I remember that when I woke up that morning I felt as Columbus must have felt the day he sailed away to discover America.

"I did n't sleep much that night, and I was up and wanting to start almost before daybreak. Everybody got there early, but the fellows that were operating the locomotive seemed to have plenty of troubles on their hands before we got started. First the piston-rods got cranky, then the feed-pipes would n't work, and it was after twelve o'clock before they got everything ready for the start."

The old man took off his hat and laid it beside him, and the light wind lifted the long locks of his wavy, snow-white hair. The knotted, work-worn hands fell idly, and in the dim blue eyes that gazed away over the fields to the gorgeous glow of the autumnal foliage, the vision grew, the vision of that stirring scene of a long lifetime ago.

"I can see that train now," he went on, musingly, "just as plain as I did that morning. I suppose it would be a funny-looking sight to people now, but to me it was one of the grandest and most inspiring things I ever saw.

"I was only a poor farmer-boy, and I had n't seen much, but I tell you that I was proud I was an American that day.

"The name of the engine was the 'De Witt Clinton,' but somebody called it the 'Brother Jonathan,' and it was afterward known as the 'Yankee,' I suppose on account of the English engine being called the 'John Bull.'

"It was a pretty funny-looking little contraption compared to what locomotives are now. It stood high and spindling, had a straight, small smoke-stack, and the boiler was about as big as a kerosene barrel. Behind the engine there was a

tender, just a sort of a platform on a truck, and on this were two barrels of water, a couple of baskets of fagots, and an armful of wood. Behind the tender were the coaches, hooked together by three links. Did you ever see an old-fashioned stage-coach? Well, these coaches were made just like them. Regular stage-coach bodies, placed on trucks and supported by thorough-braces, with a "boot" at each end for baggage—and four seats inside, each holding three people, two seats in the middle, and one at each end. There were five coaches that day, and all of them were packed full when the train finally got started, so there must have been something like seventy-five people aboard.

"All the 'big bugs' and dignitaries of the whole State were there. I reckon no boy ever rode in more distinguished company. Most of them were directors of the road, senators, governors, mayors, high-constables, editors, and all sorts of celebrities. Many of them were old men, even then, and most of them were middle-aged or over, while I was the only boy on the excursion and I was only fifteen. That 's why I say that I know that I am the only person now living that was on the Mohawk and Hudson on its first trip with passengers over the road.

"Well, as I said, we had a terrible time getting started, but at last we got off, and then it did seem to me as if we fairly *flew*. I had never felt anything like it. There were big white stone mile-posts all along the road, and it seemed to me that I no sooner would get through dodging one than another one would come by. Oh, it was grand riding, I tell you!

"A man by the name of Jervis—John B. Jervis, I think it was—was chief engineer, John Hampson was the fireman, and John Clark, the fellow they called 'resident engineer,' acted as conductor. They did n't have a regular conductor. I remember that they filled up the boiler when we started, but at what they called the 'half-way

lock to me as if we were going at a terrible speed—although I guess about eighteen miles an hour was the best time we made.

"I saw some of the passengers turn pale and clutch their seats like grim death when we rounded the curves; and others of them, solemn old fellows, looked at each other and shook their heads, as if they knew that going at such a rate as that was almost wicked, and that they surely were tempting fate. But I was n't a bit scared. The faster we went the better I liked it. The engine could n't go too fast to suit me.

"People all along the way ran out to look after the train as dumfounded as if it had been an air-ship or a comet, and the horses and cows and pigs and chickens took to the hills, bawling and squawking as if they thought the very fiends were after them.

"I can't remember now just how long it took us to get to Schenectady, but I mind well that the trip was n't half long enough to suit me.

"There was one man on the train that got out a piece of paper and pair of scissors—somebody said he was an editor—and when the train was taking on water at the half-way house he cut out a sort of picture of it. A silhouette, I think some of them called it.

"When we got to Schenectady the town authorities or somebody gave a big dinner in honor of the occasion, and Uncle John told me that Mr. Cambreling, the president of the road, gave a toast, something to the effect that he hoped that before long we would 'breakfast in Utica, dine at Rochester, and eat supper with our friends at Lake Erie.'

"I thought that was pretty wild talk then, for it took about seventy-two hours of hard travel to get to Buffalo by stage, and I never dreamed of such a thing as a train going thundering across the country at sixty miles an hour any more—" the smile upon the fine old face faded, and the patriarchal head was bent, as the old man gazed



STYLE OF FIRST PASSENGER TRAINS BY STEAM POWER BETWEEN ALBANY AND SCHENECTADY, 1831.

From an old print

house' we had to stop at a tank and take on water to carry us through.

"By the time we 'd left the half-way house she was getting right down to her work, and it did

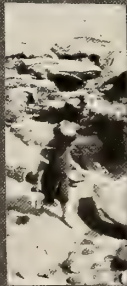
musingly across the fields—"any more than I thought that I would be sitting here at ninety-four telling all about that experience of my boyhood for American boys and girls of to-day."



MIDSUMMER DAYS AFLOAT.



*Camping
on the Shore*





JOSEPHINE AND "VIOLET," HER FAVORITE DOLL.

From a portrait in sepia by E. Plaisted Abbott.

(See page 956.)

THE HOARDING OF THE WATERS

BY FREDERICK HALL

JOEL HART folded the letter and placed it in his inside pocket. It read simply:

"I leave for Denver, Friday, and will stop at Morris, to talk things over with you."

But to him those words meant much: for one thing, they represented almost the only secret that he had ever kept from his mother.

He stopped a moment at the barn door to look across the corn and wheat fields, withering beneath the fierce heat of the July sun, then he saddled Pinto and started on the ten-mile race to Morris.

Two great events in Joel's life had come the year that he was seventeen: one the death of his father and the other a change within his own heart. He sometimes thought the one had come at the time it did that he might have strength to bear the other, for Joel loved his father, and the loss that had left the home so empty had laid upon the boy's young shoulders a heavy load of responsibility.

It was chiefly for Ephraim Hart's health that the family had moved into the West, and the clear, dry air of the plains, which had done so little for their crops, had given added months of life to the hopeful, failing man. It was that which had kept up their hearts during those first two years of drought, when hundreds of settlers had given up and gone back East.

"It does n't matter," Mrs. Hart would say, "so long as father keeps well and happy."

Joel never failed to nod assent and neighbors said:

"Well, maybe the Harts can stick it out. They've got money back East."

But only Joel and his mother knew how meager were those eastern resources, or how heavily they had been drawn upon.

Then came their year of plenty, with its generous rains, when the father, in his wheel chair upon the porch, could look across fields ripening to an abundant harvest and, in a voice which grew each day weaker, would talk of the good times which were coming, when he should once more be well and strong; the years of drought had plainly been exceptional, the soil was as fertile as any in the world, prosperity had come to stay; and Joel and his mother, who saw only too clearly the end that was coming so quickly now, encouraged him in all his hopeful prophecies.

The autumn's rich harvest had been gathered

in, winter had passed and then had come exactly such a spring as they had known those first two years. Dry winds swept for days across the prairies; there was scant rain in May and almost none in June. When July came, they could see that nothing but speedy and abundant rain could save even a fraction of their crops.

"We'll be ruined if it does n't rain," Joel said to old Dr. Cameron, to whom he had gone for advice and comfort. "We could n't sell for the cost of our buildings. It is n't myself; I'm young and strong and I can earn a living anywhere; but mother has n't the health she used to have, and Ruth and Sadie, they're little. They can't work, and it can't be that they are to lose all that their father saved for them when he was well and strong. And then, at the worst, we are better off than others; there are dozens, yes, hundreds who will suffer more than we shall."

"Have you ever read of the men who are cultivating parts of the Sahara?" said Dr. Cameron, suddenly looking up at the boy. "Now these western plains they may have been meant to be irrigated, or they may be best adapted to crops that you have not tried."

"It's all so new," answered Joel. "No, I never looked at it that way before. 'I'll—I'll have to think it out. It——' he hesitated—"it shakes me up some. It's like the parable in the Bible about the houses, somewhere the floods have come and the winds blow. Of course my—house has got to stand, all right, only——" his voice died out and for some moments he sat silent.

Dr. Cameron had had a hurry call to the next town to see a patient, and Joel walked with him to the station, shook hands with him and stood watching as the train pulled slowly out. On the rear platform two men, apparently tourists, were standing, and as they were whirled past, a scrap of their conversation reached his ears:

"—simply depends on whether dry farming——" and the rest was lost in the rumble of the train.

But the half dozen words stuck in his memory and all the way home, whenever he was not pondering what Dr. Cameron had said, he was wondering what "dry farming" might mean.

"Mother," asked Joel, as he sat down next morning at the breakfast table, "what's dry farming?"

"I don't know," she answered. "What makes you ask? I don't think I ever heard of it before."

"I heard two people talking about it yesterday, and I thought maybe it was something that would help us."

"I think it 's chickens," announced Sadie.

Joel and his mother laughed, for it was a family joke that the poultry always paid, no matter what the season, but the answer did not satisfy Joel.

"I wonder if Uncle Frank would know?" he asked.

"I 'll ask him, the next time I write," his mother promised.

But when the answer came it proved that Uncle Frank knew nothing whatever about dry farming. He could only guess that it must mean farming without water, which was of course quite absurd; and meanwhile Joel's inquiries among the neighbors had met with no better success.

About two weeks after his talk with Dr. Cameron a stranger called at Joel's house. His costume was a dark gray knickerbocker suit and leggins. A pair of glasses extremely concave made his eyes seem to protrude like those of some great insect, and the resemblance was heightened by his large head and slight, wiry figure. He was canvassing for a book and, because strangers were rare, he was made welcome and sat for twenty minutes discoursing upon the merits of his volume. The decision that it was not best for them to buy he received with a quite surprising good grace and forthwith rose to go.

"It seems to have been a pretty bad year for crops, all through this section," he remarked, as he descended the steps.

"It 's lack of rain," said Joel.

"How much have you had?"

"None to speak of since May."

The stranger took out a little note book and consulted it.

"You 've had fourteen inches in the last year," he said.

Joel made no reply.

"Twelve inches are enough to grow forty bushels of wheat to the acre," he went on, "and in that field it does n't look as if you 'd get ten. You have n't used the rain: you 've wasted it."

The stranger ended with a smile, or Joel might have retorted angrily. After his months of unremitting labor, it was not pleasant to find himself accused of being the author of his own misfortunes.

"How have I wasted it?" he asked.

The stranger replied by putting another question in a quick, nervous tone;

"Did you ever write to the Agricultural Department about your troubles, may I ask?"

"No," answered Joel. "Len Stewart said it would n't do any good."

"Ever visit the Agricultural College at Wapahoe?"

"No."

"Ever visit one of their model farms?"

"No."

"You 've a hired man?"

"Yes."

"Do you use a sub-soil packer?"

"No."

"Dry farming—"

And then of a sudden Joel fell upon that book agent and seized him, as if he feared that he might take to his heels and escape down the road.

"See here," he exclaimed. "What is dry farming? I 've been trying for months to find out."

They sat down on the steps and talked. After a while they rose and walked about from one part of the farm to another, inspecting and discussing it, not heeding the time, while the sun sank lower and lower in the western sky.

"Where did you find out all this?" asked Joel, as the twilight began to close about them. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I 'm a sort of missionary—in disguise," answered the stranger. "I teach at Wapahoe. This is vacation time and so I 'm tramping the country and selling books to pay expenses."

"Come in, and have some supper," said Joel.

Eldredge Brewster accepted the invitation and stayed the night. Every moment that was not spent in sleep was spent in earnest conversation, and when he left next morning, Joel walked with him down the dusty road a mile or more.

"I 'll send you the books and the tool catalogues," said his new found friend, at parting. "You 'll want to read it up. It would help too if you would come to the college and see one of our model farms. If ever you get 'stuck' write to me and I 'll come or send some one, but in the main, all you need is to remember a few simple things. There 's rain *enough*, this section has always had rain enough, if only it is kept from running off the surface and evaporating. To save it you must keep your sub-soil packed and your surface, your soil mulch, pulverized. Begin in the spring, as soon as the ground is dry enough to let you on it, follow your plow with the sub-soil packer and the disk harrow. Harrow after every rain. *Save* the water, don't let it get away from you, that 's the secret of the whole thing. Keep the work up all summer and if, as you say, you have the money to skip a crop that year, and give your time and energy to getting your soil into the right condition, there is n't a reason in the world why, after that, you should n't have good crops

every year. You won't need to depend on the weather. The work will be hard and steady, dry farming was never invented for a lazy man, but you and your hired man will be able to do it, with perhaps another horse. It is the results you are after, and when you come to try it, you will find that you use less seed and get bigger crops than you did the old way, even in the best years. Of course the irrigation ditch would help even a dry farmer, but, as you say, you won't get that for some years yet."

They shook hands and Eldredge Brewster set off down the road. Then, when he had gone a half dozen rods, he turned and came back.

"Just one thing more," he said, "don't be talked out of this. If it was n't so pathetic, it would be funny, the way the old line farmers stick to the notion that methods which were good in Illinois, and Ohio, and New England, must be good here, and never stop to consider that there they had twice the rain fall. I've talked to such men, and men who know ten times what I do about dry farming have talked, and lectured to them, and shown them results, and still they keep on in the same old way, year after year, and fail. The hope of the country is in the young men. Don't give this up, or be talked out of it. I'll pay the expenses if you fail; only if you do as I say, you won't fail. Good-bye."

And this time he was really gone.

Joel set to work as soon as the books came, reading them evenings and at odd moments. His mother joined him in the study and later, after their fields had been harvested, and, as anticipated, had proved almost a total failure, she insisted that he follow Mr. Brewster's suggestion and visit the Agricultural College and model farms, at Wapahoe.

That week's trip was to Joel a revelation. Going over the grounds of the college, with his friend, he saw corn, wheat, sorghum, potatoes, and sugar beets, all of which had grown luxuriantly under weather conditions exactly similar to those upon his own farm, seventy-five miles away. He saw, too, class room and laboratories in which were studied sciences which he had never known to have any bearing upon farming and, before he returned home, his last doubts had

been vanquished and he had placed his order for his new tools.

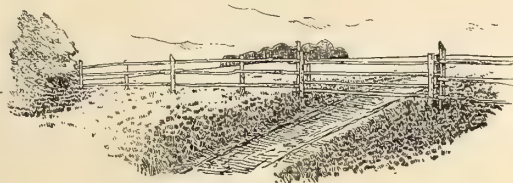
He had expected that when he began work in the spring there would be criticism and ridicule from the neighbors, but in this he was happily disappointed. They had themselves suffered too severely from the drought not to feel sympathy for one who was trying, by a new method, to escape its ravages. Joel was ever ready to give reasons and explanations. He lent his books, he told what he had seen at Wapahoe, some critics were set to investigating, and a few professed their determination to follow Joel's lead, if only his dry farming "panned out."

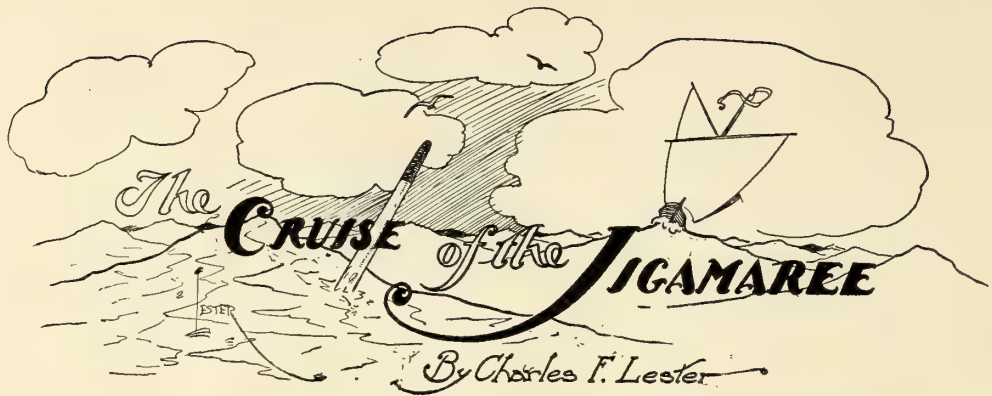
That full season he gave to the culture of his soil. For him and his mother, there was no income excepting the meager returns from the poultry, but both of them felt that it had been a year well spent, especially as the crops harvested upon neighboring farms were even less than those of the year before.

It was the eleventh of September that he made the first test of his work by putting in his fall wheat. In four days the tiny spears had forced their way up through the soil and in all the region his was the only wheat field that showed green that autumn. That battle proved, however, only the first in a victorious campaign, for when the spring came, it was the least favorable of any they had known in the west; and yet, despite hard conditions, Joel Hart's crops grew, and flourished, in the very face of scorching sun and blistering wind. Neighbors looked and wondered; from miles around strangers came to investigate the rumors and went away to spread more rumors. It was the triumph of dry farming in that region and for the Harts and many of their neighbors, it meant the beginning of a new era.

"Our 'experiment' is going to make a big difference here," wrote Joel to Mr. Brewster. But to Dr. Cameron he wrote:

"I've found out how to use the land. It was all my own fault. We might have done it years ago, if only I had read, and studied, and asked more questions. In farming it is n't just hard work that counts; I've found out that. It's brains, too, and a man is no farmer if he does n't do at least half of his farming with his head."



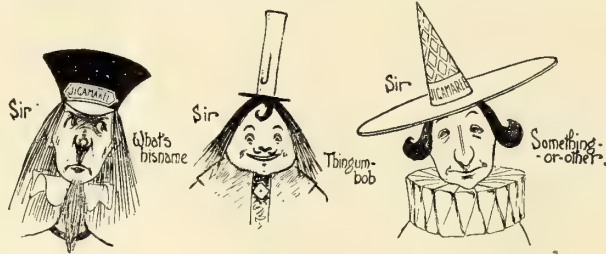


(A nonsensical, twisted yarn of three bold mariners.)

I

The good ship
Jigamaree
starts for a far
country

SIR WHAT'-S-HIS-NAME, Sir Thingumbob, and Sir Something-or-other, too,
Set sail in the good ship *Jigamaree*, all out on the ocean blue;
"Avast!" cried they, as they filled away. "Belay, and eke Yoho!
We're off for the land of Somewhere Else, where the What-do-ye-call-'ems grow!"



II

Quantity of
weather and
quality of same

The sea was full of water and the sky was filled with air;
There was n't much weather to speak of, but what there was, was fair;
The wind was blowing north by south, the sea began to rouse,
And the swells all raised their whitecaps to return the vessel's bows.



"WE MUST BE ALMOST THERE!"

III

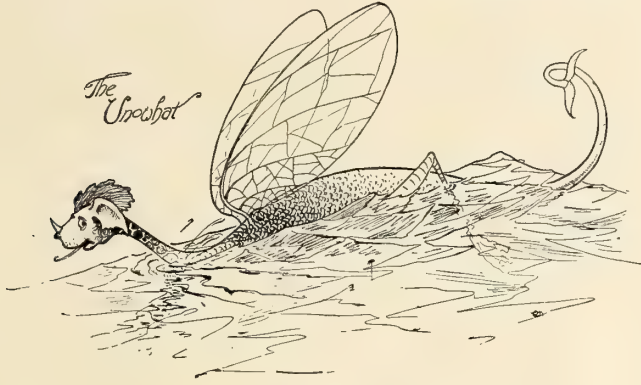
Distressing
altercation of
Sirs Thingumbob
and What-'s-his-
name

Now, when they'd sailed about so long, said Sir Thingumbob, "I declare,
It seems to me, by the way I feel, that we must be almost there!"
"Oh, fiddlestick!" cried Sir What-'s-his-name. "Your notions are so queer!
Pray tell me how *could* we be *there*, when we are plainly *here*?"

IV

The weather now would have been quite cold, if it had n't been so hot,
 When Sir Something-or-other cried one day that he 'd sighted a U-no-what
 (This curious fowl is mostly beast and the other two thirds are fish,
 And it looks, to be precise, just like 'most any old thing you wish).

Sir Something-or-other's enlivening discovery

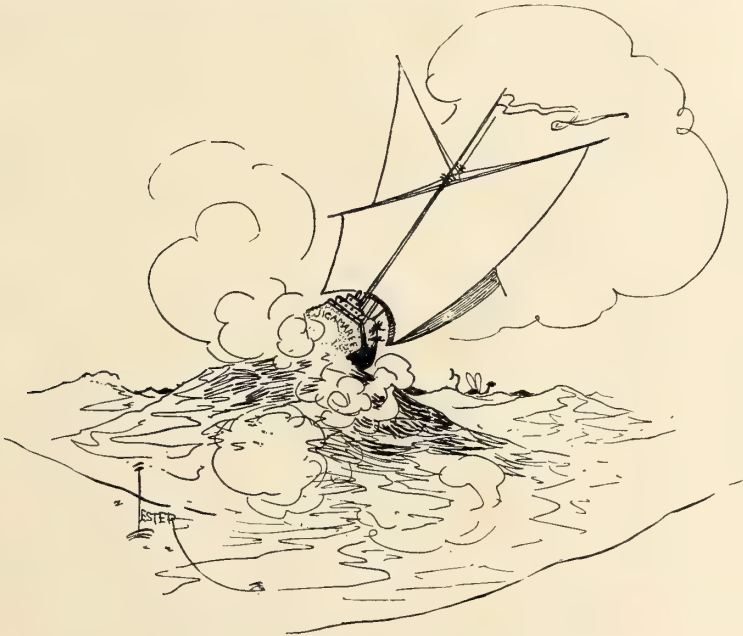


THE U-NO-WHAT.

V

For quite some time the *Jigamaree* pursued the U-no-what
 (She sailed so fast that the water behind the ship got boiling hot!);
 At last they overtook it, and it gives me joy to say
 That they surely would have caught the thing, if it had n't got away!

Headlong pursuit and ultimate escape of the U-no-what



"SHE SAILED SO FAST THE WATER GOT BOILING HOT."

VI

Just then up spake Sir Thingumbob (he never *would* speak down!),
 While o'er his features played a smile (though it may have been a frown),
 "Although I am not positive, I'm certain as I can be,
 That U-no-what is lost,—and so, I grieve to say, are we!"

The doleful speech of Sir Thingumbob

THE CRUISE OF THE JIGAMAREE



SIR THINGUMBOB.

VII

Apprehension of the mariners. Sir What's-his-name's comforting observation

Now when they found they were really lost, they did n't like the notion Of being left alone with all that water in the ocean; But just about then Sir What's-his-name smiled half a dozen smiles, For he 'd sighted a guide-post that was marked, "Home—quite a number of miles!"



THE GUIDE-POST.

VIII

Safe return and future prospects

So they pointed the ship about like that, and sailed a good long way, And they all got home again safe and sound, quite suddenly, one fine day. And after a while, I guess, perhaps, they 'll try again to go To the wonderful land of Somewhere Else, where the What-do-ye-call-'ems grow.



FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



XV. LOT, A SPOKANE CHIEF

THE Spokanes, when they were not off on a buffalo-hunt or camping here and there to store up for winter certain roots which they eat, as squirrels store up beechnuts, lived along the banks of the Spokane River in Washington State. This river, with many falls and rapids, flows through great forests west to the Columbia. It is a beautiful land of wooded hills and fertile valleys, and the Indians clung to it with great fondness.

There was an old bridge across the Spokane, and as I rode to Fort Colville, escorted by some cavalry, we saw an open field covered with Indian lodges just to our right as we came to the bridge. There were ten or twelve lodges and one hundred and twenty Indians. Many Indians came out to meet us on the road, and I called to one of them in English: "What Indians are these?" He replied: "A band of Spokanes." The leader of this band was Lot.

Long ago, when Lot was a small boy, Mr. Eeles, a good teacher, went to live among the Spokanes, just as in 1840 the famous Dr. Marcus Whitman went to teach the savage Cayuses. The Indians called this teacher Father Eeles, and, although he died long ago, they still speak of him with affection, and white people name roads and hamlets for him. Father Eeles loved the little Indian boy who would be a chief some day, and he baptized him and called him Lot.

Now Lot had grown to be a fine, tall Indian chief, over six feet in his heelless moccasins, and but for his braided hair and the blanket over his shoulders you would have taken him for an old hunter. He spoke very little English, and was very modest, but Mr. Campbell, the Indian agent,

brought Lot to me at once, saying as he did so: "Lot is a splendid Indian. He has learned our ways and has always tried to live as Father Eeles taught him." I took a fancy to Lot immediately, and asked him why his band were here, and what they were doing, and he told me that one of his Indian girls was to become the wife of a "squaw-man," and that the band had come to see Mr. Campbell marry them.

Now, a white man who marries an Indian woman is called by every one a squaw-man. Lot asked if I would stay for the wedding, and I gladly accepted his invitation.

The bride was a pretty Indian girl, scarcely more than fourteen years old, and she came out of one of the lodges with some Indian women and her parents, and brothers and sisters.

The squaw-man, Mr. Walker, was about forty years old, and a rather rough-looking man in shabby clothes. He came across the bridge with some fine-looking Indian braves, and I could not help wondering why the young Indian girl had not chosen one of them for her husband. But perhaps she thought it was grander to live in a house and be Mrs. Walker. At any rate, Mr. Campbell had them hold hands while he married them by the white man's ceremony.

After the wedding we went on to Fort Colville, and the next time I saw Lot he asked me to come with him to a meeting of his band. Spokane Williams, one of his band, had taken land like a white man and built a house. To be sure, it was a small house with one door and no windows, but he was proud of it. There was a platform at one end where we sat, and Mr. Campbell was there, too. All the people sat on the hard earth floor, men and women, children, and paposes

packed in like sardines. Then the Indians stood up and told what they had done that they were sorry for. One big fellow said that he had stolen four horses; but afterward he was very sad and took them back to the white man they belonged to, and asked his forgiveness; so the white man said: "All right, John," and then he was happy again. A woman said she had told an untruth, but afterward she was so miserable she had to go and ask to be forgiven. After a while an old Indian woman got up and talked for a while, but Lot stopped her and told her to sit down. I asked Mr. Campbell what they were saying, and he told me she had been finding fault with her neighbors, but the chief said: "You may tell us the wrong things you yourself have done, but you must n't tell us the bad things your neighbors have been doing." Lot was very careful to make the people of his band do what was right.

Now, Spokane Garry was the head chief of all Spokane Indians, and he asked me to meet him at an Indian council. Garry was a small, egotistical, grumbling old man, not at all like Lot. He spoke English very loud and very fast, and was hard to understand. What he wanted me to know was that the Spokanes had helped the white settlers much more than the Nez Percés Indians had, and he thought the great Father at Washington ought to treat them as well, and give them a reservation as good as the Nez Percés had.

I told him I wished his Indians would all build houses and take up land like white men. Spokane Williams of Lot's band had done so, and was doing well. But Garry stopped me and said that white men's ways were not Indians' ways. Indians liked to go from place to place and take their lodges with them. If they lived in houses they must stop in one place. I sent his request to Washington, but he died before there was any reply, and Lot became a leader and guide to all these people. I often saw Lot, and we had long talks about the Indians. He moved his people to a prairie land where there was good water and plenty of trees, and here I visited him and felt as safe among these wild people as I do in my own home. But Lot always said, as Garry did, that Indians could not live like white men. He told me that if he could keep them together the old men and women would work while the young men could hunt partridges, wild turkey, and deer, but if they tried to live as white men no one would work. Every time I saw Lot he talked in this way till I came to believe it was so, and when President Hayes and General Sherman came to Oregon I told them what Lot had said to me, and asked the President to give these Indians some land for their own. General Sherman agreed

with me that this would be the best thing for everybody, and the President signed a paper ordering enough land to be set aside for all the Spokane people. So Lot had his wish.

Some months afterward, when the President sent me orders to leave Washington Territory and go to West Point, New York, Lot in his far-off reservation heard that I was going. He mounted his pony and with some of his braves rode three hundred miles to beg me to stay. He arrived in Portland, Oregon, just as I was going on board the ocean steamer, anchored in the Willamette River, which was to take me to San Francisco. Lot was too excited to speak much English, but he found his way to my state-room and, big giant that he was, took me in his arms as if I were a small boy, saying, "No, no! you not go! You stay here and we have peace!"

Of course I could not stay, and after a while Lot understood that where the President sent me I must go. But we parted as if we were indeed brothers, and this noble Indian went back to his tribe to teach them what was best in life and continue his good work for his people.

XVI. RED CLOUD

FAR away in Wyoming lived the Sioux Indians, a fierce and warlike tribe. They called themselves Dakotas; but their enemies said that when they fought they did everything in a mean, hidden way so it was hard to know what to expect, and they called them Sioux, which means snake-like-ones. To this tribe belonged a young brave who wanted very much to become a chief. His father was a fierce warrior and had taught him how to fight, but he was not satisfied to follow the leaders of his tribe, for he wanted to lead other Indians himself. When this young man was only eighteen years old he had already learned to use the bow, could ride Indian ponies and swim deep rivers, and was a great buffalo-hunter; besides, he often danced in war dances with older braves. In some way he managed to get a rifle which fired several times without reloading, and after that he began to feel of much more importance than other young Indians.

At first the young braves were angry with him, but he soon showed them that he was a skilful warrior, and before long many young Indians chose him for their leader. Now he could wear an eagle feather in his war bonnet, and was a real chief.

At this time Uncle Sam had promised to give each Indian a good blanket, and they were glad to get them. The blankets were all bright red, and when this young Indian and his followers,

each wearing a red blanket, rode rapidly past, some one said, "See the Red Cloud." From that time on the young leader was called "Red Cloud," and so far as I know was never after given any other name.

The Sioux Indians have a wonderful festival which they call the sun dance. At this time all the braves try to show how much pain they can

he would no longer be a chief; at any rate, he would not listen to any plan to stop fighting.

Fort Phil Kearney in Wyoming was in the middle of the Indians' country. One day word came to the major there that a party of soldiers who had gone to get firewood had been attacked, and some were killed, the rest in great danger. The major at once sent out a rescue party under



AN ATTACK ON A WAGON-TRAIN BY RED CLOUD'S SIOUX WARRIORS.

bear without flinching, and some people say it makes them tender-hearted. Certainly "Red Cloud" always could bear more than any other warrior, and yet his heart was fierce and war-like. In time the Indians came to fear him, and little by little he was chosen war chief of all the wild Dakotas or Sioux. He hated the white people, and when other Indians tried to make peace Red Cloud always said: "No; war, war!" Perhaps he knew that just as soon as there was peace

Captain Fetterman, but Red Cloud was waiting with two thousand warriors, and not one white man escaped.

Nobody could say now that Red Cloud was not a great leader, and even Uncle Sam, however much he feared him, had to confess that he was "Chief of all the living Sioux Indians." All the Sioux chiefs whose fathers had been chiefs before them were willing to give some Indian lands to the white people and live on a reservation, but

Red Cloud said: "No, no; I want war," and the young warriors followed him in spite of the chiefs. He had many battles and simply would not stop fighting.

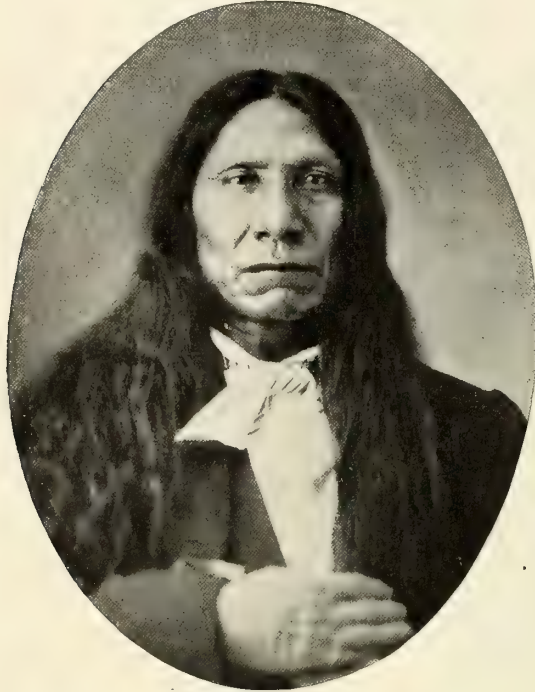
At last, in 1874, the Indians came to one of Uncle Sam's army posts for a "big talk." The re-

It was of no use to treat the tribe kindly so long as Red Cloud wanted war.

At last, after many years, the war chief began to feel that he could not win his fight, so very sadly he buried his tomahawk and signed what he called "a peace paper." But he did not really love his white brothers, and when Uncle Sam wanted Indian scouts to help him fight in 1876, Red Cloud was angry, and sent some of his warriors to waylay the soldiers and Indian scouts. Then Uncle Sam said that Red Cloud could not expect to be a chief if he did such things, for the officers found that he was always planning to make trouble; and they put Spotted Tail, a chief who was frank and honest, in Red Cloud's place. But what good did that do when the young Indians loved Red Cloud and did what he said? And he kept them from working with their hands, and said braves must only hunt and fight, and he would not try to keep peace or to help Spotted Tail control the young braves.

Then at last, when Red Cloud was a very old man, more than eighty years old, he was sick for the first time in his life. He had to stay in his lodge and be taken care of, for he was too weak to move. Now he began to notice how kind every one was to him when he could do nothing for himself, and his heart was softened. When he was able to be up again and to go out into the woods, he was very happy, and began to be sorry for people who were not strong and well, though until he was ill himself, he had despised them.

He saw how Uncle Sam was trying to take care of everybody in this big country of ours, and he said, "Indians must take land like white men, they must work with a plow and hoe, and they must read books and study." Then there was peace in the north land, for the fiercest of all our Indian warriors up to that time had really surrendered at last.



RED CLOUD.

sult was that the Indians agreed to give up the land they had fought for, and went to live on what was called "Red Cloud Reservation." But still peace did not come. They were always ready to break out, and every once in a while houses were burned, stages waylaid, and people killed.



THE DIVERS OF A NAVY AND THEIR ADVENTURES

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

For untold years men have worked under the sea, but until within the last hundred years their reward has not been great. True, a diver might plunge into Greek or West Indian seas in search of sponges; into Australian waters after pearls; but such efforts were limited to the two or three minutes wherein each man could hold his breath and grope on the sea floor for the treasure.

It is nearly a century since Adolph Siebe invented the first crude "diving-dress," which, after the manner of inventions, has been greatly improved upon since then. To-day a diver can remain eight hours deep down under the ocean with as much comfort as his brother workman at the surface. In this way the underworld of the sea has really been opened up, and on every hand has been compelled to give up its drowned gold. For ships carrying enormous quantities of treasure—gold and silver and precious stones, jealously stored in the bullion room—are just as liable to misfortune as their humbler sisters.

Until the modern diving-dress came, however, it was absolutely impossible to recover such treasure. Almost \$500,000 worth of gold coin was recovered from the liner, *Alphonso XII*, which sank in nearly two hundred feet of water in the wild seas off Grand Canary; and there were similar cases of treasure saved by divers from the *Hamilla Mitchell*, sunk in China waters, the *Skyro*, laden with great bars of silver, and many other ships.

Strange and terrible are the sights beheld by these workers in the deep sea, among the wrecks which they search; and maybe marine worms have bored the treasure-chests until these have fallen to pieces and recklessly spread gold and silver over the sand and ooze of the sea floor. In fact, the trained diver of to-day does far more work than we are apt to suspect. Every one of our great armored battle-ships and lighter cruisers now carries a number of seamen-divers, and these men receive extra pay for their difficult and dangerous tasks. In England's navy, the battle-ship

carries eight, and the cruiser four divers, all of them most carefully selected for their splendid physical condition.

I should explain that the deeper one goes into water the more terrible is the pressure upon the body. When Diver Lambert was sending up the boxes of gold out of the *Alphonso XII*, there was no less a pressure than eighty-eight and one half pounds on every square inch of his body; and if he had not come to the surface very slowly and cautiously, so as to accustom himself to the lessening of this pressure, very serious injury would



HELPING DIVERS PUT ON THEIR HEAVY SUITS.

have befallen him when he came up again.

The work of a naval diver is not by any means confined to war time, although every one knows how useful a member of the ship's crew this is when giant projectiles are being fired at the vessel, and she is perhaps pierced below the waterline, and in grave danger, in spite of her watertight compartments.

But even when a warship is making friendly calls all over the world—on a "station," as the

saying is—her steel bottom needs cleaning, because it becomes incrustated with weeds and barnacles. Then it is that scaffolds are rigged up, boats launched, and down go four divers, armed with steel brushes, thirty or forty feet into the sea, to scrape the mighty steel hull. The effect is curious. For the great armor-clad monster may very well speed an extra couple of knots an hour as a result of being freed from such underwater growths.

Most great nations now maintain regular

First of all the pupil is introduced to the various items of his dress, which indeed make a great display. There are stockings, and more stockings, and yet other stockings. There is underclothing, and more underclothing, and jerseys over them, and sweaters over them. There are lead-soled boots weighing twenty pounds each; and, lastly, a suit made of india-rubber and leather with waterproof joints, and gauntlets that overlap at the wrists.

But the most important items are put on last. These are a corselet or breastplate and shoulder-

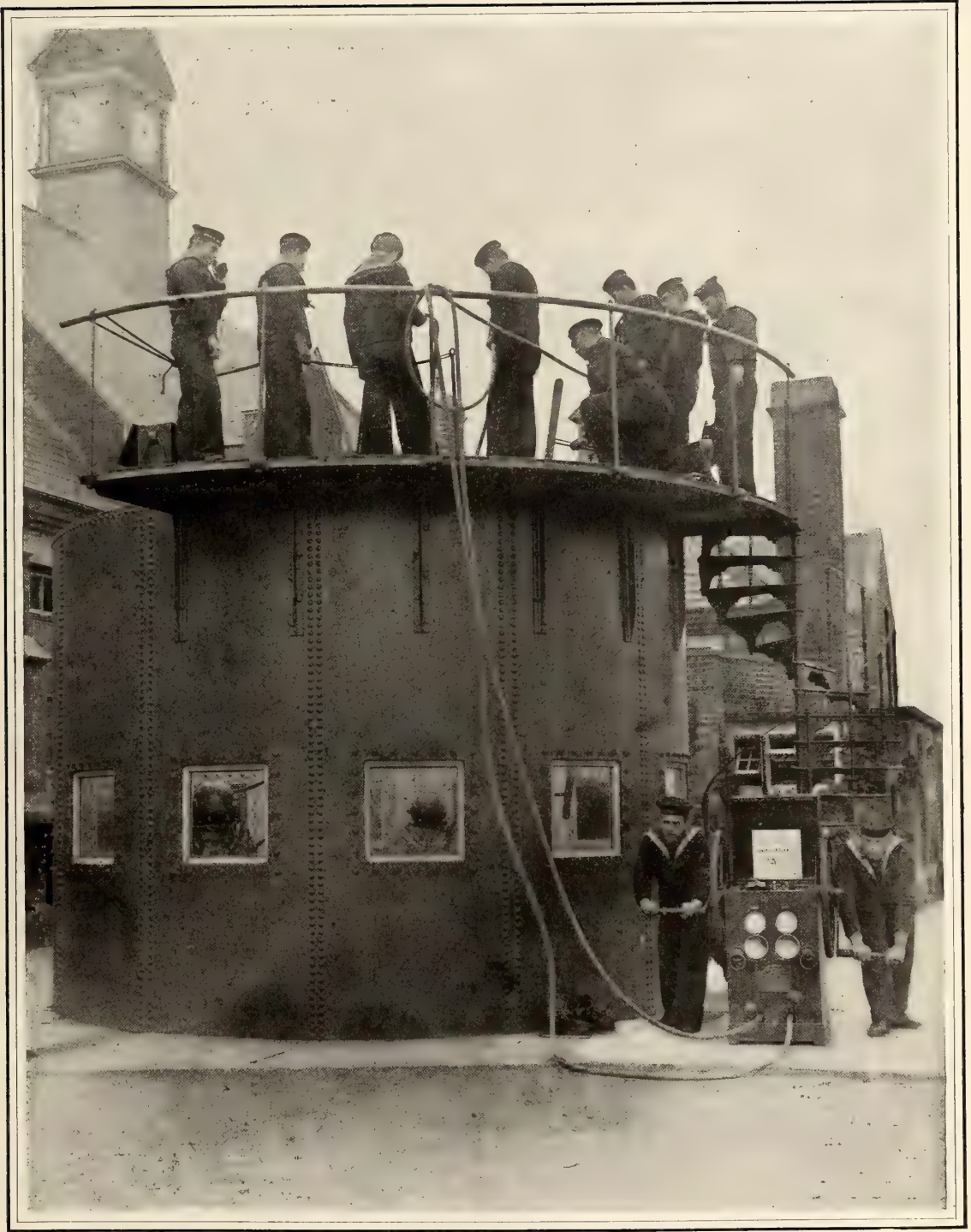


TWO DIVERS (OF A BATTLE-SHIP'S CREW) READY TO GO DOWN FOR A PRACTICE "DIVE."

"academies," or schools for the training of naval divers. And as England is the greatest naval power, it is likely that her school is one of the most interesting. Imagine a gigantic circular steel tank, filled with some twenty feet of seawater, and provided with plate-glass windows all round. At the side a spiral staircase gives access to a platform at the top; and to this peculiar academy the would-be diver is sent. He is first of all passed by the doctor as being in most perfect physical health, and therefore in no danger from water pressures, or their sudden removal.

pads, made of shining steel and copper, and then comes the helmet that gives the deep-sea diver so fierce an appearance. This, too, is of copper, quite circular, and with a thick plate-glass window in front. You would think all this clothing quite enough; yet attached to the suit is a regular "gear" of trailing life-lines and air-pipes, portable telephones and electric search-lights by which the deep-sea worker will keep alive and light his way amid strange-colored jungles and dreary masses of wreckage.

The pupil dresses on the top platform, and



THE LARGE DIVING TANK FOR GIVING PRACTICE TO NAVAL DIVERS.
THROUGH THE SQUARE WINDOWS CAN BE SEEN TWO OR
THREE IN DIVING-SUITS IN THE "WATER-SCHOOL."

then, probably with misgivings, places in position his breast- and back-weights of lead, and climbs slowly down a ladder into his "water school." His tutors at the top talk to him by telephone; and another instructor communicates by means of slate and pencil, held to the windows far under the water-level.

The diver-candidate learns to walk—no easy matter in deep salt water, notwithstanding the weights. He is taught to use hammer and chisel, place great stones in position, possibly for breakwaters and piers; and there may be model ships

failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battle-ship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life-line were sent below without avail. In the launch above, the throb, throb of the air-pumps' cylinders went on; but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface; and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. This man came on board, dressed immediately, and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow 's been asleep all this time!" he said, wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the *Dreadnaught's* propeller and went to sleep, with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast! The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.



NAVAL DIVERS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

to scrape, collision mats to place in position, lost anchors, chains, and torpedoes to recover, and other tasks of this sort.

Besides the under-water training, the seamen-divers under instruction attend daily at another school, where lectures are given on such subjects as the removal of wrecks by means of explosives dexterously placed beneath them far under the water; and also the clearing of ships' propellers that may be fouled by floating wreckage, seaweed, and the like. The course lasts perhaps six months, and then the men are drafted to their ships, where they act as ordinary seamen for the most part, but may be called upon at a moment's notice to go below the waves.

As showing how much at home a man may be to-day under water, I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago, while the great battle-ship, *Dreadnaught*, was at Malta, one of the seamen-divers went down to clear her propeller from some flotsam that had become entangled; and he

I need hardly say, however, that these men do have remarkable adventures. Contrary to what is generally supposed, the fully equipped modern diver does *not* dread sharks in the depths; though there are cases on record where these monsters have bitten savagely at the air-pipe, causing a serious leak and almost drowning the man before he could be hauled up. Sharks are, however, notoriously timid, and all the experienced diver has to do to frighten them away, is to open one of the air-valves in his dress and cause a stream of bubbles to rise up all around him, whereupon the "tiger of the deep" will make off in abject terror.

A far more real danger is getting entangled. Suppose one of the cruisers meets a derelict in mid-ocean and wishes to destroy her. A couple of divers will be sent down under the hulk with instructions to place in position a charge of gun-cotton. Now should these men return upon their tracks on the sea floor, and get their long trailing air-pipes and life-lines knotted and tangled, they

are in a very serious position indeed. For even if the air supply be uninterrupted, it is impossible for them to come up of their own accord, and any attempt to haul them up may end in the snapping of the air-tube long before they reach the surface, thus drowning the diver.

One of the most sensational of these cases on record was that of the Seaman-diver Young of H. M. S. *Hood*, attached to the British Mediterranean squadron. This man went down to recover a spent torpedo, but got his lines entangled; and when his comrades tried to haul him up they pulled him completely upside down, where he remained for two days and nights in the most terrible situation one could imagine. At length the captain, convinced that the man could not now be alive, gave orders to have his gear attached to a steam-winch; and when power was put on, up bobbed Young's body, together with the torpedo with which he was involved.

The strange thing is that the man was alive and comparatively well, though very giddy and hungry. After a day or two's rest he actually volunteered to go down and lay submarine mines

in Malta harbor with the rest of his comrades. This, by the way, is another very important branch of the naval diver's work. Every great harbor is protected by "mines," which are in reality immense charges of wet guncotton that can be exploded electrically either by contact or by a cable from the shore. The idea is that no hostile war-ship may come into that harbor without courting destruction.

It is the diver's work to go down into the sea and place these odd-looking kegs and globes in position, and make fast to them the electrical connection. Or again, the divers on the hostile ships would be sent down to reconnoiter the sea floor and see whether any of these deadly enemies were there hidden.

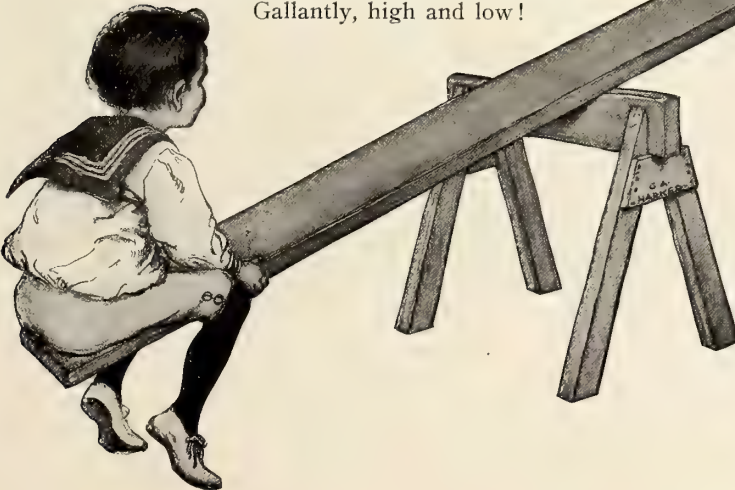
One mine might very well destroy in a minute or two the most magnificent battle-ship afloat, as was evidenced during the recent Russo-Japanese war by the almost instantaneous destruction of the huge Russian battle-ship *Petrovsk*, which went down almost immediately with her admiral and many hundreds of men—the result of the explosion of a mine.

TWO GO A-RIDING

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

SEE-SAW, high and low,
Two in the saddle, we 're off for town;
Send me up and I 'll send you down—
That is the way to go.

A swinging canter will take us there,
Mile by mile through the sunny air,—
A splendid steed and a fearless pair,
Gallantly, high and low!



See-saw, and we need no whip,
Nor spur nor rein to guide;
The coast is clear for a jolly
trip—
The way is cool and wide.
Toss me low and I 'll toss
you high,
Dip to the earth, I 'll
mount to the sky,—
So on our journey, merrily,
We ride, ride, ride!



"THE TWO CHILDREN SAT SEWING AS FAST AS THEIR
BUSY LITTLE FINGERS COULD GO."

THE FROSTED PARTY-CAKE

BY HARRIET MENDENHALL

SUE and Mary sat on the steps before the white hall-door with its big brass knocker. There were two steps with an iron rail to guard them, and in front of the lower step was a braided rag rug. The posts of the railing were topped by shining brass knobs. Sue's and Mary's great-grandma had the brass knobs polished every day. The two children sat sewing, as fast as their busy little fingers could go. Sue was making a dress for her doll, and Mary was hemming a sheet for her baby sister's crib. I am afraid that her mother had to sew it over again, but the wee little girl did the best she could. They were talking about a children's party that they were going to in a few days; for they had children's parties in this old Quaker town, with its brick and stuccoed houses and white doorways.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the party day, ten little girls, ten dear, little Quaker girls in white frocks went to Lydia's house on Penn Street. Lydia's mother and Lydia's aunt met them at the white doorway, took off the ten little bonnets, and all the little girls went to the back porch to see the kittens. They drew strings on the floor and the kittens ran after and tumbled over one another; and every one laughed and the kittens purred. Then Lydia's mother took the ten little girls out into the garden and showed them the flowers. Lydia was to have a square garden for her own self and her mother had two rose-bushes for it. Lydia's aunt played games with the ten little girls, and then the party supper was ready. All the little girls sat at the big dining-table, and Lydia's mother and Lydia's

aunt placed something nice on every plate. How pretty the table looked with the china and silver and the colored jellies and the cakes! There were little cakes and a great, big cake, frosted. This was kept for the last. It was on a big plate and was cut so that each little girl could pull a slice out. Lydia's aunt took the plate and said to Mary:

"Will thee have a slice of cake?"

How good it was! Mary loved frosting, but her little heart was shy, and to pull out the first slice while every one looked!

"No, I thank thee," she replied.

"Will thee have a slice of cake?" asked Lydia's aunt of the next little girl.

"No, I thank thee," she answered.

"Will thee have a slice?" Lydia's aunt asked of the third little girl.

"No, I thank thee."

Ten little girls wanted the cake. Ten little girls replied, "No, I thank thee," because no one wanted to begin. Ten little girls were shy and so disappointed.

Lydia's mother knew.

"Oh," she exclaimed, gently, "thee will have a slice, Mary, won't thee?" She smiled as she slipped out the first piece and laid it on Mary's plate.

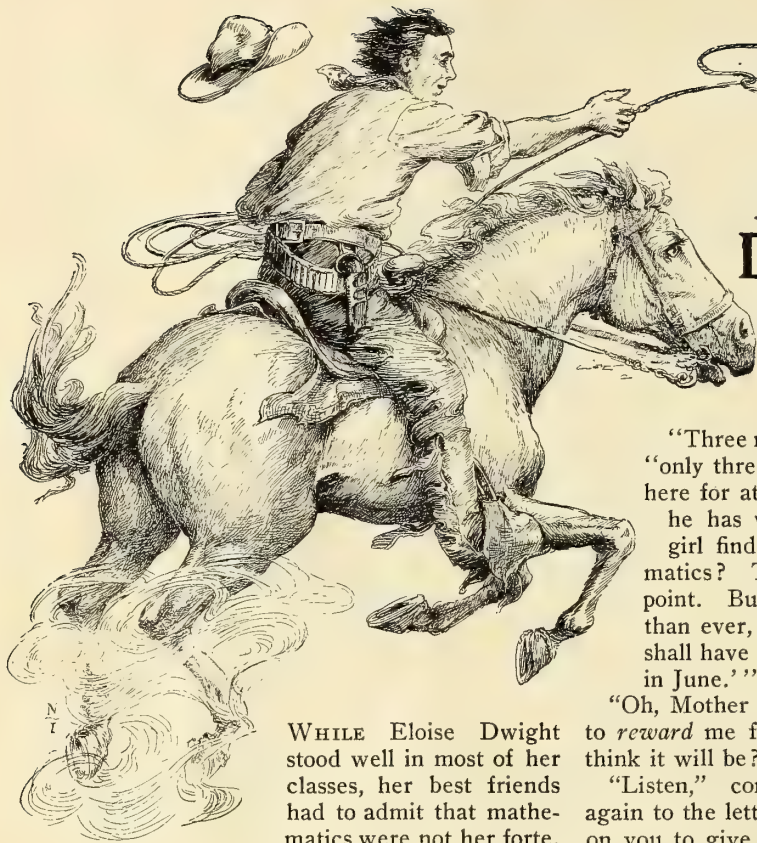
"The next little girl will have a slice, will she not?" Another smile and another piece of cake was laid on a plate.

"Sue will have a piece?"

"Harriet will have a piece?"

Every little girl had a slice of the cake. Every one liked Lydia's mother. She knew. The party went gaily on. Every one had a slice of the big party-cake, frosted.





A LITTLE DIPLOMAT

BY MARY V. WORSTELL

some mathematics, the latter showed Eloise the letter from Montana.

"Three months, Eloise," said Mrs. Dwight, "only three months, and Uncle Billy will be here for at least a fortnight. Listen to what he has written about you: 'So our little girl finds her main difficulty with mathematics? Too bad, for that was my weak point. But tell her to brace up, study harder than ever, and if study can help matters she shall have a suitable reward when I come on, in June.'"

"Oh, Mother dear, is n't he a jewel! To offer to reward me for studying hard. What do you think it will be?"

"Listen," continued Mrs. Dwight, turning again to the letter; she read on: "I shall depend on you to give me a hint as to what this would better be."

"Oh, Mother, do you think I could have one of those pretty pink linen dresses, embroidered in white? Several of the girls are to have embroidered linens this summer."

"The very thing, Eloise. I was wishing that I could buy you one."

By June the whole Dwight household had forgotten everything but the coming of Uncle Billy—dear, big, blustering, handsome, generous Uncle Billy.

And Eloise had no fear of her troublesome report, for conscientious study had done wonders, and mathematics were triumphantly marked "95 per cent."

Then came the day of days when Eloise and Uncle Billy were to go to the city for a royal good time. He must have learned, somehow, of the coveted "pink, embroidered linen," for together uncle and niece went first of all to one of New York's great department stores.

On their way to the city, Uncle Billy had confided to Eloise that he wished to get something nice for her mother.

"And what shall it be?" he had asked.

WHILE Eloise Dwight stood well in most of her classes, her best friends had to admit that mathematics were not her forte. She attended a large public

school in a pretty town just the right distance from New York, for it was far enough away to give one the feeling of going on quite a journey when starting off for a day's shopping, yet near enough to make the great, fascinating metropolis seem part of one's life.

Mrs. Dwight was openly disturbed by the thought of the stumbling-block which her small daughter encountered in her school work, but she was a wise little woman, and, instead of fretting in secret or discussing it with other grown-ups, she talked it all over frankly and hopefully with Eloise, who faithfully promised to apply herself as never before to the only study that had proved really difficult.

One day came a letter from Uncle Billy, who lived on a big Montana ranch and only came East once in two or three years. He said that New York was too stuffy and crowded, and that the skyscrapers made him dizzy. He declared that he would rather get caught in a bunch of stampered cattle than cross the Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours.

So it happened that after Eloise and her mother had been talking over the matter of the trouble-

Eloise suggested a writing-desk and he had exclaimed, "Exactly the thing!"

In fact, the matter of this wonderful surprise for her mother quite banished, for a time, all thoughts of embroidered linens, and when they reached the big store they went at once to the furniture department on the third floor. They were shown dozens of pretty desks, but Uncle Billy's choice fell on a dainty, inlaid affair, and before Eloise realized it the purchase was made.

Then Uncle Billy suggested luncheon in the restaurant on the seventh floor, so once more they turned their steps to the elevators. But only one of them was running and the boy in charge seemed to think that he must carry only those who got on down-stairs. He paid no attention to their signal, and seemed quite determined that they should go no higher than the third floor. After the elevator had gone up half a dozen times Uncle Billy, I am sorry to say, quite lost his temper.

"I wonder how much a person is expected to spend in this old town," said he, "in order to entitle him to ride in a stuffy elevator!"

"Perhaps," ventured Eloise timidly, "the boy thinks you had n't bought anything, you made the selection so quickly."

"Well, he ought to be reported, and I 'll see that he *is* reported," answered Uncle Billy impatiently.

Twice more the elevator went up and up and twice more the signal was disregarded. Uncle Billy was on the point of striding off to find some one in authority when Eloise said:

"Please, Uncle Billy, may I try what *I* can do?"

And Uncle Billy, forgetting his anger, smiled down at the troubled little face beside him.

"Why, yes; certainly, dear, do anything you please to bring that rascally boy to his senses."

"I will try."

About one minute later the elevator was going down, empty.

"Down, please," said Eloise.

Reluctantly, as if well aware of the discourtesy he had shown, the boy stopped the elevator, opened the lattice-door and the two stepped in. Sooner than it takes to tell it, the ground floor was reached and the door was flung open angrily for the elevator-boy was eager to be rid of passengers who might justly enter a complaint against him.

"Now we 'll go *up*, please, to the restaurant," said Eloise.

The next moment she felt Uncle Billy place a protecting arm around her shoulders as the waiting people surged in and crowded them to the back of the car. She happened to glance up at him but he was holding his hat in front of his face. All she could make out were little wrinkles around his eyes. She was almost sure he was laughing. She could catch only a glimpse of the



"'NOW WE 'LL GO UP,' SAID ELOISE."

elevator-boy, and he wore a very puzzled look. When they reached the big, airy restaurant, with its flowers and palms and music, then and there Uncle Billy had his laugh out, and Eloise joined in, while the waiter stood by, in dignified disapproval of all their merriment.

"So, little girl, mathematics are your weak point! Nevertheless, I 'll trust your 'calculation' every time. Did you catch the expression on the face of that elevator-boy when you said, 'Now we 'll go *up*!' The best ever! Eloise, who said anything about pink calico or chintz or whatever it was! It 's going to be silk, Eloise, just the prettiest pink silk dress we can find!"

And it was.



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

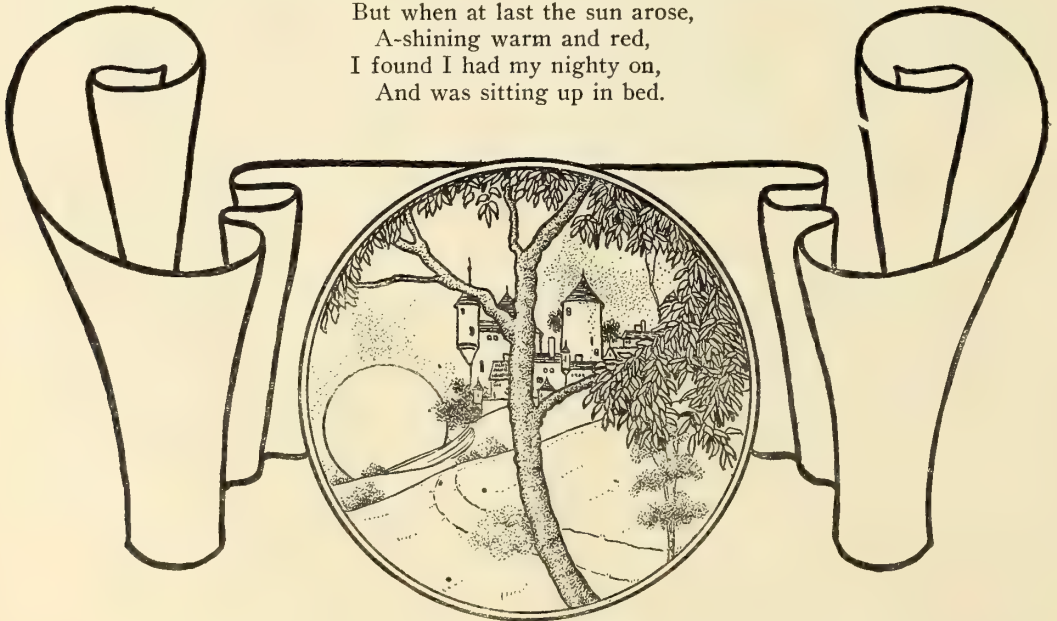


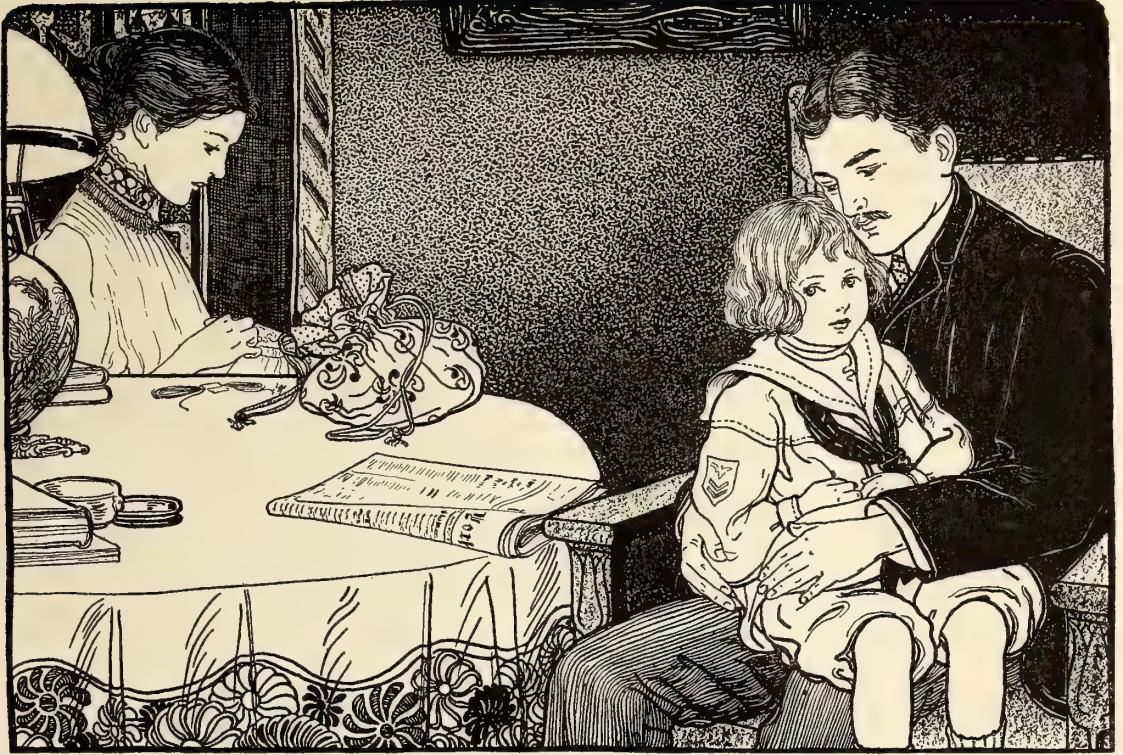
STAYING UP LATE

ONE evening when my bedtime came
I did n't want to go,
So Mother said I might stay up
For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed,
Through all the night, I think,
And never went to bed at all
Nor slept a little wink.

But when at last the sun arose,
A-shining warm and red,
I found I had my nighty on,
And was sitting up in bed.





AFTER TEA

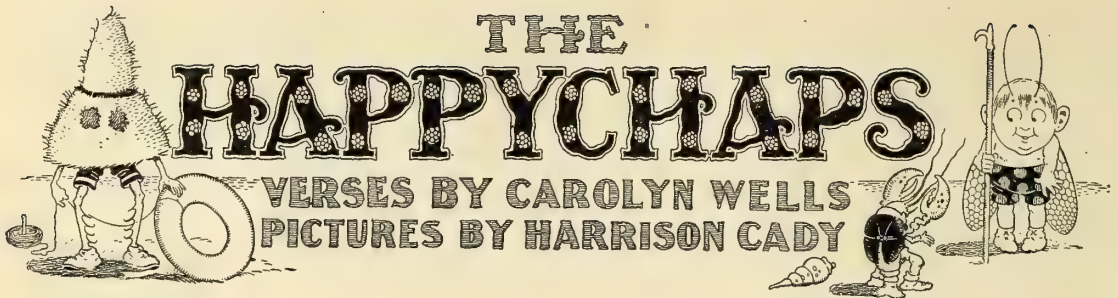
VERY often in the evening,
Shortly after tea,
Father, when he 's read the paper,
Takes me on his knee.

There I fix myself "quite comfy,"
In his arms so strong,
While he makes up lovely stories
As he goes along.

Mother near us with her sewing,
Rocking to and fro,
Smiles and listens to the stories,
Likes them too, I know.

And I 'm sure that she is thinking,
What perhaps you 've guessed,
That the stories Father tells us
Are the very best.






THE HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON CADY

HAPPYCHAPTER VIII



THE August day was so sultry and warm,
The Skiddoodles stood in a sweltering swarm,
And the Happychaps gasped for breath.
Old General Happychap said "Whew!
Whew!!"
And Hiram Hoppergrass said, "Me, too!
I'm melted 'most to death!"

Then they all agreed that like as not
There never had been a day so hot;
And they looked in the "Daily Buzz" to see
What the weather predictions might chance to be.
But when they read

What the weather man said,
They threw down their papers in blank dismay
And wondered how they could survive the day.
Not a breath of air
Stirred anywhere

And they all were in dire despair.
A big thermometer hung by the door
Of the principal Happychap chemist store,
And the wondering crowd stood idly round
And watched the mercury jump and bound.

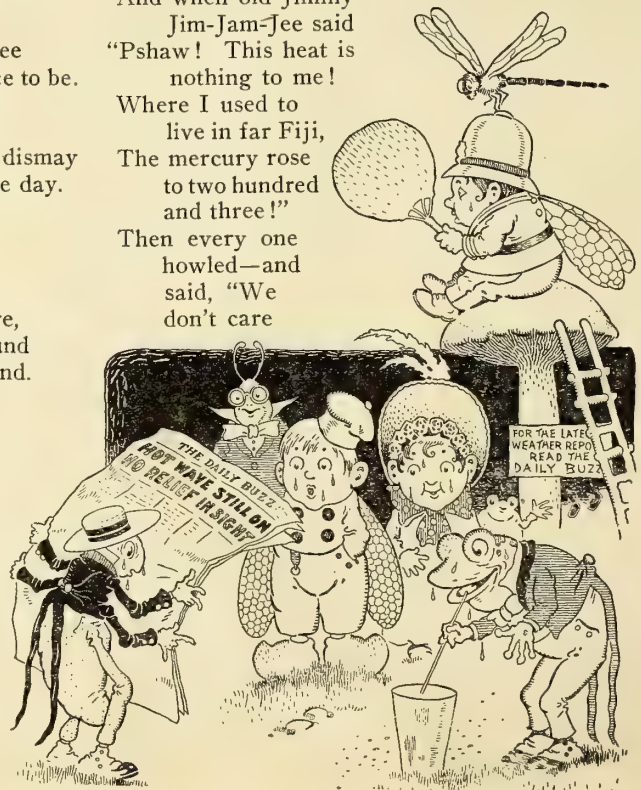
Up, up, it rose,
And, what *do* you s'pose?
It went up and up—it could n't stop—
So it melted the glass and spilled out at
the top!

The Skiddoodles fanned themselves
with their wings,
The Happychaps fanned with any old
things,

Some with their hats,
Some with rush mats,
Some even tried to fan with bats!
Business was all suspended, of course,
Except soda fountains, which ran at
full force;
And booths where they sold

Honey-dew, ice-cold;
And raspberry shrub,
And whipped syllabub;
And hoarfrost ice-cream, or dew lemonade,
Which Happychaps bought as fast as 't was
made.
Then their coats they 'd shed, and their hats
they 'd doff,
But even this did n't cool them off.
Some climbed to the tops of the tallest trees—
In hopes of feeling a mite of a-breeze;
But there was n't a speck, and they quickly
found
'T was no cooler up there than down on the
ground.

And when old Jiminy-
Jim-Jam-Jee said
"Pshaw! This heat is
nothing to me!
Where I used to
live in far Fiji,
The mercury rose
to two hundred
and three!"
Then every one
howled—and
said, "We
don't care

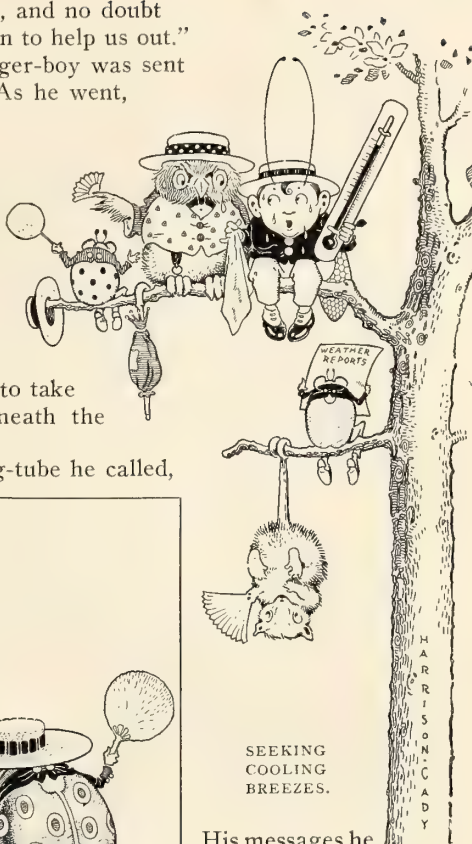




HARRISON CADY

TIMOTHY TERRAPIN'S SPEAKING-TUBE.

With Timothy Terrapin, and no doubt
 We 'll think of some plan to help us out."
 The Happychap messenger-boy was sent
 To hunt up Timothy. As he went,
 He first dropped down
 in a little heap;
 Then he dropped his
 eyes. Then he
 dropped asleep!
 Hiram Hoppergrass
 blithely hopped
 about
 Trying to rout
 Old Timothy out.
 A winding path he had to take
 To Timothy's home beneath the
 lake.
 Then down the speaking-tube he called,



HARRISON CADY

SEEKING
 COOLING
 BREEZES.

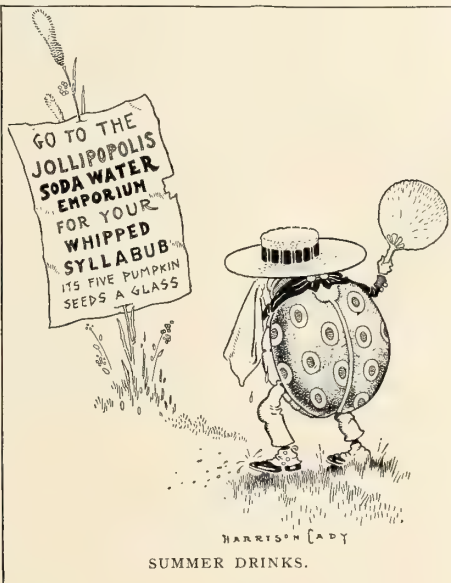
How hot it was, away off there!
 What interests us, is only how
 We're going to get cooler right here
 and now!"

Old General Happychap looked perplexed;

For of course it made him awfully vexed

To think the people were suffering so,
 And with no cool place to which they could go.

At last he said, in desperation,
 "I'll have a serious consultation



HARRISON CADY

SUMMER DRINKS.

His messages he fairly bawled:
 "Hey, Terrapin!
 Say, are you in?
 The General wants to
 speak to you!
 Hustle, old slowpoke!
 Hurry, do!"

"Well, well," said Tim,
 "Just say to him,

I can't go outdoors this hot day,
 So down the tube he can say his say."



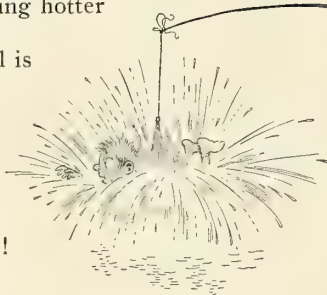
HARRISON CADY

The General came and stated his case,
And Terrapin chuckled all over his face.

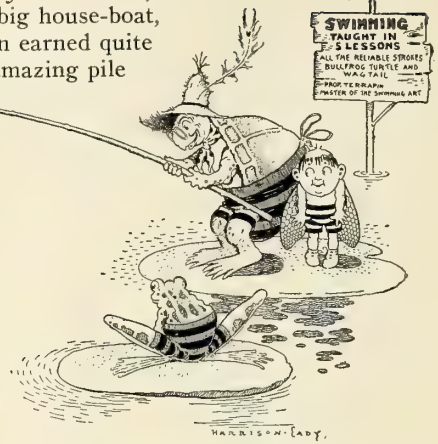
"Ha, ha!" said he,
"It seems to me,

If on land it's growing hotter
and hotter,
The place for you all is
down by the
water!"

"Well, well!" cried
the General,
"he's no dunce!
Come on, my people,
let's go at once!"



The *Betsy Skiddoodle*,
his big house-boat,
And soon earned quite
an amazing pile



TIMOTHY TERRAPIN'S SWIMMING SCHOOL.

By short sailing-trips of half a mile.
Timothy Terrapin in his pool
Opened a first-class swimming school;
And Skiddoodles and Happychaps learned from
him

How to dive and float and swim.
Springboards for high diving were erected,
And here and there beach-parties collected.
Happychap Toots
Tried to shoot the chutes,
And fell off, 'mid a chorus of good-natured hoots.
There were loop-the-loops,
And captive sloops,
And photographs—singly or in groups;
There were scenic railways, and carrouseles,
And booths for selling beads and shells.

A caterpillar
Sold sarsaparilla;
A fat old snail
Sold ginger-ale

(A drop, but this is a mere
detail,
Six thirsty Happychaps
would regale!).



COOLING OFF.

No more in this
heat we'll
faint and
swelter,
Let's scoot to the
seashore,
helter-skel-
ter!"

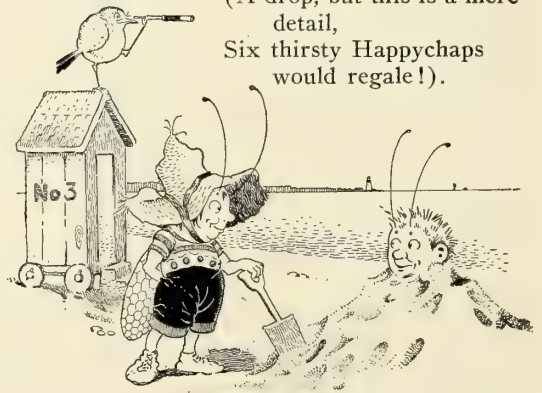
Then Jollipopolis-
by-the-Sea
A watering-place
began to be.
And as the Happy-
chaps down
there
swarmed
The blank bare
beach was
soon trans-
formed.

Like magic a
boardwalk appeared,

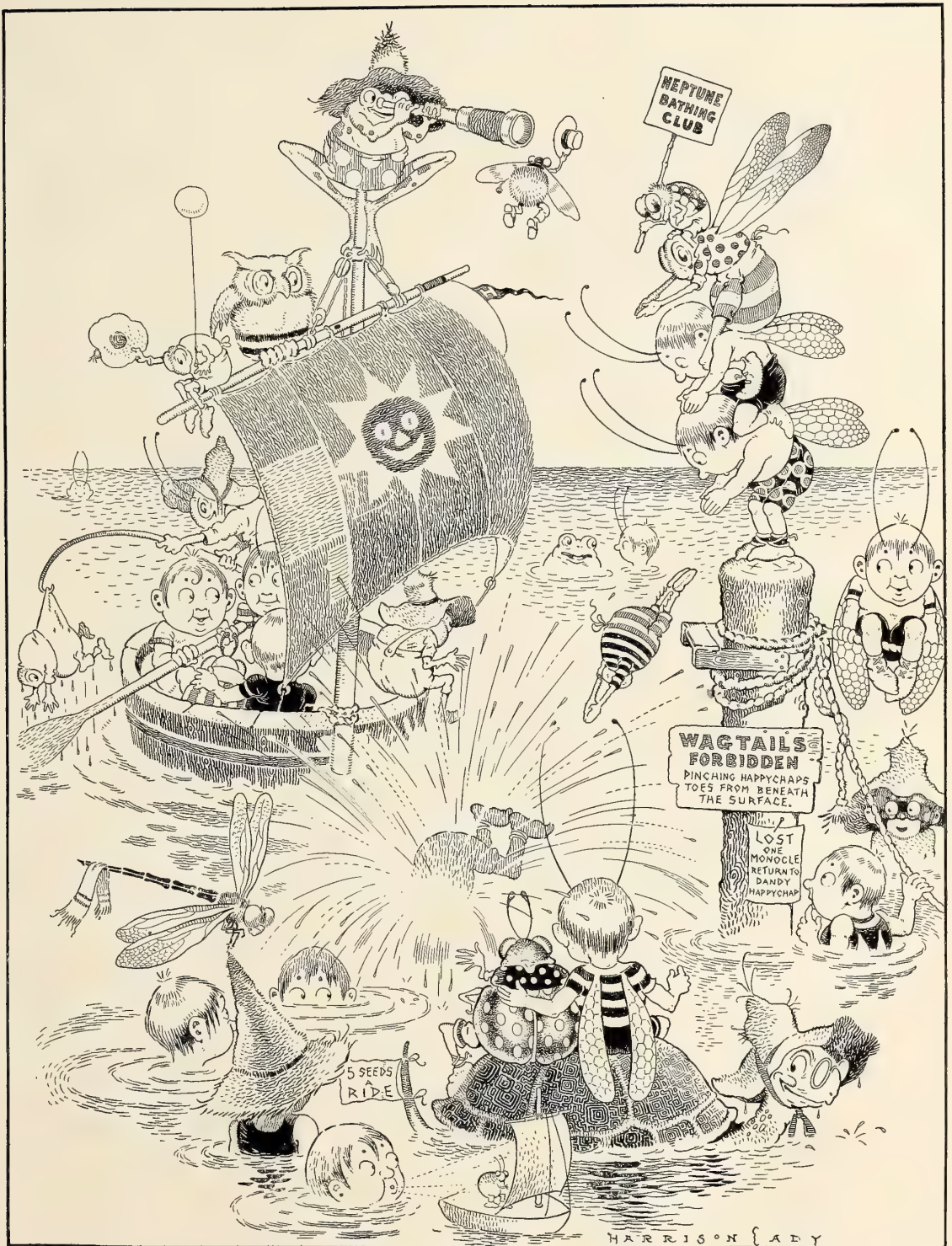
And everybody hurrahed and cheered.
Pavilions arose, and music-stands,
And merry-go-rounds, and big brass bands.
Old Skipper Happychap set afloat



GETTING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.



ON THE BEACH.



WATER SPORTS AT JOLLIPOPOLIS-BY-THE SEA.

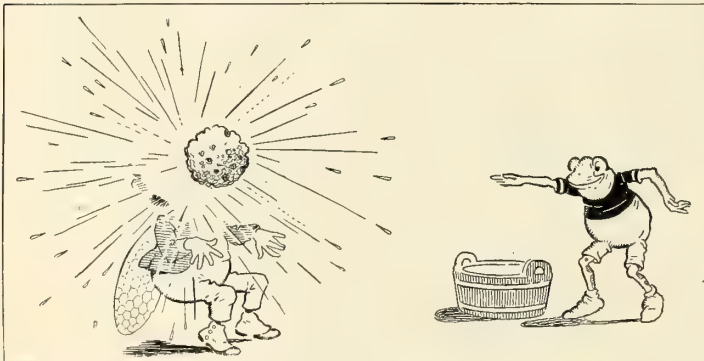


HARRISON LADY

A REFRESHMENT BOOTH.

Because of frequent dips in the sea,
 Everybody was cool as cool could be.
 Some beautiful swimming races were held,
 But in these the Skiddoodles always excelled.
 This caused the Happychaps wonder and worry,
 But they would swim like a duck in a hurry;
 The Skiddoodles would win,
 And T. Terrapin
 Chuckled and laughed till he 'most cracked his
 shell,
 And at last he consented the secret to tell.
 The Skiddoodles upon his broad back took their
 place,
 And he did the swimming, while they won the race!

Everybody hurrahed
 At this funny old fraud;
 For Happychaps all are the merriest folk,
 And dearly enjoy a trick or a joke!
 Duncan McHappychap (one of the smartest)
 Adopted the craft of a lightning sand artist.
 He modeled in sand,
 With only his hand,
 All sorts of bas-reliefs, pictures, and maps,
 And portraits of many well-known Happychaps.
 Of course in their sports,
 They included all sorts;
 So a tub-race was held, and many upset;
 And some got the medals, the others got wet!
 T. Terrapin waddled the length of the track
 With little Skiddoodles all over his back.
 Well, they had the best time, all playing to-
 gether;
 They entirely forgot the very warm weather.
 The hours quickly passed,
 the daylight had fled,
 The Happychaps turned
 toward home and to-
 ward bed.
 And as the last rays of the
 bright sunset faded,
 Along the boardwalk they
 all promenaded.
 While the frogs in the bog,
 'neath a neighboring
 cedar,
 Led by old Signor Green-
 back, a world-re-
 nowned leader,
 Gave an open-air concert,
 exceedingly fine,
 Which did n't get finished till quarter past nine!
 But the Happychaps said,
 As they toddled to bed,
 "There's *nothing* like old Ocean's brine!"



SIGNOR GREENBACK BECOMES PLAYFUL.



DANDY HAPPYCHAP HUNG UP TO DRY.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

LITTLE MOTHERS

BY LUCY FOSTER



ON Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
I was calling one bright summer day ;
I said : " Here is something I don't understand,—
Won't you tell me about it, I pray ?

" Your dollies you tend with beautiful care,
And you pet them,— I see that you do !
You dress them up gaily, and curl their fair hair,—
Pray, what do the dolls do for you ? "

Then Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
Looked up in the greatest surprise ;
They all seemed to think I was crazy, indeed ;
And all their dolls opened their eyes.



Said Flora: "My dolly 's my dearest delight;—
Of course she does nothing for me,
But I pet her and tend her from morning till night,
Because I just *love* her, you see."

Said Cora: "My dolly is naughty some days,
 And throws herself down on the floor;
 But I make believe spank her, and teach her nice ways,
 And that makes me love her some more."



Said Dora: "My dolly 's my joy and my pride,
 She 's lovely to look at, or touch.
 I dress her, and hug her, and take her to ride
 Because I just *love* her so much."

Said Nora: "My dolly 's a comfort to hug,
 And I know that she loves me, you see;
 For she sits in my lap, and cuddles up snug,
 And I *love* her as Mother loves me."

Then Flora and Cora and Dora and Nora
 All said, with a shake of their curls,
 That they loved their dear dollies in just the same way
 That mothers love *their* little girls.

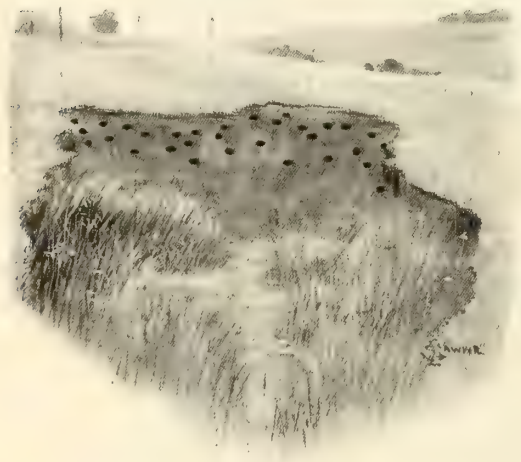


THE bank swallows generally breed in large colonies, occupying the entire face of a bank, usually near water, which they honeycomb with their nesting holes; these excavations are usually about twenty inches deep, but some are as much as four feet from the surface.—A. R. DUGMORE in "Bird Homes."

A BIRD THAT BUILDS ITS NEST WHILE FLYING

By this title we do not mean that the bird builds its entire nest while flying, but that it starts work and does a large part while "on the wing."

We are accustomed to think of the structure of birds and other forms of life as being more or less perfectly adapted to their habits. The bank swallow furnishes a remarkable exception to this rule. The bird's nesting habits call for a stout, sharp bill and especially strong feet. But the feet and bill of this bird are remarkably small



THE NESTS "ARE GENERALLY PLACED NEAR THE TOP OF THE BANK, OFTEN ONLY A FOOT BELOW THE SOD."

and weak, exactly as in the other swallows whose nests are of the ordinary cup-like pattern.

The bank swallow's nest, as most of us know, is a horizontal burrow, usually in a bank of earth or sand. The most characteristic site for a colony of these birds is the steep, sandy bank of a river or brook. The dark entrances to the nests may be seen for a long distance against the light background. There are often hundreds of these nests in a colony, the bank being fairly "honeycombed" by them for a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. They are generally placed near the top of the bank, often only a foot below the sod. As you walk along the brow of the cliff some of the sitting birds are sure to be disturbed and fly from their nests. If you stamp heavily, scores of the swallows will fly out if the colony is a large one. I have watched a large colony of these swallows who were just beginning to dig their burrows, and it is a most interesting sight. Until the holes are deep enough to allow the birds a shelf to stand upon they are obliged to dig while on the wing. They hover before the bank for a few seconds at a time, sending the sand down in a regular little stream; then they sail out a few yards, describing a circle in the air, and return to excavate another little stream of sand, digging with their feet. Back and forth the busy little diggers fly, till the hole is deep enough to admit their bodies, when they can dig more steadily. At last, after a week of patient toil, the little tunnel is a foot and a half or two feet long, with a chamber at the end of it the size of a boy's cap.

In this chamber, on a soft bed made of a handful of straw and feathers, the five or six white eggs will be laid, the smallest of all swallow eggs.

I have seen many colonies and nests of bank swallows in different parts of the country, but none so remarkable as a colony with half a dozen occupied nests in a bank of sawdust. The sawdust was beside a sawmill and formed one bank of a brook. Being steep and of a pale yellowish color, it looked at a little distance like a sand bank, for which the birds perhaps at first mistook it. Upon examination I found the sawdust to be dry on the outside of the bank, but very damp a foot and more in, so that the sides of the swallows' nests were quite damp.

Notice the rather flattened entrances to the nests as shown in the illustrations. The belted kingfisher digs a *round*, and of course larger, tunnel often surrounded by bank swallows.

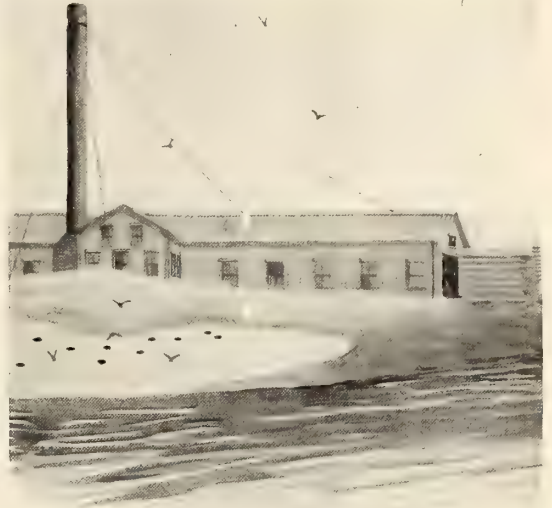
EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A BIRD REPEATEDLY TUNNELS THROUGH A BANK

DARWIN tells an interesting story of the casarita, a little South American bird, somewhat resembling our oven bird:

The casarita builds its nest at the bottom of a narrow cylindrical hole, which is said to extend horizontally to nearly six feet under ground. Several of the country people told me, that when boys, they had attempted to dig out the nest, but had scarcely ever succeeded in getting to the end of the passage. The bird chooses any low bank of firm, sandy soil by the side of a road or stream. Here (at Bahia Blanca) the walls round the houses are built of hardened mud; and I noticed that one, which inclosed a courtyard where I lodged, was bored through by round holes in a score of places. On asking the owner the cause of this, he bitterly complained of the little casarita, several of which

doubt that each bird, as often as it came to daylight on the opposite side, was greatly surprised at the marvelous fact.



"THE SAWDUST WAS BESIDE A SAWMILL, AND FORMED ONE BANK OF A BROOK."

This is a close parallel of the flicker that repeatedly bored through the boards of a barn. (See page 651 of "Nature and Science" for May, 1902.)

John Burroughs in his recent book, "Leaf and Tendril," argues that in such experiences there is no surprise. He



A SECTION OF A SAND-BANK SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT AND POSITION OF THE BANK SWALLOW'S NEST.

I afterwards observed at work. It is rather curious to find how incapable these birds must be of acquiring any notion of thickness, for although they were constantly flitting over the low wall, they continued vainly to bore through it, thinking it an excellent bank for their nests. I do not

says: "The feeling of surprise comes to beings that understand the relation of cause and effect, which evidently the lower animals do not. Had the casarita been capable of the feeling of surprise, it would have been capable of seeing its own mistake."

HOUSES THAT BLOSSOM

IN the desert regions of southwestern United States, and in Mexico, grows an interesting plant which is put to several uses, some of which are unique. The plant is known to the people who inhabit those regions by its Mexican name of "ocotilla" (pronounced oc-o-te-ya). Botanists have named it "*Foquieria splendens*," the first word being the genus and the latter the distinguishing or varietal name, which means that it is a splendid plant. Prospectors, cow-boys, and desert travelers have still other names for it, among which are "candlebush," "vine-cactus," and "Jacob's staff."

There are reasons for all these titles. It is called "candlebush" because when fire is put to the bush, in its green state, it will burn slowly, but brightly for a long time. This is owing to a resinous substance in its composition. In the region where this plant grows there is little or

tion for those forced to camp out in this desolate region.

It is called "vine-cactus"—though it is not related to the cacti family in the slightest degree—because its spines and gorgeous blossoms remind one of the bloom and spines of the cactus so common in the desert. It is called "Jacob's staff" because it furnishes so many travelers in that weary land with staffs on which to lean as they traverse the sands of the desert.

One of the wonderful features of the plant is its tenacity to life and its power to exist where rain seldom or never falls, and where there is neither dew nor fogs to bring it moisture from above. It thrives where almost any other plant would die of thirst and lack of nutriment.

In Mexico, and along the border in southern California, the Jacumba Indians, the Seris, and Cocopas build dwellings of adobe, or a clayey earth, with ocotilla poles for a framework. These



SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH OCOTILLA IS PLASTERED IN THE WALLS OF A HUT.

Photograph by C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles.

no vegetation other than this, and were it not for an occasional cluster of these plants fires and light in the night-time would be out of the ques-

houses are one-room affairs. Several of the ocotilla poles are set in the ground in an upright position. The tops are then drawn together and

bound. Other poles are then woven in this frame until a huge inverted basket is the result. This is then plastered over thickly with the adobe, which soon dries and becomes almost as hard as earthenware.

These ocotilla withes do not die, as one might expect, but they take root in the earth and in the plaster which covers them, and they continue to send forth shoots and branches, and in the proper season they hang out their long spikes of bril-



A CLUMP OF OCOTILLA.
Photograph by C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles.

liant blossoms, converting the rude hut into a bower of beauty and fragrance.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

TREES "SWALLOWED" A BOARD FENCE

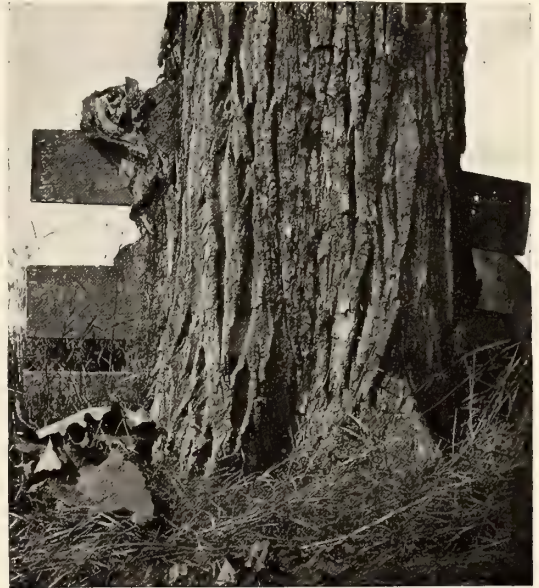
THE Lombardy poplars of Plattsburg, New York, and surrounding country were scions cut from trees in front of Judge Zephaniah Platt's homestead, six miles east of Poughkeepsie, and transferred by his sons.

Mr. Henry Averill of Washington, formerly of Plattsburg, writes: "I have framed in my room a view of that old mansion, showing the poplars. The picture of which mine is a copy was painted in water-colors about 1780."

On a farm about eight miles from our city, fronting for about seventy-five rods on Lake Champlain, are many of these trees. Many years ago a fence was built by boards mortised into

the young trees, and now the peculiar appearance causes much wonder.

In the illustration you will see that it looks as



"LOOKS AS IF BOARDS EXTENDED ENTIRELY THROUGH THE TREES."
THROUGH THE TREES."

if boards extended entirely through the trees, but the trees have grown over the boards.

The owner of the farm says: "I have often



THE ROW OF POPLARS.

heard my mother tell that my grandmother's mother had the young trees sent her from Poughkeepsie."

M. E. McDOUGALL.

FLYING-FISH

INTERESTING are the habits of the flying-fish, that queer denizen of the sea, found principally in the region of the trade-winds. Does it rise from



THE CALIFORNIA FLYING-FISH.

the sea like a bird? you ask. No; it shoots out of the waves like an arrow, and with outspread wings sails on the wind in graceful curves, rising sometimes, one might say, to the height of fifteen feet, but not often so high, and then lowering, it again touches the crest of a wave and renews its flight. This operation may be repeated till it covers a distance, say, of five hundred yards, in the case of the stoutest on the wing, though very often not half that distance is covered. A ship sailing through the trade-winds will often be visited, on dark nights, by flying-fish which hit the sails or rigging and fall on deck, where, of course, they soon give up life. Captain Joshua Slocum, who made a voyage round the world, says:

On my voyage in the *Spray* I was often supplied in this way by all the fish I wanted for my table. They were palatable and nutritious. They go by single individuals, or dart out in schools or flocks of hundreds to clear a ship's prow or escape a pursuing enemy. It is said that the life of a flying-fish is a most unhappy one, spent in eluding the tigers of the sea on one side, and birds of prey on the other. However this may be, I have never yet witnessed the capture of one by even fish-hawk or gull. Its wings, of the most delicate film, are webbed on ribs of exquisite design. If you watch them closely when they touch a wave you will see their wings vibrate when they work at all. It requires a keen eye to detect the movement. The lower lobe of the tail of the flying-fish extends well downward, low, so that with ease it can strike a new course the instant it touches a wave where a hungry

pursuer may be ready to receive it with open jaws. One of the joyful sights on the ocean, of a bright day, is the continual flight of these interesting fish.

The numerous species are of different sizes, the smallest only six inches, the largest, the California flying-fish, eighteen inches.

H. M. S.

A FOOLISH DOVE

THIS is a picture of the nest of a common mourning-dove built on a flat-topped fence post in a cemetery at Fulton, Illinois.

While somewhat protected by vines and bushes, the nest was plainly visible from all sides, and a path passed within six feet of it.

Like a large proportion of this foolish bird's poorly constructed and badly concealed attempts at nest-building, this nest shortly came to grief.



THE NEST OF A MOURNING-DOVE ON A FENCE POST.

Compared with the nests of most other birds, this is unique in structure and location, but is characteristic of the bird. The nest is always loosely constructed and often on the top of a stump.

It is not known how—perhaps by some prowling cat, or maybe some small boy added the two pearly white eggs to his collection.

It is strange that the common name of the bird is "mourning" dove. The low cooing sounds are more tender and soothing than sad. "Sometimes the bird seems almost to speak its own Latin name, *Ma-crou-ra*."

G. W. DAMON.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"
 ??????????????????

St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York.

THE SEA- OR SAND-DOLLAR

GRANITE, OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Am sending you a sort of shell washed up by the sea. It was found on the gulf coast of Galveston. They call it a "sea-dollar." I am told that shells like this are found along the Pacific Coast, too. I thought it might be the skeleton of some kind of fish.

Yours truly,
 DOROTHY VAN DYKE.

The object is one of the sea-urchins, urchin being another name for hedgehog, which has an array of spines on its body, and so has the sea-urchin, unless they have been rubbed off. These spiny animals are common in many places in the sea, and are not rarely tossed up on the beach by the waves, and left there by the falling tide. Some in form are dome-like, hemispherical, more or less cylindrical, or of some other shape. The one in the illustration is flat and circular, and is, therefore, often called a "cake-urchin," or a "sand-dollar." As this special one has the slits seen near the margin, and because these are similar in shape to key-holes, it is often called the "keyhole-urchin." The central, star-shaped figure is formed by the animal's feet, or what are used as feet.

The "keyhole-urchin" occurs from Vineyard Sound southward along our coast. It has very fine, short spines which are easily rubbed off.



THE KEY-HOLE URCHIN.

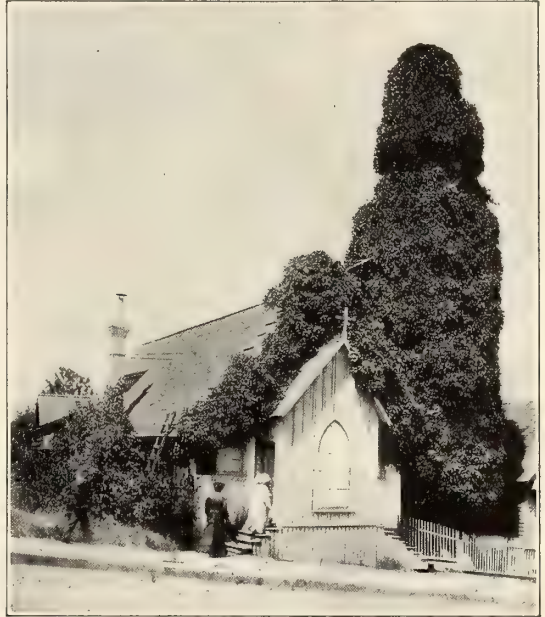
None are left on the specimen in the illustration. Sea-urchins eat seaweeds and dead fish.

REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF IVY DECORATION

EDMONDS, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed picture, I think, is as good an example of ivy decoration as that shown in the January St. NICHOLAS. The tower is an ancient fir stump covered by ivy which has penetrated the walls of the little chapel and draped the arches and altar with garlands of fresh green.

Yours truly,
 CHARLOTTE BASSETT.



TALL STUMP OF FIR TREE COVERED WITH DENSE MASS OF IVY.

Photograph by William H. Hodge, Jr., Tacoma, Washington.

This is, indeed, a most remarkable specimen of ivy decoration. I doubt whether any of our readers know of a growth of ivy that equals it.

CAPTURED AN ENTIRE MOUSE FAMILY

MADISON, MAINE.

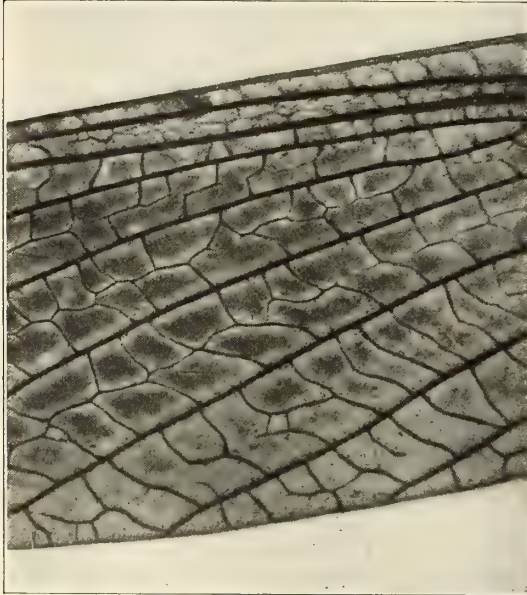
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my grandfather and uncle were in the hayfield at work one day they found a nest of baby mice. My uncle went to the house to get James Garfield Blaine (the cat). He carried him to the field and put him down by the nest. He did not touch the baby mice, but sat down near by. Soon an old mouse came to the nest, which he caught and ate, then sat down again to wait. Soon another mouse came, whose fate was the same. Then he ate the baby mice. How did he know there was a mouse coming to the nest and how did he know there were two!

Your interested reader,
 GENEVA FOGG.

You, indeed, raise an interesting question in cat mind-study, which the "Nature and Science" editor must leave to the young folks to answer. Your letter also tells of a very hungry cat!

AN INTERESTING INSECT AND A PECULIAR STRUCTURE OF A WING

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed find a specimen brought to me by one of my pupils. He said he found it in the



AN INTERESTING PATTERN OF WING OF THE MANTIS.
Compare with the wing of a fly, grasshopper, and other insects,
under a pocket magnifier.

cornfield, and that he was told its sting was very poisonous.
Can you tell me what it is, and whether that is true or
not? Thanking you, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
GRACE GLOVER.

The insect you send us is the praying-mantis, or rear-horse. There are many superstitions regarding it. Practically it is harmless. See *Mantidae* in any book of entomology.

Examination of your specimen called my attention to the interesting structure of the wing. So I took a photograph of a section of it. Note the peculiar mosaic patterns between the main veins.

HOW TURTLES BREATHE

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother has a pair of turtles. When they go to sleep, they go to the bottom and are completely covered with water. Can you tell me how they breathe?

Your interested reader,
HELEN P. HERRICK.

They do not actually "breathe" during the winter. All of the bodily functions are in a state of partially suspended animation. The heart beats very slowly and the blood remains well aerated without the animal coming to the top for air.—R. L. DITMARS.

A TURTLE FEEDS UPON CRAYFISH

COVINGTON, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While passing along the road this morning I noticed the water in the ditch along the roadside was disturbed. On examining further I discovered the forms of a turtle and a crayfish in conflict. The turtle had fast hold at the base of one of the crayfish's claws, while the crayfish was hanging on like grim death just above the turtle's eye. It was an even contest till near the end when the turtle gained a better hold; he then succeeded in killing and eating the crayfish. As I have already said, the battle was nearly even, for the crayfish was about four inches long and the turtle about three inches long.

Hoping this account of such a strange combat will be of interest to other readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,

Your faithful friend,
ROBERT B. CARNEY (age 12).

Turtles are usually very fond of crayfish, and the strong jaws of the former soon dispose of the crustacean. A crayfish could do little harm to a turtle except pinch it upon the legs or neck with its mandibles.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

THE FRUITING OF SASSAFRAS

DIVIDE, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you with this letter some of the fruit of the sassafras which is very common in this part of the State. The stone fruits (drupes) are of a blue color when ripe and grow in large clusters.

JOHN F. BAYS.

Many young folks, and older ones, too, although familiar with sassafras-trees and their edible and aromatic flowers, bark, and roots,



SASSAFRAS BERRIES ON BRANCH.
Sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

have never seen the fruit, which is rather rare because many trees bear none and because the



A HANDFUL OF THE SASSAFRAS FRUITS.
They are of beautiful blue-black color.

birds are so fond of the dark blue berries that they pick all on the tree before they have time to become full-grown.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FROGS, TURTLES, NEWTS AND FISH

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an enthusiast on turtles, frogs, etc. I thought I would like to ask you a few questions, and I will also tell you some of my experiences.

I have Mr. Ditmars's writings on reptiles and batrachians. Whenever I catch a specimen I mark on the margin the place where I caught it. I have caught all the fresh-water turtles except the diamond-back terrapin, which is not strictly fresh-water.

At Pleasantville, N. Y., where a friend of mine lives during the summer, we made a pond in which we kept all the small turtles and different varieties of frogs, and a few toads. (We could not keep large turtles as they stirred the place up too much.) We also had fish in it: shiners, redfins and some very small catfish, and some tadpoles which became perfect frogs before the end of July. We had to renew the shiners and redfins about once a week as the turtles killed and ate them. The painted turtles would catch them and then the other kinds would help eat them. They all seemed afraid of the catfish and never hurt them. The catfish would eat the dead fish too, if the turtles would give them half a chance.

We had one bullfrog who ate a small spotted turtle and half the frog population. He did most of his hunting at night and would only eat especially tempting things in the daytime.

I have caught small specimens of all varieties except the box-turtle, and I have never caught one of those less than three or four inches in length. Could you please tell me whether the small ones are exactly like the big ones, or have not quite developed the bottom shell? Do they move around or stay more or less hidden until full grown?

Could you also tell me what bright red land-newts eat? I have a few and would like to know what to feed them.

An unusual thing happened, in the latter part of August, in our pond. A green frog laid a batch of eggs which hatched. They usually lay their eggs in the early spring, and I would like to know whether this happens very often.

Yours truly,

MILTON SEE.

Young box-tortoises, owing to their secretive habits, are seldom seen. They look much like the old ones but the markings are not so sharply defined. The red land newts will eat very small pieces of earthworms and fresh ant-eggs, also tiny insects like mosquitos and small flies. It is not unusual for frogs to lay eggs in the fall, though the regular time is the early spring.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

THE EARTH-STARS

CLAVERACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago, as I was walking in the woods, I found some peculiar things which seemed to be a sort of puffball. There were a good many of them lying on the ground, and none of them were fastened to anything. The trees around them were just scrub pines, such as you find at the edge of the woods near the sea. I am sending some specimens to you in this mail. Will you please tell me what they are?

Your interested reader,

LUCY DUBOIS PORTER.

You are right in thinking that the fungi you send are a "sort of puffball." They are *Geasters* or earth-stars, the most picturesque of the puffball family. In the early stages these plants are connected with the soil by thread-like "roots" (mycelium). When the earth-star is full-grown it separates from the soil, and the outer coat splits into star-like divisions. The points of the "star" open out in dry weather, even curving around so as to lift it from the ground. As it is dry and light, a strong wind sends it rolling along. In wet weather the points close up and



CURIOUS FUNGI KNOWN AS EARTH-STARS.

The star points are open in dry weather and closed up in wet.

the plant lies close to the ground, not readily rolling. For that reason it is often called "the fair weather traveler."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY E. ALLENA CHAMPLIN, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

WHEN I WALK HOME FROM SCHOOL

FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

WHEN I walk home from school in Spring,
The merry birds around me sing;
The sunny sky smiles down on me,
How happy all things seem to be—
The nodding flowers, the gentle breeze
That whispers secrets to the trees.
But when beneath the summer sky,
The bumble-bees go droning by,
And framed in grasses tender green
The rose's dainty face is seen,
I stop within some shady dell
To list to what the brooklets tell,
As babbling, rippling, ever free,
They sing their summer song to me.

We began last month, in a small way and in an obscure place, a new League feature. We have long seen the need of such a feature, but we had hoped to outgrow the need, and so had postponed this feature from year to year. We see now that it was a mistake to do this. The "Roll of the Reckless" begun last month, in so small and modest a way, bids fair to be one of the most popular features of our department. Beginning with but three names in July, we have for August a list of more than seventy names of reckless Leaguers who for one reason and another were shut out of the competitions because their contributions were not prepared and submitted according to the rules. This is hardly a Roll of Honor. We don't believe even the most reckless Leaguer would consider it as such, though it may prove to be the first step toward success if it should become a sudden reminder to those whose names appear upon it, as well as to others who might be ready to qualify for such distinction. This month we have names of those who failed to stick to the given subject; those who wrote on both sides of the paper; those who failed to give their ages; those whose contributions were not endorsed, etc., etc. If you do not find your name anywhere else, look through the Roll of the Reckless and see if it is not there. One sort of "reckless" contribution, we rejoice to say, does not appear this month — the contribution that is "Not

Original." So far as we could judge, no such contribution was received. But please remember that if at any time one should come, and is found out, either at the time, or later, it will be put down in the Roll of the Reckless under the proper heading, *in italics.*

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 102

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Dorothy Barnes Loye** (age 15), Baraboo, Wis., and **Rose Norton** (age 14), 3 Cherry St., Ansonia, Conn.



"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY MARY JAY SCHIEFFELIN, AGE 11.
(GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Katharine Hitchcock** (age 12), 5 Barton Sq., Salem, Mass.; **Frances Arthur** (age 10), 380 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Pauline P. Whittlesey** (age 9), 45 Lloyd Rd., Montclair, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Gracia Moula** (age 15), 412 10th St., Portland, Ore., and **Charlotte N. Babcock** (age 13), 78 W. 85th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Martha Plate** (age 9), Jeannette, Pa.; **Edith Dana Weigle** (age 11), 725 Highland Ave., La Fayette, Ind., and **Dorothy Adamson** (age 12), 1145 Lewis Ave., North, Lincoln, Neb.

Drawing. Gold Badges, **Katherine Dulce Bella Barbour** (age 15), Box 198, Los Angeles, Calif., and **Margaret Farnsworth** (age 14), C/o Mrs. M. E. Somerville, Centralia, Wash.

Silver badges, **Barry Green** (age 8), The Godlands, Maidstone, Eng.; **Ben C. Mendiola** (age 15), 12 Hale-kauwila St., Honolulu, Hawaii, and **Ruth Hambidge** (age 14), 340 Oak St., Richmond Hill, Long Island.

Photography. Gold badges, **Mary Jay Schieffelin** (age 11), 5 E. 66th St., N. Y. City, and **Ruth Heath** (age 15), 635 Haralson Ave., Gadsden, Ala.

Silver badges, **Phil Proctor** (age 15), Wheatland, Wyo.; **Dorothy E. Sayre** (age 12), 102 Club Rd., Roland Pk., Baltimore, Md., and **Robert Edward Fithian** (age 17), N. Franklin St., Bridgeton, N. J.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Antelope" by **Marjorie D. Cole** (age 12), 1109 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California. Second prize, "Squirrel," by **Henry M. Ladd, Jr.** (age 15), Passaic Ave., Rutherford, N. J. Third prize, "Elk," by **Pauline Hopkins** (age 13), 299 Lawrence St., New Haven, Conn. Fourth prize, "Robin," by **Bayard T. Boylan, Jr.** (age 14), Armour, S. D.

Puzzle-Making. Cash prize, **E. Adelaide Hahn** (age 15), 552 E. 87th St., New York City. Gold badge, **Rosa Margaret Seymour** (age 17), 23 Agassiz Ave., Waverley, Mass.

Silver badges, **Paul Fussell** (age 13), 834 East Walnut St., Pasadena, Cal.; **Vera A. Colding** (age 12), 117 West 70th St., New York City, and **Stoddard P. Johnston** (age 12), 146 E. 38th St., New York City.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badges, **Peggy Shufeldt** (age 15), 7 St. Aubyns Mansions, Hove, Sussex, Eng., and **Ida Finlay** (age 11), 38 India St., Edinburgh, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Walker E. Swift** (age 14), 20 W. 55th St., N. Y. City; **Lucius C. Boltwood** (age 13), Riverside, Grand Rapids, Mich., and **Katharine Brown** (age 12), Perkins Pl., Norwich, Conn.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY GRACIA MOULE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

"WHAT a strange season this is!" That is what every one said, as they talked of the floods and cloud-bursts which were occurring. Never since that arid, western state was settled, had there been such a summer.

Few will remember it longer than the teacher and school children of District No. 3. There are about fifteen of those children. The school which they attended was a log building, situated under the cottonwood trees, near the bank of a creek.

One warm summer afternoon the sky grew cloudy, and soon the rain began to fall. Before they realized it, the shower, as they supposed it was, had grown much heavier. Streams of water swept down the slight incline past the school-house and into the creek, which rose very rapidly.

A few minutes later the building began suddenly to move, and in a moment more was floating rapidly down the raging stream. The water came into the building to such a depth that every one had to get up on the desks, and even then they were partly in the water. It would be hard to imagine a stranger scene than the one in that school-house, or the one without. Every one held his breath, dreading to fancy what might happen next. Several times the building was checked for a moment by some obstacle. All wished they could swim, but it probably would have been no use if they could, as the stream was so swift. Finally, after what seemed ages, although it was only a few moments, the building was swept upon comparatively high ground, and



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY RUTH HEATH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

lodged there. The place from which it had started was only about an eighth of a mile away.

A cloud-burst had occurred a little above the school-house, causing the creek to rise very quickly, the water rushing down to it from each side. It was now over, and so was the flood.

A ranch was only a short distance away, and from there the members of this adventurous party were taken to their homes.

A POOR SCHOLAR

BY ROSE NORTON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

YOUNG Charles Augustus Goodwin
Did n't like to do his sums,
He knew that one and one are two,
(He counted on his thumbs).

He also knew that two and two
Most frequently make four,
But Charles Augustus Goodwin
Thought 't was useless to learn more.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY CHARLOTTE N. BABCOCK (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

My father, when a boy, went to a French boarding-school in Vevey, Switzerland. One of the boys' favorite amusements there was coasting on the Alps.

Every Saturday morning, if the weather was fair, a group of boys could have been seen climbing the nearby mountains with their sleds strapped on their backs.

They would climb until they had reached a high part of

the mountain, then eat their simple lunch and coast down the mountain-side.

One day, my father, with several comrades, left the school and started to climb the Alps.

One boy carried the bread, another the cheese, and so on. The cheese was round, with a hole in the middle. A string was put through the hole and tied around the boy's neck. Each boy carried something to make up the simple lunch, which they would eat at the top.

They climbed up the mountain, laughing and talking, and reached their destination about one o'clock. After they had done justice to the lunch they began to get ready for the long slide.

Their sleds were very different from our modern "Flexible Flyer" sled. They were much smaller, and the coaster sat up, steering with the handles made for that purpose, with his feet. Sitting up, feet first, was of course the safest way of coasting then, for often the boys would have to leave the road entirely, coasting through the fields and woods, over hedges and brooks, never stopping.

This time, my father started down the mountain with the



"SQUIRREL," BY HENRY M. LADD, JR., AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

other boys, keeping to the narrow country road as well as he could.

He had gone some distance when, coming to a sharp turn at the steepest part of the mountain, he saw, directly in his path, a peasant's sleigh drawn by a big cow.

The peasant in the sleigh quickly drew to one side, but the road was yet too narrow for my father to pass him. On one side of the road was the steep mountain-side, on the other a dangerous precipice, making it impossible to steer off the road. There was only one thing to do, to go under the cow, and he did it.

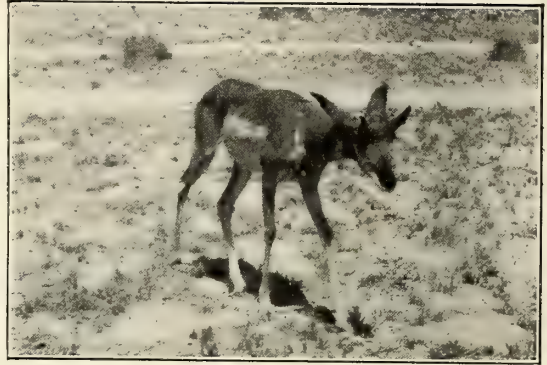
A second later he was again on the clear road and the peasant and his sleigh were toiling slowly up the mountain road.

A SCHOOL THOUGHT

BY DOROTHY BARNES LOYE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

DEAR me, how slow
The long hours go
Within the school-room still!
And through the day,
I long to play —
Outside upon the hill.



"ANTELOPE." BY MARJORIE D. COLE, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

I love to shout
And run about
And with my playmates race;
To stay in here,
The live-long year,
It is a dire disgrace!

I cannot wait
For that far date
When sweet vacation comes —
I long to fly
(When no one 's nigh)
Away from books and sums.

If I 'd fulfil
My yearning will,
In school I 'd never stay;
But, by a stream,
I 'd fish — and dream
The summer hours away.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY MARTHA PLATE (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

THE first time mama taught school it was in a little log school-house in the woods. She was sixteen years old and for the first time in her life was many miles away from home. On the first day when mama and her scholars were at school, some mosquitos came and bit them, and then all the scholars were slapping their faces and hands, and mama said they could have recess while she made a smudge to drive the mosquitos away. She made a fire in a pan of birch-bark, leaves and chips, and let it smoke; and when they went back in the school-house it was so smoky they could hardly see and they all began to cry, even the teacher.

One little girl said she wanted to go home, and asked if it was n't time to go home.

And the teacher wished she could say "yes," because she wanted to go home, too.

After they had sung a few songs it was half-past eleven, and then school let out.



"ROBIN." BY BAYARD T. BOVLAN, JR., AGE 14. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY ADAMSON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN my father was a little boy about thirteen years old he lived in the country.

One morning another boy and he got to the old country



"ELK." BY PAULINE HOPKINS, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

school-house before the rest. There was a sort of garret hole near the stove. They got a board and put it up to the hole and climbed up. Then they pulled the board up after them and thought it would be a great joke.

The teacher came, and then the children. School was called. The boys peeked down and some of the children saw them and began to look at them. In a little while every child knew some one was up there. The teacher said: "I will give you ten minutes to come down, or you will have to stay up there all day."

The boys thought they had better come down. The other boy started first. The teacher got a good strong ruler and spanked him with it as he was coming down. My father saw what was coming and dreaded it. He thought he would come down head first, but found he could not. He started feet foremost and came in contact with the ruler also, like the other boy.

The garret had no interest for him after that.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL

BY PAULINE P. WHITTLESEY (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

OUT on a road that is dusty and old,
There stands a school-house white,
It is not used, and stands alone
Patiently, day and night.

Once in a while there lingers a child,
Close by the iron-barred door,
But never inside a voice is heard,
Or a footstep on the floor.

Once in a while you hear a song,
Sung by a bird close by,
But it 's scared if it hears an approaching step,
And raises its wings to fly.

That school will not be used again,
But it stands there day by day,
Listening to the birds' sweet song,
Until it has flown away.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY EDITH DANA WEIGLE (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

A SCHOOL adventure? Alas! I never had one. My days are all alike. Every morning it is the same thing. In my sleep I hear a voice calling (it is my mother's voice; do you think she ever was a little girl, and sleepy?): "It is time to get up, Edith; hurry or you'll be late to school!"

As I reach the breakfast table I hear, "Have you washed your face? Have you brushed your nails? Have you a clean handkerchief?" Like a culprit I stand, while each one examines me, hoping to find a speck of dirt.

With my watch by my plate, I hastily finish my meal, snatch up my books, and start off to school. As I close the door, still the questions pursue me, "Did you put on your rubbers? Did you find your umbrella? Come straight home from school!"

At night, when I return, I must practice, I must study my spelling, and I must try to find out, if a man had 36 cows, and sold $\frac{2}{3}$ of them to one person, and $\frac{1}{3}$ of them to another, how many did he sell? How many did he have left? At \$60.50 each, how much did he receive? He divided his money among seven children, how much did each receive? (I am glad I'm not $\frac{1}{7}$ of a child.)

And then, early to bed, that I may awake early in the morning. So pass my days uneventfully by.



"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY DOROTHY E. SAYRE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

But once upon a time my sister *did* have an adventure. My mother says it is only an incident. But anyway it kept her from going to school, and *that*, it seems to me, is very exciting.

My sister was a little girl. She had to climb a steep hill



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY PHIL PROCTOR, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

to reach school. It was winter. She clung to the fences, for the hill was all ice. At last she reached the top, and let go, to walk on, when she sat down, and slid all the way to the bottom again.

Like the King of France, who, "with his ten thousand men, marched straight up the hill and then marched down again."

SCHOOL-DAYS

BY KATHERINE DAVIS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE wee boy laughed in the morning glow
As his curls were stirred by the fanning breeze—
He 'd been to school a whole week, you know—
"Just think! I 've learned my A, B, C's!
I can count so high, and say the rule;
I 've not much longer to go to school!"

The strong man smiled, neath the noonday sun
As he looked afar on the dusty way,
"I 've traveled far, but I 've far to run,
I 've done but half what I should to-day;
I 've learned so much on the road, I know,
But I 've so much farther to learn and go."

The old man sighed as the evening glow
Lay soft on his bowed and hoary head.
Half sad, half regretful, he murmured low
The lesson he 'd learned; the words he said,—
"I stand in land of the setting sun,
Yet my school-days, I see, have scarce begun."

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY PAULINE L. WHEELER (AGE 12)

ONCE, while in Guadalajara, Mexico, our party started out for a trolley ride on the queer old mule cars. After going a short distance the car came to a sudden stop and the driver disappeared into an old adobe house. We waited and waited, but no driver appeared. Nobody in the car seemed in the least bit worried at the delay, because Mexicans never hurry. Presently my uncle became impatient at the long delay and got out of the car. He looked into the old building where the driver had disappeared, and there he beheld him seated on a stool, having his hair cut! Probably you will wonder what all this has to do with school, but it seemed the barber taught school and cut hair incidentally, to earn a little extra money.

His pupils were sitting on wooden benches, studying their lessons aloud out of a book on religious doctrines. Several pigs, a hen and flock of chickens, and a dog or two, roamed undisturbed about the room. Across the further end of the room an old curtain was stretched, behind which the family slept, ate, and cooked. The boys all had bare feet and ragged sombreros (hats) which, when they came in the morning, were tossed into a corner.

We visited the school several times afterward, and upon leaving the city we presented each child with a stick of sugar-cane. Their joy knew no bounds.

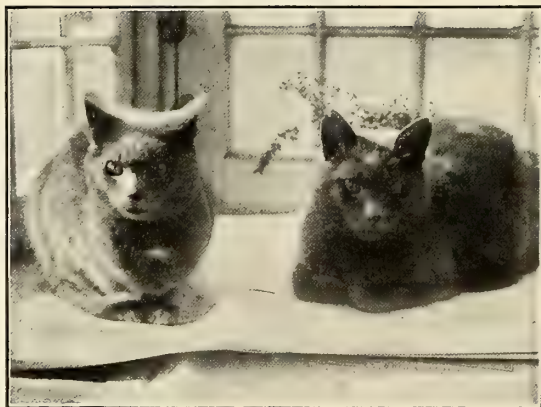
SCHOOL-BOOKS

BY KATHARINE HITCHCOCK (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

FOUR big school-books
To study, oh, dear me!
I 've studied all in this one,
So now there are but three.

Three big school-books,
And that is not a few;



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY ROBERT EDWARD FITHIAN, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

This one is all finished,
But still I have these two.

Two big school-books,
Keeping me from fun,
I 'll go to work my hardest,
So then there 'll be just one.

One big school-book,
Yes, truly just this one;
And when I end this lesson —
Hurrah! my work is done.



"AUGUST." BY MARGARET FARNSWORTH, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY BARBARA WILLIAMS (AGE 13)

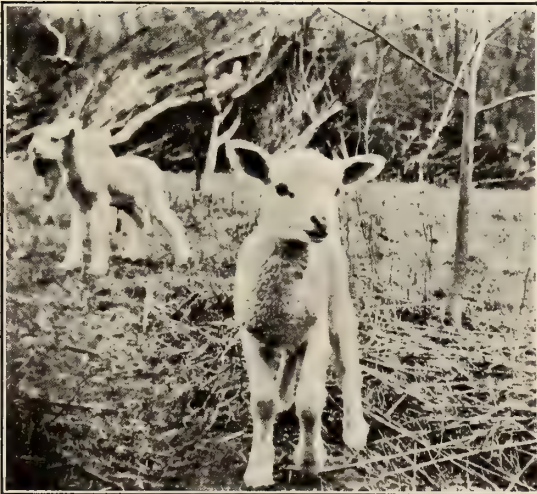
THIS story is about my great-uncle, whose name was Fraser. When he went to school the teachers were all men.

Fraser was a very mischievous boy and once did something for which his punishment was to sit under his teacher's desk, in the place usually occupied by the waste-basket.

After a few moments the teacher seated himself at his desk, his feet directly in front of Fraser. Fraser waited until he had gone busily to work and fully forgotten the boy at his feet.

Then Fraser began cautiously to tie his teacher's shoelaces together. Soon after they were securely tied, the master tried to stand up.

You can imagine the result!



"NOT VERY WILD ANIMALS." BY W. L. MOFFAT, JR., AGE 12.

"ON THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL"

BY CECELIA GERSON (AGE 15)

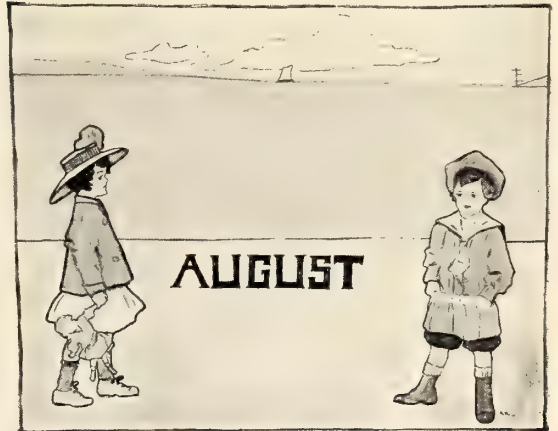
'T WAS the end of June and school was o'er,
Fifty feet scraped o'er the floor
And seemed to fly through the open door
On the last day of school.

"I'll betake myself to some quiet nook
Where I'll ne'er again at children look."
The teacher sighed, as she shut her book,
On the last day of school.

The janitor, when he'd swept the room,
Shouldered his faithful, but dusty broom
And left the school-house wrapt in gloom,
On the last day of school.

The board of directors said, "Adieu,"
And dispersed with a pleasant summer in view—
And forgot the old school, as they always do,
On the last day of school.

The children ran homeward full of glee,
Some went to the mountains and some to the sea,



"HEADING." BY RUTH HAMBIDGE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

And some to a farm in the green cowntree,
On the last day of school.

The school-house breathed a lonely sigh
As the last of the children hurried nigh
And murmured to them a soft, "Good-by,"
On the last day of school.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY PRISCILLA PUTNAM (AGE 12)

WHEN my Aunt Belle was a little girl, her mother bought her a pair of white shoes, which she disliked very much. She began to outgrow them before they were worn out, so her mother said she must *wear them every day*.

Belle cried and cried, but it made no difference; to school she must go with those shoes on.

When she was buttoning them, it occurred to her that she could blacken them, but she found there was only a little blacking left in the bottle, just enough to blacken the tops. This she did, then put on her rubbers, though the sun was shining, to cover up the unblackened parts, and trotted to school.



She and my mother went to a little private school kept by an elderly woman, whose name was Mansfield.

In the middle of the morning Miss Mansfield noticed that Belle had on her rubbers and she said, "Why, Belle, go to the cloak-room and remove your rubbers." Little Belle said, "Yes, 'm," but kept her seat.

Miss Mansfield was busy and did n't see that she had been disobeyed.

In about half an hour she discovered Belle still with her rubbers on. "Belle," she said, "I told you to take your rubbers off. Go to the cloak-room and do it at once. You know your mother would n't want you to sit with them on all the morning."

Belle answered "Yes, 'm," as before, and went to the cloak-room. Here she stayed and stayed and cried and cried at the awful scrape she was in.

Finally, Miss Mansfield went out and made poor little Belle go into the school-room without her rubbers, in her hated white shoes with black tops.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

On a sunny little hillside,
 'Neath the coolest maple trees,
 'Mid soft breezes whisp'ring round it,
 And the buzz of honey bees,
 Stands a little one-roomed school-house,
 Painted red, of course you know,
 Many creepers climbing o'er it,
 Honeysuckles bending low.

Within are rows of benches —
 Carved initials on them all —
 Inkstains, scribbings, pictured faces,
 On the woodwork round the wall;
 "Teacher's" desk stands up before them,
 With a ferrule lying near,
 Showing by its rough, scarred surface,
 It's been useful many a year.

But the old school-house is empty,
 Has been, now, for twenty years;
 Left to silence and to shadows,
 It no more gay voices hears.
 Newer schools are built, and larger,
 Better also they may be,
 But the school-house on the hillside
 Still seems good enough to me.

A SCHOOL EPISODE

BY MARGUERITE C. HEARSEY (AGE 15)

SILENCE fell on the study-hall, so unusual, so ominous, that all eyes turned expectantly toward the platform. The principal stood there, his face dark and stern. A sudden fear seized the minds of the pupils, and we almost felt sorry for ourselves, although we knew not why.

"Something of an extremely serious and inexcusable nature has occurred!"

We all glanced wonderingly at one another, and then turned our eyes again to the speaker.

"Some one has been irreverent to such an inadmissible degree—"

Our amazement increased as the words continued.

"So unpatriotic, in such an unheard of manner—committed such a grave misdemeanor calling for no punishment other than instant suspension—or, more properly, expulsion—"

All the pupils gazed around the room in utter astonishment. What could it mean? Again our attention turned toward the principal.

"—and so irreverent," I repeat "to the father of his country, as to remove the bust of *George Washington* from its accustomed pedestal and place in its stead a *dish-pan*."

On the last word, without warning, and with one accord, the whole assembly burst into an uproar of laughter.

Suddenly, however, quiet reigned again, the principal continued:

"There is no occasion for such unwonted hilarity; all means will be taken to discover the offender and have him duly punished, and if this, or any similar occurrence takes place again, there will be—"

But no one heard the rest; all were pitying the culprit, whoever he might be.

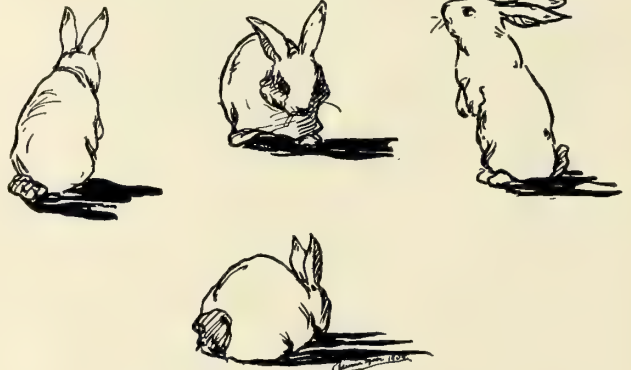
The principal walked up one aisle and down another, addressing a question to each boy in turn, and receiving, without exception, a firm and decided "no," in reply.

All through the senior class, all through the juniors. Would n't he acknowledge? Could we blame him if he did n't?

Suddenly a senior arose:

"Sir, I believe the janitor removed the bust of *George Washington* and placed in its stead a *dish-pan*, because there is a leak in the roof."

Well, it would be useless to attempt to describe the en-



"STUDY." BY EDWINA SPEAR, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

uing scene. Only now, the principal assures himself whereof he speaks, beforehand; and *George Washington* smiles benignly from his pedestal, for the leak in the roof has been mended.



"JULY: A LITTLE BEHIND BUT MARCHING ON." BY BEN C. MENDIOLA, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY HELEN BURNHAM (AGE 13)

MANY years ago when my aunt was a little girl, a great event came to her school life.

It was announced in all of the Oakland schools, including the one which my aunt attended, that all of the boys and girls were to see General Grant when he made his tour to Oakland. The children were filled with excitement at the announcement. Such things did not often happen in those days.

From the hour General Grant's coming was announced until long after he had gone, the boys and girls were full of excitement. Whispering went on. Lessons were poorly studied. The children's toilets were neglected. Even the half hour on Friday afternoon was taken without the usual "ohs" and "ahs."

At last the great day came. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brightly and clearly in the azure sky. It was so beautiful that Apollo must have felt proud of his sun chariot that bright morning as he drove his horses across the sky. The air was fragrant from the odor of the brilliant flowers. Hurrying, so as not to be late, were seen girls with prim, white dresses, carrying bouquets or baskets of roses. Boys hurried along, with stiff collars and patent leather shoes, carrying mysterious packages. Only their owners knew that in these packages were old shoes to put on after the procession.

After school was taken up the children rehearsed the song they were to sing for the General. Flags, which had been collected the day before, were distributed.

Then followed a long procession of boys and girls, four abreast. Marching to the City Hall they were met by other school children. Just as they had found their places, the beating of a drum was heard. General Grant was coming!

The children turned their eyes to their leader for a moment. Then their youthful voices rang out. It was the song they had been rehearsing—"See the Conquering Hero Comes!" Soon, out ran gay little figures scattering roses along Grant's path. Grant was greatly moved. Holding his head down, very unlike the conquering hero that he was, he actually shed tears. Indeed, it was a very beautiful picture—this great man walking along a path of roses, with hundreds of children waving American flags, in the background.

Grant marched along, farther and farther until the last word of "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" died away.

A SCHOLAR'S QUESTION

BY MARGARET E. MYERS (AGE 16)

When the Spring has come in splendor
To the hills and woodlands gay,
And the golden sunshine tender
Floods each happy, joyous day—

When the gentle Springtime breezes
Sing of love and banish hate,
When each merry woodland songster
Sings, and calls its happy mate—

When the whole glad world is singing,
With the joy of coming Spring,
And new life and love and color,
Touch each tiny woodland thing—

Is it really any wonder,
When the woods are sweet and cool,
That the most devoted scholar
Should forsake the village school?

AN ADVENTURE ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

(A true story)

BY BUFORD BRICE (AGE 14)

It was a cloudy, lowering morning, looking as if it might rain at any moment. As I was getting ready for school mama called to me:

"Carry your umbrella, Buford, it looks like rain."

If there is anything I hate to do it is to carry an umbrella, so I tried to get out of it. But mama was positive, so I started off, umbrella in hand.

I placed it by my side in the car, paid my fare, got my transfer, and got off without thinking of the old umbrella again. When I was standing, waiting for the other car, I suddenly realized that I did not have it with me. Noticing that the car was still there I chased after it, and of course, reached it just as it was going off. I was determined not to abandon the umbrella, so, as the car was going slowly, I ran after it. Just as I started to get on, the old thing started to go fast and I could not. But I would not give up, so after it I chased. Luckily some one stopped the car at the next corner and I got aboard. I hurried to my seat; lo and behold, the umbrella had disappeared! I asked a gentleman, who was sitting there, if he had seen



"A 'WILD ANIMAL.'" BY KATHERINE D'ULCEBELLA BARBOUR,
AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

it and he said he had given it to the conductor. After the conductor I went. Yes, he had it, but he had put it in one of the seats. I told him I must have it, so he got the people out of the seat, opened it and gave me the umbrella.

I had gotten my umbrella but in the meantime the car had gone five or six blocks. I got off as soon as possible, hurried back to the place where I changed cars, just missed a car and had to wait nearly five minutes for another. When I reached school I glanced at the clock; it was nine, so I got my things off as soon as possible and hurried upstairs, to find that I was just too late. At first I made up my mind never to carry another umbrella as long as I lived, but afterwards I decided it would be wiser simply to keep tight hold of it wherever I go.

I LOVE MY SCHOOL

BY OLIVE WATKINS (AGE 9)

I love my school in the autumn
When the leaves are bright and red,
And the wind is softly sighing
For the summer that has fled.

I love my school in the winter
When the snow heaps high and white,
And we children on the playground
Have a jolly snowball fight.

I love my school in the springtime
When the flowers begin to bloom,
And all the air about us
Is filled with sweet perfume.

I love my school in the summer
When vacation days are dear,
But I long through many a moment
For school-time to draw near.

A SCHOLAR'S APPEAL

(Written in June)

BY KATHARINE VERONEE (AGE 13)

PITY the poor little school-boy,
Who, here in school to-day,
Looks longingly out of the window
And wishes he were at play.

Sunshine warm is tempting,
After weeks of rain!
Who does not long to see the flowers,
In fields abloom again?

Do you blame him if the history
Looks blurred before his eyes?
Is it strange that his gaze must wander
To the azure of the skies?

Ere into his grammar book,
He's taken just a peep,
Does not the distant hum of bees
Lure him off to sleep?

Birds pour out their music
Upon his eager ear;
Pity the poor little school-boy,
At just this time of year!

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE

BY THEOPHILA HURST (AGE 15)

My grandfather, who is very fond of telling stories, once related an exciting experience he had at school. He received the early part of his education at a little back-wood's school in Maryland, where the boys were often punished for their misdemeanors with a switch composed of birch-
rods.

One morning, grandfather says, the switch had been put to severe use and many of the birch twigs had broken, so the master gave the best behaved boy in the class a half holiday to go into the woods and gather some new birch twigs. For some reason or other my grandfather happened to be that boy. As he went out the door he held his head high, for he was conscious of the envious glances cast upon him by his less fortunate mates.

For some time he wandered in the woods gathering the twigs until he had collected enough for a new switch, but the reaction of his previous good behavior kept him from returning to the school as he should have done, and it occurred to him that it was an excellent opportunity to go swimming. So he went down to a trout stream which ran through a neighboring farm. The water was delightful and as the day was warm, grandfather lingered there for some time. He was enjoying himself immensely when the farmer appeared. He greatly objected to having small boys go swimming in his trout stream so my grandfather was marched hastily back to school by the enraged farmer and the switches he had so carefully gathered were used to a good advantage upon himself.

THE STARS

BY HELEN BUELL (AGE 10)

HERE, as on my bed I lie,
I see the silent stars go by,
And wonder if in each there be
A celestial gate with a golden key.

GRANDMA'S SCHOOL

BY FRANCES ARTHUR (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN Grandma was a little girl,
They took her off to school,
To make a pretty sampler,
And to learn the golden rule.

Her teacher was an old, old dame,
Who taught the A, B, C's,
She also taught them how to count
Their one's and two's and three's.

And at the closing of the day,
Grandma stopped her sewing,
And, as her father took her home,
She heard the cattle lowing.

A FAMOUS HOME

BY ELIZABETH W. STRYKER (AGE 11)

LAST year I was in Paris with my mother and two sisters, for nearly ten months. On our way home we went to England, and stayed in London two weeks. One day while we were there we went to Chelsea, which was the home of Thomas Carlyle. He died twenty-seven years ago. We went by way of the river Thames, which was an interesting and lovely ride. Chelsea is a suburb of London, and many noted persons have lived there. We passed the house where George Eliot died.

The house of Carlyle is a narrow brick one in a block. On the ground-floor, as you come in the door at the left, is the dining-room. There are some pictures around the room, and some chairs and a case with letters to and from many famous persons. Then there is the back dining-room, where there is a bookcase full of books, and a few articles of furniture in the room. Also there is a very small room back of the dining-room, where they used to powder their wigs, if I am not mistaken. On the first floor is the parlor, and Mr. Carlyle's bed-room and dressing-room. His bed is there. On the second floor is the guest-room and Mrs. Carlyle's bed-room and dressing-room, with the bed that was her mother's, and then hers. Mr. Carlyle's study takes up the third floor. It has double walls, so that the noise would not trouble him. Instead of windows, there is a skylight. In a case there are more interesting letters and autographs; there are some chairs and I sat in one that famous persons had sat in. Then we went to the basement where the kitchen is. Carlyle used to smoke his pipe with Tennyson, in the kitchen. Instead of a stove there is an old-fashioned fireplace which was used for cooking. After we had seen the kitchen we went into the tiny garden. The woman that showed us around gave me two leaves of an ivy-vine that Carlyle planted himself; I am very proud of them. The house was very interesting to see, and I hope it is interesting to hear about.

"PLEASE HUMOR US"

BY JEANNETTE L. MUNRO (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge Winner)

It surely is not humorous
Such strict rules to prepare for us.
Some things just won't get sent in time,
And poetry's awfully hard to rhyme.

The stories wind themselves out long,
And drawing lines are never strong.
I pray you, dear St. Nicholas
In such defects to humor us.

LEAGUE LETTERS

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAREST SAINT NICHOLAS: The silver badge came and I am so pleased with it. Just to think that I have done anything worth printing, and to receive a silver badge, too, quite overcomes me. I have gotten so much pleasure out of the League, and I hope to get still more, for I certainly *must* win a gold badge before I am eighteen. When I first began sending drawings to the League I kept saying, "Oh, if I could only see my name on the second honor roll, for that would be such encouragement." After a few months my name appeared there, but though I was encouraged I began to wonder why I could not get my name on the first honor roll. At last I saw my name on the first list and I was very happy. However, I began wishing to see my drawing printed, for it seemed as if I could never be perfectly satisfied. One morning while I was at school, a friend of the League and therefore my friend, too, congratulated me upon receiving a silver badge. I was very much surprised, for I had not received St. NICHOLAS, and I could hardly believe her. She insisted, however, and I was only too glad to believe.

And, now, I am happy, for it was a red letter day for me when I saw my first printed work, but even now, as I sit and gaze at my lovely badge a small voice keeps saying, "Try a little harder, put more thought into your drawings, and you will receive still higher recognition," and I wonder with a vague sort of fear whether it is right for me to always listen to this voice and strive for something higher—something that I have not yet attained. It is not because I am really dissatisfied, for no one could be more pleased than I as each step brings me a little nearer to the top, and that place I will gain if it is in my power.

Good-night, SAINT NICHOLAS, for the curfew will ring before my thanks are half expressed.

Thank you, dear, dear SAINT NICHOLAS,
MARJORIE E. CHASE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if it would interest the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS to hear of my trip to the St. Bernard Hospice last September.

We started from our school in Vevey (a little town in Switzerland) by train for Martigny.

After lunching there, we (about eighteen boys) started out on our bicycles, one of our masters took the lead and the other the rear.

We reached Orsières that night and the next morning at about seven o'clock we left for the St. Bernard Hospice, which we reached late in the afternoon.

It was a hard day's work, as the roads were so steep that we had to push our bicycles most of the way. The first thing we saw were the famous life saving dogs that ran out to meet us, barking in a friendly way.

One of the monks told us the story of one of their best dogs who had saved forty-seven lives, and in saving the next, the man (who was half frozen) stabbed and killed him, mistaking him for a wolf. A few of us took a short walk, which brought us over the Italian border. Then we returned to dinner and directly afterwards were glad to go to bed. When we awoke in the morning it was snowing heavily. We had to start in the midst of it, and had a very cold ride till we reached a little house, where we stopped and once more got warm. After that we reached Orsières where we had lunch and then we continued till we arrived at Martigny, and from there we took the train to Vevey, and so ended our interesting trip.

JOE H. HOWARD (age 12).

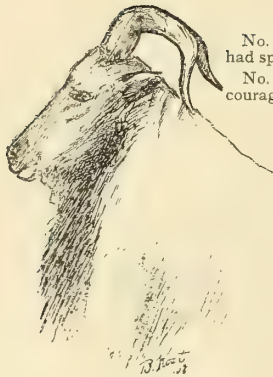
BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live very far from you—in Hungary. I love to read the ST. NICHOLAS. Of all the stories I like "Tom, Dick and Harriet" the best. I will send you some photographs, but I fear they will not arrive at time. We live in Budapest, the capital of Hungary. In summer we go out in the country. We have a big garden there by the Danube. Our two dogs are called Valdy and Lady Lill. We have a little tame deer, Mike. I play very much tennis, and I bicycle. When we go over the Danube we reach the rest of the old Roman town, Aquinum. It is very interesting. There are the rests of the Amphitheatrum and of Roman baths and public houses. I like to be there, for it reminds me upon my favorite study, the History. This was the last station of the Romans among the Barbarians. When Attila lived, it stood still. We go sometimes to the town, on ship. Budapest is a very nice town. It has a lot of nice buildings and statues. Its Parliament is lovely. There are a lot of nice big bridges over the Danube. Upon a hill stands the majestic palace of the King. It was in old times a fortress. I would like to come to America and see those lovely things that you describe in your numbers.

I remain, your faithful reader,

JOHN WOLFNER (AGE 13).

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Margaret Farnsworth, Esther M. Flint, Maude Sawyer, Constance Ayer, Philip Warner Thayer, Myrtle Alderson, Rosalie M. Stearns, Leonie Nathan, Ronald Irvine, Harriet Rogers, Janet Martin, John J. McCutcheon, Roger Dod Wolcott, Elizabeth L. Clarke, Henry Asbury Stevens, Marcia M. Weston, Elisabeth B. Smith, Dorothy Coleman, Louis H. Runkel, Mildred Gardner, Gladys Eustis, Olive H. Mower, J. Donald McCutcheon, Frances L. Ross, Annette Blake Moran, Katharine Brown, Rosalea McCready, John Perry Redwood, Dorothy Schafter, Warren Williams, Ethel Anna Johnson, Margaret Babcock, Nathalie Wilson, Mary Elizabeth Van Fossen, Bernice Thacker, Jack Hanahan, Lavinia Jones.



"AOUDAD," BY BERTRAM E. KOST, AGE 13.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
 No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

Kathryn Maddock
 Florence Mallett
 Charlie Moore
 Dorothy B. Sanders
 Asile Leona Decker
 Jean Russel
 Marian M. Torrey
 Lucille Carruthers
 Nell Wise
 Alice Thornburg
 Alma R. Liechty
 Marcia L. Henry
 Ruth A. Ditman
 H. W. Crespin
 Alice R. Cranch
 Edith M. Culbertson
 Florence Gage Hutton
 John Findlay
 John McGonigal

Helen Belda
 Eleanor Irving
 Dorothy Snelling
 Rosalie Waters
 William Middaugh
 Isabel Foster
 Margaret T. Babcock
 Gertrude Scribner
 Elizabeth Pearsons
 Louise G. Ballot
 Louise Reynolds

DRAWINGS, 1

Josephine Keene
 Alida H. Moss
 Stella Holdridge
 Margaret Stewart
 Alan R. Thompson
 Marion Webb
 Mary Abrams
 Bartol Estrada
 Dorothy J. Teall
 Helen Page
 Loudenslager
 Constance Winchell
 Angelica McLean
 Frances Castle Rankin
 W. T. Semon
 Constance Huhn
 Esther H. Philips
 Vernon Barnes Hill
 Katherine Kershner
 Elizabeth L. Hiss
 Helen Heyl
 Mary Elizabeth Van Fossen

Maria Stockton Bullitt
 Helen B. Keen
 Muriel Minter
 Florence Moore
 Joyce Armstrong
 Louise Jenkins
 Lois Wright
 Frances K. Thieme
 Genevieve K. Hamlin
 Rena T. Kellner
 Eugenia Mauldin
 Marjorie Gibbons
 Josephine Witherspoon

Edith Cadogan
 Marion Fitch
 Dorothy Billings
 William M. Bayne
 Herbert William Ross
 Kathleen Buchanan
 Marshall B. Cutler
 Dorothy Wood
 Denis Higgins
 Catharine Van Wyck
 Adolph G. Schneider
 Margaret Lantz
 Daniel Mabel Updegraff
 Eugene L. Walter
 Irene Fuller
 Mary Sherwood Wright
 Anita Nathan
 Julia Hendon
 Jacob Weinstein
 Marjory Bates
 Jean Cowes
 Frank P. Karger

DRAWINGS, 2

Tillie Duester
 Adelina Longaker
 Marcia Lawton
 Marjorie Pease
 Corinne Weston
 Ethel L. Blood
 Hugh F. Arundel
 Eleanor Stewart Cooper
 Mary Botsford
 Rachel M. Talbott
 Frida Tillman
 Alma Krause
 Edith Dean Fanning
 Elizabeth Maclay
 Rebecca Wolfson
 Foster T. Van Buskirk
 Wesley Ferguson
 Raymond E. McAdam
 France Marsh
 Katharine L. Ward
 Margaret Janeway
 Frank Larned
 Frances Woodworth Wright
 Helen Graham
 David Putnam
 Grace Haylett
 Carolyn Post
 Martha Clow
 J. Marjorie Trotter
 Eddythe Schnelle
 Hazeline Dempsey
 Mary Anna Zoercher
 Rose Murphy
 Phyllis H. Perman
 Frederick L. Browne
 Catherine Smith
 Blanche Simons
 Margaret Elizabeth Gore

Mabelle A. Ewing
 Gwendolyn Frothingham
 Dixie Virginia Lambert
 Theresa J. Jones
 Margaret Kempton
 Bessie B. Styron
 Emery B. Poor
 Hugo Greebaum
 Lucia E. Halstead
 Edmund B. Williams
 Marjorie E. Chase
 Leonie Nathan
 George D. Storrs
 Grace Garland
 Berth Hansen
 Emmy Gamba Ghiselli
 Martha Abbott Oathout
 Max Silverstein
 Katharyn Wood
 Olive Garrison
 Ruth Rebound
 Marjorie S. Harrington
 Virginia Brown
 Hugh Matte
 Helen Schweikhardt
 Dorothy Mailland Falk
 Jay Humphry
 Arthur D. Stewart
 Helen E. Prince
 Helen Hunt Haines
 Josephine Richey
 Robert Horatio Murdy

Rachel Swartz
 Margaret Rhodes
 Williams Rooks
 Dorothy Louise Dade
 Alice R. Abraham
 Fairy Tefft
 Alice Howard Paine
 Otto Tabor
 Mabel Alvord
 Grosvenor Bank
 Louis Brown
 Margaret E. Kelsey
 Lawrence R. Boyd
 Gladys High
 Helen Houghton Ames
 Marie Kahn
 Donald Carlisle
 Robert B. Hartman
 Olive M. Smith
 Dorothy Gould
 Edna Lois Taggart
 Beryl Morse
 Robert G. Lee
 Aurelia M. Pincus
 Alison Mason Kingsbury

John S. Dunn
 Susan Martin
 Lea Perot
 Carleton W. Kendall
 Beatrice Milliken
 Jean L. Fenton
 Elizabeth Morris
 Poucher
 Gerald Barnes
 Katharine Flagg
 Proctor C. Waldo
 Catherine Brandenburg
 Margaret E. Everett
 Helen E. Vickery
 Phoebe Briggs
 Frances M. Chaffee
 Helen Coatsworth
 Marion D. Freeman
 Theresa R. Robbins
 David Wells Conrey
 Armand Tibbitts

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Katharine Hale
 Louis H. O'Donnell
 Cornelia N. Walker
 Louise Fitz
 Ruth Alden Adams
 Nellie Hagan
 Hilliard Comstock
 John M. Hartman
 George P. McClelland
 Ada Miller Hart
 Ellen Zwicker
 Susan J. Appleton
 Elsie J. Wilson
 Marjorie A. Burrows
 Charlotte L. Read
 Ellen Winters
 Harriet Mitchell
 Coleman Sellers 3rd
 Marion Richards
 Celestine C. Waldron
 Chas. F. Smith
 Winnie Stooke
 Robert L. Rankin
 Dorothy B. Almy
 Charlotte Greene
 Beatrice Birrell Fisher
 Marianna Gray
 Stephen Cutter Clark, Jr.

Rosamond Hobart
 Hugh M. A. McEachran
 Eleanor Eyre Edwards
 Rebecca P. Flint
 Wm. M. Lummis
 Jeannette Alice Schiff
 Meriam Shryock
 Dorothy Phillips
 Elmer W. Rietz
 Maude Sawyer
 William Warren Clary
 Hester Mathews
 Carola von Thielman
 Beryl Wood
 Elizabeth M. Ruggles
 Janet Stevens
 James Coyle Kennedy
 Ruth Roberts
 Milly Ryerson
 Constance Ayer
 Marion Martin
 Catherine S. Vail
 Marjorie Hale
 S. G. Gaillard
 Wm. Dow Harvey
 John McK. Sanford
 John Adams
 Cornelia T. Metcalf
 Walter B. Clark
 John Mackall Weld
 Margaretta Schuyler
 Alice Reynolds
 Helen W. Myers
 Blanche Deuel
 Dorothy E. Duncan
 Mercy Shaw
 Ada F. Knevels
 Le Roy A. Halsey
 Mary Belle Frantz
 Alice Crathern
 Mary Hunter

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

John L. Baxter
 John J. McCutcheon
 Grace M. Schaeffer
 Dorothy Schaffer
 Roy Phillips
 George Curtiss Job
 Harold Bechtel
 Laura C. Gibson
 Charles F. Crathern

VERSE, 1

Elsie Cromwell
 Comstock
 Dorothy W. Smith
 Eleanor Johnson
 Doris F. Halman
 Emmeline Bradshaw
 Agnes Miall
 Lewis Tenney Ross
 Evelyn Bresler
 Irma A. Hill
 Primrose Lawrence
 Margaret Louise Ewing
 Laura Moench
 Aileen Hyland
 Earl Reed Silvers
 Lois Donovan
 Jamie Morgan
 Carol Thomson
 Esther V. Palvers
 Virginia Coyne
 Frances Hyland
 Dorothy Coleman
 Thomas L. Harrocks
 Constance H. Smith
 Marjorie Pope
 Margaret E. Howard
 Lyle C. Saxon
 Eleanor M. Sickle
 Helena Gertrude Weinacht

Marjorie Reid
 Bonny Stewart McLean
 Elizabeth Page James
 Dorothy Shaw
 Evelyn Kent
 Anne Wilson
 Ruth Livingston
 Magel Wilder
 Gwendolyn V. Steel
 Emily Tyler Holmes
 Bradford Lewin
 Burnside
 Charlotte Agnes Bennett
 Donald Simpson
 Charlotte E. Matthews
 Lionel Rosenthal
 Phoebe A. Helmer

PROSE, 1

Cary Johnstone
 Margaret G. Weatherup
 Maxine Elliott
 Paul G. Dunn
 William L. May
 Margaret B. Smith
 Marjory M. Carrington
 Margaret Sherman
 Henrietta Diamond
 Louise Ackerman
 Mary G. Clark
 Thelma G. Williams
 Allan Perry
 Emily Taft
 Harriet Leslie Peterson
 Helen H. Smith
 Bernice D. Keith
 Hazel R. Abbott
 Robert Williams
 Garnet Eyre Macklin
 Margaret Malarkey
 Wilda Maurine Carpenter
 Grace E. Moore
 Helen Shelton Burr
 Emma R. Prout
 Katharine B. Stewart
 Richard Boynton
 Ida C. Kline
 Dorothy Evans
 Martha Detchon
 Elizabeth H. Parker
 Maud Mallett
 Frank Mason
 Anita G. Lynch
 Henry Massard
 Winifred E. E. Bluck
 Nancy Lee

PROSE, 2

Louise D. Glover
 Dorothy Q. Applegate
 Jeannette Houseman
 Belle Lee Cochran

VERSE, 2

Georgie Gray
 Alice Brabant
 Lucile Retan
 Helen Elsie Mason
 Julia M. Barley
 Therese H. McDonnell
 Rose Kurzman
 Adele Mae Beattys
 Jeanne Demetre
 Margaret Elizabeth Allen
 Stanley L. Williams
 Marie Hughes
 Elsie Nathan
 Jessie Morris
 Elizabeth Toof
 Alice Ross
 Barbara K. Webber
 Josephine H. Edwards
 Ruth Adams
 Irene M. Shaffer
 Priscilla D. Brown
 Phyllis Eaton
 Dorothy Ramsey
 Hope Daniel
 Elinor Wilson Roberson
 Virginia Frances Rice
 Richard Nathan
 Lucy E. Fancher
 Janet Hepburn
 Jeannette Covert
 Dorothy Dawson
 Dorothy Gardiner

Josephine C. Johnson
 Albert W. Walters
 Pauline Ehrich
 Esther Hanson
 Frank Phillips
 Agnes G. Hoye
 Rosalie Gomez Nathan
 Alfred P. Allen
 Dorothy Austin
 Madge F. Bookman
 Mary A. Perkins
 Muriel Avery
 Shirley Kemper
 Richard S. Tuft
 Katherine Woodruff
 Robert J. Armstrong
 Helen Hope Sturges
 Edith F. Faxon
 John Goldthwaite
 Mildred Curtis
 Nannie Gail
 Dorothea Jones
 Agnes H. Levy
 Harriet Lummis
 George Lindberg
 Margaret I. Forbes
 Mary Chrisman Muir
 Frances Jones
 Marion Butler
 Siegel W. Judd
 Milton Heineman
 Vincent J. Coletti
 Joel H. Sharp
 Beatrice Hardy
 Felix Bolte
 Charles E. Ames
 Elsie De Ronde
 Waltman Walters
 Margery K. Smith
 George Griffith
 Margareta Myers
 Jarvis J. Offutt
 Josephine V. P.
 Shoemaker

Ellen K. Hone
 Martha Weakley
 Margaret Houghteling
 Frederick A. Brooks
 Barbara F. Gilbert
 Grant G. Semmons
 Emilie Wagner
 Margaret Bigelow
 Mary S. Van Kleecck
 Helen Mowat
 Mary Comstock
 Wendell Miller
 Edward Davis
 George Ripley
 Atherton Kinsley
 Dunbar
 James D. McCall
 Eleanor D. Mathews
 Louise B. Hickox
 Robert J. Hogan
 Dorothy Birdseye
 Mildred Porter Allen
 Lauren McAdam
 Helen M. Brothelin
 Gretchen Peabody
 Martha Robinson
 Susan Kimberly
 Henry A. Stevens
 Florence G. Rice
 Eleanor Hughes
 Anita Delafeld
 Eleanor Park Kelly
 George H. Lewis
 Pauline Flach

PUZZLES, 1

A. Robert Kirschner
 Edward J. Kingsbury
 Russell S. Reynolds
 Walter C. Strickland
 John H. Hill
 Arthur Minot Reed
 Caroline C. Johnson

Virgil H. Wells
 Edith C. Blum
 Leon W. Kaufman
 Walter Davidson
 Madeline E. Burrill
 Phoebe Schreiber
 Lambe
 Thomas Gren
 Marjorie E. Laird
 James Earl Stark
 Loring Gardner
 Peede
 Anne Finlay
 Marjorie Waldron
 Elizabeth Best
 Charlotte L. Greene
 Edward N. Horr
 Rachel V. Metcalf
 Esther L. Mead
 Ruby M. Palmer
 Herbert M. Davidson
 Harold Ballin
 J. Karl Hetsch
 Althea B. Morton
 Edith Wetmore
 Frederick T. Leland

PUZZLES, 2

Mary Augusta
 Johnson
 Ruth S. Coleman
 Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr.
 Philip Sherman
 Augustus Wolf
 Edwin Bemis
 Mary Cushing
 Williams
 Fritz Breitenfeld
 Denise Boyte
 Winslow Whitman
 V. L. Rich
 Inez Guiteras
 Elizabeth Macallum

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 106

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 106 will close **Aug. 20** (for foreign members **Aug. 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **December**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Gift" or "Giving."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Christmas Adventure" (must be true).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Holiday."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "The Old Homestead" (must be from nature) and a **December** Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE RECKLESS



A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared and could not be entered for the competitions:

NOT INDORSED. Ruth Allerton, Uintah Masterman, Marguerite Henderson, Margaret G. Eichelberger, Harriette Boothe, Eva Kann, Louis H. Runkal, Katharine Parsons, Margaret H. Sanders, Helen M. Kirwan, Imogene Toll, Margaret Klous, Ethel Remington, Elizabeth McClintock, Eloise Leighton, Rush Clarke II, Mammie Budah, Bettina Brabook, Mary Spencer, Malcolm Good, Sidney T. Fleming, Margaret Finch.

WRONG SUBJECTS. Corinne Bourk, Esther H. Bolles, Isabel B. Faye, Jennie Hunt, Bettie Fenner, Jack Litt, David Hiscoc, Frances W. Hopkins, Carrie E. Venturini, Kathleen Shores, Louise L. Cardozo, Willard Litt, Elliott Speer, Albon Cowles.

BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Aldyth Hawgood, Charles J. Heinold, Morris Gilbert Bishop.

NO AGE GIVEN. Bedros Shekile, Elsie M. Hopkins, Helen Harrington, Mammie Conover, Elizabeth Ladd, Franklin W. Wolf, Vernon Brunelle, Nancy M. Weston, Anthony Dermody, Durant Currier, Hazel Holt, Harry Temas, George Leo Kearns, Janet Colbert Graham, Donald Fraser, Cyril Mergens, Herman Gabriel, Armine M. Pemberton, Christopher Magee, Orville Brickell, Amata Allen, Ellsworth Colley, Helen Stricker, P. S. Robin, Helen Clark, W. S. Davis, William Owen, Kingsetta Carson, Kay Winslow, D. E. Wallace.

DRAWN IN COLOR. Dan Stewart, Manson Shoonover.

TOO LONG. Irene M. Nichols.

NEW CHAPTERS

No. 1054. "Torohadik Club." James Aiken, President; Fred Webster, Secretary; Roy Stimson, Treasurer; John Aiken, Librarian; eight members.

No. 1055. "The Echo Chapter." Ruth Bachster, President; Florence Hood, Secretary and Treasurer; five members.

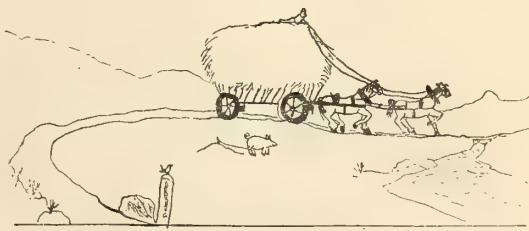
No. 1056. Dick Asstess, President; Willie Sagnar, Vice-President; Pearl Evans, Secretary; Lena Kannum, Vice-Secretary; Annie Goodrin, Treasurer; Annie Kind, Vice-Treasurer; twelve members.

No. 1057. "O. M. B." Ruth Plain, President, Katharine Cunningham, Secretary; Bessie Penglase, Treasurer; seven members.

No. 1058. Harry Posner, President; Leo Baker, Secretary; thirty members.

No. 1059. "Edgewater Chapter." Elizabeth Slocum, President; Mabel Green, Secretary; six members.

No. 1060. "The Writing Club." Gladys A. Kotary, President; Helen M. Blackmon, Vice-President; Marjorie G. Hough, Secretary; Louise M. Porter, Treasurer; seven members.



"HEADING." BY BARRY GREEN, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LETTER-BOX

THE beautiful picture on page 904 of this number will have an added interest for many readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the fact that the "Josephine" of the portrait is the granddaughter of Mary Mapes Dodge, who for so many years was editor of this Magazine.

The happy little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mapes Dodge of Germantown, Pennsylvania, Josephine, resembles her distinguished grandmother in many ways, one of them being in her love of dolls. When Mary Mapes Dodge was herself a little girl, her portrait was painted by a well-known artist of that time, and she insisted upon having her dolly included in the picture. "I would not give up my dolly for all their coaxing," she used to say. And so it happens that two portraits, one of the grandmother and the other of the grandchild, each with a dolly in her arms, now adorn the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge. One of these pictures has already been reproduced in ST. NICHOLAS, and the other we have the pleasure of giving to our readers this month.

L——, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you quite a while and I like you very much.

The stories I like best are "The Gentle Interference of Bab," and "Harry's Island."

My sister and I have two dogs, their names are Brandy and Soda. We have a parrot also, his name is Captain Flint from Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Hoping this letter is not too long,

I am your loving reader,

CONSTANCE KING (age 12).

A LONG JOURNEY FOR WILD FLOWERS

C——, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was three or four years old. I am now fourteen and in the eighth grade. I like to read the letters in the Letter-Box, and so I thought I would write one.

Looking at the competition pages the other day I saw the name of one of my friends here.

I want to tell you about our wild-flower garden. You see we don't have many pretty wild flowers here except the blue violet and a few others. So the last time we visited my grandpa in Ohio, papa went out in the woods and dug up some wild flowers. When we came back he transplanted them and this year we had in bloom the yellow violet, Dutchman's-breeches, spring-beauty, hepatica, wild phlox and geranium. We have others, too, but they didn't bloom.

I like you very much and enjoy your stories, especially the ones by Ralph Henry Barbour, and "Pinkey Perkins," "Fritzi," "From Sioux to Susan," and the new one, "The Gentle Interference of Bab," are also among my favorites.

I must close now because my letter is getting too long. Hoping you will have a long and pleasant life I remain,

Yours truly,

CAROLINE A. HOSFORD.

CAROLINE'S welcome letter points the moral that it is a business duty of everybody and everything to grow—no matter what the surroundings; and the pretty Ohio wild

flowers certainly did their share. What is a little matter of the rich soil or a sunlit plain, or the hard, bare rock of a mountain-side, or even a journey of some two thousand miles, to a "spring-beauty" when it has once made up its mind to grow?

NUMBERS are queer things, as all young Arithmeticians know; and in this pleasant letter, Margaret N. Meyer gives some clever glimpses of their odd ways that may be new to many young folk.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been one of your subscribers for seven years, and each month I have eagerly watched the mails for you. I thought some of your readers might be interested in the following:

I

The sum of consecutive odd numbers (beginning with one) will always equal the square of the number of terms in the expression.

EXAMPLES:

$$1 + 3 = 4 \text{ or } 2^2$$

$$1 + 3 + 5 = 9 \text{ or } 3^2$$

$$1 + 3 + 5 + 7 = 16 \text{ or } 4^2$$

$$1 + 3 + 5 + 7 + 9 = 25 \text{ or } 5^2$$

II

The sum of consecutive even numbers (beginning with two) equals the number of terms plus one multiplied by the number of terms.

EXAMPLES:

$$2 + 4 = 6 \text{ or } 2(2 + 1)$$

$$2 + 4 + 6 = 12 \text{ or } 3(3 + 1)$$

$$2 + 4 + 6 + 8 = 20 \text{ or } 4(4 + 1)$$

$$2 + 4 + 6 + 8 + 10 = 30 \text{ or } 5(5 + 1)$$

III

The difference of the squares of any two consecutive numbers equals the sum of the numbers.

EXAMPLES:

$$2^2 = 4$$

$$3^2 = 9$$

$$9 - 4 = 5 \text{ or } 2 + 3$$

$$11^2 = 121$$

$$12^2 = 144$$

$$144 - 121 = 23 \text{ or } 12 + 11$$

Your most interested reader,

MARGARET N. MEYER (age 13).

HERE is a charming letter from Newport which shows that the fine old town has much to boast of, besides the attractions which modern wealth has lavished upon it. The historical side of Newport is made very interesting, indeed, in this account, and we heartily thank the young writer.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thinking that you may like to hear a little of Newport, I decided to write to you.

To begin with, Newport is one of the most beautiful and popular summer resorts in the United States. Its beautiful beach is a source of constant delight to both inhabitants and visitors of the city.

The beautiful, natural breakers are constantly thundering and crashing on the sands.

Then there is the Ocean Drive, which is a seven-mile drive along beautiful roads showing handsome houses surrounded by broad sweeping lawns and lovely gardens.

Then there is the beautiful, historic Trinity Church, which stands on the corner of Spring and Church Streets. It contains a pew which George Washington, the father of our country, sat in when he attended church while in this city. Behind his pew is another in which Gen. Washington's staff sat. Underneath the new covers on the clerk's desk, the reading desk, and the pulpit, are red covers which were given to the church by Queen Anne. Her Majesty's crown is carved on top of the organ and on each side of it is a Bishop's Mitre.

Bishop Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, presented an organ to the church in 1733.

The crown which Queen Anne gave for the church spire once saved the building from being fired upon. During the Revolution it was used as a hospital. The soldiers were going to fire upon it when they saw Queen Anne's crown on the spire, so they did not do it.

Some years ago the weathercock was taken down to be regilded, and I saw marks of bullets on it.

Admiral De Ternay, a French officer who came over with Lafayette, to help America, is buried in Trinity churchyard.

The Old Stone Mill in Touro Park is supposed to have been built by the Indians, although many believe it to have been built by the Norsemen.

The new Government Landing is a beautiful square crossed by concrete walks. From the Landing the sunset view is very beautiful in the evening.

Hoping that this letter is not too long I remain

Your loving reader,

ANITA B. BROWN (age 15).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little bird and I thought I would tell you about him. I got him as a birthday present from my mother last January 24th, when I was nine years old. He is a little goldfinch and his feathers are beautiful, and he is always singing; he also is very tame. He hops on my finger and goes all over the room, and when I hide his seed cup he generally finds it. He takes hemp-seed from my finger and is always ready to play. I enjoy reading the St. NICHOLAS.

Your loving reader,

CAROLYN CALDWELL.

HOH, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me how the "Liberty Bell" was broken.

Your interested reader,

LEONARD A. FLETCHER.

The bell was cracked in 1835, it is said, in tolling for the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court.

R—, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you might be interested to hear about how I saw the fleet at Santa Barbara. There was going to be a big parade for the officers from the Atlantic Battle Ship fleet. There was also going to be a battle of flowers. I spent all morning picking flowers, and then I let my flowers soak while I had lunch. After lunch we started for the Plaza, where it would take place. There were dozens of officers in every direction. Rear-Admiral Thomas came in a beautifully decorated carriage. All the officers rose and saluted him. The marines marched around too, and the officers greeted the sailors

from their own ship with cheers. But the Battle of Flowers was the best! The officers swarmed into the road and pelted flowers at the people in the carriages and then after the parade they pelted each other. I had stayed three months at Santa Barbara and then the next day I went home to Illinois.

Your sincere reader,

RUTH MERRITT (age 10).

G—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for eight years and enjoy reading you very much.

Our town is a very pretty place in summer, for the streets are lined on both sides with huge elm trees. Most of them are over a hundred years old.

This house in which I live is a very large one; it is over two hundred years old, it used to be a large inn on the way from Troy to Montreal.

I was reading in the May Letter-Box about boys and girls not being able to get on without pets. I am sure I don't see how they can. I have the loveliest Scotch collie, not a year old yet (his name is Le Beau), seven or eight cats, two horses of my own, and a cow which belongs to me.

One of my horses is a saddle horse, very small and dark chestnut. She can go a mile in "2.13."

My grandfather has thirty or forty horses and twenty-five cows.

This is the first letter I have ever written and hoping it is not too long,

I remain, your loving reader,

MARY C. GRAY.

M. C—, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was abroad last summer we went to Germany. We stayed at Homburg. One day we heard that the King of England and the Kaiser of Germany were to pass through the town on their way to the Fredrichshof, where the Kaiser's sister lives.

About nine in the morning we started in a carriage to go to Stallberg, a castle about five miles out of Homburg. Flags were flying from all the buildings. We arrived about two hours before the royal party passed, but already the crowd was gathering. Some guards on horseback kept the people off the road.

All at once, automobiles began to flash by. About twenty passed before the one with the kings in it. The Kaiser had a blue military suit on and he had his hand up to his hat in salute.

The King of England was in a civilian's dress and he lifted his hat.

On a seat back of the Kaiser and King were two bodyguards. They stopped at the castle Stallberg for luncheon and then went to Fredrichshof.

I tried to take a picture of their machine as it passed up but the picture is blurred so I will not attempt to send it.

I have taken you for three years and love to read your stories. My favorite stories are the ones by Mr. Barbour.

All my magazines are bound and I always look them over and read my favorite stories every once in a while.

I belong to the League and I have my leaflet and badge framed.

I hope some day to be one of your honor members.

I remain, your devoted and sincere reader,

CATHERINE BARKER (age 11).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you for ten months, but have been especially interested in the League from the first, and feel I have been very fortunate.

In the Puzzle Department my third contribution won a

beautiful silver badge, my fourth a gold one. These came as great surprises, although I worked hard on them.

Pardon this elation over my success and accept my thanks.

I am fourteen years old and have two sisters, twelve and five years old. We are all very interested in your progress and success. Again I thank you for the honors I have received.

Your devoted reader,
RUTH S. BROUGHTON.

S—, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My interest in your magazine was first awakened by finding a copy, old, worn, and yellow with age, among mother's old things which she most treasured. It dated back to the year of 1884, before I was born. It was the July number and naturally filled with historical stories, among which was "The Youngest Soldier of the Revolution," telling of Richard Lord Jones, who was my great-great-grandfather!

I want to tell you how glad I am to see the ST. NICHOLAS.

One of your many little friends,
HELEN MASON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you twice before, but have never had a letter published in the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-Box. My birthday comes on the second of July, and I have taken this delightful magazine for two years as a birthday present. I am waiting with some anxiety for my birthday to come, for then I shall see whether I shall take my beloved friend and helper for another year to come. I am sure I shall feel very lonely if mother does not give it to me for my eleventh birthday.

I hope soon to contribute something to the pages of my helper, the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

With wishes for success in years to come, I am your most devoted reader,

KATHARINE WOOLSEY.

H—, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few years ago my father was out hunting in the jungles of India when he came upon an elephant which had been spoiling the crops of the people. As soon as the elephant saw my father it went after him. When my father saw it coming he ran and got behind a tree and shot at the elephant. He succeeded in shooting it between the eyes; it was in a rage for a moment and then dropped dead. I have the elephant's tusks here in my room.

My father had another escape in the same jungles. He was out one night in the jungle, and was up in a tree watching for a Bengal tiger or man-eater. At about midnight the tiger came. My father was asleep. The tiger saw him and got behind a bush and waited for my father to come down. The next morning they saw the tiger's tracks. Another escape. My father was waiting for the same tiger, in a tree; he did not wait long before the tiger went past. He could not see it because the trees shaded the tiger; it moved a little so that my father could see its tail. He aimed at it by guess, but the bullet went over its shoulder. The tiger sprang about thirty feet and then turned and ran. These are a very few of the dangers my father has been in. I can tell you of a narrow escape I had. One summer, near where these things happened, I was visiting a village; it was very small for a village; it contained seventeen or eighteen families. My brother and I went down to the brook nearby to wash our faces and hands. We were not there long before my father shouted to us. We ran to the house and found that it was a bear

that was coming after us. My father had gone with his gun as soon as he had called to us, after the bear. He had a hard time, but did not get the bear.

Yours truly,
ADA BELL KENNAN (age 12).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to a club which is for the purpose of reading. There are ten girls and we meet at one another's house each week and take turns in reading. While one reads the others sew for little dolls for the children's hospital. We read the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS. We pay five cents a week and a fine of five cents if you are absent or forget your dues, unless you are ill. As I have taken you quite a while I bring all my back numbers.

I remain your true reader,
DOROTHY SICHEL.

On the opening page of the June ST. NICHOLAS, we printed a poem entitled "An Invitation" in which

"Miss June presents her compliments, and heartily extends A cordial invitation to her very dearest friends."

One little friend makes believe to have taken the invitation seriously, and sends this cheery little acceptance:

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Dear June:

The Smith girls their compliments present,
And are glad of the invitation you so kindly sent.

They gaily accept,
And their promise to come will surely be kept.

For they love the myriads of flowers,
And with you will enjoy the sunny hours.

E. GRETCHEN SMITH (age 10).

KURE, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of the ST. NICHOLAS. Maybe you and your readers would like to hear about this which I am going to tell you.

Right below us there is a school for girls and boys. Sometimes my two sisters and I like to see what they are doing. And when we look, they call us names, such as "Baka Ijin," which means a fool, and strange being. One of the girls is a Christian. She likes us, and when she comes here, we show her the ST. NICHOLAS. She thinks it is a very nice magazine, although she can't understand English.

I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine for children.

My best stories which I like, are "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

Your loving reader,
HARRIET EVELYN BROKAW (age 10½).

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Mary Craig, Esther Albertson Bancroft, Ellen French, Frances Bruggerhof, Weir Robbin, Tesla Lennstrend, Marie Gilbreth, Robert P. Byrnes, Charlotte Moody, Adeline Jarvis, Grace Stanton, Viola C. Flannery, Clarisse S. DeBost, Melvin W. Powell, Mildred Fromman, Dorothy Darby, Helen Batchelder, Evelyn Hughes, Esther Thomas, Minna Lewinson, Mary B. Brooks, Mary S. Bristed, Floyd R. Armstrong, Roy Gaylord, Ethel E. LaValley, Amy Herrick Requa, Elizabeth Evans, Francis Price, M. Mendes Cohen, Rachael I. Cornell, Ruth Mae Sydebotham, and Suzanne Gallaudet.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Jefferson; fifth row, Adams. Cross-words: 1. Jovial. 2. Endure. 3. Fiends. 4. Friend. 5. Endear. 6. Regret. 7. Scheme. 8. Orator. 9. Newest.

A DIAGONAL. Hans Brinker. Cross-words: 1. Housekeeper. 2. Hardvisaged. 3. Hankeringly. 4. Horsedealer. 5. Hairbreath. 6. Hairdresser. 7. Healthiness. 8. Histrionism. 9. Wastebasket. 10. Heartshaped. 11. Handicapper.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, peaks; 3 to 4, stain; 4 to 6, naiaid; 2 to 5, spire. Cross-words: 1. Plums. 2. Teeth. 3. Braid. 4. Dirks. 5. Nests. 6. Harps. 7. Spine. 8. Brian. 9. Ended.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Whether in chains or in laures, liberty knows nothing but victories."

STAR PUZZLE. Cross-words: 1. B. 2. ia. 3. Hundred. 4. Illume. 5. Talon. 6. Ermine. 7. Diagram. 8. ne. 9. D.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 15th from C. B. Gottlieb—Mollie and Dorothy Jordan—Genevieve L. Pratt—John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.—Margaret H. Smith—"Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Eleanor Coverly—George Curtiss Job—Jesse and Dorothy Colville—Dorothy Haug—Madeline Picard—A. P. and J. H. Miller—Margaret Overocker—Betty and Maury—James A. Lynd—Annette Howe Carpenter—Hazelina Dempsey—"Marcapan"—W. H. B. Allen, Jr.—Mina Louise Winslow—Francis E. Tyng, Jr.—Edna L. Taggart—Randolph Monroe—Ida E. C. Finlay—St. Mary's Chapter—Honor Gallsworthy—"Queenscourt"—Jo and I—Three of the "Wise Five"—Helen L. Patch—"Sages and Dunces"—Elsie, Lacie and Tillie—Elsie Adler—Imogen I. Little—Russell S. Reynolds—Mary C. Brown—Miner and Mother—Margaret Griffith—Helen L. Dawley—Elizabeth D. Lord—Elizabeth Spencer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 15th from E. S., 9—M. G. Bonner, 3—Mrs. A. M. Kistler, 6—M. E. Aplin, 3—R. L. Colson, 3—B. H. Feustman, 9—E. Meyle, 9—No name, Mandarin, Fla., 3—E. G. Blodgett, 7—Aunt and I, 2—E. W. Rollins, 4—M. J. Bowen, 7—V. Hoff, 2—E. R. Gilmour, 8—"H. Twins," 8—C. Crittenden, 8—W. M. Chute, 6—E. A. Curry, 2—W. Lloyd, Jr., 9—E. Marburg, Jr., 8—A. H. Farnsworth, 7—D. C. Jenkins, 2—G. Burmister, 2—H. J. Long, 9—D. Scarborough, 8—M. von Tunzelmann, 9—Alan D. Bush, 9.

So many sentin answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, these cannot be acknowledged.

DIAGONALS AND DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

- 1. Behead to cut, and leave to listen; again, and leave part of the head.
- 2. Behead a small branch and leave a conceited fellow; again, and leave a carriage.
- 3. Behead a set and leave a girl; again, and leave an animal.
- 4. Behead a warehouse and leave rent; again, and leave a form of metal.
- 5. Behead rock and leave sound; again, and leave a number.

Before beheading, place the five words one below another in the order here given. The diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter will spell to give up; the diagonal, from the lower, left-hand letter to the upper, right-hand letter, will spell a step.

PAUL FUSSELL.

DIAGONAL.

- *1. To permit.
- 2. Sky-blue.
- 3. A dramatic performer.
- 4. To select and buy food.
- 5. A French coin.

Diagonal, from upper left-hand letter to lower right-hand letter, a certain race of people.

ROBERT B. CARNEY (League Member.)

ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the hero of a famous naval engagement.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A light spear. 2. A large fish. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Vacation. Cross-words: 1. Victoria. 2. Atlantic. 3. Colorado. 4. Arkansas. 5. Tasmania. 6. Illinois. 7. Oceania. 8. Nebraska.

ADDITIONS. 1. Liver-pool. 2. Bel-fast. 3. Ham-burg. 4. Bombay. 5. Stock-holm. 6. War-saw. 7. Mos-cow. 8. Tou-louse. 9. Glas-gow. 10. Bag-dad. 11. Luck-now. 12. Bord-caux.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, America; finals, Germany. Cross-words: 1. Among. 2. Maine. 3. Error. 4. Realm. 5. India. 6. Chain. 7. Array.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND. I. 1. Gapes. 2. Aisle. 3. Pshaw. 4. Elate. 5. Sewer. II. 1. Cheap. 2. Hollo. 3. Elbow. 4. Alone. 5. Power. III. 1. W. 2. Tea. 3. Toast. 4. Weather. 5. Ashen. 6. Ten. 7. R. IV. 1. Parts. 2. Apart. 3. Ratio. 4. Trial. 5. Stole. V. 1. Caret. 2. Above. 3. Robin. 4. Evict. 5. Tents.

To augment. 4. Violent. 5. An instrument for measuring the thickness of bodies. 6. A native of Sparta. 7. An adjacent district. 8. A plant from which a flavoring extract is obtained. 9. Excessive happiness. 10. Brief and pithy. 11. Like a man. 12. The goddess of vengeance. 13. A kind of dog.

STODDARD P. JOHNSTON.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Thought. 2. Beloved. 3. Comfort. 4. Surface.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A point of the compass. 2. A grand division. 3. Places. 4. Lesson.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In own. 2. An insect. 3. A vegetable. 4. A small child. 5. In own.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Tidy. 2. A river of Germany. 3. Father. 4. A water fowl.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A participle expressing comparison. 2. A small quadruped. 3. Devices. 4. A bird's home.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR. (League Member.)



WHEN the ten objects pictured above have been rightly guessed and written one below another as numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, right-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a battle fought in August.

CHARADE

(Cash Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My first 's a common verb, I trow,
 My second is its past;
 My first into a cup will go
 Although it 's boundless, vast.
 My first is ne'er in sight, I ween,
 Though very near it be;
 My second never should be seen,
 As surely you 'll agree,
 All things black do my first contain
 Yet it is blue, we 're told.
 My second's teeth intact remain
 Although it 's very old.
 My second's hated by all boys
 When it 's combined with wood.
 My whole 's a thing each child enjoys
 When on a stand it 's stood.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

WORD-SQUARE

1. A violent gust of wind. 2. A weapon of war. 3. To add. 4. Odor. 5. Passages of Scripture.

PAUL RUTHERFORD (age 8).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of ninety-eight letters and form the name of a writer and the titles of seven of her books.

My 53-78-9 85-39-95-23-62-18 is the hero of "The Crimson Sweater." My 41-6 are the initials of the larger brother in "A Little Field of Glory." My 26-81-65-11 45-3-56-93-49-86 is the pianist of the Sharps and Flats, from "Fritzi." My 60-13-72-87 is the brother of the Japanese nurse, from "Captain June." My 42-37-21-90 83-35-76-52-69 is what Henry VIII called Lucy's sister in "A Comedy in Wax." My 98-30-47-16-91-10-73-63 is one of Harry Emery's kittens, from "The Crimson Sweater." My 15-61-8-57 67-1-43-32-14-27-75 is the

brother of the "Parsley Girl" in "From Sioux to Susan." My 50-4-12-19 68-34-28-48-24-84 is the "Brand from the Burning," from "Tom, Dick, and Harriet." My 31-5 are the initials of the Scottish Queen, from "A Comedy in Wax." My 20-55-40-89-66 is the queen of the fairies in "Queen Zixi of Ix." My 92-71-64-54-17-79 is Denise's dog, from "What Another Summer Brought to Denise and Ned Toodles." My 7-96-36-44 88-74-38-67-58 is the name of "Red Feather," from "Pinky Perkins." My 94-77 are the initials of Horace Burlen's chum, from "The Crimson Sweater." My 70-25-2-59-80-29 51-46-20-33-97-82-22 is the giver of the "White Rose," from "Fritzi."

ROSA MARGARET SEYMOUR.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large stream. 2. A beverage. 3. Harsh. 4. Concerning. 5. Apprehension. Both diagonals spell the same word.

LOUIS WERNER (League Member).

ANAGRAMS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Rearrange a story and make tardy. Answer, tale, late.

1. Rearrange sluggish, and make certain birds. 2. Rearrange one who is to inherit, and make to rent. 3. Rearrange to ascend, and make a kingly title. 4. Rearrange the flesh of animals, and make a pair of horses. 5. Rearrange mail, and make to halt. 6. Rearrange part of the head, and make a measure of length. 7. Rearrange a joint, and make sharp. 8. Rearrange a rent, and make proportion.

When the words have been rightly rearranged, write them one below another. Then take the second letter of the first word, the first letter of the second word, the second letter of the third, the first of the fourth, and so on. The eight letters thus obtained will spell the surname of a famous man.

VERA A. COLDING.



AS A LAD

Nearly Wrecked by Coffee.

“When I was 15 years of age,” writes a Kans. man, “I was stout, healthy and robust, with a clear complexion and steady nerves.

“At that time I was put on my grandfather’s farm. We ate breakfast by lamp-light and he had me take an extra cup of coffee as it ‘would be a long time till dinner.’

“I soon began to have an uneasy feeling in my stomach and did not sleep well nights. Always proud that I had been able to outrun any boy in the neighborhood, I was now pained to find that I could not run half the usual distance without having to stop and gasp for breath.

“My cheerful disposition gone, I became cross, nervous, irritable. So bloated, I could not breathe well lying down. Unable to think clearly, I feared I was losing my mind. This continued for some time as I did not realize the cause. Finally one doctor told me I must quit coffee, and he prescribed

POSTUM

“When I learned how to make it right (directions on pkgs.) it tasted delicious, and in a short time I noticed I could sleep better, think more clearly and the bloating went down. Now I am a sound young man and look upon Postum as a capital support for nerves weakened by coffee.”

“There’s a Reason”

Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 81.

Time to hand in answers is up August 25. Prizes awarded in October number.

SPECIAL NOTICE: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

For competition No. 81, we wish to give another chance to the artists among the competitors, and therefore the prizes named below are offered for the best illustration to any one of the following advertisements:

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon.
(Bringing in a new drawing of the little cook.)

Egg-O-See Cereal Company.
(Bringing in a drawing of Toasted Corn Flakes being served at breakfast.)

Diamond Dyes.
(A drawing showing two figures.)
Eastman Kodak Company.
(Either a drawing or a photograph representing the use of a camera by children.)

Peter's Chocolate.
(A drawing of the well-known mountaineer, not a copy of one of the published pictures.)

Ivory Soap.
(A drawing illustrating the fact that the cake will float.)

Libby's Food Products.

(A drawing showing a maid in the usual costume.)

Huyler's Confections.

(A drawing of a child with a box of candy.)

Your drawing must be in black and white, either in outline or in wash, and must not be larger than twelve inches on a side.

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize of \$5.
Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.
Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.
Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years of age may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (81). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.
3. Submit answers by August 25, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.
4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 81, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



New Hats



You will never realize what you can do with an old hat, old plumes, old ribbons, until you remake and retrim a hat with the help of Diamond Dyes. The Diamond Dye Annual will tell you many of these experiences. Here is Mrs. Mack's:

"I had never tried trimming a hat myself until this Spring. I saw a picture of such a pretty style in a magazine, and suddenly realized that I had the same materials on two old hats—one a good black straw frame—and a white plume, badly soiled, but good.

"I got a package of black Diamond Dyes and went all over the straw hat thoroughly, several times, with a brush; then I bent the brim down to change the shape.

"The plume I dyed black, following your Direction Book instructions; then I made a big red rose out of some old white satin ribbon I dyed red. The hat is simply stunning.

"Everybody has spoken of it as being so stylish." *Mrs. M. R. Mack, Philadelphia, Pa.*

This is one of many enthusiastic endorsements of Diamond Dyes. We have testimonials by the thousand relating to nearly every use to which Diamond Dyes can be put, and many of these testimonials—interesting accounts of results achieved by the use of Diamond Dyes—are printed in the Diamond Dye Annual.

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These substitutes claim that one kind of dye will color wool, silk and cotton ("all fabrics") equally well. This claim is false. We want you to know that when any one makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a special dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up the dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

No dye that will color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool Dye.

Diamond Dyes are anxious for your success the first time you use them. This means your addition to the vast number of women who are regular users of Diamond Dyes. When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes FOR COTTON. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes FOR WOOL.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. *Address*

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ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING—THE PICNIC PARTY." BY MAJORIE ACKER, AGE 13.

AN INDIAN FLOWER LEGEND

BY ERMA QUMBY (AGE 16)

AMERICAN boys and girls are apt to think that the old Greek or Norse legends are the only beautiful and interesting ones. They overlook the romantic and strange Indian myths of our own land, though really many of these tales are equal in beauty and meaning to the old world myths.

One which seems especially lovely is the legend of Peboan and Segwun or Winter and Summer.

The wind roared through the forest trees, and blew the snow in great drifts about the lodge by the frozen river. In the hut sat an old man, shivering over his low, dying fire. Suddenly a young man, carrying a bunch of blossoms, stepped through the open doorway, and sat down beside the white-haired man.

Each told of his adventures. The old man boasted that when he breathed his frosty breath the water became as hard as stone; the earth was covered with white, and the leaves and flowers withered and died; birds flew away and beasts hid in caves.

Smiling, the young man replied that when he breathed upon the landscape, flowers sprang up in the meadows; brooks murmured, and birds sang; all the earth was joyful.

Thus they spent the night in talking, until the sun rose, and the air grew balmy and warm, the birds sang in the forest, and the wind blew fresh spring odors through the doorway. Then, with tears flowing from his eyes, Peboan shrank and dwindled until he vanished from sight. But on the hearth bloomed a little pink-rimmed flower, the Miskodeed, earliest of all spring blossoms!

FORGET-ME-NOT

(A Flower Legend)

BY BELLE BAIRD (AGE 14)

THE sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers.

—Tennyson.

THE moon was just beginning to peep over the horizon, a few clouds were playing tag in the sky, and the waters of the Danube were quietly lapping its banks.

Suddenly out of the darkness a knight and his betrothed appeared. They walked on the bank for some time talking of things that interest lovers most. The lady, glancing at the water, noticed a bunch of flowers floating away down the stream. They were then called the *Myosotis palustris*, but now the forget-me-nots.

"I wish I could possess those lovely flowers," she said. "You shall, dear," was the knight's reply, and with quickness and braveness the mail-clad knight plunged into the river. His armor, being heavy, made him unable to climb

the slippery bank. He was sinking fast. His eyes were fixed on his agonized sweetheart, and suddenly, with a last effort, he flung the bunch of flowers to her and cried out before he sank forever, "Forget me not!"

Goethe wrote in one of his lyrics the following about the forget-me-not:

"Still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair."

It is said that after the battle of Waterloo a quantity of forget-me-nots sprang up on the battle-ground, to remember the dead.

LEAGUE LETTERS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At the end of the year I began taking you. I won a silver badge and, lo! when the next new year dawned the gold badge was mine. I wore those two buttons almost constantly, and when I sat at my desk to compose, they gleamed brighter than ever, and inspired me with greater hopes and ambition.

Each month, after reading the excellent prize essays, I thought, "They can write so much better than I, there's no chance for me." But still I sent in my contributions perseveringly, and in the month of my birthday, January, the best present I ever received has come to me through ST. NICHOLAS—the cash prize!

How can I ever thank you enough, my friend, for the lift you have given me into the broad Field of Literature?

Believe me, I shall always remain, Your devoted reader,
IDA C. KLINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you two years, but have taken great pleasure in you in that time. I am having the ones for 1905 and 1906 bound. There are ten children in our family and their ages go from twenty-one down. Each one takes a magazine, such as "McClure's," "Country Life in America," "Success," "Ladies' Home Journal," etc. But when the magazines come in at the first of the month they all go for the ST. NICHOLAS first and want to read every word in it before they look at their own papers. Well, my younger sister wrote to you to-night and I think this will be enough from the Pattersons, so I close, remaining your faithful reader,

RUTH PATTERSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly four years, and I like you better than any magazine I ever read.

My papa is U. S. District Judge of North Dakota, and at nearly every term of court he has some Indians as witnesses. They are n't a bit like the Indians in story-books. I don't think there are any "noble redmen" left. The Indians which come here are mostly Mandans or Gros Ventre Indians, from the Fort Berthold or Turtle Mountain Reservations.

The men wear civilized clothes, and sit around in the halls of the government building, smoking. Quite a few of the men still wear their hair in braids, but that is the only "Indian" thing about them. The Indian women usually wear dirty calico wrappers and many strings of beads. Frequently I have seen a woman with a gay blanket, and a papoose on her back. The children wear odds and ends of their parents' clothing, which gives them a truly savage and uncivilized appearance. Their bright black eyes and quick ways make them quite attractive. The Indians have to talk through an interpreter, but you can almost understand what they are saying by their gestures. On the witness stand they are very stolid, and don't care a whit how the attorney roars at them.

Papa used to have lots of Chinamen, but he has n't had any for four or five years.

I hope I will always take you, and that you will stay just as nice as you are now.

Your loving reader,
BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (age 13).

Other valued and welcome letters have been received from St. Gabriel's Chapter, Fannie H. Ingram, Ruth Armstrong, Nellie Hagan, Beatrice Frye, Mary Botsford, Eleanor McCandless, Louise Hickox, Henrietta Lambdin, Pearl Lukens, Marion E. Watson, Katharine A. Lewis, Carol Thompson, Murray Kennedy, Helen J. McFarland, Bessie Burrows, Nathaniel R. Howard, Annie S. Young, Helen Ross, Barbara Quirk, Josephine Keene, Margaret McKenzie, Alice Smith, La Nona Flood, J. Donald McCutcheon, Michael Ostfeld, Alice A. Griffin, Emmet Russell, Katherine Avery, Agnes Dowdley Shipley, Irene L. Ferres, Margaret Osborne, Marjorie Denslow, Virginia B. Bogert, Isador Klein, Katharine Cunningham, Martha Calvert, Magdalena D. Robinson, Marjorie S. Harrington, Louise Wilcox, Cherry Lane, Helen E. Hodgman, Rachel M. Talbott, E. Allena Champlin, Cassius M. Clay, Jr., Katharine Gibson, Miriam Le May, Eleanor Herbert, Susanne Rice, Louise Gaguebin Ballot, Marguerite Belt, Harry Steinberger, Lynda Billings, Kathleen Denniston, "Seul Cinq" Chapter, Muriel von Tuzelmann, Eloise G. Hamilton, Margaret Wilson, Leila Hunter, Corrie E. Blake, R. D. Wolcott.



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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS PROVISIONAL STAMPS

THE Provisional stamps recently issued for the Cayman Islands are provoking considerable discussion. There are those who think that they were issued merely for the sake of selling them to collectors and that there was no real necessity for making them. It is contended, on the other hand, that there were apprehensions of a shortage of the half-penny and one-penny values which are most in use in these islands, and that, therefore, the authorities were wise in providing against any deficiency. Whatever may be the decision in relation to the making of these stamps they are, as a matter of fact, actually in existence and collectors who have the opportunity to secure specimens of them will be glad to do so. The surcharges were made upon five-shilling stamps and it is said that of the half penny value there were only 2280 and of the one penny 1800. This means that there are not enough stamps to supply the number of collectors who will be certain to want them and that they will, therefore, command high prices. It is probable that most of the discussion as to the necessity of the stamps arises from the fact that so few of them were made.

AFFAIRS IN ST. DOMINGO AND HAYTI

OUR cut shows the island on which are the small republics of Hayti and St. Domingo. A line across the island from north to south somewhat nearer the west than the east separates the territory of one government from that of the other. Along this imaginary line stirring events have been occurring recently. The United States Government in order to prevent foreign nations from seizing the Dominican Republic is acting as a sort of receiver for the bankrupt nation, collecting its customs duties and, with the money received, paying



the Government's obligations to the foreigners. The collection of duties on imports is easy along the seacoast, but the frontier of Hayti has always been the favorite entrance for the smugglers into the Dominican Republic. Our Government in order to stop this smuggling has established a series of posts along the frontier in which American soldiers, under the name of the Customs and Frontier Guard, are placed and from which they go forth to patrol the border. These men carry their lives in their hands, for the natives look upon smuggling with its profits as a perfectly proper business and hate the Americans bitterly for undertaking to stop it. It is said that eighteen per cent. of all the inspectors have been killed or severely wounded during the past two years and, if it were not for the fact that they are "dead shots" and the Dominicans are miserable riflemen, the proportion would be much larger.

BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS

IT is said that there are several different plans in view in relation to British Colonial stamps. One contemplates the securing the denominations required for different colonies at the lowest possible cost of production by the use of what are known as the "key"

frames such as are now used for many colonies. The idea at present is to use colored papers for stamps above the three-penny denomination. This has already been done in some colonies. Another change contemplated is the placing of figures as well as letters of value upon all denominations of stamps. This is required by recent decisions of the Postal Union whereby all stamps used in international correspondence are required to have the denominations expressed in figures of value. A glance through the catalogue will show how largely this affects the stamps of British colonies. There are few colonies from Antigua to Western Australia which do not show some denominations of current stamps on which the value is expressed in letters only. This means that it is a good time to complete so far as possible one's collection of stamps of British colonies.

TO PREVENT THE STEALING OF STAMPS

IT has been customary for many years to protect commercial houses in eastern countries against the stealing of their postage stamps by allowing them to mark them for identification by small perforations through the center of each stamp. The Postmaster General of the United States has recently made an order allowing a similar action in relation to United States stamps. The center of each stamp may be perforated with small punctures not exceeding one sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter and the space taken up by the letter or letters must not exceed one-third of an inch square. It is not allowed to use coloring matter of any sort in making these perforations. Boards of Trade and Merchants' Associations in many cities have requested this order and its issue will help to protect commercial houses against the stealing of their stamps.

NICARAGUA AND SALVADOR SURCHARGES

IT is said that many of the varieties of surcharge which have appeared recently upon the stamps of Nicaragua and Salvador have been made purposely, that they are not errors in an, proper sense of the term. If it is true that there is a combination between officials and dealers looking toward the production of varieties merely for the sake of gain, it will be well for collectors to give up all thought of securing these stamps. Central American republics have always been a fruitful field for exploitation in this manner, and the only way to stop it is to quit buying their stamps.

PENNY POSTAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN

PENNY Postage between the United States and Great Britain has been decided upon at last, and from and after the first of October next the rate between the two countries will be the same as that of domestic postage. It is expected that this will increase very largely the amount of mail carried, resulting in not only a larger commercial intercourse, but also greater postal receipts.

PICTURE POSTAL CARDS

IT is said that an order has gone forth from the Postmaster General to the effect that the picture postal cards which are so popular as souvenirs are not to be postmarked at the office where they are mailed. This canceling is done in such a manner by many careless postmasters as to destroy the beauty of the cards. Many collectors, however, desire to have the postmark of the place at which the card was mailed.



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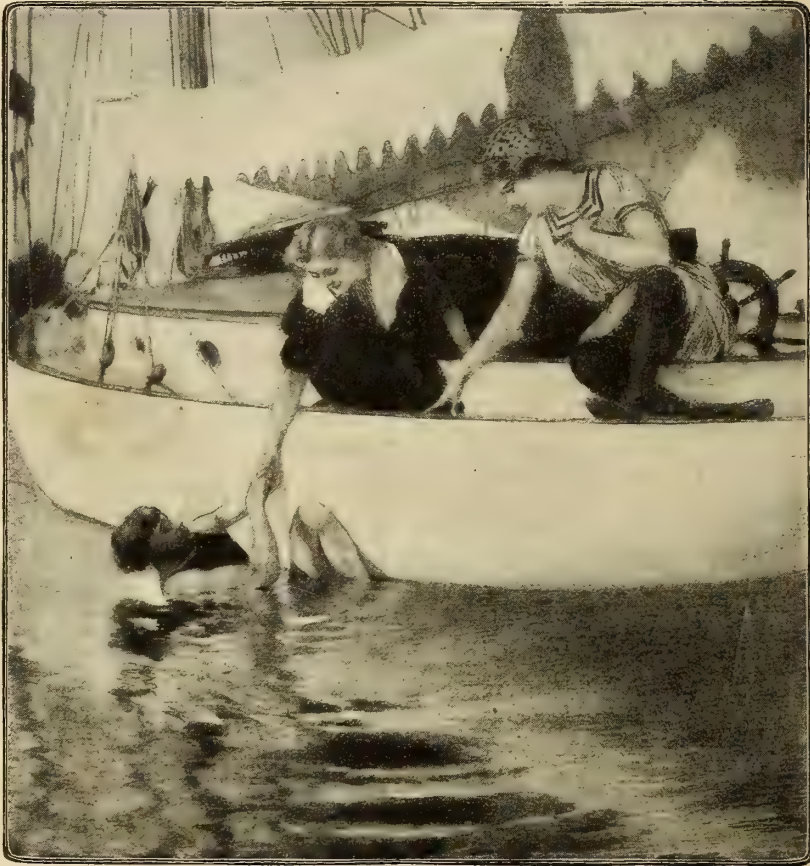
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SEPTEMBER, 1908

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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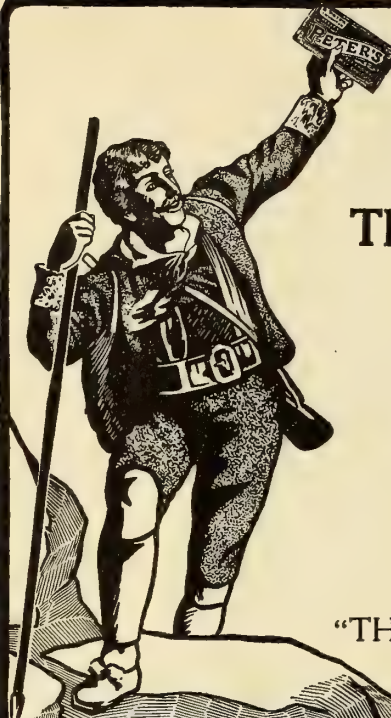
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No. 11



SCOTT CALDWELL was a forest-ranger of the Algonquin National Park, which lies between the Ottawa River and Lake Huron, and his duties were to look out for fires, kill wolves whenever he got a chance, keep the canoe-ways open, and warn off unlawful hunters; for no shooting is permitted in that immense game-preserve.

It was the end of September, and the mosquitos and sand-flies had ceased to make the woods unendurable. Scott had been following a chain of small lakes in his canoe, and at night he camped at the same spot where he had camped on his round of a month before.

Before he turned into his blankets, he heard the bellow of a bull moose somewhere, far away across the forest—a vast grumbling thunder, more charged with primeval savagery than any other sound of the wilderness. He had heard that sound almost every night for two weeks. The park was full of moose, that had grown very

bold under a couple of generations' safety from rifles. It was their mating season, and the bulls were challenging each other, and fighting savagely.

He went to sleep, but was awakened before dawn by a tremendous uproar. He jumped out of his blankets and put his head out of the tent. It was a brilliant, windless night, with moonlight almost as bright as day, and away across the yellow autumn ridges there was a noise of furious smashing and tearing among the brush, mingled with savage gruntings and roars, and sharp, recurrent clash and rattle. It was somewhere down the lake; it did not sound more than a quarter of a mile away.

As soon as he got the sleep out of his eyes, Scott realized what it was. A couple of bull moose must have been fighting it out. Few men have ever witnessed such a duel, and Scott was keenly anxious to see it. He looked at his watch; it was after three in the morning, and after listening a little longer to the thrilling sounds, he

took his rifle, launched his canoe, and paddled down along the shore.

He thought that he might be able to see the fight from the water, but when he drew opposite the noises it was apparent that they were a hundred yards or so inland. He got to shore, therefore, and stole in through the cedar thickets, holding his rifle ready for self-defense in case one of the maddened animals should charge him.

Suddenly the sounds of battle ceased. Scott halted, listened, and waited. He thought he heard an occasional stamping, but the fight seemed over. He advanced a few rods further, cautiously, and then stopped with a paralyzing shock of fright.

Not twenty feet from him were two moose, looming black and gigantic over the scrubby thickets, and they were standing motionless, with lowered heads close together, face to face.

For a moment Scott was afraid even to breathe. The moose did not move, and he ventured to take a step backward. A stick crashed under his boot-heel, and at the sound both moose plunged and leaped from side to side, but without separating their heads. The broad prongs of horn creaked and rattled together.

Scott stood still, astonished at their queer behavior, but presently he perceived the reason of it. The prongs of the bulls had become interlocked, so that the fighters were unable to disengage themselves.

It is a mishap that occurs not infrequently to the fighting moose and deer. The timber-wolves usually finish such helpless victims very quickly, and woodsmen now and again pick up a pair of great skulls with the antlers still fast locked together.

With more assurance Scott examined the trapped warriors at closer range. One was an old bull, standing full seven feet to the top of his humped shoulders, with a superb spread of polished ebony-dark horn. The other, a smaller and probably younger animal, had a great jagged gash across his flank that still dripped dark blotches on the pine-needles.

They both wrestled and roared as the ranger approached, wrenching their antlers desperately, but they could not break loose. Scott was struck with pity. He could not leave the splendid animals to the first wolf-pack that passed. It was part of his duty to protect the game, and he decided to wait till morning, and see if he could not find some means of disentangling them.

So he sat down at the foot of a tree and waited for daylight. The moose moved restlessly about, butting and tugging alternately and striking at each other with their fore-hoofs. Probably

each accused the other of holding him. Presently the larger bull stumbled and fell, dragging his antagonist with him, and they kicked vainly in the endeavor to get up again, till at last they lay quiet on their sides, apparently tired out.

With the earliest light Scott examined them. The prongs of the smaller bull had been forced between those of his antagonist by a tremendous effort, and the broad antlers were so entangled that nothing short of a saw or a lever could get them free.

Scott had no saw, and would have hesitated to go so near the animals if he had, but with a long lever he thought that he could do the work. The moose could not get up nor move much, and so long as he kept out of reach of the sharp fore-hoofs he would be in no danger.

He paddled hurriedly back to camp and got his ax. When he returned the moose lay as he had left them, and he cut a sapling about ten feet long and as thick as his arm, and trimmed it, sharpening one end. With this formidable lever he approached the panting bulls and rather nervously tried to insert the point between the locked prongs.

But at the first touch of the pole the animals fell into such a wild and sudden panic that he retreated hastily. They roared, kicked, and squirmed, and writhed about the ground with the pine-needles flying in clouds. It was too violent a convulsion to last long, and in a minute or two they lay quiet again, heaving, exhausted, and quelled for the moment, Scott thought.

He came up again, on the side opposite the dangerous hoofs, and once more tried to force the sharpened pole between the tangled antlers. Again and again he failed as the moose jerked their heads aside, but finally, with a quick thrust he managed to insert the lever in the right place, and he threw his weight on the other end.

The tough horn creaked and bent; so did the lever. The larger moose jerked his head violently—there was a snap, and his head was free. Almost before Scott could realize that he had succeeded, the smaller bull had sprung up and vanished into the woods like a brown flash, with a scattering of dead leaves.

Then the big bull went up as if he had been raised by a spring, and before Scott could leap aside he was knocked headlong into a clump of hemlock ten feet away by a single sweep of the broad antlers.

Luckily it was only a glancing blow, or it would have crushed in his ribs. Scott scarcely understood what had happened before the bull crashed into the hemlock like a locomotive, with a bellow that fairly chilled Scott's backbone.



"ONCE MORE HE TRIED TO FORCE THE SHARPENED POLE
BETWEEN THE TANGLED ANTLERS."

The moose was stopped by the elastic resistance of the shrubs, and Scott, who had been pitched into the middle of three or four small trees, scuttled into the densest corner like a scared rabbit.

The bull roared savagely, with outstretched neck. Scott was far from expecting any such ingratitude for all his pains, and when he realized the situation he was very angry. If he had had his rifle he would have shot the beast at once, but he had laid the weapon down somewhere out of sight.

The moose sniffed noisily into the thicket, and tried to strike the ranger with its fore-hoofs. The blows came crashing through the branches, but Scott was able to dodge them by wriggling to the other side of the clump. This game could not last long, however, and while he watched his enemy he cast rapid glances about for some safer refuge.

Twenty yards away a great cedar had fallen, lodging its top among the branches of a beech. Its trunk sloped from the ground to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and Scott perceived that if he could reach the butt he could run up the sloping trunk and be out of danger in a moment.

The difficulty was to reach it. But a swift thrust of the hoof that missed his shoulder by an inch warned him that he would have to attempt it. He crawled nearer the edge of his covert, on the side farthest from the moose, gathered his legs tensely under him, and at a favorable moment he sprang out and ran.

A crash told him that the bull was at his heels. He dodged round one side of a large pine as the moose plowed past on the other. As the animal charged blindly back again Scott again slipped aside and made another bolt for his tree.

He reached it this time, by the margin of a second, for the bull's antlers clattered against the trunk and almost knocked him off as he ran up its slope. After the first couple of yards the cedar was closely set with rusty branches, and they tore his clothes as he forced his way up the swaying trunk.

For the trunk swayed and gave as he climbed it. The bull, following him underneath, butted it hard and shook it from end to end. Evidently its top was very slightly caught in the beech that supported it.

Scott had not climbed half-way to the top of the tangled trunk, when he felt a dangerous yielding under his feet. There was a great, sustained, increasing crackle and crash from the top, and it sank under him.

Scott gave one terrified glance down at the bull waiting almost below. He made a spasmodic effort to jump aside, but the branches held him, and the cedar went sailing down and completed its long-interrupted descent in a tremendous shock and smashing against the earth.

The shock drove him deep among the branches, tearing his face and hands, and he tried to wriggle deeper yet. He expected the bull to plunge upon him the next instant. Blinded among the twigs he could see nothing, but he was aware in a few seconds of a great smashing and struggling that was shaking the whole mass of the fallen tree.

He disengaged himself from the branches. The moose was not visible, but down in the heavy cedar-top Scott saw a furiously struggling mass of dark hair and the black tip of a shovel-shaped horn.

The bull had been caught by the falling tree and buried among the branches. When he peered into the tangle Scott thought that the animal was pinned down by the trunk, but had been saved from crushing by the mass of limbs. The bull was safe enough now, however, and perfectly incapable of getting out.

Scott felt no great pity for it, and went back to camp with his rifle and ropes. Next day, however, he returned to the place with an ax, intending to chop the animal free.

He found four timber-wolves sitting on their haunches round the tree, waiting patiently till the bull should cease to struggle, or till they overcame their dread of a trap. They bolted at Scott's appearance, too quickly for him to get a shot, and he chopped the moose out of the branches.

The animal was quelled at last. When it was free it struggled painfully to its legs, gazed anxiously at Scott, and made its way limpingly down to a little stream and drank for a long time. Then, while Scott watched it, it seemed to melt into the woods with the speed and silence of a shadow.



DOROTHEA'S SCHOOL GIFTS

BY EUNICE WARD

"It seems very queer," said Dorothea thoughtfully, "people who are going to do something nice always have presents given them, but people who are going to do something horrid never get a thing, and they need it twice as much."

"As for instance?" said her father, laying down his paper and drawing her onto his knee, while the rest of the family prepared to give the customary amused attention to their youngest's remarks.

"Well, when Cousin Edith went to Europe we all gave her presents to take with her, and when

"What are you going to do that you don't like, Baby?" asked Florence.

"Why, you know, school begins again next week," said Dorothea. "It makes me feel quite mournful, and I don't see anything to cheer me up and make it interesting for me." A little smile was hidden in the corners of her mouth although her tone was as doleful as possible.

"If you were going to boarding-school—" began Anita, who was apt to take everything seriously.

"Then I'd have lots of things," interrupted Dorothea. "New clothes and a trunk and a bag, and you'd all come to see me off, and it would be interesting. But I'm going to work just as hard here at day-school, and yet I've got to bear it, all by myself."

Her father pinched her ear, and her big brother Jim offered to have a bunch of roses placed on her desk at school if that would make her feel better, while her two sisters looked at each other as though the same idea had occurred to them both.



"'YOU KNOW SCHOOL BEGINS NEXT WEEK,' SAID DOROTHEA."

she came home lots of people sent her flowers. Anita's been getting cups and things ever since she was engaged, and last spring, when Florence graduated, almost all the family gave her something; and when Mary Bowman was confirmed she got a lovely white prayer-book and a gold cross and chain. But when people are going to do what they hate to do, they're left out in the cold."

ON the morning of the first day of school, Dorothea was suddenly awakened by a loud ting-a-ling-a-ling. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. The room was flooded with morning light and the brass knobs on her bed gleamed cheerfully at her and seemed to say: "Get up, get up!" Now Dorothea was a "sleepyhead" and had seldom been known to get up when first awakened. It usually took at least three calls from her mother or the girls, and sometimes Jim stole in and administered a "cold pig," that is, a few drops of chilly water

squeezed upon her neck from a sponge, before she was ready to leave her comfortable bed.

"It's an alarm clock," thought Dorothea. "But where is it?" Her eyes traveled sleepily around the room but saw nothing that had not been there the night before. The ting-a-ling-a-ling sounded once more. "It's in this room somewhere!" she exclaimed, bouncing out of bed.

She looked on bureau, washstand, bookcase, and window-seat, and then jumped, for the loud ting-a-ling came almost from underneath her feet. She hastily lifted the drooping cover of a little table that stood near the window, and there on the edge of the lower shelf stood an alarm-clock of the ordinary pattern but of rather extraordinary appearance, owing to a large yellow paper ruff which encircled its face.

"How did it get there?" exclaimed Dorothea in astonishment; and as she gazed the clock burst forth with another loud ting-a-ling.

"Is n't it ever going to stop doing that?" she said, lifting it as she spoke. The yellow ruff seemed to have something written on it, so she took it off and, smoothing it out, read:

DEAR DOLLY: Happy school-day! After much earnest consideration I have selected this as a suitable reminder of this joyful (?) anniversary. It will continue to remind you five mornings in the week, thereby saving your family much wear and tear, for it will be properly wound and set every night by

Your affectionate brother,

JIM.

P.S. When you are sufficiently aroused, press the lever and the alarm will stop.

"It 's one of those awful clocks that go off every minute!" said Dorothea, carefully examining it to find the lever. She almost dropped it when it began another of its loud and long rings, but she soon found and pressed the lever and thereafter the clock was silent except for its customary tick.

"I don't believe I shall ask anybody to give me presents any more," she said, eying Jim's "reminder" with disfavor. But she changed her mind a little later when, on looking for a clean handkerchief, she discovered a flat square box tied with blue ribbon, and, opening it, saw half a dozen handkerchiefs with narrow blue borders and a little blue D in the corner. On the top was Cousin Edith's visiting-card, on the back of which was printed in fantastic letters:

Dear Dolly: Use a handkerchief
Whenever you 're inclined to sniff.
But with this band of blue I think
They don't need polka-dots of ink.

It was a constant wonder to the household what Dorothea did with her handkerchiefs when she was at school. In vain she protested that she did n't wipe her pen on them, and she did n't use them as blotters or to wash out her ink-well;



— Dorothea was a "sleepyhead" —

but, nevertheless, black stains almost always appeared upon them, and Florence insisted that the family had to buy an extra pint of milk a day to take out all these ink-stains. Cousin Edith was too frequent a visitor not to know all the family plans and jokes; and Dolly, as she laughed and shook out one of the blue-bordered squares, resolved that "polka-dots" should be conspicuous by their absence, for Edith would be sure to know.

She entered the breakfast room just as the family were sitting down to the table.

"Behold the effects of my generosity and forethought!" exclaimed Jim waving his hand toward her. "Our Youngest is in time for breakfast!"

"Many happy returns of the day, small sister," said Anita, just as if it was her birthday, kissing her good morning and slipping a little hard package into her hand. "Bob sends you this with his love."

"I don't mind returns of the day when it's like this," said Dorothea, opening the package and at the same time spying a couple of tissue-paper parcels lying beside her plate. Inside was a small chamois-skin case out of which slid a little pearl-handled penknife. The accompanying card bore the name of her future brother-in-law, and also these words:

I hesitate to offer you
This knife, for I shall be
Afraid that if you cut yourself
You straightway will cut me.

"How long did it take Bob to execute that masterpiece?" inquired Jim as Dorothea read it aloud.

"You're jealous," she said. "Yours was n't half so lovely as Cousin Edith's and Bob's. It was n't poetry at all."

"I left all the eloquence to my gift itself," answered Jim, helping himself to an orange.

Dorothea paid no attention to him, for she was opening a small package fastened by a rubber band. It was a silver-mounted eraser with a tiny brush at one end. The inclosed note read:

This advice I must repeat;
Spare the rub and spoil the sheet.
If you can't restrain your speed,
This will prove a friend in need.

Dolly joined rather shamefacedly in the general smile, as she thanked Florence, whose writing she had recognized. She was very apt to postpone her work until the last minute, and then rush through it as fast as possible; her compositions suffered from the many careless mistakes that she was always in too much of a hurry to

correct, while her drawings belonged to what Jim called the "slap-dash school."

"We shall know by the amount of rubber left at the end of the term whether you have taken my valuable advice," said Florence. "What's in



"'MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY, SMALL SISTER,' SAID ANITA."

that other package, Baby? I know it is Anita's by the extreme elegance of its appearance."

Dorothea opened an oblong package tied with green ribbon and found a set of blotters fastened to a dark green suède cover ornamented with an openwork design of four-leaf clovers, and a pen-wiper to match. On top lay a slip of paper on which was written in Anita's pretty hand:

Wishing "Our Youngest" good luck and a happy school year.

"I'm not good at verses, so you'll have to be content with plain prose," said Anita; and Dorothea assured her that she was quite satisfied.

"Half past eight, Dolly," said her mother when breakfast was over. "It is time you started."

"Oh, not yet, mother," said Dorothea the Dawdler. "It only takes me fifteen minutes."

"Now, see here," said Jim; "what do you suppose stirring young business-men like your father and brother are lingering until the nine o'clock

train for, unless it is to see you off for school? We want to give you as good a send-off as pos-

Father." Pushing back the sliding cover, Dorothea saw that the box contained a row of pencils, all beautifully sharpened, a dozen pens, and a slim gunmetal penholder.

"Oh!" she squealed with delight. "So that 's why you would n't lend me any pencils!" and gave her father a hug.

"Hurry 'up, now," said Jim. "Don't forget we 've got to see ourselves off after we 've seen you."

"Why don't you take your bag?" asked Anita.

"It 's too small for my new Geography," answered Dorothea, placing this huge outward and visible sign of her progress in learning so that it would form a foundation for the rest of her books. "Besides, it 's too shabby."

"You had better take it to-day, anyhow, as you have so much to carry," suggested her mother. "I brought it downstairs and it 's on the hat-rack."

"I just hate it!" pouted Dorothea, turning; and then stopped in surprise, for instead of her little old satchel, a large new one made of soft dark brown leather was hanging on the rack. It was ornamented on one side with her monogram in raised tan-colored letters, and it was large enough for the largest Geography that she was ever likely to have.

"Who gave me that?" she cried. "Oh, I know—Mother! It 's just exactly what I wanted. I think going to school this way is perfectly lovely!" she added as she slipped her other possessions into the bag.

"Twenty minutes to nine!" called Jim warningly.

"All right, I 'm going now," answered Dorothea gaily as she kissed them all around.

"And the first day of school is n't so dismal after all, is it?" said her father.

"Oh, it 's splendid, just splendid!" she replied enthusiastically. At the gate she turned to wave her hand at the assembled family, who waved back at her vigorously; and then, swinging her bag, she ran off down the street toward school.



"LEND ME YOUR PENCILS, WON'T YOU, JIM?" SAID DOROTHEA.

sible, for you 're going to be absent four whole hours, but we can't,—unless you do your part and begin to go pretty soon. I don't believe you 've got all your books together, as it is."

"Yes, I have," answered Dorothea triumphantly. "They are all on the hall table, for I put them there last night. Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed blankly: "I forgot to see whether I had any pencils! I don't believe I have one! Jim, lend me yours, won't you? Just for to-day."

"Lend you my most cherished possession? Never!" said Jim, placing his hand dramatically over his breast pocket.

"Then, Daddy, won't you please lend me yours?"

"Trot along, trot along!" said her father; and Dorothea, not knowing quite what to make of having her demands thus ignored, put on her big sailor hat and started to gather up her books. On top of the pile was a slender inlaid box under a card bearing the words, "For Dolly, from



"AT THE GATE SHE TURNED TO WAVE HER HAND."



" SWEETHEARTS "

From a painting by W. T. SMEDLEY





THE FIRST THREE ON TOP.

ALPINE GUIDES

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

SOME of you who read these pages may have traveled over the passes and through the valleys of Switzerland, and remember the strange and beautiful sights you saw amid the peaks and valleys of the Alps.

Not only do these great upheavals on the face of the globe reach far into the sky, but often their tops are covered with a mantle of snow, which gives them a gleam of the purest white contrasted with the blue above, which is reflected in the bright sunshine. It is the radiance of a glacier which may extend for miles along the mountain slope, sometimes descending until it is lost in the rich green verdure for which the valleys are noted. It is not strange that the Alps should be so fascinating to the lover of adventure and the ordinary traveler as well. So every year finds tourists from all parts of Europe and America gathered in the towns and villages among the foothills, and the hundred thousand or so of them include many a boy or girl who follows the guides along the sides of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa; and some have even dared to climb part of the way up the famous Matterhorn itself.

There was a time when few except experienced travelers ventured into the country above the clouds, but now many of the parties who reach the summits of peaks more than two miles from the level of the ocean, include women and girls as well as their fathers and brothers. This is because of the skill of "the Alpine guide," as he is called the world over. Most of the guides are Oberländers, which, translated from the German, means they live in the upper or overland—in the higher valleys where the grass is so plentiful that sheep and goats can be herded in them.

Among the Oberländers are not only the Swiss, who of course live in Switzerland, but the people of the Italian Alps and the French Alps—portions of the mountains which lie within these countries. All, however, are called Alpine guides, and much rivalry exists between the nations as to the men who are the ablest mountaineers. Then there are various neighborhoods in the Oberland which give names to the guides coming from each. Thus you hear of the Grindelwald guides; Chamonix guides, and the Orolla

guides of France; the Savoyards of the Italian Alps; and the Zermatt guides from the Swiss valley of that name. Each neighborhood or community usually has a head man chosen from among the guides because of his experience, but all the better ones are known to the hotel-keepers, and to the host the traveler applies when he wishes the services of such a mountaineer.

When you first meet the man who is to go with you to the top of the great peak which looms against the sky-line in the distance, you naturally look at him intently, for if this is the first mountain climb, the feeling comes to you that your life is in his hands. You feel strangely helpless and dependent, but his appearance is apt to raise your spirits. His rugged, tanned features wear an expression of good nature. He is well-knit and muscular, as the athlete would say. His clothes, perhaps of homespun made by his wife, are just the sort to stand wear and tear, and if he is not clad in boots, his heavy shoes have thick soles which are generally studded with

He is further armed for the attack on the mountain with an ice-ax with which to cut footholds in the glaciers if necessary, while he carries



A POINT OF VANTAGE.

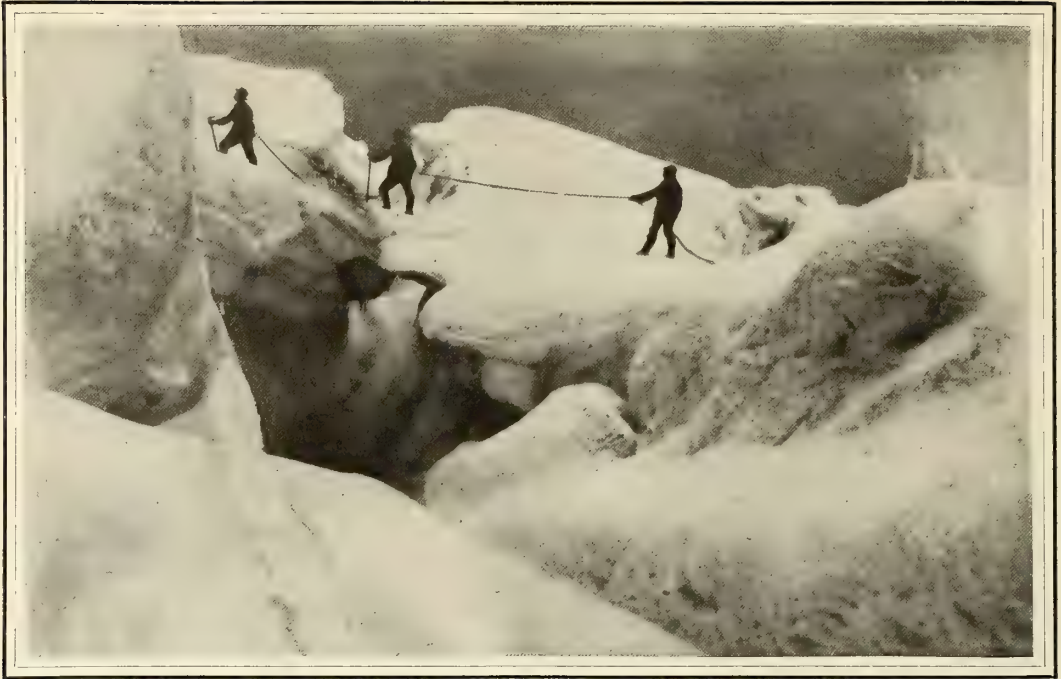


A PINNACLE HARD TO CLIMB.

hobnails to prevent slipping on the ice or smooth rock. The coil of rope swung over his shoulder is at least a hundred feet long, and stout enough to hold three or four men in mid-air, if need be.

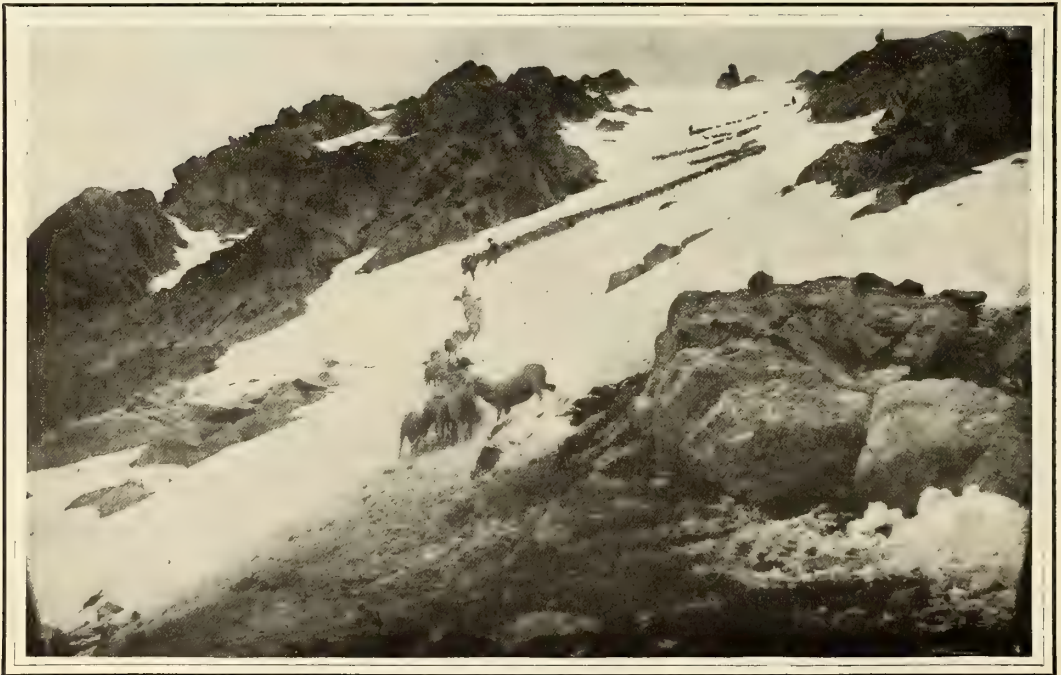
what in English would be called an alpine stick—a pole of hardwood upon one end of which is fastened an iron casing which ends in a straight sharp point and usually has a hook projecting from one side like a boat-hook.

Looking him over, one gets the idea that the guide knows just what is needed in his business, and after you become a bit acquainted, he may prove an entertaining companion, as he can tell many an interesting story about his adventures. But he is seldom given to what a boy calls "bragging," and as a rule talks little about himself unless you question him. Not until the climb begins, however, do the tourists realize what a really wonderful knowledge this simple peasant has of the mountains. As the adventurers get higher and higher and at last reach the snow-field which seems so easy to cross, they are halted by the guide while he cautiously treads upon it, testing it for concealed gaps into which one might fall hundreds of feet. Below the snow may be a sheet of smooth ice. Just the footsteps of the party or the sound of their voices might



CROSSING A CREVASSE.

be enough to cause the snow to slip down its icy incline and carry all with it perhaps a thousand feet into the valley below. Many an avalanche, it is asserted, has been caused by such a trifle as this. If Johann or Heinrich or Luigi, as his name happens to be, thinks it can be crossed, he



SHEEP ON THE GLACIER.

is apt to unwind his coil of rope and fasten his followers to it, keeping them fifteen or twenty feet apart. Then he tells each to tread in the footprints he makes, because it is safe, and thus the journey proceeds. Should any one happen to fall into a crevasse—as the great crevices in the snow and ice are termed—he cannot go far unless by chance he should pull the others in after him. Many a life has been saved by this wise precaution of roping, as the others can keep

head. These ice precipices are frequently found at the heads of glaciers, which, as the schoolboy knows, are merely rivers of frozen water slowly moving down the face of a mountain on account of the force of gravity and the great pressure of the ice masses which form their source on the upper part of the slope. Other guides make a specialty of "rock work," conducting persons up peaks which may be only partly covered with snow and ice, but having sides of bare rock so



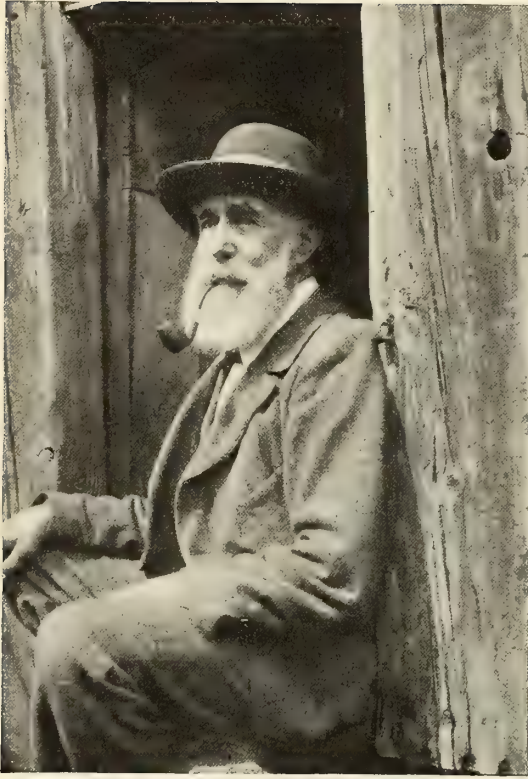
THE GUIDES' SHELTER.

from slipping, by driving their alpenstocks firmly into the snow, thus overcoming the pull caused by the weight of the fallen man.

Some of the guides are experts in climbing. There are a number who are noted for their skill in what the Alpinist calls "snow and ice work." That means going up a peak which has so many snow-fields and glaciers that its sides and summits may be nearly covered with them. The glacier guide can tell you all about "cornices"—snow masses which project from the edge of precipices and overhang the valley beneath like the roof of a house. Experience has told him whether a cornice can be crossed safely or whether it may break off if one ventures upon it. He is also an expert with the ice-ax carried in his belt, cutting footholds in the glittering walls that may rise fifty or a hundred feet above your

step that in places the cliffs may be almost straight up and down. Here it would seem that one must be as spry and as sure-footed as the chamois—the rare goat that lives high up amid the Alps. While the crevasse and other dangers of the snow- and ice-fields may be absent, the mountain may be so abrupt that the climber must ascend hundreds of feet pulling himself up with his arms aiding his legs, while often the guide hauls him to the top of the most difficult slopes by main strength.

Some of the Alpine guides have not only climbed to the summits of the highest mountains in their home country, but have become famous in other parts of the world. Perhaps the most celebrated of all are Zurbriggen and the Petigaxes. The three have made ascents of some of the highest peaks in the Himalayas, which, as



MELCHIOR ANDEREGG, A SWISS GUIDE.

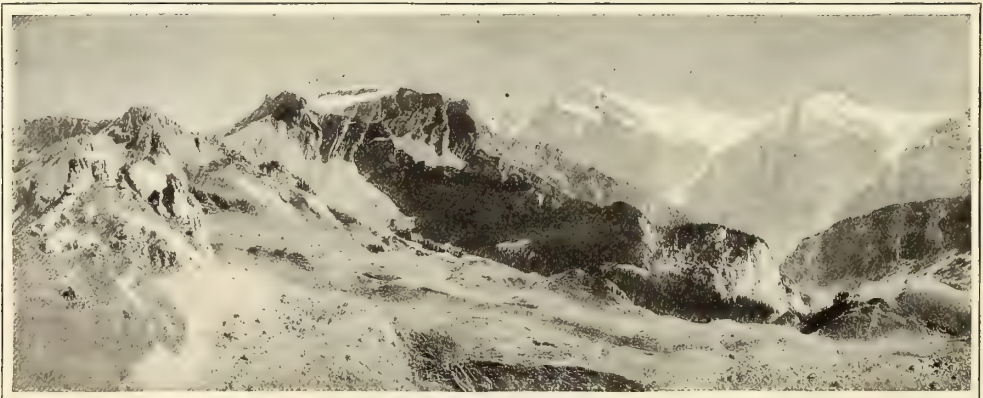
you know, are the highest mountains on the globe. Zurbriggen was with Sir Martin Conway, the English mountain explorer in the Himalayas, and also climbed Mount Cook in far-away New Zealand. He has also accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman who have climbed more of the Himalaya peaks than any other climbers. The Petigaxes are father and son, and come from the Italian Alpine region. Both have acted as guides to Dr. and Mrs. Workman, while the father ascended our own Mt. St. Elias in Alaska with the

Duke of Abruzzi in 1897, when its top was reached for the first time. Petigax has such a knowledge of snow and ice that he was also selected by the Duke of Abruzzi as one of the ex-



A VETERAN GUIDE OF THE ST. GOTHARD REGION.

pedition led by the Duke in search of the North Pole. These brave guides of the enterprising Italian nobleman, reached a point in the bleak Arctic seas nearer the Pole than any other explorers with the exception of the last expedition of our fellow-American, Commander Peary.





THE SHIP-BUILDER

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Just a little girl was she—
 Scarcely three—
 (Half past two, to be exact,
 Very little girl, in fact)
 And she saw her brothers sailing
 Pretty barks that veered and tacked—
 Saw them make them, deftly nailing,
 With a skill she lacked—
 Watched, with yearning unavailing.

So she made a little boat of her own,
 All alone,
 And her hammer was a stone
 (And she worked too hard to fail),
 And the hull was a chip,
 And the mast was a nail,
 And she sailed the little ship
 In a tub or water pail;
 And it weathered every gale,
 And returned from every trip.


There she launched the little vessel o'er and o'er,
 And she wore
 (Such a funny little maid,

As she sailed it to and fro,
 In the summer sun and shade)
 Bonnet of the long ago;
 In the attic dim she found it, where forgotten
 fashions grow.

Dear, the happy seasons come and pass;
 And the busy little lass,
 Older now, is building still,
 Fairer barks, with defter skill:
 Barks of hope with freight of dreams,
 Trusting them to swifter streams
 And the world's capricious will.

And, perhaps, has she forgot,—tiny tot,
 That boat she built alone,
 With the nail and chip and stone,
 And the funny hat she wore
 (I have not). I kept the four
 On a shelf above my door:
 There they lie, as years go by,
 Blending with the long ago
 Where forgotten summers blow
 (Priceless treasures they, to such as I).




 THE
 AMERICAN ~
 SCHOOLBOY ~
 DOES NOT ~ ~
 OWN AN APRON ~
 BUT HE ALSO ~
 HAS A VARIETY ~
 OF APPAREL ~

EMMA TROTH

—AND IN AMERICA

HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER XVIII

HARRY SITS FOR HER PICTURE

WHEN Harry reached the *Jolly Roger* the next forenoon, Jack arose from his place on the sunny deck and walked forward to meet her, wagging his tail in cordial welcome. As she spoke to him Mr. Cole heard her voice and put his head out of one of the studio windows.

"Good morning," he said. "Come aboard. I'm just getting my things ready."

When Harry reached the stern of the boat, she saw that the little cedar tender was floating in the water at the end of its painter and that the oars which lay across the seats were still wet. Evidently the artist had been out rowing.

"I'm going to ask you to sit up top," said Mr. Cole, emerging from the studio with an easel tucked under one arm and a paint-box in his hand. "It'll be cooler there, I think, and the light's better than down here." He led the way up the steps and Harry followed. "Now just make yourself comfortable for a moment, please. You'll find that big rocker fairly easy, and there are some magazines on the table. I'll be back in a minute."

He swung himself down the steps in two strides, and Harry heard him singing to himself in his mellow bass as he moved about underneath. Obediently she picked up a magazine from the willow table and perched herself in the big green rocker, but it was far more interesting to look around her than to study the pages of the magazine. It was so pretty up here. The bright rugs underfoot echoed the colors of the blossoms in the boxes around the edge. The faded awning overhead filtered the ardent sunlight to a soft, mellow glow. Framed by the flowers and the fluttering scallops of the canopy was a picture of blue water aglint in the sunlight, a purple-shadowed shore and a green hill arising to the fleece-flecked sky. It promised to be a very warm day, but as yet the morning breeze still stole up the river. The door of the little pilot-house was open, and Harry could see the steering-wheel with its brass hub and rim, a little shelf of folded charts and several gleaming brass switches and pulls which she supposed connected with the engine-room. At that moment the artist climbed the stairs again, a clean creamy-white canvas and a bunch of brushes in one hand and a white box in the other. He handed the box to Harry with a fine bow.

"I keep my promise, you see," he said smilingly. "Oh," said Harry in concern, as she opened the box and glanced at the name on the lid, "you had to go 'way down to the Cove for this! You ought n't to have done that, Mr. Cole!"

"What? Why, it's no more than a mile, I'm sure; just a nice after-breakfast row. I enjoyed it, really. But I'm afraid the candy is n't very good. However, you probably know what to expect; you doubtless know all about Silver Cove confectionery."

As he talked he set up his easel at one side of the deck, got out his palette and began to squeeze wonderful blots of color out upon it.

"It's very nice candy," answered Harry earnestly. "Won't—won't you have some?"

The artist helped himself while Harry cuddled the big four-pound box and munched happily at a nougat. It was very interesting to see the paint come squirming out of the tubes. Each succeeding tube was a new surprise. She wondered why he needed so many, many colors to paint her since she was all in white save for the tan shoes and stockings and the ribbon at her throat and waist. Then, as a flash of orange vermilion joined the other mounds of color, she wondered in consternation whether that was for her hair! Presently the palette was set, the canvas on the easel and all in readiness. Then the artist stood up and looked at his model. Harry began to feel nervous. Maybe she was n't as—as—well, as nice looking this morning! Maybe he was disappointed in her! Oh, he was, for he was frowning!

"My dear child," he said, "what have you done to your hair?"

"N-nothing," faltered Harry. "At least, I just put it up in a different way. Mama thought it would look nicer. She says I always have my hair so untidy. So I—I made it neat. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered heartily, "it looks very nice that way, but for my purpose the other way was the better. You know, artists are strange persons with unaccountable tastes. I don't suppose you could rearrange it, could you, as you wore it yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, I can; that is, I could if I had another ribbon. I guess you would n't have one, would you?"

"What kind of a ribbon?" he asked.

"Oh, just any old ribbon would do; just to tie around the end, you know. That's all I need."

"Well, now you run down and skirmish around. Maybe you 'll find something. How would a ribbon off one of the curtains in the sitting-room do? They 're white, but that would n't matter to me."

So Harry disappeared for a few minutes, and when she returned her beautiful coronet was gone and her hair was once more down her back in two shimmering red-gold braids.

for I 'm liable to forget my duties as host when I get at work. But you might talk to me, if you like, and tell me about yourself. I suppose you have a pretty good time living at a big boys' school as you do?"

His voice trailed off into a murmur and Harry could hear the soft sound of the charcoal on the canvas, although, as her head was turned away, she could not see the rapid, deft strokes of his hand. It was n't hard for Harry to talk, and here was a fine opportunity. So she made the most of it for some little time, the artist throwing in an occasional word or question which, if not always especially apropos, encouraged the sitter to continue. But finally Harry noticed that the replies had ceased and so she allowed the one-sided conversation to lapse. She was getting rather tired of looking at the shore, across the dazzling river, and her neck was beginning to feel stiff; also her hands simply would n't keep still in her lap. Unconsciously she emitted a deep sigh, and the man at the easel heard it, looked up quickly, smiled, and:

"Rest, please," he said. "Walk around a minute and take some more of the candy."

"Could I see it?" asked Harry as she obeyed. But the artist shook his head.

"There 's nothing to see yet," he replied. "You 'd be disappointed and perhaps throw up your job or

demand higher wages. Wait until the sitting's over, at least, please,—if you don't mind."

As he talked and as Harry strolled around the deck, not forgetting to return at frequent intervals to the box on the table, he worked on at the canvas, shooting little glances at her and painting rapidly.

"I'm rested now," said Harry presently. "Shall I sit down again?"

"Please, and take the same position. That 's it, only please lean the body a little farther back. Thank you. Just a little while longer now."



HARRY SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT.

"That 's more like it," said Mr. Cole. "Now, if you 'll just sit here in this chair. That 's it. Could you turn your head a little more toward the side? Just make believe that you are very much interested in something that 's going on across the river. That 's it! Fine! Just hold it that way for a few minutes; not too stiff, or you 'll tire the muscles. Now the hands—there, just folded loosely in the lap. That 's stunning! Hm!" He backed away toward his easel, observing her through half-closed eyes. "Now you must forgive me if I 'm not very entertaining,

Then silence fell over the *Jolly Roger* again, broken by the movements of the painter or the lazy stirring of Jack on the deck below. The sun crept upward and the heat grew. After all, reflected Harry, it was n't such good fun, this sitting for your picture! She knew she would have a headache pretty soon if he did n't let her go. She wished Roy and Dick and Chub would come, as they had promised, and set her free. She closed her tired eyes against the blur of the sunlit water, but:

"The eyes, please, Miss Emery," said the artist. "Thank you."

Another period of silence, and then:

"There!" said Mr. Cole. "That 'll do for this time. Would you like to see it now?"

Harry stared at the canvas in bewilderment. The picture was n't at all as she had expected to find it. There she sat in a green willow chair, to be sure, and there was the river beyond and the shore beyond that, but the green chair had turned very dark, the river was a radiant, magical blue and the woods on the shore were just a lot of broad, blue-green brush-strokes. As for herself—well, it was n't finished yet, as the painter reminded her, but if she looked anything like the girl on the canvas she would be happy for ever and ever! And if her hair was anywhere near as beautiful as that golden-red mass she would never be dissatisfied with it again as long as she lived! Mr. Cole watched her amusedly as she stood in rapt contemplation of the picture with the color heightening in her soft cheeks. Perhaps he guessed her thoughts, for:

"I 'm afraid I have n't done full justice to my subject," he said, "but the next sitting will remedy that somewhat. The detail comes later, you know. You 're not disappointed, I trust?"

"Disappointed!" breathed Harry. "I think it 's beautiful! Only—only—" she paused, "I suppose artists are like photographers, are n't they? I mean that they—well, they change things to suit themselves?"

"Change things? Oh, yes, sometimes; that is, we idealize things. What are you thinking of, the water?"

"Yes, and—"

"I deepened it a few shades. It throws out the figure, you see. Observe how the white gown stands out against it."

"Ye-es," said Harry; "and I daresay you have to flatter folks too, don't you? Idealize them, I mean."

"Sometimes, but not on this occasion," replied the artist smilingly. Harry gave a gasp.

"Do you mean," she cried, turning to him with wide eyes, "that I really look like that?"

"Well, as nearly as I could, young lady, I put you into that picture just as you are. I hope I have n't made you vain?"

But Harry was looking raptly at the picture again. Presently:

"Yes, I guess it 's me," she sighed, coming out of her trance, "for there 's my horrid little snub nose!"

"A very interesting nose," replied the artist. "Not classic, perhaps, but human. And put there, I fancy, for a good purpose."

"What?" asked Harry.

"To keep you from getting over-vain," was the response. "Ah, here come your friends."

The *Pup* came chugging alongside and Dick gave a hail. Harry and Mr. Cole went to the railing.

"Come aboard," cried the artist. "Hitch your steed and come up, and let 's have your judgment on the picture."

A moment later they were all clustered about the canvas, emitting various exclamations of admiration. It was Chub who finally summed up the sentiments of the three in one terse sentence.

"It 's a James Dandy!" he said emphatically.

"Do you think it looks much like me?" asked Harry with elaborate carelessness. Chub grinned at her.

"Well, it has your nose," he answered.

Harry's mouth drooped until Roy cut in with an indignant: "Don't you mind him, Harry. It 's a fine likeness. I 'd know it anywhere!"

"So would I," said Dick. "Chub 's just teasing." And Chub owned up that he was.

"My, don't you love the colors, though?" asked Roy eagerly. "Why, that blue looks good enough to eat!" He turned toward the artist with a new respect. "I guess you 're an expert, sir."

"Oh, you 're all too flattering," laughed Mr. Cole. "You 'll never make art critics of yourselves unless you restrain your enthusiasm. I will acknowledge, though, that I 've been rather successful with this; it 's one of the best figure studies I 've ever done; and much of my success has been due to my subject, who proved quite a model model, if I may use such an expression."

Harry smiled shyly, and, recollecting the candy, passed it around.

"Thanks, I don't care for any," said Chub as he scooped up a handful. Then they sat down and had a nice cozy talk up there on the roof-deck, and ate candy to their hearts'—or rather their stomachs'—content. Presently Chub asked:

"Was n't it funny, Mr. Cole, that you should meet Billy Noon here?"

"Why, yes, it was," was the answer. "Still, Noon 's the sort of a chap that you 're likely to

come across in strange places and when you least expect to."

"Have you known him long?" asked Chub in politely conversational tones. The artist suppressed a smile.

"For several years," he replied.

"He seems to have tried all sorts of trades," continued Chub, nothing daunted. "He says he's been a dentist, a clown in a circus, a sleight-of-hand performer, a ventriloquist, a—a—"

"Book agent," prompted Dick.

"Engineer," supplied Roy.

"Yes," Chub went on, "and a poet."

"Indeed," laughed the artist, "I'd never heard of that. How did you find that out?"

So Chub told him about the missing bread and butter and the verses substituted, about the fish and the poem written on birch bark, and so worked around to Billy's experience with the Great Indian Chief Medicine Company.

"Well, he's tried his hand at lots of things," said Mr. Cole, "and strangely enough he does everything well. I have n't any doubt but that if I could persuade Noon to take the *Roger* to sell for me he'd find a buyer inside of a week."

"Could n't you?" asked Dick. The artist shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he answered. "He's a pretty busy person."

"But I should think it would pay him better than selling books," Chub insisted. Mr. Cole smiled mysteriously.

"Noon's book-selling is a bigger thing than you think," he replied.

CHAPTER XIX

THE STORM

"CHUB!

"*Chub!!*

"CHU-U-UB!!!"

"Eh?" asked Chub drowsily.

"Get up; it's after eight o'clock," said Roy.

"Pull the bedclothes off of him," counseled a voice outside the tent which Chub, just dropping back to slumber, recognized as belonging to Dick.

"Can't," Roy answered. "He's kicked them off, to the floor. Chub, you lazy duffer, get up! Do you hear? We're eating breakfast."

"Then it's too late," murmured Chub serenely. "Call me before lunch."

"He won't get up, Dick," announced Roy. "You'd better come."

"No!" yelled the tardy one, jumping as though a yellow-jacket had wandered into bed with him. "I'm up, Dick, honest! Is n't that true, Roy?"

"You're half up," was the answer. "I want to see you really up before I leave."

"All right." Chub stretched his arms above his head, yawned and stumbled to his feet.

"What time did you say it was?"

"About ten minutes after eight."

"Phew! Does n't it get late early? I did sleep, did n't I? Go ahead and eat, Roy, I'll be out in two shakes of a lamb's tail. My, but I'm sleepy! And what time was it when we got to bed last night, anyhow?"

"A little after eleven."

"Is that all? I thought it must have been about one. These parties are very unsettling affairs. Oh, but was n't Billy funny with his imitations?"

"He surely was," answered Roy, smiling reminiscently. "We had a lot of fun, did n't we?"

"Well, rather! And can't that Floating Artist sing, eh? Why, if I had a voice like that I'd never do a stroke of work!"

"I have n't noticed that you are killing yourself, as it is," answered Roy as he moved toward the door of the tent. Chub reached for a shoe, but Roy was gone before he got his hand on it. So he sat down again on the side of his bunk and thought of some of the funny things that Billy Noon had said last evening and grinned and chuckled all to himself until a little breeze came frolicking in through the door bringing a fragrant aroma of coffee. Then Chub came back to earth and tumbled feverishly into his clothes.

Harry was to sit again for the Floating Artist at ten o'clock and so was not coming over to the camp for some time. Besides, as to-morrow was Thursday, Harry had much to do in regard to her birthday party at the Cottage, and Fox Island was not likely to see much of her before Thursday evening at seven, at which hour the celebration on board the *Jolly Roger* was to commence. After breakfast Dick made a bee-line for his paint-pots and brushes, and it took all Chub's and Roy's diplomacy to restrain him from going to work again on the *Pup*.

"Honest, Dick," said Chub, "there's too much to do to-day and to-morrow for us to start messing with paint. Wait until after Harry's birthday, like a good chap."

"What is there to do to-day?" demanded Dick.

"Why," answered Chub, "we—er—why, we've got to go to the Cove to buy provisions for one thing, and—"

"We can get those to-morrow just as well."

"But think of the time it will take to finish that painting," begged Roy. "We've got to find another rock and lug it out there first."

"Yes, and there'll be only you and Roy to do the painting," said Chub, "because I'll have to

sit on the gunwale to heel her over so you can reach the bottom; and that means an all-day job."

"Oh, if you fellows don't want to help," said Dick with dignity, "I suppose I can get it done somehow."

"But we do want to help," answered Chub eagerly. "That 's just it, don't you see? That 's why we want you to wait until we can all take a hand at it. When Harry 's here, you see, I can

the better part of two hours in that occupation. They did n't go far up Inner Beach for fear of disturbing Mr. Cole, who, with Harry, was plainly to be seen on the roof-deck of the house-boat. But about noon, having dressed themselves, they walked up there.

The sitting was over and the picture practically finished, although the artist explained that there was a little more to be done—a final re-touching.



BILLY NOON CLIMBS ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS CAPSIZED BOAT. (SEE PAGE 986.)

paint too, because she will do the heavyweight act for us."

"Oh, thunder!" muttered Dick, half laughing, half scowling, "You fellows are a pair of squealers, that 's what you are! Hang it, I 'll never get the launch finished!"

"Oh, yes, you will," said Chub soothingly. "Besides, what if you don't? I should think you 'd be proud to have the only half-and-half boat on the Hudson River!"

They went in bathing instead, managing to kill

"But you don't want me to sit any more," said Harry, almost regretfully.

"No, that is n't necessary," replied Mr. Cole. "The rest can be done any time."

"If I had money enough I 'd buy that picture," declared Chub. "I think it 's great. I suppose you get a good deal for one like that?"

"Well, that won't be sold, probably. If it should, though, I 'd want about three hundred for it."

Chub's eyes almost popped out of his head.

"Three hundred!" he gasped. Then, fearing

that the artist would think him discourteous, he added: "I—I think that 's pretty reasonable."

Mr. Cole laughed. "Well, I don't think it exorbitant," he said. "I 've seen a much smaller canvas than that sell for four thousand."

"Guess I 'll be an artist," said Chub with a helpless shake of his head. "Want to give me lessons, sir?"

"Hardly," was the reply. "I don't think you would ever make a Sargent or a Chase; do you?"

"Sure," answered Chub with assurance. "If I learned how I could make them."

When the rest had stopped laughing, Roy said: "We 're going to Silver Cove after dinner, Mr. Cole, and we thought maybe you 'd like to come along and have a sail in the *Pup*."

"I 'd like to, indeed," said the artist, "but I 'm going to be busy this afternoon. I 'm sorry. Perhaps you 'll let me come some other time, boys." They assured him that they would be glad to have him whenever it suited him to go, and then they took their departures, Harry accompanying them after a final look at the picture.

"Well," said Dick as they walked back to camp along the beach, "I suppose you 're feeling pretty stuckup, Harry, since you 've had your picture painted by a real artist."

"And a Floating Artist at that," added Chub. But Harry shook her head soberly.

"It must be beautiful," she said softly and wistfully, "to be able to paint pictures like that!"

"That 's so," agreed Chub vigorously. "I used to think that an artist chap must be a sort of a sissy; I knew one once: I told you about him, remember? I never thought that sitting down and painting pictures of things on pieces of canvas was a decent job for a full-grown man. But I do now, by jove! A chap must have a whole lot of —of *goodness*, don't you think, fellows, to do a thing like that picture of Harry?"

"I should think so," answered Roy. "Painting a thing like that seems to me like composing a wonderful poem or writing a fine piece of music, —eh?"

"You 're right!" said Chub. "But I 'd rather be a painter than a poet any day."

"You 're like Harry," laughed Dick. "She prefers painters to poets, too, nowadays."

"Harry 's fickle," said Chub.

But Harry seemed to be in a strangely chastened mood and paid no heed to their insinuations. After lunch they took her across to the Ferry Hill landing in the canoe. A pile of big purple clouds had formed in the west above the distant hills and already the thunder was muttering along the horizon and flashes of lightning were appearing behind the ragged edges of the clouds.

"We 're going to get that sure," said Dick, who was the weather-wise member of the party. "You 'd better hurry back, you fellows."

They did, sending the canoe up-stream with long racing strokes of the paddles. But already the big drops were popping down upon the leaves and a little wind was moaning through the woods as they landed.

"No launch sail this afternoon," said Dick agrievedly.

"No," answered Roy. "It 's the tent for us, I think. Wish there was something to do besides play cards and read."

"We can write letters," suggested Chub virtuously, and the others laughed consumedly.

"I tell you what, fellows," said Dick a moment later, while they were tightening the guy-ropes around the tent. "Mr. Cole told us to come over there whenever we wanted to. Let 's go now. Shall we?"

"He said he was going to be busy, did n't he?" asked Roy.

"Yes, but he said before that we would n't bother him. Let 's go!" And Chub tossed his cap into the tent, ready for a dash along the beach.

"All right," said Roy. "We can keep quiet and read. I saw some tempting books there the other day."

"Last man there cooks supper!" bawled Chub as, having already taken a good lead, he darted off toward the beach. The others followed and the three raced along in the rain, which was now coming down in torrents, and reached the *Jolly Roger* side by side. A door was thrown open and the smiling face of the artist greeted them.

"In with you!" he cried to an accompaniment of delighted barks from Jack, and they found themselves in the studio, panting and laughing and dripping. "Just in time," said their host as he put his weight against the door and swung it shut. As if in explanation, a sudden gust of wind burst against the boat, making the windows rattle in their frames and the timbers creak. With the wind came a blinding wall of rain that darkened the little room as though sudden twilight had fallen. The great drops ran down the panes in tiny rivulets and on the island side it was impossible to see a thing. The sound of wind and rain was for a moment deafening. Then the wind died down for a moment and a mighty crash of thunder sent Jack cowering to his master.

"Glad I 'm on the leeward side of this island of yours," said the artist. "It must be pretty rough on the other side."

"I say, fellows," exclaimed Chub, "the tent!"

They looked at each other in consternation. Then Dick whistled, Roy smiled, and Chub burst into a peal of laughter.

"I'll bet a hat it's gone home," he said. "The wind would just about carry it toward the boat-house."

"Oh, maybe it has n't any more than blown down," said Dick. "We made those ropes good and tight. I'll wager our things will be good and sippy, though."

"And I left my bag open!" mourned Chub.

"Well, there's no use in worrying," said Mr. Cole cheerfully. "Get your wet coats off, boys. You don't want to catch cold!"

"I'm afraid we're disturbing you," said Roy, glancing at a canvas on the easel.

"Not you, the storm," was the answer. "I can't work in this light. Suppose we go forward to the sitting-room and make ourselves comfortable?"

He led the way through the engine-room, remarking as they passed the engine: "Noon fixed her up for me the other day and I guess she's all ready to move on when I am." In the sitting-room Chub went to a window on the river side.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I never saw the Inner Channel cutting up like this! Come, look, Roy."

It certainly did look tempestuous. The shore was almost hidden in the smother of rain. The river, which an hour before had been like a mill-pond, was a gray-green waste of tumbling waves.

"I would n't care to go out there in the canoe now," said Roy.

"We might have some music," observed Mr. Cole, "but I don't believe we could hear much of it just now." As though to prove the truth of his assertion there came a dazzling flash of lightning and a burst of thunder that shook the boat until the china danced on the kitchen shelves.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Chub involuntarily.

"And lightning," added Dick.

"Well," said Mr. Cole, "find seats, boys, and be as comfortable as you can. This can't last very long; it's too severe. As long as the cables hold us to the shore we're all right."

Roy and Dick settled themselves on the window-seat, but for Chub the seething expanse of troubled water held a fascination, and he remained at the window watching. Jack had crawled between his master's knees and placed his head in his lap, trembling and glancing about affrightedly.

"Poor old boy," said the artist, patting the dog's head, "thunder just about scares him to death, does n't it, Jack?"

At that instant there was a sharp cry from Chub, and as the others sprang to their feet he turned a pale, excited face toward them.

"Look!" he cried. "There! It's a boat bottom-up with a man clinging to it! Can you see?"

"Yes," they answered, and for a moment they were silent, while the wind and rain roared outside and the capsized boat tossed heavily between the waves.

"The wind will drive him on shore if he can hold on," said Roy. But there was little conviction in his tones.

"Not with that current," answered Chub hoarsely. "He's going down-stream fast. When I first saw him he was fifty yards farther up."

"Have n't you a boat?" demanded Dick eagerly of Mr. Cole.

"Yes," replied that gentleman calmly and thoughtfully, "but it's just a cockle-shell and hard to row. There's no use in thinking of that."

"But we can't let him drown!" cried Chub.

"No," answered the artist. "We can't do that. One of you look in the locker in the engine-room and bring me the coil of rope you'll find there."

Roy darted away in obedience.

"What are you going to do?" asked Dick.

"Swim out to him," was the reply. Mr. Cole was already taking off his coat and shoes. "Do you know who he is?"

They shook their heads.

"I can't see," said Chub. "But he's having a hard time staying there, I can tell that. The waves are going over him every minute. Do you think you can get to him, sir? Would n't you like me to go along? I'm a pretty fairish swimmer, sir?"

"Let me go!" cried Roy, hurrying back with the big coil of half-inch rope. But Mr. Cole shook his head as he took the rope and tied it under his armpits.

"One's enough," he answered. "You keep this end of the rope and when you think best—haul in hard." He took a final look out of the window at the tossing boat and went to the door and flung it open. The wind and rain burst in upon them, making them gasp. Mr. Cole turned to Dick.

"Hold the dog," he shouted. "He may try to follow. Pay out the rope as long as you can, boys. If it won't reach, let go of it and I'll try to make the end of the island. All right."

He raised his arms and plunged far out into the tossing water.

CHAPTER XX

THE RESCUE

THERE was a moment of suspense for those on the deck of the house-boat. Then a brown head arose from the water fully twenty feet away, and

a powerful arm followed it, and with long, swift strokes the artist headed toward the overturned boat on his mission of rescue. His task was not a difficult one for a good swimmer, as he at once proved himself, as long as he was going with the wind behind him and the current partly in his favor. The water was terribly rough, but as he swam low anyhow, with his face under the surface more than half the time, that did n't matter very much. The difficult work would begin when, with the rescued man in tow, he faced wind and current to regain the island.

The boys watched eagerly and silently: Dick had shut Jack inside the cabin and his dismal howls arose above the roar of the wind. Roy, with the coil of rope in his hand, fought his way to the bow, for the capsized boat had already drifted past them and it was a question whether the rope would prove long enough. The rain had almost ceased, but the wind still blew violently, although here, in the lee of the island, it was less intense than it was out in the channel.

"Wonder how long the rope is," said Chub anxiously as he looked at the lessening coil on the deck. Roy shook his head.

"Too short, I 'm afraid," he answered. "Can you see him now?" Chub answered no, but Dick pointed him out, a darker speck on the dark, tossing water, almost up to the boat. Boat and swimmer, borne by the current, which was always strong in the narrow inner channel, had passed the center of the island and in another moment or two would be abreast of the camp.

"Let 's get off of here," cried Dick, "and go on down the beach. That rope will never reach from here."

It was true, for already the last coil passed into Roy's hands.

"Is he there yet?" he asked.

"No, twenty feet this side, I 'd say," shouted Dick, who had climbed part way up the steps to the roof-deck. "If we go down the beach, though, the rope will be plenty long enough."

But there remained but a scant five feet of rope and to reach the shore without letting go of it would necessitate hauling it in.

"We ought to have done it before," muttered Chub. But Dick was equal to the emergency.

"Here," he cried, "let me have it."

He took a turn with it about his waist and, just as he was, minus only his coat, he jumped off the stern of the boat, swam two or three strokes and then, finding his feet, stumbled up the beach where Roy and Chub had hurried around to reach him.

"I am not much wetter than I was before," he said as they hurried along in the teeth of the

wind, pulling in the slack of the rope. In another moment Roy gave a cry and began to pull hard.

"He 's got him," he said. "Lend a hand and pull like anything!"

They did, but presently the rope grew taut and came very unwillingly. With two men at the other end and the wind and tide both striving to defeat them it was a veritable tug-of-war. But foot by foot the line came in, wet and dripping, as the three boys dug their heels into the yielding sand and put weight and muscle into the task.

"There they are," muttered Dick in a moment. "I can see them. They 're almost into the calm water."

And then the rope came easier, and presently, with Chub and Roy still pulling, Dick sprang out, floundered to his armpits, and relieved the artist of his limp burden. In another moment the rescued man lay on the sand above the water and the artist was throwing off the rope with hurrying fingers. His face was white and his breath came in gasps. But the boys were staring in amazement at the upturned face on the beach.

"Billy Noon!" cried Chub.

"Is he drowned?" asked Roy in a trembling voice.

"No, he 's alive," answered the artist, "but we 've got to get him to the boat. Who 'll give me a hand with him?"

"Here," said Dick, "you let us take him, Mr. Cole. You 've done enough. He is n't heavy."

But he was, for his clothes were sodden with water; and the wind buffeted them at every step. Mr. Cole bore his share of the burden and in a few moments they laid him on the floor of the studio. Pillows from the bedroom were hurriedly brought and the limp body was turned over on them, face downward, while coat and shirt were torn away and the artist's strong hands manipulated the body. There proved to be but little water in the lungs and so they turned Billy over on his back and placed one of the pillows under his head. Then Roy pumped the arms up and down as he had learned to do in the foot-ball field, while the artist massaged the upper part of the body until the flesh began to glow. The ashen hue of the lips disappeared and a faint spot of color came into each cheek. The breathing, which had been faint and labored, became strong and regular. Mr. Cole brought a flask and pressed a few spoonfuls of spirits between the lips. Then they finished undressing him and all took a hand at bringing warmth back to the chilled body. In another moment the eyelids flickered and opened. Billy looked weakly at Mr. Cole and closed his eyes again.

"He 's all right," said the artist heartily.

And Billy proved it by saying something, the sense of which no one gathered, and trying to sit up.

"Here, you stay where you are for a minute," commanded the artist. He brought a big dressing-gown and they rolled Billy up in it. Then they carried him into the bedroom and laid him on the bed, covering him with blankets until Chub feared they would go to the other extreme and smother him to death.

"Now you go to sleep," said Mr. Cole, and Billy obeyed like a sleepy child. The others returned to the sitting-room where Jack went into spasms of delight over the return of his master.

"That 'll do, old fellow," said the artist, sinking into a chair. "Now you boys had better get dry. I don't want you to catch cold. You," he added to Dick, "look as though you 'd been in the water yourself."

They explained the reason and he insisted that Dick should take off his wet garments and dry himself.

"I will if you will," answered Dick.

"Eh? Well, that 's so," laughed the artist. "I 'm not very dry myself, am I? But I 'm warm enough, goodness knows. However, it 's a bargain. We 'll get some blankets and towels and go to the studio. I think the storm 's about over, from the look of the sky."

And, sure enough, the clouds were breaking and there was even a suggestion of watery sunshine on the opposite hills. The wind had lessened and was now blowing steadily, like a well-behaved westerly gale. Mr. Cole and Dick disappeared and the others found their coats and put them on.

"What do you suppose happened to Billy Noon?" asked Chub.

"I think he was capsized," answered Roy.

"Smart, are n't you? I mean, how do you suppose it happened?"

"Give it up," Roy replied. "I thought Billy was a good sailor. But we 'll know soon, after he gets awake. Say, Mr. Cole 's about all right, is n't he?"

"He just is!" said Chub heartily. "And he 's a dandy swimmer."

"Let 's go and look at the camp," Roy suggested presently. "We might as well know the worst."

So they went, and half way up the beach the sun came forth with a sudden dazzling burst of splendor, lighting the tossing waves and glinting the windows of the school buildings across on the slope of the hill. Evidences of the storm were plentiful. Broken branches strewed the edge of

the wood and the beach grass was flattened down. When they left the beach and came in sight of the camp, they gave a shout of surprise and delight. The tent was just as they had left it. Inside, however, things were pretty wet.

The contents of the larder were in rather good shape, as almost everything was kept in tin boxes or pails. Suddenly Chub uttered an exclamation and ran to the beach. Then he gave a sigh of relief. For once the canoe had been left in the Cove instead of on Inner Beach, and the worst that the storm had been able to do was to hurl it up against the bank, where, save for a few deep scratches, Chub found it undamaged. The *Pup* was almost filled with water and had dragged her anchor until she had buried her nose in the sand. The rowboat, which had been left on Inner Beach, had utterly disappeared.

"It must have joined Billy's cat-boat," said Chub. "Maybe we 'll find it, though."

They spread the bedding and such of their clothing as had got wet out of doors, and trudged back to the *Jolly Roger*, Roy remarking on the way that there would n't be much difficulty now in finding firewood. It was after five o'clock by this time. They found Billy, wrapped in a blanket, sitting in a chair in the sitting-room. He had just started his account of the afternoon's adventures as they came in.

"I had been up the river a couple of miles on business," Billy was saying. "When I got back to my boat I noticed some clouds over in the west but did n't think much about them. I 'd gone about half a mile or so, with almost no wind, when I saw that I was in for a squall. I turned and headed for the shore, but the squall struck before I was half way there and so suddenly that I had only started to drop the sail. The *Minerva* went over like a ninepin. I thought she 'd float on her side; thought the sail would keep her up; but the canvas must have dropped as she went over, for she just stuck her mast straight down, and the best thing I could find to lay hold of was the center-board. It was n't so bad for a while, and I thought we 'd be driven ashore about a mile up here. But the current got us about that time and the waves began breaking right over me. I was about half drowned in five minutes. I remember seeing the end of the island come abreast of me, and after that I think I did n't know anything. Of course, I 'm eternally grateful to you, Mr. Cole; I can't begin to thank you enough. I think I 'd have let go in another minute or so; and I never cared much for drowning. Besides, there 's a rather important matter to be settled up before I leave."

(To be concluded.)

EXAMPLES

BY RUDOLF F. BUNNER



I

Now see that lazy boy who sits
Where the red embers gleam,
How dull must glow his sodden wits,—
He has no lofty dream.
Good gracious! Why,—it 's Jimmy Watts
Discovering of steam!

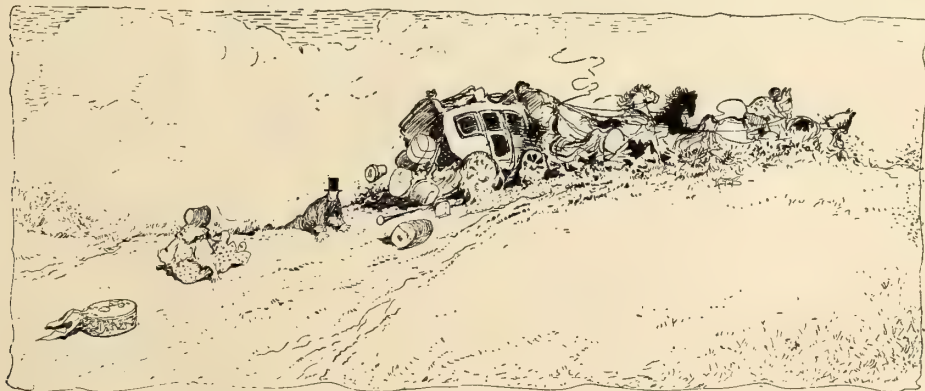
II

But here 's a lazy *man*, no doubt,
Beneath that apple-tree,
Sitting so still. He gives a shout!
Why! Why! Who *can* it be?
My eye—it 's Newton, finding out
The Law of Gravity!



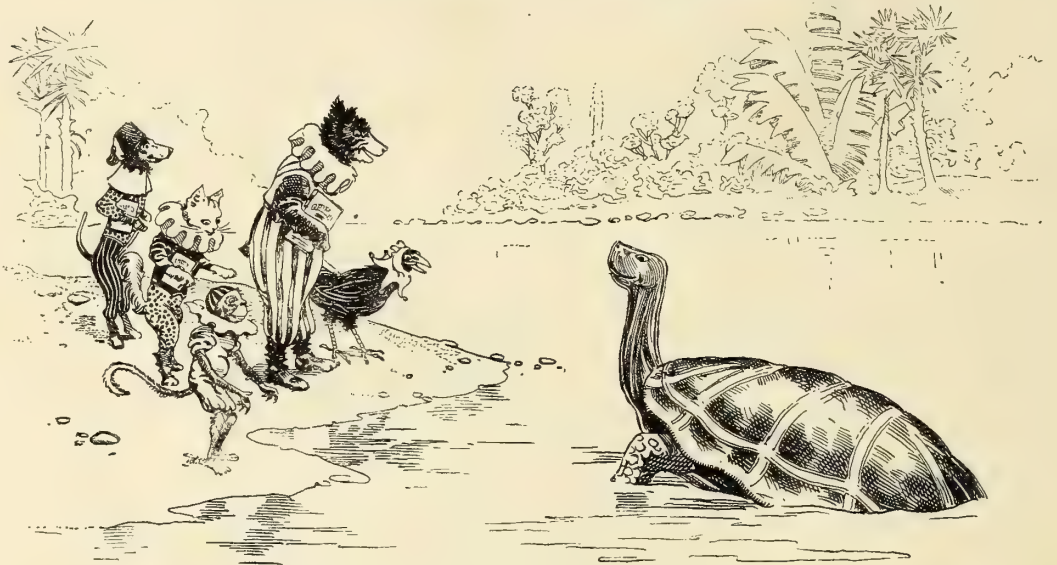
MORAL

Now you may say that this would seem
A fair excuse for boys
To take their ease, and loll and dream,
Far from the school-room's noise.
Yet wasted hours Watts *might* have spent
Beneath old Newton's bough,—
And Newton o'er a kettle have bent
From crack o' doom till now,
And neither would have wiser grown.
Then you and I, you see,
Might travel yet by stage alone
(And oft upset we 'd be),
Nor know (save from some bruised bone)
The Law of Gravity!



A Jungleville Ferry.

By J. W. Gabe.



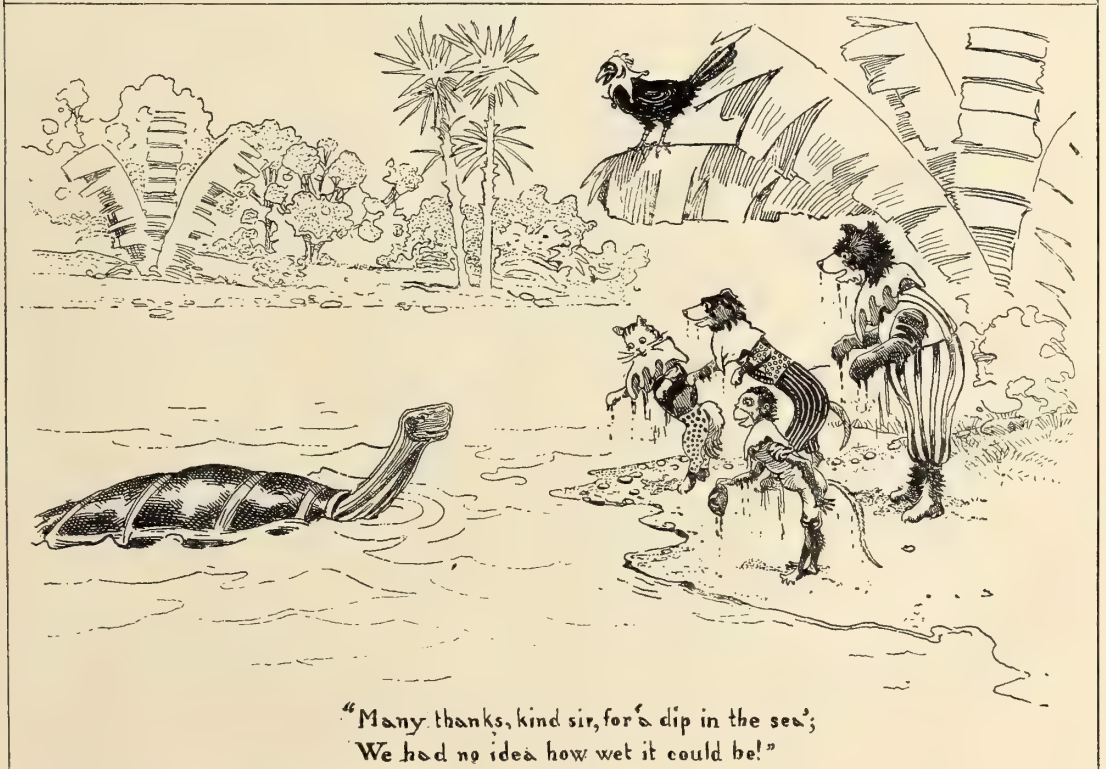
"Pardon, kind sir, but we are late to school;
Will you kindly ferry us across the pool?"



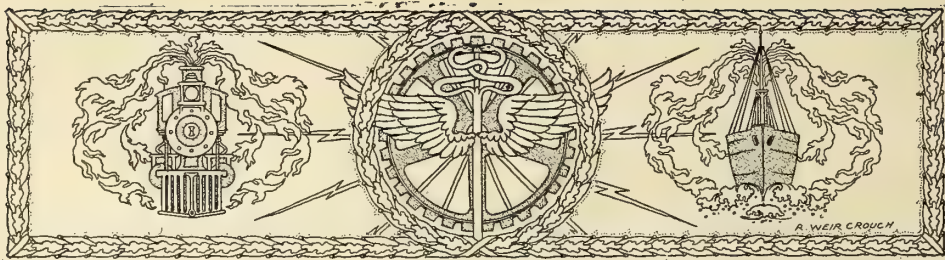
The Ferry.



Over the Rapids!



"Many thanks, kind sir, for 'd dip in the sea';
We had no idea how wet it could be!"



THE TALISMAN—A "GUESS STORY"

BY IDA KENNISTON

PAPA had little Robbie on his knee and Paul and Frank comfortably snuggled up on each side of him. Then Paul said:

"Now tell us a 'Guess' Story, please, papa."

Papa could tell the most interesting stories about common things, like bees or kites or marbles, but without telling what they were, and the boys would have to guess what they were about.

"Well," began papa, "you know that long ago, in the countries where they had kings, the king would sometimes send some man, whom he knew he could trust, on an important mission. The king would give his own signet-ring to the man, so that the one to whom he was sent would recognize it and would obey the commands of the king's messenger just as if they were the commands of the king himself.

"In some countries people have believed that there were certain magic things called talismans that had some wonderful power to make people obey them, if only they carried the talisman."

Papa stopped the "Guess Story" for a minute, and took a small box, not much over an inch in length, from his pocket.

"When I was down town to-day," said papa, "I found a talisman that *really* has certain wonderful powers. It is inside this little box.

"If I should give it to Paul or Frank or Robbie, the one to whom I gave it would find ever so many men ready to serve him at the bidding of the talisman.

"In every city and town from Maine to California, or rather from Porto Rico to the Philippines, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there are men sworn to do its bidding.

"Or if I gave it to one of you boys, and you wished to, you might send the talisman on a long journey, in care of some faithful man, and he would go for many miles, guarding the talisman carefully, and then pass it on to some one else who was bound to obey it, and so it would pass from one to another, for thousands of miles.

"You would not even have to pay the railroad fare of the men,—the great steam engines would puff, and the wheels would revolve, and the train would travel on, day and night, carrying the talisman on the errand that you entrusted to it.

"When it left the train, there would be other men waiting to receive it and to carry out the commands you sent with it.

"Even away up in Alaska there are men waiting now who would tramp for miles over snow and ice for you, if you sent the talisman to them with your orders."

"Would it ever come back again?" asked Rob. "Well, no—" said papa. "Oh, yes, there is a way you *could* have it come back to you.

But none of the boys could guess.

"Is it a penny?" asked Paul.

"No."

"A dime,—any money?" asked Frank.

"No."

The boys thought and puzzled some more, but still they failed to guess right.

"Tell us about how we could make it come back from the long journey, papa," asked Frank.

Papa thought it was time to help them a little, so he said, "Well, if you wanted to send it to some one you knew in—well, in California, and you were not *quite* sure where he lived, you could send a request that if the messengers failed to find him they would send it back to you."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Paul. "You mean that they would send back what the talisman carried, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then, I know," and he whispered in papa's ear.

"Paul has guessed it, and I'll give him the talisman," announced papa. "If the others 'give it up,' he will show it to you."

So as Frank and Robbie really could n't guess, Paul opened the little box carefully and showed them—*A POSTAGE STAMP!*



"MIGHT MAKES RIGHT"—AN INCIDENT IN WHICH THE LINER IS IN THE WRONG.
THE SMALLER BOATS HAVE THE "RIGHT OF WAY" OVER THE BIG STEAMER, BUT *THEY* ARE AVOIDING THE COLLISION.



AT SCHOOL

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I LIKE to sit in school and look
 At all the girls I know,
 When every head above a book
 Is bending very low.
 They are so much alike, you see,
 And yet so different, too,—
 For some have eyes of brown like me
 And some have eyes of blue.

And some have shiny flaxen hair;
 And others brown or black;
 Some wear it short; and others wear
 Two pigtails down the back
 And some have bows of ribbon gay—
 Hair parted on the side.
 But every girl likes best the way
 Some other's hair is tied.

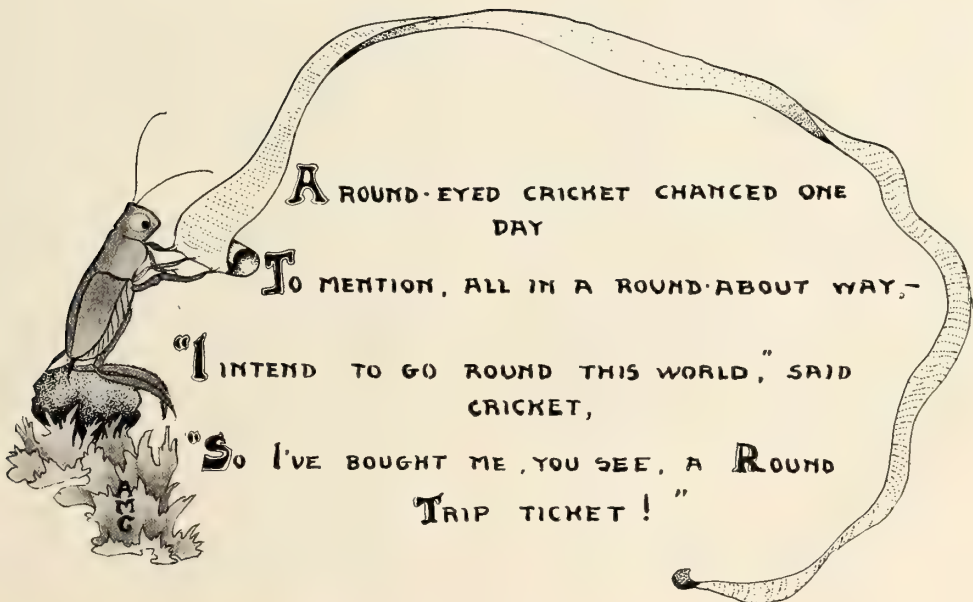


When we 're admiring Marguerite,
 Whose braids are long and fine,
 She says she thinks that curls are sweet,
 Like Josephine's or mine.
 But Josephine and I believe
Straight hair is lovelier,
 And look at Marguerite and grieve
 We are not more like her.

Just think, if all the little girls
 Could, wishing, change their state,
 Then all the pigtailed would be curls
 And all the curls be straight,
 And I should look like Marguerite,
 And Marguerite like me,
 And every day at school we 'd meet—
 How funny it would be!



A ROUND TRIP TICKET



BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE

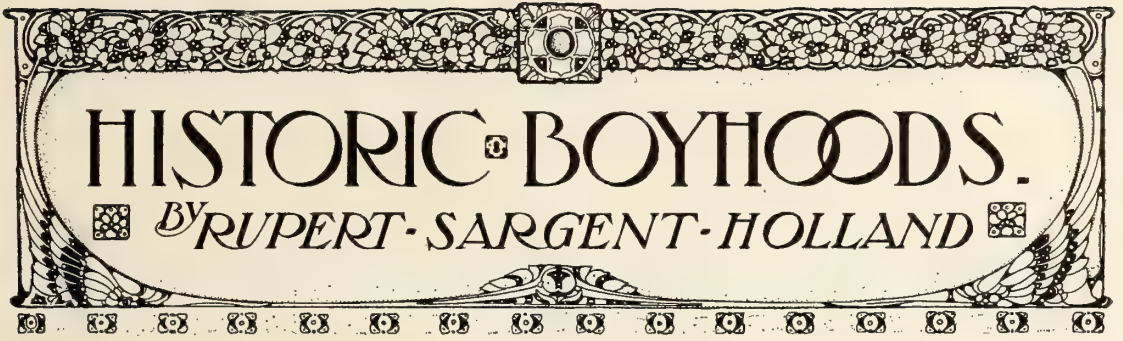
BY MAY AIKEN



ROXANA MARY looks immense
Considering her youth;
But quickly go behind the fence,
You 'll find out that, in truth,



She 's merely trying to decide
Which loaded fruit-tree bears,
In Uncle Henry's orchard wide,
The best and ripest pears!



III. GARIBALDI: THE BOY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE TOWN of Nice lay blazing with color, under the hot August sun. The houses, with their shining red-tiled roofs, their painted yellow walls, their striped and checkered awnings, were scarcely less vivid than the waters of the bay, which sparkled like a sea of opals under the rich blue Mediterranean sky. Color was everywhere, brilliant even in the sun-tanned cheeks, the black hair and eyes, the orange and gold and red caps and sashes of the three boys who stood on the beach, looking out at the home-coming fleet of feluccas and fishing-smacks.

"If only I were a man!" said one of the boys. "No more Latin lessons with the Padre. I could sail and fish all day, like brother Carlo. And sometimes I'd visit strange lands, like Africa, and have the kind of adventures that Father often tells about so well."

"I'll be a sailor too, Cesare," agreed the tallest of the three, nodding his head. "Only poor Giuseppe here will have to stay ashore and be a priest." He turned a sympathetic face toward Giuseppe, who stood with his arms folded, his black eyes looking hungrily out to sea.

"Aye, he'll be teaching other boys just as the Padre teaches us," said Cesare, in a teasing tone, and with a sly glance at Giuseppe.

This prophecy was more than the third boy could stand. He turned quickly toward his friends. "I'll have adventures, too!" he exclaimed. "I'll not stay here in Nice all my life; I'll go to Genoa and to Rome, and perhaps I'll fight the Turks. I want to do things, too." His deep eyes shone with excitement and his face glowed. "Look you, Cesare and Raffaele, why should n't we turn sailors now?"

Both boys laughed, they were used to the mad ideas of young Garibaldi. He, however, was not laughing. "Why not? I've been out to sea a hundred times with Father. He lets me handle his boat sometimes, for all he says that I'm to enter the Church. Your brother, Cesare, has a

boat that he never uses. Why should n't we sail in her to Genoa? I dare you to go with me!"

Giuseppe was a born leader. The other boys looked doubtfully at each other, then back at him. The gleam in his eyes held them.

"Let's sail to-morrow at dawn! You, Cesare, furnish the boat; I will bring food from home; and Raffaele shall get a jug of water. Your brother's boat is sound, Cesare? We'll sail along the shore to Genoa."

"Some one will catch sight of us and stop us," objected Raffaele.

"Nay, we'll wait till the other boats are out. They'll all be off before dawn and we'll have the beach to ourselves."

"I've a compass my uncle gave me on my name-day," said Cesare. "I'll bring that."

"And I'll bring some fishing-lines," put in Raffaele, unwilling to be outdone.

So almost before they knew it the other two boys had agreed to Giuseppe's plan, just as the boys of Nice usually unconsciously followed his lead.

THE Mediterranean was all silver and blue when the three boys met next day in the early summer dawn at the pier near the Porto Olimpio, where lay Carlo Parodi's boat. Raffaele had brought a jug of water and some fishing-lines, Giuseppe a basket of provisions, and Cesare his compass. They could hardly wait until the last of the fishing-boats had put out to sea before they ran down the pier to embark in their own small craft. The *Red Dragon* was the boat's name, given her because of the painted picture of a terrible monster that sprawled across the sail. She was old and weather-beaten, a simple sail-boat with only a shallow cabin, such as is used in the Mediterranean to coast along the shore.

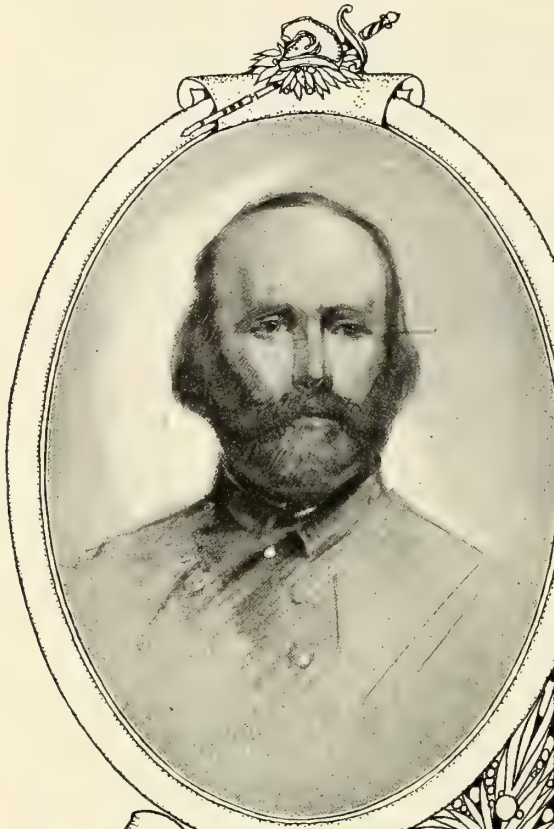
Under Giuseppe's leadership the food and water were stowed on board, the sail raised, and the

boat cast off from the pier. Cesare took the tiller, and under a light morning breeze the *Red*

beautiful, the dim blue outlines of the mountains. They were so excited that for some time they forgot they had had no breakfast. Presently Raffaele remembered it, and Giuseppe's basket was opened and its stock of rye bread, bologna sausage, and olives handed around. The boys were surprised to find how hungry they were, but like a prudent captain, Giuseppe would only let them eat a small part of the rations. "Suppose we should run into a spell of calm weather before we sighted Genoa," said he.

After breakfast Raffaele took the helm and Cesare and Giuseppe lay up in the bow and planned what they would do after they had been safely landed at Genoa.

MEANWHILE the three families of Parodi, Deandreis, and Garibaldi in Nice were considerably excited. A boy in each family had disappeared. Knowing what close friends the three boys were, the fathers hunted each other. Each family had the same tale to tell. Then word came that Carlo Parodi's boat was missing, and this gave the searchers a clue. They went to



GARIBALDI

the boy
of the

MEDITERRANEAN

Dragon soon drew away, off the beach and headed eastward toward Genoa.

As the sun rose higher the breeze stiffened, the sail filled and the brilliant dragon spread out his red body and tail. Each of the boys had sailed this inland sea a hundred times before, but never had it seemed so wonderful a place as on this summer morning. The water dashed along the gunwale and sometimes sent a warm spray into their faces. Behind them lay the curving harbor, beyond that the red and yellow and brown roofs and walls of Nice, and still farther back rose the



the beach, but only to find that all the fishing-boats had put out to sea some time ago. Signor Garibaldi, however, was a man of resource and influence, and within an hour he had found a coast-guard captain who would take him in pursuit. The coast-guard boat was big and she could triple the speed of the small *Red Dragon*. By ten o'clock the runaway boat was sighted just opposite Monaco. The boys saw the pursuers coming, but even by crowding on all their sail they could not gain a lead. So when the coast-guard came alongside of them they surrendered.

Even though they had not reached Genoa, the lads had tasted the salt of adventure. Giuseppe's father boarded the *Red Dragon* and, treating the whole matter as a summer's lark, helped the young sailors to bring their boat about, and, tacking across toward Monaco and then out to the deeper sea, gave them a lesson in sailing that made them quickly forget that they were going back to Nice.

On that sail home the father learned a good deal about Giuseppe. He heard the boys talk freely to each other, and as he listened he realized that his son would never be happy in the quiet career of a priest, but craved the roving life of the sea, descended as he was from generations of mariners. So, although he did not know it at the time, that August morning's adventure had a very real value for Giuseppe. As a result of it his father decided to let him follow his own natural bent.

A year or two more Giuseppe spent at the church school. In his spare hours his father taught him navigation, and in the evenings told him what he had learned of foreign countries and of the strange types of men he had met with in his voyages. Above all the boy begged him to tell him about the divided states of Italy, most of them held in slavery by Austrian princes, and of the city of Rome, which from his earliest childhood had fascinated him more than any other place in the world. The father encouraged this interest in his country's history, and when Giuseppe would ask, "Do you think I shall ever see Rome?" the father would answer, "We will go there some day before long, my son."

So they did. When Giuseppe was about fifteen he made his first long voyage on a brigantine to Odessa, and a year later sailed on his father's felucca to Rome. He never forgot that first visit to the city of the Cæsars. The majesty of Rome made a lasting impression on his mind, and his delight in the city was even greater than he had dreamed it would be.

After that first voyage the young Garibaldi sailed with many captains and saw a great deal

of the world, rounding Cape Horn, voyaging to the far north, and even crossing the Atlantic and visiting South America. He was always intensely interested in strange lands, he loved the thrill of an adventure, and at the sight of an act of injustice or cruelty nothing could keep him from going immediately to the rescue.

When he was in South America he heard that the Italians were rising against their foreign masters and were planning to fight for freedom. He sailed for home instantly, and no sooner did he land than he was leading a company of friends to join the Italian army. He was fearless, generous, and as open-hearted as a child. Wherever he went, men flocked to his command. Within a few months the young man was virtually general of an army, and fighting and winning battle after battle in the Alps. At the end of a year his fame had crossed Europe and beyond.

The freedom of Italy, however, was not won in a single campaign. Although Garibaldi's troops were victorious some of the other Italian armies were not, and before long that first war of independence came to an end. For a time the Austrians' hold over the cities of Italy seemed stronger than ever, and Garibaldi and many of his friends were forced to leave their homes and seek refuge in other countries. Again Garibaldi crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and this time he went to New York, and took up the trade of a candle-maker, living in a small frame house on Staten Island. He liked Americans; they understood him and his burning desire for Italian freedom better than any other foreigners he met.

He stayed on Staten Island until the chance came for him to go to sea again as captain of a merchantman, and after that it was only a short time until he was again in the Alps, his sword drawn, his devoted volunteers behind him.

It was long before the dream of Italian patriots came true and Rome became the capital of a united country; but during these years Garibaldi led crusade after crusade. He wore the simple costume of an Italian peasant, but over this a red cape which was copied by all his men. This red-caped army swept the enemy out of Sicily and Naples, drove them back through the Alps, won so continually that superstitious Austrians believed that their leader must be in league with the Evil One. But the people of Italy worshiped this general beyond all their other heroes. Yet even their praises could not spoil the simplicity of his nature. When his work was done he went home to live quietly with his family. The friends of his boyhood found him very little changed, the same lover of

Italy and the sea, the same adventurous, generous spirit he had been as a youth in Nice. In those days his boy friends had followed him without question, now the whole of Italy looked to him as their leader; he had succeeded in doing what hundreds of other men had dreamed of do-

ing, in driving the Austrians permanently out of the peninsula, in restoring to his countrymen the ancient liberty of Italy. Yet as a boy upon the Mediterranean or as the liberator of a nation, he was always the same frank, straightforward, high-minded Giuseppe Garibaldi.

VACATION IS OVER!



PUSSYCATVILLE RETURNS FROM A SUMMER SPENT IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

WALTER HARVEY—COWARD

BY MARTIN M. FOSS

WALTER HARVEY faced a cold fact on the evening of his return to Thorpe Academy—he was a coward, mentally and physically. He knew in his heart that every strange sound which he could n't account for fully, whether it was a dusky figure on the road at twilight or a sudden noise in a silent place, caused something to drop within him.

Only five minutes before he had felt a great nervous panic when a shadowy form appeared in the barn door, just as night was closing in. He had resisted the temptation to slip into the house, bracing himself with all his strength, yet truly in a tremor. It was only his father, and when he was alone again he muttered to himself:

"I am a regular coward, and it is all the worse that I pretend not to be."

Certain it is that nobody suspected him of cowardice. He was a clean-cut, athletic lad of sixteen, with a singularly calm and determined face and poise. In base-ball games at Thorpe his steadiness in the box had been an inspiration to more than one victory. He was never ruffled, never lost his head, but always held his team in the most trying moments. People knew him as a "nervy boy," and always his father had said:

"Walter has more courage than either of his older brothers, and almost as much as the two put together."

This reputation, gained more, perhaps, because as a youngster, he would go alone to bed in the dark, when his brothers would not, had never left him. The praise which he got then, though he knew that he feared many things on those nightly trips, had kept him from showing or admitting fear afterward. Yet to-night he was honest with himself.

"If I should ever meet a real danger, I'd probably faint away like a nervous old lady."

He did not know, as brave men do, that cowardice is more a matter of action than feeling; he did n't realize that the bravest deeds in the world's history have been done by men whose hearts pumped and knees shook while they made their names famous. The courage that overcomes the desire to run, that can wait for the unknown and the terrible, when every fiber of the body is tense with fear—that was not courage to his mind, but deception like his. And yet he could not remember that any of his fears had ever come true.

In a quiet, silent way he had outwardly lived up to the unearned reputation his father had given

him because it flattered him to be called brave, and the next day, still disgusted with his cowardice, he returned to Thorpe.

HE was walking in a big wood, a month later, with Mr. Benjamin, a big, square-shouldered fellow, just out of college, who was teaching at Thorpe that year; when a mile or more from the town, at the foot of the mountain, suddenly a twig snapped nearby. Walter stopped for a second, his face going white, then plodded on.

In a minute he had control of himself, but as he looked at Mr. Benjamin he saw the keen, quizzical glance and his face flushed.

"Gave you a start?" queried Mr. Benjamin.

"Um—yes—I must have been dreaming," Walter answered slowly.

But Mr. Benjamin knew something of human nature and he guessed at once that underneath Walter's silent non-committal manner there was a bundle of highly-strung nerves which made him a prey to a thousand fears. He followed up his question, gently but persistently, until Walter, stopping, faced him squarely:

"I never said so before, and I never will again, but I am a coward—an out and out baby. I'm afraid of my own shadow—and yet I never had anything to be really scared of in my life."

"That's just it," Mr. Benjamin replied. "It is n't courage you lack"—but he did n't finish the sentence—for as he spoke there came again and nearer this time, the cracking of a twig, and a fat black bear wallowed into the clearing where they stood.

"Great heavens!" shouted Mr. Benjamin, "we've got to run for it," and in one bound he cleared a stone wall near them and crashed through the brush.

Walter stood still. He felt something give way, as if a great weight had fallen from inside his chest to his stomach; he felt his legs buckling and his breath choked him.

The bear stood blinking lazily—a little uncertain as to what this great crashing in the brush and this solitary figure before him meant. Then he waddled slowly forward. Walter would have run then if he could, but his strength failed him, and in an instant he realized that running would n't do much good if the animal chose to follow. His mind grew a little clearer, and though his heart jumped and his breath still came in short gasps, he realized vaguely that he could

do nothing but stand still. He leaned his back against a tree; he fixed his eyes on the broken stump of a giant oak and waited. The bear came up, stopped an instant, circled about, sniffing suspiciously, then walked straight up to the tree. Walter kept his eyes averted and exerted every muscle to keep from collapsing. He felt the bear's nose against his trouser leg, then the breath on his hand, but he did not move. He could hear the "snuff, snuff," all about him, and then the bear ambled off.

For what seemed like hours he held his position, never looking away from the shattered tree trunk. And then, at last, when all was still he looked about. The bear was gone.

Walter sprang away quickly and ran in the opposite direction as fast as he could go. A long circuit brought him at last to the railroad track which led back toward the school, and there he saw Mr. Benjamin.

"Oh, I saw it all," Mr. Benjamin said, "and it was splendid, splendid! I don't believe a man in a million could have held his ground. And you said you were a coward!"

"But I was too scared to run. I was all weak and wabby, and so faint that I can hardly stand now."

"But that is nothing, Walter," the older man answered. "You held your ground, and saved your life. If both of us had run, one of us would have been caught, sure, whichever took his lordship's fancy."

"But I was in a complete funk," Walter began.

"No, no. You did n't fall down, or try to get away or move when the bear nosed round you. Never mind if you were scared to death, you did your part, and I am perfectly willing to believe that practically every great hero of the world has performed his deeds of bravery with a beating heart and great hollows where his knees and stomach ought to have been. Your knees did their part, though, and so did you."

In spite of his protests Walter found himself a hero at school, and every frank statement of his fear that he made seemed but to add, in his listeners' minds, a touch of glory to his act.

And Walter realized slowly that in this first real hazard of his life he had, somehow, despite a trembling, death-like fear, managed to hold *himself* together.

"And yet all I did was to stand still," he would mutter to himself; "and if I 'd had to do anything else, I 'll bet I 'd have fainted."

THE last recitation of the day was over and the clear, cold, blustering, January air was turning into the gray of early twilight, when Walter awoke

suddenly in his chair. He had been reading Vergil by the grate fire in his room, and the warmth or the fading light had sent him off gently into dreamland. As he came to consciousness he heard a great clattering and yelling in the hallways—a bit of boisterous play he supposed, and then it died away. He heard from the street below, a great confusion too, which grew louder and suddenly above the noise, which to his sleepy senses, had meant little, there came sharp cries of "Fire!" and with it the clanging of the bell on the town hall, and the sharper gong of the fire-engine.

Awake now he rushed to the window and through the smoke that poured from below he could see the upturned faces of a great crowd three stories down, and in an instant he knew that the dormitory was on fire. He snatched his cap and rushed to the door, but a great rolling bank of smoke met him. He slammed the door, but not until a great cloud had filled his room, and it was only by a sudden memory of a story read years before, that he fell to the floor, for there the smoke is never so dense, and crawled to the window.

He forced the sash open and stuck his head out, but by this time the smoke from below was dense and the chances of escaping suffocation hardly better. He managed, however, to get outside the window, on the narrow ledge. It was covered with little knobs of ice, and it was with great difficulty that he was able to keep his balance. He was out at last and had closed the window behind him, leaning back hard against it to keep his balance. Great clouds of smoke curled round him, but with the cold, fitful wind, it was swept aside every other instant and he could catch his breath.

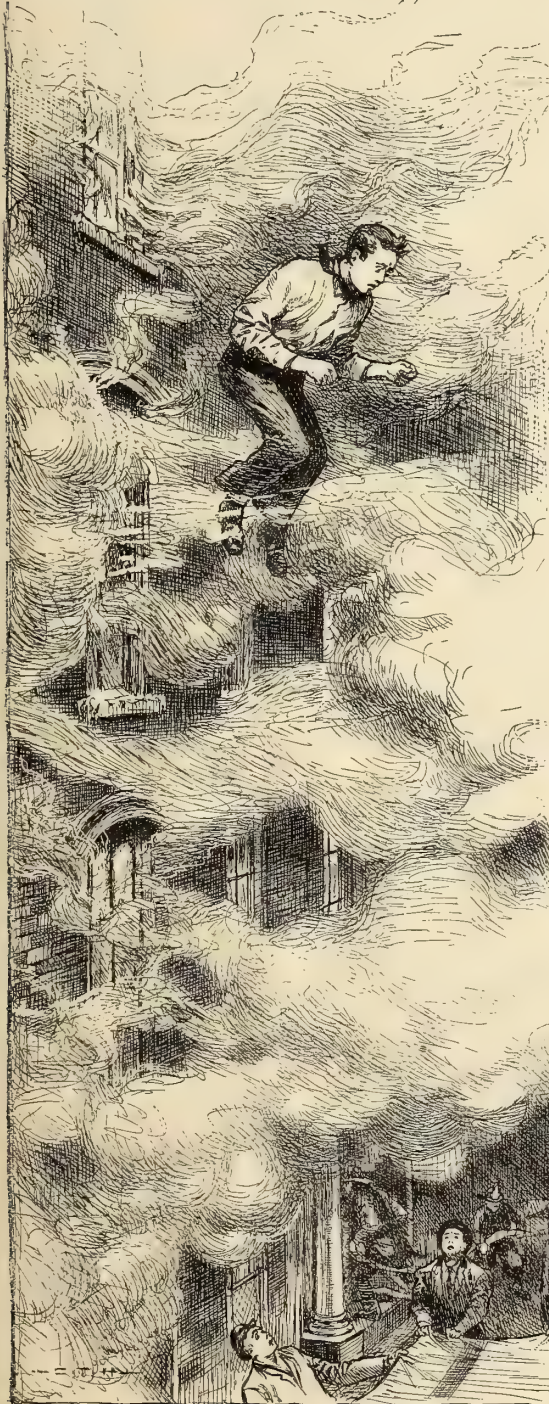
Just as he had closed the window, a heavier gust of air blew the smoke downward and the crowd below saw him for the first time. There was an instant of silence, then a great startled cry. Everybody was supposed to be safely out.

Again the smoke covered him. His eyes smarted and a great strangling hand seemed to grip his throat. He fought hard to keep his balance, and his hands were already numb with the cold.

From below he heard mingled cries and orders. "Hold tight!"—"Run up the ladders!"—"Don't jump!"—a confused babel. One moment they would be shut out from his view by the choking smoke; the next he could see them, a hundred hands trying to raise the ladders, and it came to him with a sickening despair that they were across the street with two trolley wires intervening. Slowly the old ladders mounted, and

then, even though he could not see, he heard a voice crying.

"You are on the wrong side of the street. Cut the trolley wires."



But there was nobody to cut the wires. The ladder was up almost to his level, wobbling and swaying in the wind, but it was thirty feet away. When he could see again, the men were trying desperately to lower it but the machinery would not work.

And so through moments of suffocation and pain, he watched the confused, frantic mob below. He could see the faces of his classmates and best friends now straining upward, now bobbing about in a desire to help him. He saw Mr. Benjamin, too, tugging at the big crank of the ladders. And all the while he saw that he could hold on but a minute more, for he heard the flames crackling in his room behind him and felt the glass grow hot.

He could see nothing to do but to wait till he was burned from behind or crushed by his fall. Wave after wave of sickening fear swept over him as he clung grimly to his narrow ledge, struggling for breath, bearing the intense heat of the window, waiting, hopeless and afraid, but waiting.

When he could see the crowd next time, his eye caught the big figure of Mr. Benjamin, forcing his way through the men about the ladders. Mr. Benjamin stopped, made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted:

"Hold on a minute longer, Walter. Wait till I get a blanket. You've got to jump for it."

Again the smoke curled round him. This time a deadly dizziness seized him. He thought he was falling and would never strike. He stiffened his body against the hot glass and held his breath. It seemed to him that the smoke would never clear again. When it did, he saw a circle of men just below him, straining at the edges of a horse blanket. A silence fell upon the crowd. He saw Mr. Benjamin looking up and heard him shout:

"Loosen your clothes and jump for it."

To those below he seemed to move with great

"HE SAW A CIRCLE OF MEN BELOW HIM, AND A SILENCE FELL UPON THE CROWD."

deliberation, tantalizing them as if he were pitching a desperate ball-game and wished to strain the batsman's nerves by delay and unconcern.

Mr. Benjamin told about it afterward. "I can never forget that picture to my dying day. Through the smoke we could see him as he stood, braced against the window. He raised one arm, slipped the coat from his shoulder and shook it to the ground. He unbuttoned his collar and loosened his belt. And when at last he jumped, there was not a nerve in my body that was not near to snapping. He struck the blanket squarely, bounced off and then somebody let go, so he got a bruised knee and was unconscious, but he was about the next day?"

"Afraid, yes!" Walter would say. "I never expected to land on that blanket. I was sick and dizzy; and after I jumped I did n't remember a thing till I woke up in the doctor's bed."

But others saw it differently—and at last Mr. Benjamin made him see something of the kinds of fear and courage there are and one kind, the kind that *does* meet the emergency when it comes, that trembles but waits or fights as the case requires, is what must be admired most; for then men conquer not only their danger but themselves as well.

It was old Major Jenkins, the superintendent at Thorpe, who gave Walter the most comfort. Talking with Walter the next day he said:

"I shan't forget my first battle. Scared? Why, there was n't a man on either side who was n't. Old soldiers don't deserve much credit; for they get used to being under fire. They no longer think of the danger. It 's the youngsters, who are scared 'most to death, but stick it out because they are stronger than their fears, or ashamed to be the first to run, who deserve the praise."

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

THE first day of school is the best day of all,—
You feel so important and happy and *tall!*
You have some new dresses, and in your new books,
New studies with lovely queer jumbles and crooks.

And Teacher looks fresh and a little bit *fat*,
And wears the most flummery, summery hat;
You wonder how some day 't will feel to be old,
And never be scolded, and never be "told."

The blackboard is painted all shiny and black,—
And somehow, it really is good to be back.
There 's Amy and Harriet, Mary and Gwen,
And Maribel Mathers, who has the gold pen.

And Maribel 's doing her hair a new way,
And has a new bracelet that 's locked on to stay.
You wish that Mama were n't so strict about things—
That *you* could wear brooches and bracelets and rings.

We don't have to study the first day, at all,
And Teacher, quite often, goes out in the hall;
We whisper, but Teacher comes back with a smile,—
We 'll have to behave better after a while.

Oh, summer vacation is splendid, of course,
 With the lake, and the farm, and the boat, and the horse;
 But truly I love the first day, in the fall,
 When school seems real fun—'t is the best day of all!

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

XVII. CUT-MOUTH JOHN

I HAPPENED to know a Umatilla scout who bore the English name of Cut-Mouth John. The Umatilla tribe of Indians to which John belonged lived along the upper waters of the great Columbia River. This country, called the "up-river country," is used also by the Cayuses, Walla Wallas, and other Columbia River Indians. There were many of them on the lands called reservations, and many others roaming about everywhere, far and near, like herds of wild horses on the great prairies of the West where there were no fences to stop them.

I was then living in Portland, Oregon, and all the soldiers in that part of the country watered by the great western rivers, were under my command. I was to use the soldiers to keep peace all the time between the white inhabitants and the roaming red men. The whites were mostly farmers, cattle raisers, and shepherds, who had made their homes in all the rich valleys, along the streams of water, and on the beautiful hills and green slopes of the mountains. These people wanted all the good land to pasture their herds and flocks; and the red men wanted the same land for hunting and for feeding their ponies and for gathering for themselves things which grew without sowing or planting, such as camas, the wild onions, the berries, and the fruits of trees. There for many years the red men had found acres and acres of "bunch" grass which made their ponies lively and fat. But the white men, when they came, put up fences, bars, and gates. These the red men, when they came along every spring, tore down and kept saying: "This land is ours. Our fathers had it before any white men came to this country."

"Uncle Sam" then sent Colonel Watkins from Washington to Oregon and to the "up-river country" to talk with the red men, and to settle the troubles which everywhere had sprung up.

I went with him on a large steamer up the Columbia. The steamer could go only to the Cascades. Here we changed to a train of cars for a few miles, going past some foaming rapids as far as Celilo. There we had a smaller steamer which bore us through smooth water forty miles to the Dallas, a small village near that part of the Columbia where it tumbles foaming and roaring over more narrow rocky rapids. People say the river here is "on edge." Colonel Watkins, Captain Wilkinson, and I crossed to the north side of the Columbia and then went by rough roads over a broad shaggy mountain. We had with us an Indian Chief, Skemiah, and his son, eight years old. I had taken them from prison and set them free upon Skemiah's promise of obedience to Uncle Sam's laws in the future. When well over the mountain we found the rich prairie, vast in extent and covered with the pretty cabins of the red men. It was called the Simcoe Reservation, and the agent, tall as Abraham Lincoln, was called Father Wilbur. So the red men were named Simcoe Indians, the most of whom looked like our farmers dressed in clothing such as white men wear; but a few in one corner of the reservation still had on blankets and skins of animals. Father Wilbur called them Blanket Indians,—these few were the restless roamers. Skemiah was their chief, and they were happy to see him again, and seemed more pleased when the lad, his son, rode among them having on a pretty cap and a bright belt.

Colonel Watkins and Father Wilbur called in many red men far and near for a meeting, so that we had a "big pow-wow." Smoholly, Moses, Indian Thomas, One-Eyed John, Young Chief of the Umatillas, and his friend the famous scout, named Cut-Mouth John, came together to meet us and many Simcoe Indians near Father Wilbur's house,—each chief had with him a few of his tribesmen.

It proved to be a great meeting; a council

where white men and red men for two whole days spoke their minds to one another, and this gathering had the good result of keeping nearly all the Indians who were north of the Columbia away from those terrible Nez Percès who were about to go on the war-path.

The next day after the council in a nice large wagon drawn by good-sized mules, Watkins, Wilkinson, and I, escorted by Chief Stwyre and several Simcoes mounted on ponies, went across the prairie, through the white settlements north of Simcoe, and then followed the sluggish Yakima River eastward for miles to its mouth, where it ran into the Columbia. Cut-Mouth John and two or three of Smoholly's men had come on with our escort. When others, becoming weary, left us for their homes, they stayed with us all day. Smoholly and his Indians had hastened on before us and crossed the broad Columbia in canoes before our arrival a little after sunset. Wilkinson became very ill. The mules and driver were too tired to go further. Wallula, the steamboat landing from which I had to go up the Snake River to Lewiston to see the Nez Percès, was twenty miles below.

I thought I might go down the river in a small boat. At first the brave John and two red men offered to swim a half mile across the Columbia and get a boat, but I would not allow them to risk that. Then they gave the Indian "whoop" several times and when an answer came from the other shore they cried in Indian: "Send a boat for the white chiefs." Smoholly, across the river, had one made ready. After some delay two stalwart Indians could be heard paddling over what proved to be a long log dug-out, rather old and the worse for too much water soaking. Watkins and I ate our supper; Wilkinson being at first too ill to eat. We fixed a bed for him and placed him in the bottom of the dug-out. Cut-Mouth John took the steering paddle, and the other two crouched near the middle of the boat, paddling skilfully when necessary in the rapid river, while Colonel Watkins and I placed ourselves in front to watch the water, the shores, and the abundant stars in a cloudless sky. Pambrun, the interpreter, enabled us to talk with the Indians, and helped when necessary to manage our strange craft. It was a very dangerous and exciting passage. We ran into many dark eddies, avoided the small islands, and coursed swiftly through the Homily Rapids, roaring frightfully enough to disturb our nerves.

As we passed the mouth of the Snake River we shot into smoother water with the wind—the current and the Indian paddles giving us the speed of a railroad train, though not the jar.

About two o'clock the next morning just as the dawn was appearing we reached the steamer landing at Wallula. The deck-hands were just ready to haul in the gang-plank when our strange boatload of people called to them. We were soon in safety upon the steamer's deck. Wilkinson had recovered from his illness, and as soon as possible ate a hearty breakfast with Watkins and myself in the steamboat galley.

Mr. Redington, who was a messenger for me during the Indian Wars, has told me several facts about the faithful scout, Cut-Mouth John, who brought us so skilfully to safety in the ungainly dug-out. Cut-Mouth John was with our old officers long ago, campaigning in that upper country of the Snake River in pioneer days, and he thinks he was at a later period with General Sheridan in an Indian War in which the Simcoe Indians were against him. In one of those early wars, when the red men were trying to keep back the white men from taking their country, Cut-Mouth John was with our soldiers, became their friend, and remained with them all the time.

Once the Indians had made a fort on the Powder River, from which they believed that they could not be driven back. The scout John was a guide to our men. When he came near the fort he saw his own brother over there inside of the trenches, and he called to him with all his might to come out and leave those angry red men. But his brother said: "No, I will shoot you, John, if you come another step my way."

John was too brave to yield to his brother, so he led the charge upon the barricade. His brother kept his word and fired at him. The bullet only cut his lip or cheek, but disfigured him badly for life. The fort was captured and our soldiers praised John for his fearless conduct.

Cut-Mouth John was one of my scouts in the beautiful Blue Mountains during the Piute and Bannock war of 1878, and he was again with Lieutenant Farrow when he captured the red men called "Sheep Eaters," a small tribe in the Salmon River Mountains in the year 1879. Cut-Mouth John was then an old man, but he was full of life, being the last man to roll himself up in his saddle-blanket at night, and the first one, long before sun-up, to turn out in the morning.

His only reward for all his faithful service to "Uncle Sam" was to be made an Indian policeman on the Umatilla Reservation with the poor pay of five dollars a month.

Once he came down to see me in Portland a short time before he passed over to the happy hunting grounds. He came in his soldier uniform to my office. "Who is this?"—I said gently, looking up but not recognizing him, at first.

"Don't you know me, General? I am your scout, 'Cut-Mouth John.'"

I am very, very sorry that the aged scout was neglected in his old age by the red men round about him. Uncle Sam should have done more for him. He was a steadfast friend to the white men at all times, even to the end.

XVIII. HOMILI, CHIEF OF THE WALLA WALLAS

HOMILI, the chief of the Walla Wallas, lived in two places: a part of each year on the Umatilla Reserve with the Umatillas, Cayuses, and other Columbia River Indians who were willing to stay there with the government agent; and part of the year, indeed, the greater part of it, at what he called his home just above the steamboat landing near the hamlet of Wallula.

On the Umatilla Reserve, Homili had good land, pasturage all around for his ponies, and a good farm-house. He could raise wheat and vegetables, too, in plenty when he could make his *tillicums* (children and followers) work for him. But Homili was lazy and shiftless, and just managed to say "Yes, yes," to the good agent, Mr. Cornoger, and to keep a poor garden-plot, and let his many ponies run about with the herds of horses which belonged to other Indians.

I remember that the first time I saw Homili he met me at the steamboat landing. He had with him four or five very poorly dressed Indians, wearing very long, black, uncombed hair. Homili was dressed up for the occasion. He had on a cast-off army uniform buttoned to his throat, and an old stovepipe hat which had long since seen its best days. I wondered then how Homili could have found an officer's coat big enough for him, for while he was not a tall man he had so thickened up and broadened out that he looked shorter than he was. One of his *tillicums* could talk English a little. He was the interpreter. Homili took me in at a glance: "Heap good. Arm gone. Tillicum's friend." Homili's interpreter so delivered to me his first message. I said I was glad to see Chief Homili and that he and I would be friends!

Homili wheezed and stammered, while he laughed aloud. Homili always laughed. "Heap glad for such friend. Come over yon way and see my house and my *tillicums*. Homili has good heart, but poor house." Indeed his lodge, where torn canvas was flying in the wind about some crooked lodge-poles, and where squaws and children were hanging listless and idle near the opening, was a poor house. The wind was blowing as it always did near Wallula. The sky was

clear and it was a bright, comfortable day in June. My aide, Captain Boyle, was with me, and we went on to Homili's lodge. He had around him without my order rough, poverty-stricken lodges or wigwams of different sizes and shapes.

Homili had a rough bench beside his lodge. He motioned us to sit down while he stood with his Indian talker in front of us. As soon as he could get his breath after our quick walk, Homili said: "This home better for Chief Homili!"

"How is that, Homili?" I asked.

"Oh, Umatilla agent good man, but Umatilla Reserve makes Homili a slave. Here *tillicums* all free, laugh and play, shoot sage-hens, fish in the river, do what they like. All his *tillicums* 'heap good'!"

I understood. "Anything more, Homili?" I inquired.

"Yes, Smoholly's my friend. He's a great Indian—Homili's friend. Umatilla agent don't want my friend, says Smoholly makes trouble. Not so, he makes my heart glad!"

That was all, and we parted good friends. He rode a small half-starved Indian pony to see me off on the little "strap railroad" that then ran eastward to Fort Walla Walla thirty miles away. From the back platform of the only passenger-coach Boyle and I waved our hats to Chief Homili, for he rode on the side of the train for half a mile. A good smart pony could have kept up with that strap-rail train all the way, but thin grass, very poor sage-brush, and the fat Homili riding; half the time, did not allow his pony either proper food or strength, so that the good, jolly chief and his mount soon fell behind what the Wallula white people called the "burro-cars." Homili, losing the race, took off his tall hat and shook it at us for a good-by, and then turned his pony back to the barren home of his choice.

The next time I came up the Columbia I stayed overnight at the Wallula Hotel. I had hardly reached my room, when I was called to the office. "Two Indians want to see the General!" so the office boy called out at my door. On entering the office I met two Indian messengers with a white man called Pambrun. Pambrun had an Indian wife, and could talk several Indian languages. He lived ten miles from Wallula toward Walla Walla, and was much respected by whites and Indians. The Indian messenger's speech was brief and clear, for Pambrun put it in good English. They had paddled across the Columbia from Smoholly's village. He wanted General Howard, the new commander of the soldiers, to come over the great river and see him and his *tillicums*; they had come together from

many tribes. His village was opposite the Homili Falls, above where the Snake River comes into the Columbia. I told Pambrun to tell the messenger to say to Smoholly that General Howard would remain the next day at Wallula, and that if Smoholly wished to see him during the day he could do so by coming to Wallula.

The rumor which troubled all the Indians of that up-country was that General Howard had been ordered by the Washington President to put them all on the reservations to which they belonged.

The Indians went back to Smoholly with my message, but he was afraid to put himself in my power, because he was the head and front of all the lawless bands which went roaming over the country—Indians of whom the white settlers never ceased to be afraid. Then Pambrun sent Smoholly word that "Arm-cut-off" (the name Homili gave me) was a kind man and would do him no harm. Surrounded by a multitude of harem-scarem tillicums, men, women, and children, Smoholly, the next day, early in the afternoon made his appearance at Wallula.

The tavern-keeper gave us the use of his tumble-down store-house, an immense building large enough for Smoholly and his four hundred red folks to crowd into. My aide, Smoholly, the Umatilla agent, Pambrun, and I sat upon chairs perched on a long, broad box, which the tavern-keeper loaned us for a platform. It was a wild-looking set of savages down there that I looked upon, squatted on the floor or standing by the back and sides of that roomy place. When Homili with a few followers came to honor our talk with his presence, I sent for another chair and seated him proud and laughing by my side. I took a long and searching look at Smoholly, and he did me a like favor, as if trying to read my thoughts. He was the strangest looking human being I had ever seen. His body was short and shapeless, with high shoulders and hunched back; scarcely any neck; bandy legs, rather long for his body; but a wonderful head, finely formed and large. His eyes, wide open, were clear, and so expressive that they gave him great power over all the Indians that flocked to his village. That day Smoholly wore a coarse gray suit, somewhat ragged and much soiled. Over his head was a breezy bandana handkerchief, two corners tied under his chin and the wind, coming through the cracks of the store, kept his head-cover in motion all the time.

Smoholly, who had asked me to come, was requested through Mr. Pambrun to tell General Howard what he and his followers wanted. He began his talk, using short sentences. Pam-

brun translated each sentence into good English. "Smoholly heard that General Howard, a great chief in war, had come to command all the soldiers. He heard also that there was a new President in Washington. Indians call him great Father. Mr. Cornoger, the Umatilla Indian agent, sent messengers to Chief Homili, Chief Thomas, Chief Skimia, and to Smoholly with words: 'Come on the reservation. All Indians come now. If you don't come before one moon, General Howard, obeying the new President, will take his soldiers and make you come to Umatilla or to some other government reserve.' Smoholly, the Spirit Chief of all the Columbia bands, who gives good medicine, who loves right and justice, now wants General Howard to tell Smoholly the Washington law."

I answered: "I did not come to the far west to make war, but to bring peace. Mr. Cornoger has the law, he takes the law to the Indians. We will listen to him."

Mr. Cornoger began: "You all know I am the Indians' friend; the law is for all the Indians to come on my reservation or some other, there are many other reservations. Why not come without trouble?"

I said: "Homili, I am sure, can answer that question." Chief Homili hemmed and hawed, wheezed and laughed, and at last began his speech.

"Homili and his tillicums to go to Umatilla Reserve. Cornoger gives Homili leave to visit his home, the home he loves, right up there where the winds blow, where the sand flies, where the stones are piled up. Smoholly is our good friend and we like to see his face. Smoholly is wise and has a good heart. I am done."

I had no message from Washington, so I dismissed the council, saying I would write to the President what Smoholly and Homili had said. Before September nearly all the Indians came to some reservation and were quiet for some time. Homili, too, stayed more on the Umatilla Reserve, but he and his pony made frequent visits to his wigwam among the stones of Wallula.

To keep the Indians contented, Cornoger, helped by his Indian wife, induced Homili and six other Indian chiefs to go on a visit to the city of Washington. My aide, Major Boyle, took charge of the Indian Delegation on the journey both ways.

On the overland railroad he liked most the barren sands and long stretches of worthless country, better than cultivated fields, thriving villages, and prosperous cities. "Bad lands, you say; I like best, more like my sand and bushes on the Columbia," was Homili's opinion.

Homili saw the "Great Father," but laughed and stammered too much to say anything except to Pambrun: "Tell the President that Homili always has a good heart."

Homili got very tired of Washington, and was homesick all the time. He kept saying: "Monche

and cried, "Oh, oh, stop this boat and let Homili go over there, he wants to walk!"

When I met the fat and jolly chief again he said: "You, General Howard, may like Washington, but," shaking his head with a disgusted frown, "Homili best likes his home by the Co-



CHIEF HOMILI FOLLOWED OUR TRAIN FOR HALF A MILE.

tillicums, monche tillicums" (too many people). His face brightened and his laugh had a happier ring when the steamer was going out of the Golden Gate into the great Pacific Ocean. Then Homili stammered: "Home, home! me go home!" his mind's eye was on the familiar scenes of the upper Columbia, that was really "home" to him; and when the steamer had been a day or more at sea Homili caught sight of the shore two or three miles to the east

lumbia River. Stones and sands and Indian tilli-cums always kind, make him happy there."

XIX. WASHAKIE, A SHOSHONE CHIEF, THE FRIEND OF THE WHITE MAN

THE Shoshone Indians lived long ago in the Rocky Mountains, but they have gradually moved westward until now they live on the wes-

tern side, where there are two wonderful springs which send water eastward and westward to flow into our two great oceans. The water from one

As long ago as 1836 Washington Irving tells us that Captain Bonneville met Shoshone Indians on his way to the Pacific Coast. Even then the chiefs came together, smoked the peace pipe, buried their tomahawks and made up their minds to be good, peaceable Indians.

A tribe of Indians usually takes its character from the head chief. If he is a man who cares for his people, thinks for them, and leads them, then they follow and do what he says.

Washakie was such a chief, and his people loved and followed him. He had a large country, four hundred miles square, called the Wind River Reservation, and here he grouped his Indians in small villages. At his request Uncle Sam had an army post nearby, and for many years Washakie had chosen to be the friend of the white man.

Washakie was a tall, big man with fine eyes and a great deal of hair. He spoke broken English, but could make himself understood. He was a great eater, and it was always a mystery to me how one Indian could eat so much. He ate very politely, but it was like a giant taking his food.

The country where these Indians lived was very cold indeed. One of the stage-drivers, John Hanson, always tied shawls around his legs before he started on a trip, and he told me once that Bill Snooks, who drove the stage before he took it, froze both his legs when it was thirty degrees below zero, and that was nothing unusual; so the Indians were glad to wear furs to keep them warm.

Now there was a great deal of gold in the mountains where these Indians lived, and Sioux, Shoshones, Cheyennes, Crows, and others all agreed to sell their land, which was valuable for



GENERAL HOWARD AND WASHAKIE.

flows through the Yellowstone Park to the Missouri River, and then by way of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean; while the other one flows westward into the Snake River and follows its many windings till at last it joins the Columbia, and after passing the cascades, flows smoothly for one hundred and fifty miles till it finally reaches the Pacific Ocean.

Because these Indians live on the banks of the winding Snake River they are sometimes called "Snakes," but Shoshone is their Indian name.

mining, to our government, and go where there was no gold, but a bountiful supply of good water and plenty of game.

"Washington" agreed to pay the Indians for their land, and they moved away as they had promised, but the money did not come. The Indians all around Washakie had been sometimes friends to the white men and sometimes not, but when the money did not come they were ready to fight. They said: "You white men do not keep your promises." Washakie was the only one who seemed to understand that Washington was far away, and that the money must be voted by Congress before it could be paid. He would not fight, so the other Indians were angry with him, and a band of Crows attacked Washakie and his Indians. Now Washakie was a friend to the white men, but he knew how to fight. He met the Crows in battle, drove them northward, and they were glad to run away as fast as they could, leaving their lodge poles behind them; so you see he could fight when he had to.

I often met this good Chief and we were fast friends. Once when I was riding through the Yellowstone Park he told me of his latest battle. The Sioux Indians had been determined to break the power of the Shoshones, to defeat them in battle, and carry them off captive. Led by young Red Cloud, the son of the famous war-chief, a band of Sioux came upon Washakie, but he had so drilled his men that they held every pass through the mountains, and fought so hard the Sioux were obliged to give up, particularly as their young chief, Red Cloud, fell in the last attack. Washakie received praise from the Indian department for the ability with which he kept his Indians together, and the help he gave our officers and soldiers.

He was always glad to see me, and in the Yellowstone Park sent Shoshone Jack with a band of Indians to ride just out of sight on all sides of us as a guard. We were as safe in that wild country with them around us as we would have been anywhere else in America.



BIG CHIEF "LAUGH-IN-THE-FACE."



CHIEF "BILLY HA-HA."



BOOKS AND READING

HOW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" CAME TO BE WRITTEN

BY HELEN MARSHALL PRATT

CAN you imagine a time when "Alice in Wonderland" had not been heard of? When no one knew the story of the White Rabbit and the Cheshire Cat, of the March Hare and the Mad Tea-party? When "You are old, Father William," and "How doth the little busy bee" read only one way, and when there was no Mock Turtle's story, no Lobster Quadrille, and the Red Queen and the Duchess and Tweedledum and Tweedledee had not yet been made to live for the pleasure of children, large and small?

I fancy that every one who loves the Alice books must pity those unfortunate children who lived before they were written, and who thus missed so much that makes the reading hours of childhood bright to-day.

In the great quadrangle or court of Christ Church College, in Oxford, England, many a stirring event has taken place, and many a distinguished man has lived and died. Of all these, no event is of greater interest to American children than the writing of "Alice in Wonderland," and no person of greater interest than its author, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, whom we know better under his pen-name, "Lewis Carroll." In this same quadrangle, which every one in Oxford calls the "Tom Quad," from the bell named Great Tom which hangs in the Gateway Tower, lived the real Alice, a sweet, merry little Oxford girl, one of Lewis Carroll's earliest and best child friends.

Nothing in the dignified appearance of the

quadrangle suggests the grotesque creations and the merry fancies of these wonderful nonsense books. All the doorways which you see in the picture open into the homes of grave professors and students. In the northwest angle the author of Alice found his home in 1862, a few years after he had graduated from Christ Church, and had come to be a lecturer on mathematics in the college.

He seems to have been a very quiet, orderly, reserved young man, fond of long walks off in the country by himself; fond of books and study; shy and retiring with grown people, except those that he knew very well; but happy and free and merry with all children, whom he tenderly loved. He was the oldest in a big family of eleven children of whom he was very fond as they were of him. He made friends with children as long as he lived, and was never too tired or too busy to entertain them.

A little Oxford girl—but she is now a lady, and you can see the roof of her beautiful home in the quadrangle picture—who was one of Lewis Carroll's best friends, and whom he called "Dear Bee," says: "If you went to see Mr. Dodgson in the morning you would find him, pen in hand, hard at work on neat packets carefully arranged around him on the table; but the pen would be instantly laid aside, and the most cheerful of smiles would welcome you in for a chat as long as you liked to stay."

I suppose that no children ever had a more de-

lightful playfellow than did these little friends. A story is told of a famous general who went to call at a house in the Quad and was ushered into a room where no one seemed to be present, but a great commotion was going on under the table. The general, who loved a romp with his own children, got on all fours and rushed under the table, where he found to his great surprise, the Rev. Charles Dodgson surrounded by the children of the family.

But of all the little friends whom Lewis Car-



"TOM QUAD."—INTERIOR VIEW.

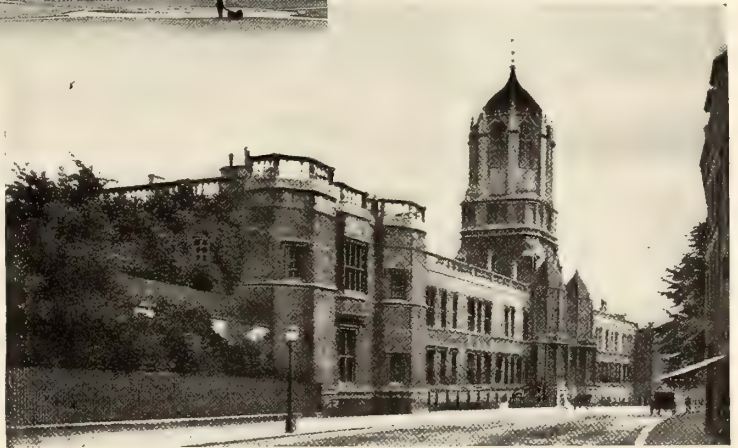
roll loved, none were dearer than the three daughters of Dean Liddell: Lorina, Alice, and Edith. They lived on the same side of the quadrangle with him, but at the opposite corner; that is, they lived at the east end of the north walk and he lived at the west end, so that they could run along the flags and visit him and have a cozy time, even on a rainy day. Their father was dean of the cathedral, and one of the authors of the great Greek dictionary which your older brother knows very well, no doubt. The deanery is a beautiful old home with ivy and trees and a fine garden at the back, and this was the home of Alice.

She was not the oldest but the second daughter, and in the verses at the beginning of the Wonderland book she is called "Secunda" (Second); Lorina, the eldest, is called "Prima" (First), and little Edith, the youngest, is called "Tertia" (Third). For these three dear children, Lewis Carroll had a never-ending fund of stories which he told them at all sorts of times: in his study, in the garden, while walking in the country or row-

ing on the river which runs at the foot of the college grounds. And one of the greatest treats that the sisters could possibly have was to go boating up the river to Nuneham or Godstow with Lewis Carroll, have tea on the banks, and come home leisurely in the early evening, to Christ Church, their host entertaining them all the way with delightful fairy stories.

"Alice in Wonderland" was one of these stories, begun as they rowed along the river on a Fourth of July and in the year 1862, when our country was in the midst of the great Civil War. Lewis Carroll himself did not seem to think the story a wonderful one. In his diary for that day he wrote:

"I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells: we had tea on the banks there and did not reach Christ Church till half past eight." Later on, he added to this: "On which occasion I told them the fairy tale of 'Alice's Adventures



CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

("Alice" was written in the lower corner room shown in the foreground of the photograph.)

Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice." He tells the story of that day more to our satisfaction in the verses at the beginning of the book:

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide:
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied.
While little hands make vain pretense
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah! cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
 Her edict to "begin it"—
 In gentler tones, Secunda hopes
 "There will be nonsense in it"—
 While Tertia interrupts the tale
 Not more than once a minute.



LEWIS CARROLL.
 (From a photograph.)

And ever as the story drained
 The wells of fancy dry,
 And faintly strove that weary one
 To put the subject by,
 "The rest next time"—"It *is* next time"—
 The happy voices cry.

You can imagine how eagerly the children listened while the adventures of the White Rabbit, the story of the Mouse and the Lory, The Caucus-race and all the rest of the tale were told in the gentle, quiet fashion in which Mr. Dodgson al-

ways spoke, and rather slowly, perhaps because of a tendency to stammering. Sometimes the party was increased by a fifth member, a gentleman who was then a student at Trinity College and a great friend of Mr. Dodgson, but who is now a grave canon of Westminster Abbey, where you may have heard him preach when you have been in London. He says that the "Alice" stories, some of them at least, were told over his shoulders.

The entire story was not told on a single occasion, as you may well believe; but on many occasions the adventures were resumed, and a chapter narrated, now on the river, now in the study, now in the garden, now after tea in the Meadows or in the cozy drawing-room facing the street. One can imagine how impatient the children would be for the "next time" to come and how unwilling to have the story-teller's voice stop, even though the breath grew too weak "To stir the tiniest feather." And how eagerly they would welcome a sight of the grave young man in his college cap and gown who represented to them a treasure-house of delight.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
 Thus slowly, one by one,
 Its quaint events were hammered out,
 And now the tale is done,
 And home we steer, a merry crew,
 Beneath the setting sun.

When it was finished, Alice begged to have the story written out for her, and the indulgent friend copied it carefully in his neat handwriting, and presented the valuable manuscript—how valuable the child did not dream and the author did not realize—to the dean's little daughter. The illustrations of the manuscript copy were also made by Lewis Car-

roll, and were the result of much care, particularly the picture of the Gryphon.

Mr. Dodgson had no thought that thousands of other children in all parts of the world would soon be reading and laughing over his story. Indeed, he seems to have given the matter very little consideration, and probably believed that the work which he was doing in teaching geometry and trigonometry to the young men of Christ Church was far more important than the fairy story which he had written.

One day, he showed the manuscript to George Macdonald, the novelist, and Mr. Macdonald was charmed with it and urged him to send it to a publisher. Such a bright and original story had no difficulty in finding a publisher. And on July 4, 1865, exactly three years after the first instalment of the story had been told to the Liddells, the first edition of two thousand copies was printed and sent out to the world. The title had been, at first, "Alice's Adventures Underground"; this was changed to "Alice's Hour in Elfland"; and, finally, to its present title, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," though seldom is its full name used by child readers.

So little did the author understand what a wonderfully ingenious and fascinating book he had written, that he did not expect the first edition would ever be sold. But the two thousand books were very quickly disposed of. Every one wanted to read "Alice," and to have his friends read it. Not only little children but grown people enjoyed it, and edition after edition has been printed and sold, and to-day it is even more sought after than when it was first published. It has become a classic and holds a place on children's bookshelves with "Robinson Crusoe" and Hans Christian Andersen. "There is not a spot in the civilized world, not a library with any pretension to literature where the Jabberwock and the Cheshire Cat are unknown."

Queen Victoria was so pleased with the first "Alice" book that she asked to have other works by the same author sent to her, and was more surprised than pleased, we are told, when a great package of mathematical treatises arrived, the works of the lecturer in mathematics.

A few years ago, a prominent London daily paper sent out an inquiry as to the twenty books most popular with children, and though it was thirty years after Alice in Wonderland had first appeared, this was the book which headed the list.

Hundreds of copies of the nonsense books were sent by the kind-hearted author to the sick and crippled children in the hospitals of London, for his heart was ever tender to the unfortunate. In a letter to a friend he says: "I have been distributing copies to all the hospitals and convalescent homes that I can hear of, where there are sick children capable of reading them; and

though of course one takes some pleasure in the popularity of the books elsewhere, it is not nearly so pleasant a thought to me as that they may be



ALICE LIDDELL.

(From a photograph by Lewis Carroll.)

a comfort and relief to children in hours of pain and weariness."

It was his delight to present copies of his books to little friends whom he met while traveling or at the seashore where he spent his long summer vacations. Often he wrote amusing letters with the book. One lady says: "Our acquaintance began in a somewhat singular manner. We were playing at the Fort at Margate, and a gentleman on the seat near asked if we could make a paper boat with a seat at each end and a basket in the middle for fish. We were of course enchanted with the idea, and our new friend, after achieving the feat, gave us his card which we at once carried to our mother. He asked if he might call where we were staying, and then presented my elder sister with a copy of "Alice in Wonderland."

The "Alice" of Lewis Carroll's story was to him just what a little girl should be, an ideal child, delicate and refined, truthful and sincere. A very real little girl, Alice must have been to her author. "What wert thou, dream-Alice, in thy foster-father's eyes? How shall he picture thee? Loving, first, and gentle: loving . . . and gentle as a fawn; then courteous, courteous to all, high or low, grand or grotesque, king or caterpillar, even as though she were a king's daughter and her clothing of wrought gold; then trustful, ready to accept the wildest impossibilities with all that utter trust that only dreamers know."

The story of Alice has been translated into French and German, Italian and Dutch, and "Father William" has even appeared in Arabic, though it is difficult to understand how the verse could be amusing in any language but that in which it was written. The French translation bears the rather heavy title, "Adventures d'Alice au Pays des Merveilles"; the German title is easier, "Alice's Abenteuer in Wunderland." It would be of interest to know whether they amuse French and German children as they do English and American children. Here is that wise remark of the Duchess which you all remember in the amusing conversation with Alice:

"The moral of that is," said the Duchess, "be what you would seem to be: or, to put it more simply,—Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

The French and German translators, no doubt, had a difficult task with this puzzling bit of English.

The room in which Lewis Carroll really wrote out his story of Alice was that on the ground floor of the cor-

ner apartment between the north and the west walks where he had apartments when he first came to live in the quadrangle. Here he lived and wrote for six years, but "Alice in Wonderland" was the only one of his stories completed while living here. In 1868, he removed to the rooms directly above, on the second floor, and it was in these upper rooms that his later stories and mathematical books were written and where he was living up to the time of his death in 1898.

If you visit beautiful Oxford to-day, you will not find there the three little friends for whom the Alice story was written. Alice herself and her older sister, Lorina, have married and gone to homes of their own. Another dean lives in the beautiful deanery. Sweet Edith, the youngest sister, sleeps in a quiet corner of the churchyard at the back of the cathedral, by her father's side. She died suddenly, after three days' illness, and soon after her marriage engagement had been announced. If you go into the south nave aisle of the cathedral, you will see a window at the east end which is dedicated to the memory of this sister, and just outside the window her grave was made. For many years, a beautiful altar-cloth made by the three Liddells was in use at the cathedral altar.

The old quadrangle is very little different from what it was when Lewis Carroll used to bring the sisters home from their excursions up the river, leave them at the deanery, and go to his own cozy bachelor apartments at the angle.

And if you go boating up the river to Godstow or Nuneham, on a fine summer afternoon, when the sweet English country is in its rich robes of green, you will see almost the same sights that

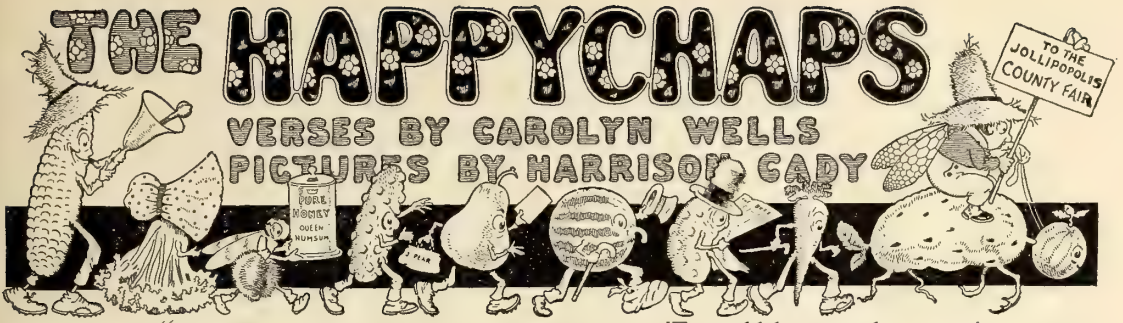
Alice and her sisters saw while they were listening to the fascinating adventures of "Alice in Wonderland."



LORINA, ALICE, AND EDITH LIDDELL.
(From a photograph by Lewis Carroll.)

THE HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON GADY



HAPPYCHAPTER IX



THE time of the County Fair drew nigh
And I can tell you this:
There never was, on the Earth's fair face,
Such a hustling, bustling, rustling place
As Jollipopolis.
Th' Agricultural Society
Watched the clouds with grave anxiety,

Lest it storm or rain or hail or snow,
Or lest contrariwise winds should blow,
Or the weather prove amiss.
But the day was bright and fair and warm
With no sign of the teeniest, weeniest storm;
The Happychaps hurried,
To the Fair grounds they scurried,
And the managers managed to arrive
At quarter to seven or half-past five;
While Skiddoodles came in a swarm.
The gates were to open at nine o'clock,
But ere that the guests began to flock;
They had to wait
Outside the gate,
And the line reached more than a block!
Why, some of those people had stood in line
Since the evening before at half-past nine!
But nobody grumbled and nobody growled,
Nobody sulked and nobody scowled,
For Happychaps always are bright and gay,
Whatever bothers beset their way,

And they would beguile
The weary while,
With quip and jest and smile.
At last the gates were thrown open wide
And Skiddoodle heralds loudly cried:
"Ho! Come right in!
We 're about to begin!"
And every one went inside.

'T would have made you grin
To see them go in!
They tripped and they skipped,
And some of them slipped;
They raced and they paced,
And some of them chased;
They walked and they waddled,
They trotted and toddled,
They strolled and they ambled,
They rolled and they rambled,
They flew and they dashed, and they scampered
and rushed,
They sped and they scudded, they plunged and
they pushed,
They shuffled and stumped,
They scuffled and bumped,
They pranced, danced, frisked, whisked, rode,
strode, jogged, and jumped!



ON THE WAY TO THE FAIR GROUNDS.

But at last they were in, and the Fair was begun,
And everybody took part in the fun.
The great plowing contest called forth loud
applause.
'T was strictly conducted by Happychap laws.
'Twixt one set of plow-handles Hoppergrass
pranced;
To the other, the brawny Scot, Duncan, advanced.

"One, two, three—Go!"
The start was n't slow!



THE CATERPILLAR CHAUFFEUR.

Away the two plowmen went, lickety-split!

The Happychaps laughed till they 'most had a fit.

Then the judges cried out

With victorious shout,

"Hooray for the winner!" But there was a doubt

Who had won. In the hubbub no one could find out!

Next: Motor-car Races, as fleet as the wind; And Toots, the be-goggled one, giggled and grinned,

As he whizzed into view

In his motor-car new,

A sixty-horse-fly-power! A dandy one, too!

No possible rival Toots Happychap feared;

So nimbly he steered,

That no one was skeered

Lest he lose the great race. Yet every one cheered

When the motor-car of the Skid-doodles appeared.

There sat at the wheel, with an air of hauteur,

A big caterpillar. What fur? To show fur!

(And beside him a hornet, to blow the brass horn.)

Each motorist viewed the other with scorn.

Then at the word "Go!" they flew down the track

At such speed it would seem they could never get back.

Off in the dim distance they looked like a speck; Then Ker-whizzety-zip!

With a twist and a flip,

The contestants turned, and came back neck and neck!

They both were applauded,

And both cars were lauded,

And each had a prize! So they were not defrauded.

The New Model Dairy was lovely to see;

So clean and so neat,

So dainty and sweet;

And Happychap dairymaids, trim as could be,

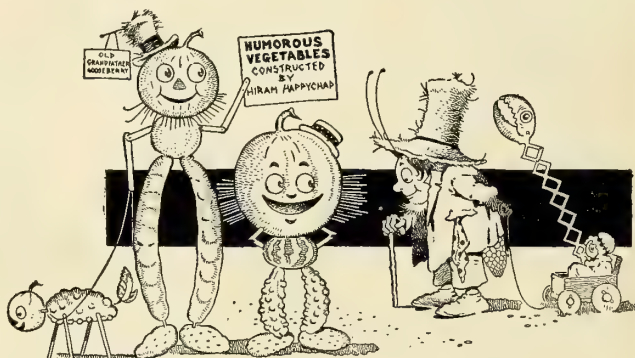
Showed the wonderful scheme

To turn milkweeds to cream,

Which is marvelous, you must agree.

At this dairy the great Churning Contest was held;

By the Butterflies, who in this quaint art excelled.



HARRISON [ADY

THE COMICAL VEGETABLE SHOW.

With their dashers the dashing competitors dashed;

They spattered and plashed,

They splattered and splashed,

Till the cream that they churned

To butter had turned,

Which they placed in fresh buttercups stood in a row,

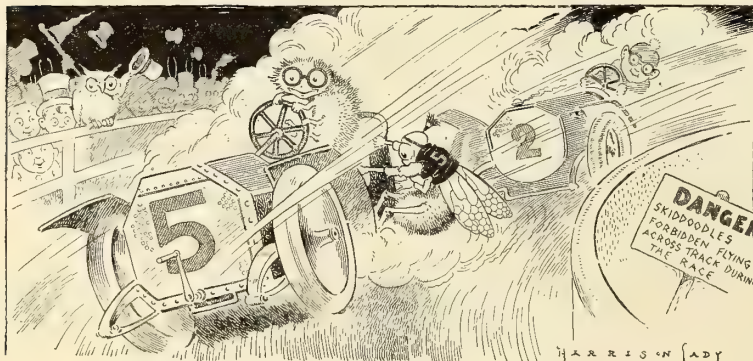
And, my! but it made a beautiful show!

Said the judge: "I advise

Each one has a prize."

And nobody present said "No"!

Some Happychaps thought the best show of all



HARRISON [ADY

"AT SUCH SPEED IT WOULD SEEM THEY COULD NEVER GET BACK."



TRYING TO CLIMB THE GREASED POLE.

Was seen in the great Horticultural Hall.
They exhibited Prize Jumbo Melons, and these
Were not quite as big as very young peas!
But old 'Rastus Happychap cried: "Sho 's yer
bawn!

I 's got de fust prize fer millyuns an' co'n!"
Queen Humsum for honey
received first award;
On this point the judges
were all in ac-
cord.

But the modest
young queen,
in her feminine
way,
Said: "It 's
not quite so
good as usual
to-day!"

A contest of
interest to all
the outsid-
ers,
Was a Speed
Spinning
Race, 'twixt
the silk-
worms and
spiders.



THE CHURNING CONTEST.

While a Steady Work Contest between ants and
bees,
Proved which really is most industrious of these.
The funniest contest, I think, on the whole,
Was when several volunteers climbed the
greased pole!

The beetles and snails
were as heavy as
lead,
So of course they fell
down — sometimes
on their head!

The grasshoppers start-
ed, and gaily they
skipped;
But their feet were so
small, that down
they soon slipped.

Percy Porcupine agile-
ly climbed to the
top,

But just as he reached it the judges cried: "Stop!
Your success, my dear sir, is not worth a pin;
You hang on by your quills! Of course they
stick in!

And that old caterpillar sticks on by his fuzz!"
Cried some judges: "He does n't!" cried others:
"He does!"



HARRISON ADY

THE ANT GETS THE PRIZE.



HARRISON GADY

THE COUNTY FAIR IN JOLLIPOPOLIS.

Some cried: "He shall have the prize!" Some
cried: "He shan't!"
But it finally went to a small plodding ant!

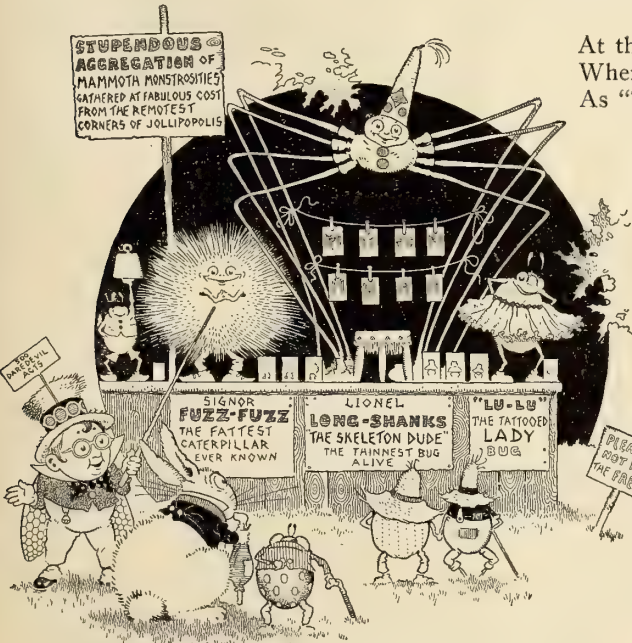


HARRISON LADY
THE KNITTING CONTEST.

The success of a Fair, as every one knows,
Depends in great measure upon its Side Shows.
Happychaps and Skiddoodles all laughed for
weeks



HARRISON LADY
PROFESSOR CROAK READS YOUR PALM FOR TEN PEANUTS.



HARRISON LADY
OLD DADDY LONG-LEGS AS "THE LIVING SKELETON."

At the memory of the comical "freaks."
When old Daddy-Long-Legs gravely appeared
As "The Living Skeleton," he was cheered.

A lady-bug's name
Was "The Tattooed Dame."
And Miss Striped Spider
The Bareback Rider,

Received her share of fame.

A large mosquito, with step quite firm,
Walked a tight rope made of an angle-
worm.

This creature (as is known by many)
Is called *angle worm*, 'cause he has n't
any!

The strongest horse-fly ever known
Held on his back a cherry-stone,
And bore the weight of it all alone!

THE Happychaps had organized
A Dramatic Club; and they highly
prized

This chance to exhibit their clever art;
And each one carefully learned his part.
The play, of course, was given at night;

The fireflies furnished sufficient light.
 Across the stage they formed a border,
 And made footlights of a very fine order.
 While the glowworms above shone through the
 haze,
 And made believe they were calcium rays!
 In the play, Katydid was *Cinderella*,
 And the *Prince* was Dude Happychap, gay
 young fellow!
 And 'Rastus's melon of largest size
 Was used for a coach, drawn by six horse-flies.
 The cross *Stepsisters* were snapping-turtles,
 In gay silk petticoats and kirtles.
 The *Fairy Godmother*, of gracious mien,
 Was lovely Queen Humsum, the Honeybee queen.

Footmen, lackeys, and all
 The guests at the ball
 Were played by Skiddoodles and Happychaps
 small.
 In raptest attention the audience listened;
 Their faces were smiling, their eyes fairly glist-
 ened.
 Then all the Skiddoodles and all Happychaps
 Expressed their applause with the loudest hand-
 claps.
 And they said: "We have never
 Seen any so clever
 As this great Dramatic Club that has just
 played
 The prettiest play that ever was made."

EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE



A BATH

WHEN I was just a little child,
 Before I went to sleep
 I always took my evening bath—
 I liked it "pretty deep."

Sometimes I did n't want to go,
 And sometimes there were tears;
 But Mother never failed to say:
 "Now wash behind your ears,

"And don't neglect the corners," or,
 "Don't splash too hard!" she 'd cry;
 Yet she was quick to help me
 When soap got in my eye.

* * * * *

AND now that I'm a great big boy,
 I wonder every day
 Where other mothers learn the things
 My Mother used to say.



BED TIME

BEFORE the last good-night is said,
And ere he tumbles into bed,
A little child should have a care
And not forget to say a prayer
To God, the Father, who, with love,
Looks down on children from above
To guard them always, night and day,
And guide their feet upon the way.



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"

RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENTS IN THE NURSERY

BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

SIXTEENTH PAPER—"PAPER FALSE-FACES"

A FALSE-FACE is a fascinating thing even to the "grown-ups" and is always a delight to the children. Hallowe'en, pumpkin lanterns and false-faces are closely associated in a child's mind and



FIG. 1. DIAGRAM OF A FALSE-FACE FOR THE SPANIARD.

it will amuse the young folks next month to assist in making the faces. Indeed the older boys and girls can easily do the work without help, for these false-faces are made simply of paper and though highly colored have no paint about them. With the exception of the clown-face all are of brown wrapping-paper, which is almost the color of flesh, and the features are cut from colored papers and pasted in place. Colored paper features are better than painted ones for the effect is much stronger. The false-face is held on by the child's ears, which are slipped through the holes back of the paper ears.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

FIGURE 1 is the pattern for every face, but it is altered a trifle at top and bottom to suit the characters of each one. The size must, of course, vary a little to fit children of different ages, though it is usually only the placing of the ears that needs be changed. It is a good plan to measure across the child's face from ear to ear, running the tape-measure just under the nose. This will give you the exact distance between the ears. In the middle of the face with the lower edge on a line with the lower tip of the ear, cut a hole for the nose. If you make your pattern of newspaper you can try it on at this stage and locate the exact places for the eyes and mouth by pinching the soft paper at these points. The ears, you will notice, are not wholly

cut from the face but are left to stand out in front of the natural ears, which adds to the absurdity of the expression.

When your newspaper pattern has been made to fit, place it on a perfectly smooth piece of rather heavy brown wrapping-paper, trace around the edges with a pencil, and cut out the false-face (Fig. 1). Make the holes for the eyes one quarter of an inch in diameter, and the hole for the nose only just long enough and wide enough to fit over the nose of the child.

THE SPANIARD

For the Spaniard make a rather long chin and the square jaws. Figures 2 and 3 give all the features for the Spaniard's face. Cut the pointed mustache, and goatee, the eyebrows, and iris for the eye of black paper; the gleaming upper and lower teeth and the eyes of white paper, and the lower lip and patch in the corner of the eye of red paper. Make the narrow eyes about two inches long and a little over half an inch wide. Cut a round hole one quarter of an inch in diameter in the middle of each eye, and one of the same size in

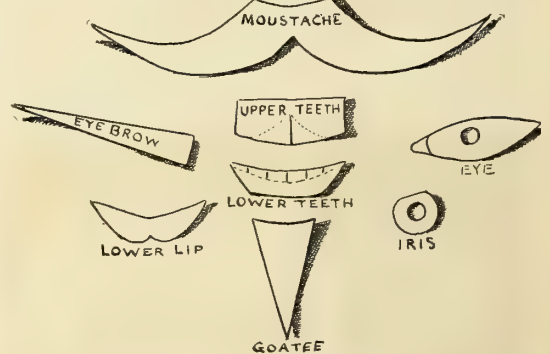


FIG. 2. DIAGRAM OF THE DETAILS FOR THE SPANIARD.

the middle of each iris. Paste the iris on the eye, fitting the holes evenly together, and paste the little red patch in the corner of the eye. Paste the eyes on the face, with the outer corners slightly elevated, and fitting the holes in the eyes over the holes in the face, then draw a heavy black line all around each eye. Make the eyebrows two and a half inches long, and almost half an inch wide at their widest end, and paste them rather close to-

gether above the eyes, slanting them sharply upward, as in Figure 3. Make the mustache six

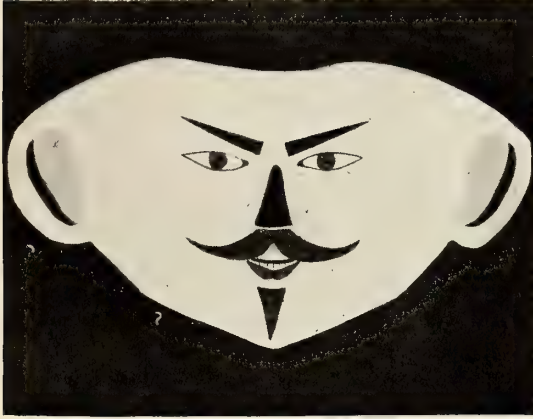


FIG. 3. THE SPANIARD.

inches long from tip to tip, and the upper teeth one and a half inches long from side to side. With a soft lead-pencil draw a black line separating the two front teeth, and paste the mustache over the teeth. The dotted line on the teeth shows where the mustache parts and curves away leaving the teeth partly exposed. The lower lip and lower teeth should measure one and three quarter inches from side to side. Paste the lip over the lower teeth with the upper edge touching the dotted line (Fig. 2), then draw the lines separating the teeth. Cut the goatee one and a half inches long and a little less than one inch wide at the top. Now paste the mustache on the face with its upper edge close to the hole cut for the nose. Paste only at the middle, for the ends of the mustache must stand out from the face. Paste the lower teeth and lip just below the



FIG. 4. THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

opening for the mouth and below the lower lip paste the goatee, attaching it only at the top.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

WHEN you make this false-face cut off the angles on the bottom edge of the face that give the square jaws to the Spaniard, and let the chin be a little shorter (Fig. 4). Figure 5 gives the girl features, which are quite unlike those of the wide-awake girl of to-day. Make the eyes of white paper and notice how very different in shape they are from the Spaniard's eyes. Put the red patches in the corner of the eyes, and make the irises of light blue paper. Use dark brown paper for the arched eyebrows and heavy eyelashes. Cut the eyelashes in a fringe at the bottom, and paste on the eye only at the top edge. The fringe, or lashes, must be loose, and the top edge must exactly fit the top edge of the eye.

Make a red, open rosebud mouth, like the diagram, and white upper teeth. Space the teeth with three black lines, then cut slits along the

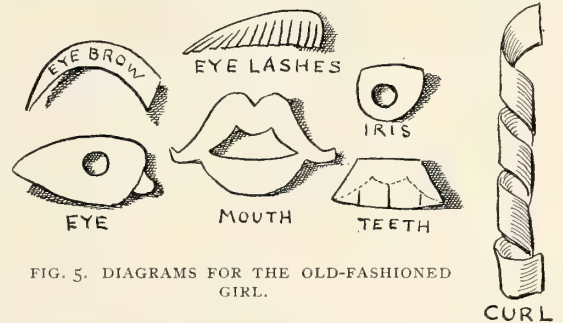


FIG. 5. DIAGRAMS FOR THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

two outer lines separating the two front teeth from the others. Paste the teeth inside the mouth and lift the two front ones up so that they will project forward beyond the lips. Paste the features on the face, then raise the eyelashes a trifle and they will cast a pretty shadow on the eyes.

For the drooping curls, cut strips of light brown tissue-paper one inch wide and of different lengths. Nine inches is long enough for the longest strips and four inches for the shortest. Curl the strips by drawing them lightly over a knife blade, placing the edge of the blade diagonally across the paper. If the curl is too tight, turn the paper over and reverse the process. The shortest curls must be in the middle of the face and the longest curls at the sides. Paste them only at the top ends, close to the top edge of the forehead. The little girl in the photograph wears the old-fashioned girl face.

If the mother or child has a faculty for drawing, a sad, or humorous expression can be given to the face at will, and thus add to the amusement. Sometimes a likeness might be attempted.

THE BABY FACE

THIS is the easiest of all to make and looks very absurd on a great tall boy or girl. A wide white ruffle around the neck will add to the effect. Cut the face like the others, but make the outlines of

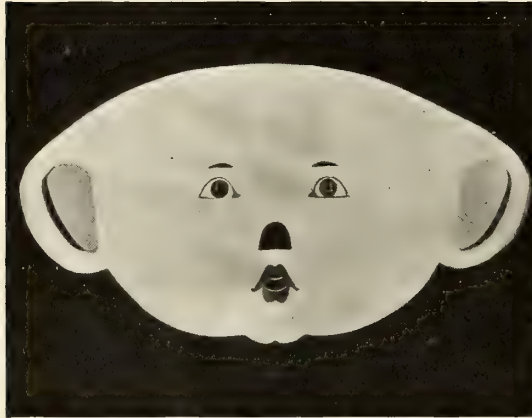


FIG. 6. THE BABY FACE.

the cheeks full and round, the chin round and dimpled and the forehead high. Cut only a small hole for the lower part of the nose to come through (Fig. 6) and the result will be a little, round baby nose. Figure 7 gives the baby features. Make the irises of the eyes blue and round, and the tiny eyebrows a light brown. The eye itself is one inch long and almost round, and the iris should be pasted on low enough down to

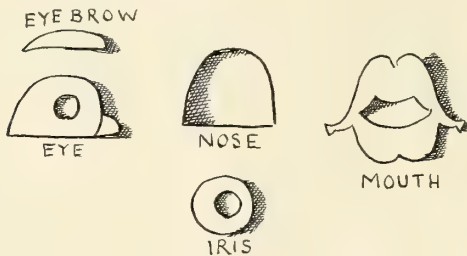


FIG. 7. DETAILS OF THE BABY FACE.

show white above it and produce the "baby stare."

Paste the bright red patches in the corners of the eyes. The shape of the hole for the nose is shown in Figure 7. Cut the small, red, open mouth something like the mouth of the Old-fashioned Girl, but let it droop more at the corners. It should measure not more than one inch and a quarter from corner to corner. Paste the mouth in place and cut away the brown paper between the lips. Now we come to the

CLOWN FACE

worn by the little boy in the photograph which differs in several respects from the others (Fig.

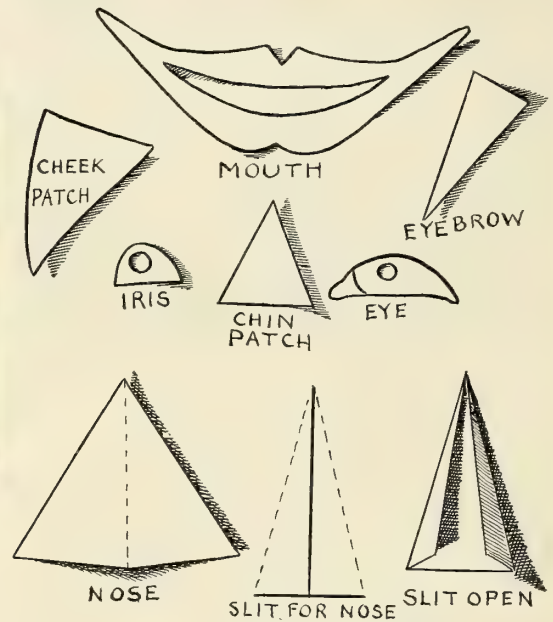


FIG. 8. DETAILS OF THE CLOWN FACE.

9). First, you must make the face of light weight, white drawing-paper. White wrapping-paper is not strong enough. Cut the chin long and quite pointed. Make two slits in the place for the nose—an upright central slit the length of the nose, and just below it a horizontal slit, a little

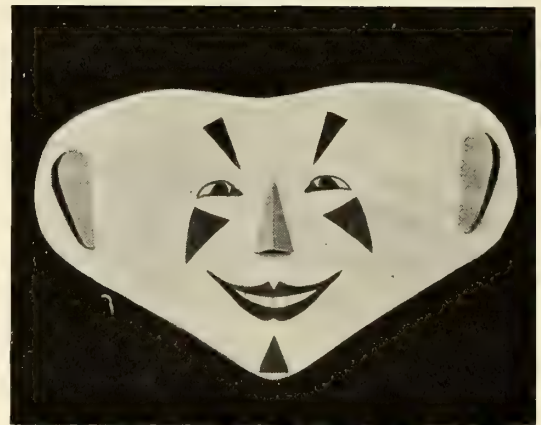


FIG. 9. THE CLOWN FACE.

over one inch long, as shown in Figure 8, then open and bend out the laps in the way also shown

in Figure 8. Do not cut an opening for the mouth. Make the cheek and chin patches, the eyebrows, corners for the eyes, and large, smiling, open mouths of bright red paper. Make the irises for the eyes of black or brown paper, and the triangle for the nose of the white paper.

Let the eyes be about one and a half inches

nose lengthwise through the middle, as indicated by the dotted line, and paste it over the two flaps where the slit is opened (Fig. 8). This gives a white nose. With the white face a real nose of flesh would be out of keeping. The mouth should measure four inches from corner to corner. Paste it in place, leaving a rather long upper lip and on



THE CLOWN AND THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

long, narrow and drooping slightly at the outer corners, and cut the irises perfectly straight on the lower edge. This gives a quizzical, laughing expression to the eyes. Make the red triangular eyebrows two inches long and half an inch wide at the widest part. Paste them above the eyes, slanting them almost to a vertical line with the wide end at the top. Make the triangle for the nose two and a half inches wide at the base, and as high as the vertical slit in the face. Bend the

the white paper, between the lips, draw lines for the large teeth. Make the cheek patches about two inches long and a little over one inch wide at the top, and the chin patch a trifle over one inch high, and almost one inch wide at the base. Then paste them on the face in the positions shown in Figure 9.

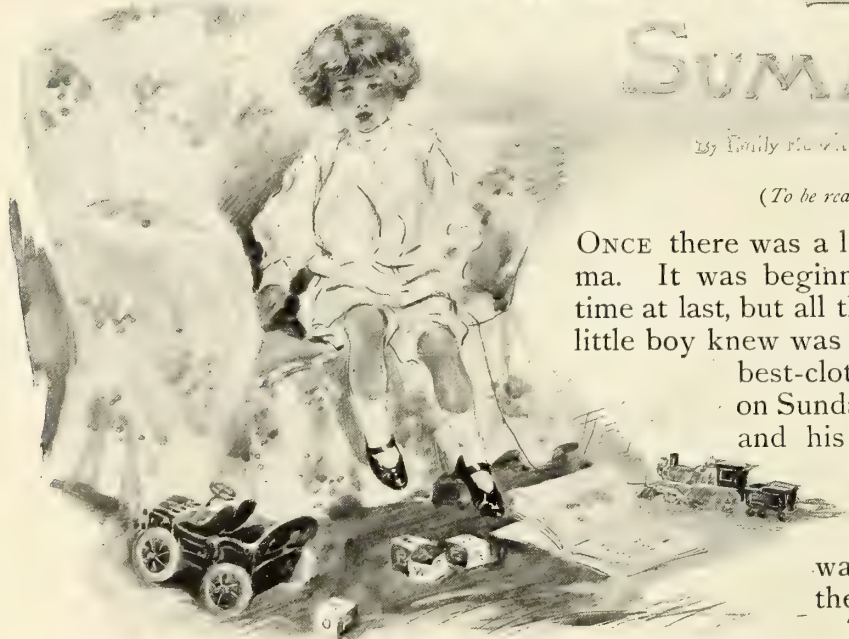
It will be very amusing to design new faces, and the children will not be slow in suggesting a great variety of these.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

A LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER

By Emily Stewart Leland

(To be read aloud)



ONCE there was a little boy and a Mama. It was beginning to be summertime at last, but all the summer-time the little boy knew was a little starched-up, best-clothes visit to the Park on Sunday afternoons, for he and his Mama lived away

up, up many stairs, in a flat, and his Mama was too busy to go to the Park on other days.

The weather grew warmer and warmer,

and by and by the little boy did n't feel well. He could n't sleep nice and sound, and he was n't good and hungry for breakfast. So Mama went to the telephone and called up Doctor John. Doctor John came and looked at the little boy's tongue and held his hand, and then he said to the Mama: "All he needs is fresh air, pure water, good milk, whole-wheat toast, soft-boiled eggs, chicken-broth, baked potatoes, lots of fruit, and a chance to roll and tumble about in the soft grass under the shady trees—and in the sunshine too—all day long. Can't you take him to the country for about seventy days?"

"Why, yes," said Mama. "I can take him to Grandma's. She lives up among the hills where there's the best kind of fresh air—and Jersey cows and berries and shady trees and chickens and little lambs, and everything that is lovely!"

"All right," said Doctor John, "that is the place for this little man. Better take him there right away." Then Doctor John said, "Good Morning," and went away.

Then Mama and Mary, the girl who helped with the housework, just flew about, packing a lunch-box and books and clothes, and Mama remembered to pack the little boy's blocks and cart and little shovel and the rabbit bank. Then she rushed to the telephone and said: "Mr. Carriage Man, please send a carriage around for the ten-fifteen choo choo." And the carriage man answered back:

“Yes, ma’am, all right, ma’am!” Then Mama telephoned to Grandma and said: “Grandma, dear, we are coming out to-day to make you a long visit.” And Grandma answered back: “Oh, I am so delighted! I’ll have Jimmy at the station to meet you with the ponies.”

Then Mama dressed the little boy in his pretty clothes and Sunday hat, and by and by Mr. Carriage Man hurried up to the door and they hurried downstairs and got into the carriage with their grips and lunch-box and umbrella and shawl and fan, and away they went down the street and up another street and along another street, until they came to the station, and there was the Choo Choo huffing and puffing and almost ready to start. So they hurried and climbed up into the Choo Choo, and the Choo Choo man brought in their things, and the



“HE TOOK THE LITTLE BOY UP ON THE SEAT WITH HIM AND LET HIM HOLD THE ENDS OF THE LINES.”

engine said *Whoof—Whoof!* and off they went. The little boy knelt up by the window and had such a good time watching the houses and people and carriages flying by, and pretty soon the Choo Choo huffed and puffed away out into the country, and the little boy could see the hills and trees, and the horses and cows in the fields, and the blue sky and white houses and red barns and little dogs that ran out and barked at the Choo Choo and made the little boy laugh.

By and by the little boy said he was hungry. So Mama opened the lunch-

box and spread a napkin in his lap and gave him a little wooden plate with a bread-and-jam sandwich, a cooky and a banana on it, and he ate every bit and drank a cup of milk, too. And Mama laughed and said he must be feeling better already.

Then the little boy knelt by the window again, but pretty soon he got tired of seeing so many things flying by, and he lay down on the seat and went sound

asleep with Mama's shawl for a pillow. When he woke up the Choo Choo was getting pretty near the place where Grandma lived, so he and Mama put on their hats and gathered up their things, and by and by *there* was Grandma's house away over on a lovely green hill with shady trees all about it and red chimneys and white fences, just as it was in the picture in Mama's dining-room.

Presently the Choo Choo stopped, and Mama and the little boy hurried out, and there was Jimmy to meet them! Jimmy was a big boy—almost as big as Doctor John—and he had two *beautiful* gray ponies and a pretty carriage with yellow wheels. He took the little boy up

on the front seat with him and let him hold the ends of the lines, and Mama sat in the back seat with the grips and the lunch-box and the shawl and the fan and the umbrella. Then they drove away over the smooth country road, the air sweet with clover and wild roses, and the birds singing their sunset songs in the trees. By and by they drove through a wide gateway and trotted straight up to Grandma's house, and there was Grandma waiting in the porch to hug and kiss them. After she had hugged and kissed them she said: "Supper is almost ready, but there's time for him to pick his strawberries, bless his heart!"

So after he was washed and brushed, Grandma gave him a bright tin cup and



"AND HE PLAYED AND SPLASHED UNTIL THEY HEARD THE DINNER-HORN."

showed him where the strawberries grew. And was n't that fun? In a little while he picked the cup full, besides three big ones which he carried in his hand. And Grandma pulled off the stems and put the berries in a pretty china dish and poured yellow cream over them and sprinkled them with sugar, and the little boy had them for his supper with two g-r-e-a-t b-i-g slices of toasted whole-wheat bread.

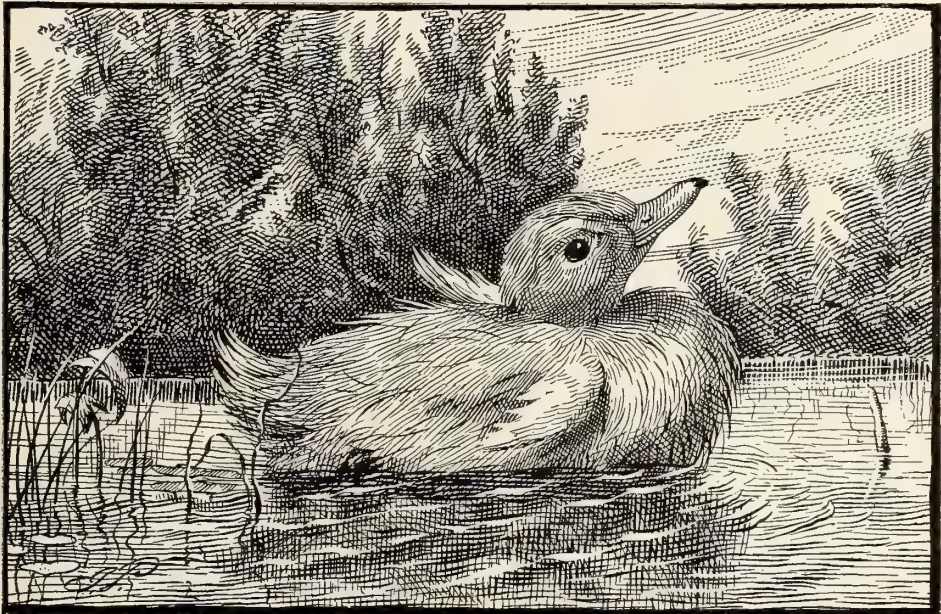
Then, after supper, he went out to the barn with Jimmy and helped him feed the ponies and milk the cows. And Jimmy showed him a little baby cow and three baby sheep, and let him gather the eggs from a hen's nest and carry them in his hat—*very carefully*—to Grandma.

But the greatest fun was the next day. The weather was bright and warm, and Mama and the little boy went down through the orchard and climbed a fence, and pretty soon they came to the nice clear water of a little brook. And Mama took off the little boy's shoes and stockings and rolled his trousers away up high, and let him go spul-lashing and spul-lashing about in the lovely water. And he played and splashed until they heard the dinner-horn toot-toot-tooting for dinner.

And the next day, and the next day, and the next day—and all the seventy days they stayed at Grandma's—the little boy played with the brook and the lambs and the baby cows and gathered eggs—*very carefully*—and drank fresh milk and ate fruit and brown bread and chicken-soup and soft-boiled eggs, and rolled and tumbled in the grass, until, when he went back home—what do you think?—all his cool weather clothes and shoes and slippers were too small for him, and Mama had to buy all kinds of new things for him right away!

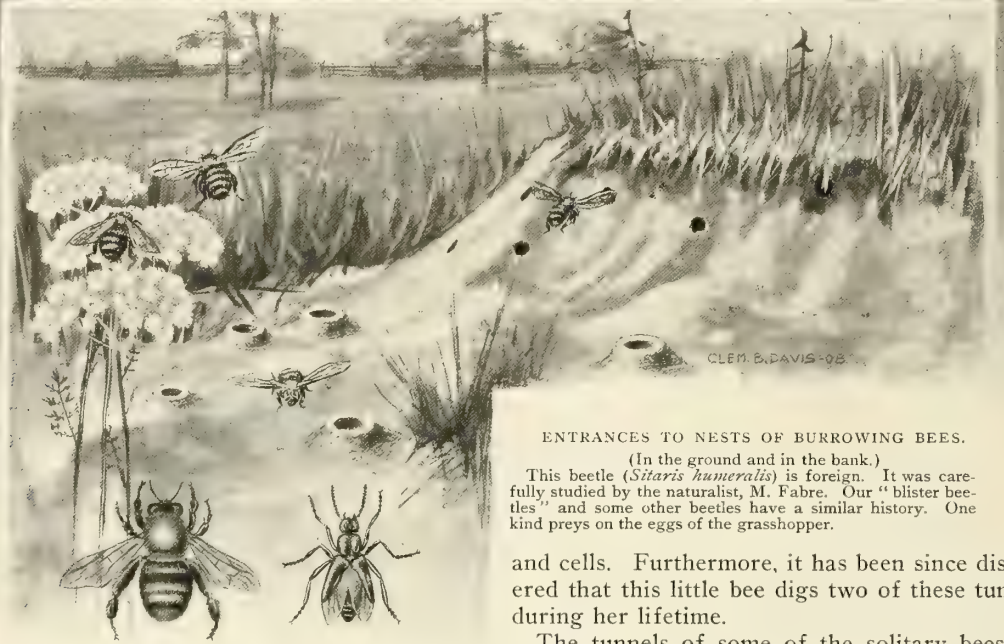
And Mama said it was so much nicer than paying a big doctor's bill.

BIG ENOUGH TO GO SWIMMING ALONE



Nature and Science for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



ENTRANCES TO NESTS OF BURROWING BEES.

(In the ground and in the bank.)

This beetle (*Sitaris humeralis*) is foreign. It was carefully studied by the naturalist, M. Fabre. Our "blister beetles" and some other beetles have a similar history. One kind preys on the eggs of the grasshopper.

THE SOLITARY BEE.
(*Anthophora*.)

THE UNWELCOME HOST.
A beetle (*Sitaris humeralis*).

SOME HOSTS AND THEIR QUEER GUESTS

NOT all the bees one sees on the flowers are the busy little fellows who supply our tables with honey. Of course you all know that the great family of bees may be roughly divided into the social bees, those that live together in populous communities, and the solitary bees who live only one or two in a home.

Instead of building their homes of wax, some of these industrious little solitary fellows are tunnel-builders and excavate their homes in the earth. By no means is theirs a light task, and the amount of work sometimes done by a single bee is enormous—almost beyond belief. It has been approximately calculated that the little blue digger-bee (*Augochlora*) digs such a tunnel in proportion to her weight that if a man weighing 185 pounds would equal it, he must dig a hole four feet in diameter and 1295 miles deep. And this represents less than half the work done, for this computation takes no account of the branches

and cells. Furthermore, it has been since discovered that this little bee digs two of these tunnels during her lifetime.

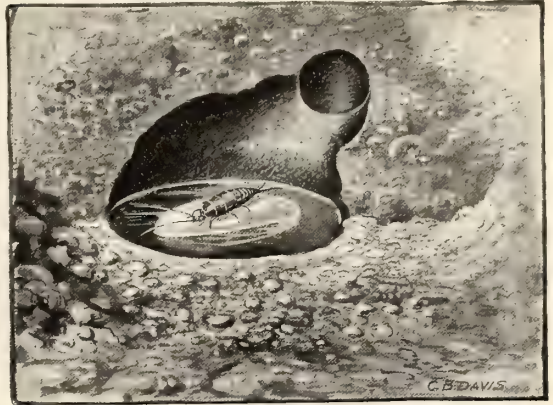
The tunnels of some of the solitary bees are driven horizontally in the sides of steep slopes, and others are sunk vertically from the surface of the level ground according to the habits of the different species. Leading from the main passageway, there are short branches which terminate each in a widened chamber or cell. The whole interior of this cell is plastered with a cement that makes the walls smooth and waterproof and also hardens them so the earth does not fall in.

These little bees differ slightly in their opinions as to which is the best food and, consequently, some species store their cells with a pellet of pollen while others are sure that honey, with a little pollen added, is by far the best food for a young bee. In either case, an egg is placed on the food-mass and the entrance to the cell closed up. When the lowest cell is properly stocked and sealed, the next one above it is undertaken, then the next higher one, and so on toward the top. In this way the earth from each succeeding cell fills the passageway below it and so prevents access to the cells by the natural enemies of the bees. Everything now seems well, and all chance for further danger is over when the tunnel is thus partially filled with sand. Unfortunately, however, there prevails here a close

parallel to some forms of human depravity. Although there is now but slight chance of harm from without, disaster occurs from a totally unsuspected source. Even now a sneak-thief is concealed within the treasure-chamber and his entrance was effected unwittingly by the aid of the mother bee herself. This unwelcome intruder is self-invited. He is a worthless loafer dependent on another's bounty for his existence—indeed, he is more of a rascal than merely a vagrant. Furthermore, he is not even a bee, but is a rogue of a beetle whose only apparent redeeming quality is his amazing life-history.

Of course, you all know that the ordinary changes that an insect undergoes from egg to

April or May, these little creatures awake from their winter sleep and lie in wait for the young



THE BEETLE ON THE EGG THAT FLOATS ON HONEY IN THE CELL.

The earth is represented as removed, to show the interior arrangement.

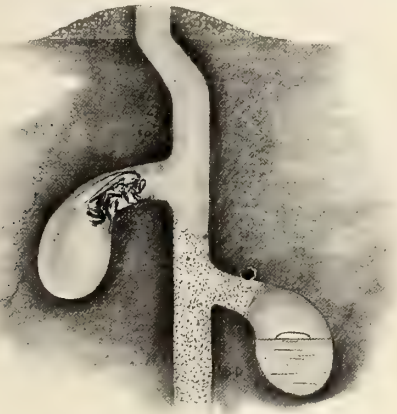


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TUNNEL OF A BEE.

This shows the "offset" at the entrance. The cell tube at the right and lower parts of the main cell are filled by particles of earth brought up by the bee.

caterpillar, then to pupa, and finally to a full grown insect, is called its metamorphosis, which merely means "changing into different form." But the unusual forms and strange doings of this little fellow as he progresses from egg to mature beetle are so numerous and extraordinary that the learned fraternity of entomologists must speak of them as a *hypermetamorphosis*, possibly in their endeavor to find a word sufficiently long to fit this strange case. Briefly stated, the life-round of one of these little beetles, *Sitaris humeralis*, for instance, is about as follows: About the end of August the little beetle lays its eggs, a thousand or more, in the dust around the entrance to the nest of one of the solitary bees, *Anthophora*. About the latter part of September these eggs hatch into lively, six-legged little black creatures called triungulins. Instead of entering the bee's nest for protection, they pass the winter in a heap in the dust surrounding the entrance to the nest. About the following

bees, who should emerge about this time. They blindly fasten to any hairy object that comes their way and great numbers of them are thus



BUMBLEBEES FEEDING ON CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

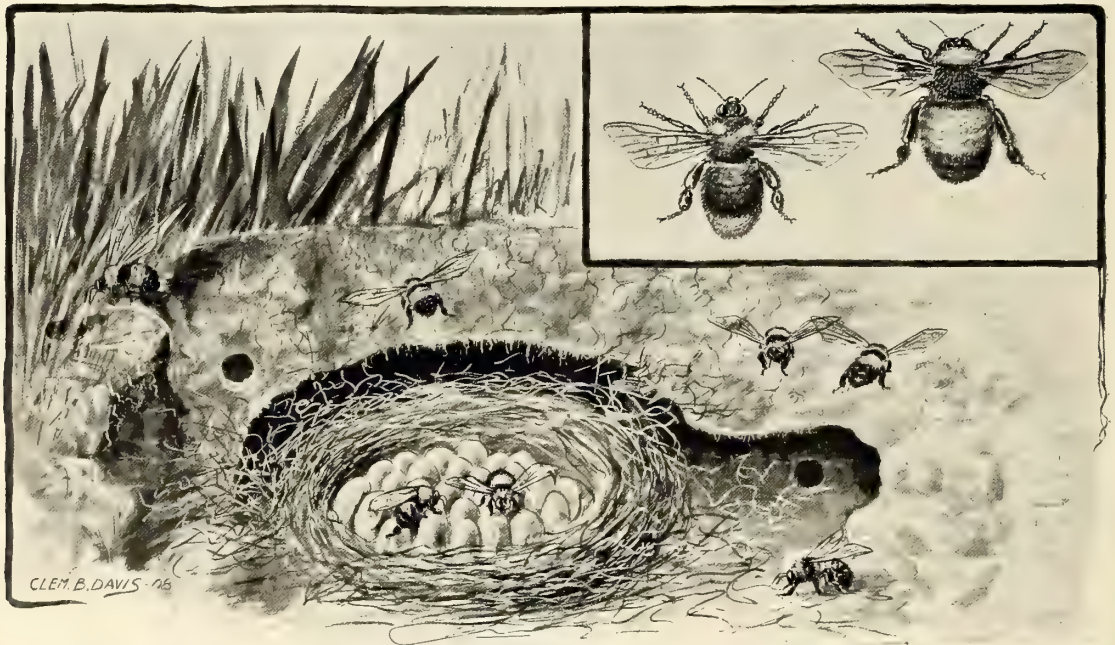
lost—hence the necessity for the great number of eggs. Some, however, manage to attach themselves to the body of the little queen bee. She

either does not know of his presence or is unable to remove him, and so goes ahead and excavates her home tunnel, runs out the branches, and when the cells are filled with honey, deposits her egg on its surface. This little black rascal has been anxiously awaiting this event and glides from her body to the egg as it floats on the honey. Of course this act has not been actually seen, but the experiments and observations of M. Fabre, a French naturalist, leave little room for doubt. This egg is the little *triungulin's* first morsel of food, and he never quits the shell, for should he get into the honey he would drown. The contents of the egg last him about eight days, and then he changes into a white, grub-like creature and is now so organized as to float on the honey with his mouth below and his breathing-pores above its surface. He now commences to eat the honey, which lasts him about forty days, when he undergoes another change. This time he becomes a legless pellet, shaped about like the gas-bag to an air-ship. In about a month he again becomes a grub, but a little different from his first grub-form. From this form he now changes into a shape resembling his mature appearance similar to the little honey-bees one

beetle, and about August is ready to start a new round of this wonderful hypermetamorphosis.

Another self-invited guest we find in the home of bumblebees, and it appears to be on excellent terms with its host. This guest, a bee this time, seems to be an aristocratic idler and, apparently, does no work. The long period of "boarding out," so to speak, has entirely unfitted these guest bees, or *inquilines*, as they are called, for providing for themselves, and they no longer have the hairy baskets on their legs in which to carry pollen. Some of these *inquilines* so closely resemble the bumblebees with whom they live, that it is extremely difficult to tell them apart. It is held by some students that it is this resemblance that enables them to stay in the nest. But there are others of these *inquilines* who are very different from their hosts, so how do they manage to remain in the nest? Another theory is that these *inquilines* must be of some service to the bumblebees with whom they live or their presence would not be tolerated in the nest; and we all know that the bumblebees each carry a sting that can be used on an intruder if so desired.

Now here's a puzzle. Who can discover what this lazy fellow does to earn his "board and keep"



A VIEW OF BUMBLEBEES (AFTER MCCOOK) IN AN ABANDONED FIELD MOUSE NEST.

The covering to the nest is made of rootlets, removed to show cells therein. The bee at the left in the upper panel is the guest (*Psithyrus*). The host bee is shown at the right. The eggs are purposely drawn a little large in proportion to the rest of the illustration.

sometimes sees when a comb is broken—shaped like bees but very soft and white. This stage lasts about a month, when he becomes a perfect

and to secure what seems to be an idle existence in a busy home where everybody else is a hard worker?
CLEMENT B. DAVIS.



A HOUSE MADE OF BOTTLES.

The little girl at the right of the door is a member of the family occupying the house.

A HOUSE MADE OF BOTTLES

HERE is a photograph of a house made of bottles in a mining town in Nevada. It speaks volumes for the scarcity of lumber in that place and the plentifulness of bottles. The bottles were piled in regular tiers and plastered-in chiefly with mud, with some cement. The house is well lighted, even on the sides on which there are no windows, because a mild light comes through the bottles.

The photograph of this interesting house was sent to ST. NICHOLAS by Mr. Day Allen Willey.

A BIG JUMP

As a rule the red squirrel seems to plan on escaping from one tree to another in case an enemy approaches from below. Now and then, however, chickaree finds himself in a tree standing apart from others and with a small boy racing excitedly below. I have seen a squirrel thus treed deliberately jump thirty-five feet to the ground. For a long while he repeatedly tried to run down the trunk or out on the lower branches, but found the way blocked by flying sticks and pebbles. At last, despairing of escape in any of the usual ways, he astonished me by launching forth and floating to the ground, his limbs extended and vibrating, the attitude being exactly like that of a flying squirrel. He landed lightly

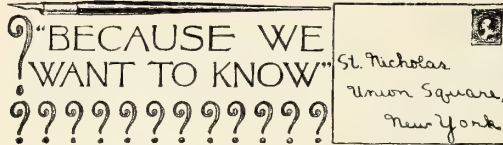
among the large rocks, and must have been quite unhurt, for he at once ran several yards and en-



THE BIG JUMP OF THE RED SQUIRREL.

tered his hole, leaving me amazed and outwitted.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.



THE "HEAD" OF A SEEDLESS ORANGE

FAIRFIELD, OHIO.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is it true that the "head" of a seedless orange will grow? I have heard this and planted a "head," but it did not grow.

Sincerely yours,
 HELEN V. RUNYAN (age 15).

What an astonishingly large number of incorrect statements are made regarding common-place things! And the reason that these statements keep spreading and increasing is because many people take "They say so" as authority without testing, as you so commendably did.

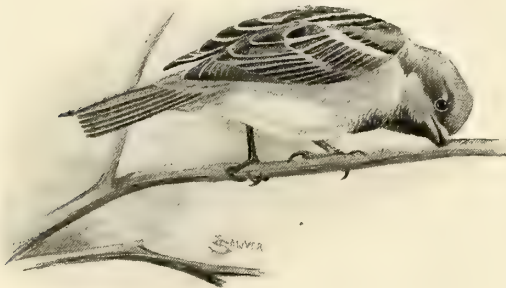
There is no more reason why the head of an orange should grow than a piece of the rind. There is nothing in the nature of the structure to encourage belief in such a thing.

NOT SHARPENING, BUT CLEANING, THE BILL

SHORT HILLS, N. J.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw a sparrow rubbing his beak on the peak of our roof. He flew away and a few minutes later I saw him doing the same thing on a branch. He went through all the motions of sharpening a knife with a steel. Did he do this to sharpen his bill?

Your reader,
 FREDERICK WALKER.

The sparrow was cleaning his bill. It is a habit with many birds to clean their bills in the way you so happily describe. If you will care-



THE SPARROW CLEANING HIS BILL.

fully watch a flock of sparrows when they alight after being frightened away from their food on the ground, I believe you may observe several, if not all, of the birds cleaning their bills by rub-

bing them on the perching place. Every careful bird student must have observed the same thing in the case of some bird, for this practice seems very common.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THREE INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

TRENTON, N. J.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought your readers would be interested in these three incidents.

I am afraid our President would think me a "nature fakir," but I know them to be true.

The first one is about a cat belonging to a family in Connecticut. As these people had a large farm they had a great many chickens. The farmer drowned the cat's kittens, of which she was very proud. This grieved the poor cat so that she went out and stole some little chickens just hatched and took care of them, bringing them up just as she would have done with her real babies.

The next is about a hen on the same farm. This foolish chicken laid her eggs in a bough of an apple-tree. The hen hatched her eggs in the tree, but the little chicks fell out, down to the ground, and were killed.

The last is about some squirrels that were seen swimming across a river. All had their tails up to keep them dry. My father once saw a squirrel swimming across the canal, too.

Yours respectfully,
 ANNETTE E. GEST (age 12).

Our readers will recall that "Nature and Science" published (page 845, July, 1906) an illustration of a cat in a hen's nest in a basket, with little chickens.

THE WORK OF CARPENTER BEES

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just taken an early Spring look at my bees and they are still asleep. Last fall, when we were repairing our porch, some of the railing was discarded and afterward used for firewood. When it was cut up, we found in several of the pieces round, auger-like holes and in each hole three large bees. I would like to know why there were three bees in each group. Father took a picture of them which I inclose. One piece is split open to show the side of the hole, and the other shows the round hole from the end where they entered.

They were left in a warm room over night, and in the morning they seemed to think that spring had come and were moving out. I then covered them up again and put them back in a cold place and they went back to sleep.

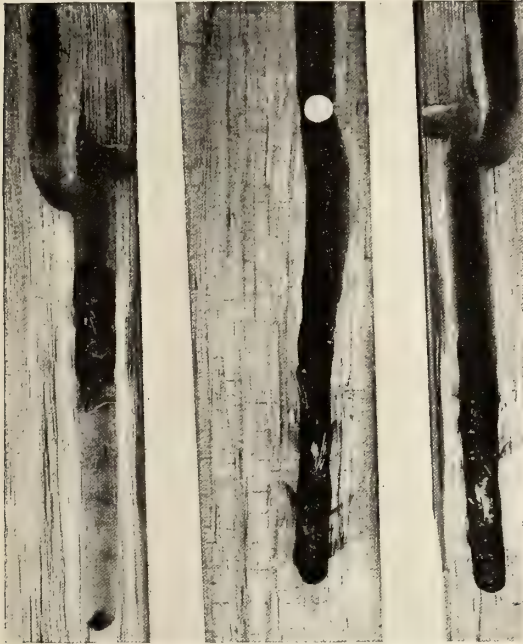
What tools does a bee have that it could use to drill into hard wood as this is?

I enjoy reading your magazine very, very much.

Yours truly,
 EUGENE BARDWELL (age 11).

At my request the writer of this letter sent the bees and wood for examination and photographing. The bees are called "carpenter" from their habit of cutting wood. The scientific name is *Xylocopa virginica*, and details of them can be found in any book of insects. The side pieces in the illustration are the two halves of one piece and the center a half of the other, showing the hole for entrance into the tunnel. The bees pass

the winter in a "sleepy" condition, a few together in a tunnel. These pieces of railing arrived by express in the early springtime. I split them; some of the bees buzzed a little but none could fly. They quite closely resemble bumblebees in general color and size.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF PIECES OF RAILING.

Sent by Master Bardwell.

The bees show faintly in the lower part of the tunnels in the two pieces at the right.

"The Insect Book" says:

The burrow is a half inch in diameter, and runs horizontally across the grain for about the length of the insect's body, and is then turned downward at right angles and runs with the grain from twelve to eighteen inches. In this boring the bee progresses at the average rate of about half an inch a day, occupying at least two days in digging the first portion against the grain of the wood. After the burrow is once commenced, their persistence in returning to continue the work, in spite of all obstacles, is very remarkable. One of these indefatigable bees once started a burrow in a lintel over the front door of the writer's house in Georgetown. She was repeatedly driven away, was struck with a broom a number of times, and finally ceased from her labors only because kerosene was squirted at her with accurate aim. It was the hand of death alone which released her from her work.

EARTHWORMS IN RAIN BARRELS

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often seen, after a shower, earthworms in rain barrels and other seemingly impossible places. How did they get there?

Your interested reader,

BLANCHE HEATON.

Many letters are received by "Nature and Science" regarding earthworms in rain barrels after

a shower. Most inquirers ask, "Did the worms 'rain' down?" and your letter seems to imply a reference to that superstition. Earthworms do not rain down. They either have crawled into the barrel or have been placed in it by some one.

Professor M. A. Bigelow writes to "Nature and Science" as follows:

I am unable to account for the presence of earthworms in water barrels unless the barrels are so placed that it might be possible for the worms to crawl into them. Of course it is well known to naturalists that earthworms do not like water and will crawl out of their burrows in the ground when it rains hard. This, of course, is the origin of the popular superstition that earthworms rain down from the sky. I have seen worms in tubs and barrels, but always when these were placed in such positions that the worms might easily have crawled in after having been driven out of the holes in the ground by the excess of water. I should like to know just how the rain barrels observed were placed.

Jarring the ground or thoroughly wetting it will often cause the earthworms to hastily crawl out.

TREE APPARENTLY GROWING OUT OF ROCK

MARSHALL, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed find a picture of the "Lone Pine," growing in the cavity of a large rock in the French Broad River. The seed from a cone must have been blown by the wind from the trees, across the river, lodged in the small cavity of the rock, taken root, and grown to the height shown in the picture.

I took the picture with my kodak, and send it to you to use, if you wish. I read "Nature and Science" every month and enjoy the interesting pictures and articles, so I thought other readers would enjoy seeing a picture of this work of nature, which I think is very interesting.

Your interested reader,

M. WOODWARD FINLEY (age 14).



THE TREE GROWING IN THE CRACK OF A ROCK.

This is one of the most interesting observations and illustrations of novel growth of trees that we have received.

THE HUGE FOOT-PRINT OF A GRIZZLY

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I spent about two months of last summer at Twin Lakes, in the Bitter Root Mountains. Across the lower lake from the camp there was a high mountain which we climbed several times. On one of these expeditions we ran across several large snowbanks. On one of these patches of snow, we ran across about twenty-five tracks, which on closer investigation proved to



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF A BEAR'S FOOT
AND A BOY'S HAND.

be the enormous tracks of a more enormous grizzly. I put my hand down and spread it out as far as possible and put it down twice and then had an inch to spare. This made the track over fifteen inches long, and the claws stuck out four inches beyond. This makes a track over nineteen inches long! It does not seem possible, but it was there in cold, cold snow. He could not have been more than half an hour before us and I would like to have seen him—at a safe distance. I wish you would tell me something about grizzlies and about some big ones that have been seen.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM RICHARDS.

So far as I am aware, the largest grizzly bear ever actually weighed was one that lived and died



A GRIZZLY BEAR IN HIS CAGE.

The photograph is printed through the courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

in the Lincoln Park menagerie, Chicago, and was weighed by Mr. O. G. Shields. Its weight was 1,153 pounds; yet, when alive, western hunters who saw it frankly admitted that it was larger than bears killed by them which they "estimated" at 1,800 pounds! Thus far the Rocky Mountains have not produced a wild grizzly actually weighing over 800 pounds, and the average weight of the adult grizzlies killed in the United States during the last fifteen years has been between 500 and 600 pounds.—WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, in "The American Natural History."

HAVE FISH EARS?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered if fishes have ears. They must have; but where are they? I have never been able to see them, so I thought I would write and ask you.

Your loving reader,
HELEN ROLLINS.

SWANHURST, NEWPORT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to know for a long time if fishes hear. I have some goldfishes in New York, and I tried to find out by myself if they had ears. I would whistle very loud or tap on a piece of tin without any effect, but if I made the water move they would all swim away to the other end of the globe.

Your loving reader,
MILDRED RIVES (age 11).

Yes, fishes have ears, but they are hidden under the skin. They have no outer ear, as we have, and no auditory canal and ear-drum, but the existence of an internal ear in fishes has been known for three hundred years. Dr. George H. Parker, of Harvard University, who has recently investigated this subject for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, has found that many fishes are able to appreciate sounds of low pitch produced in or transmitted through the water. Ordinary sounds produced outside the water—calling, whistling, bell-ringing, and even pistol-firing—do not reach the ears of fishes. Disturbances which lead to the formation of shock-waves, as distinguished from sound-waves, are appreciated by a very interesting series of sense-organs arranged in a line along the sides of fishes; this "lateral line," as it is called, is familiar to nearly every one. Most movements of fish are by sight rather than by sound.

TINY COCOONS ON GRASS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was sitting on the grass to-day, and looking down I saw these curious little yellow things.



THE COCOONS ON THE GRASS.

Sent by the writer of the letter. Photographed under magnification to show the silk and the opening cap of one just below the center.

I was very much interested, and would be glad if you could tell me what they are.

Your interested reader,

RUTH M. ISRAEL.

The cocoons are of a small bee-like insect (*Apanteles*) that lays its eggs upon caterpillars of different kinds. The eggs hatch, the larvæ destroy the caterpillar and then spin small cocoons from which the fully grown insect comes out.

THE SQUIRREL VISITOR

WINCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day I was sitting in my room and I heard a funny noise. I looked out and in a tree was a squirrel. Then he jumped out of the tree and climbed up the shutters of the window beneath mine, and then on my shutters, and then he came in my room. I kept very still. He looked at everything and then went out again. A few days after that he came on the porch when I was there. He looked hot, and I went in the house and got

some water and put it in the hall where he could see it. Then he came in and drank some and went out again. He has never come in the house again, but I see him often.

Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH PASSANO (age 10)

This is a remarkable experience, and shows that the squirrel had full faith in you as a true friend, as indeed you were.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

WESTMINSTER WEST, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with much interest what Mr. Burroughs and others say about animals' reasoning.

I think animals reason to some extent. What does the ST. NICHOLAS think? I would like to know what the other boys and girls think.

To-night, as I was driving the cows home from pasture, a bird flew out from under my feet, or rather, ran or hopped. It dragged its outspread tail behind it. I did not find the nest, but of course there was one. This bird dragged its tail, though I think they usually drag the wing.

Did n't this bird reason? Of course it has an instinct to protect its nest, and knows anything would be apt to pursue a hurt bird; but must n't it have thought, "If I act hurt they will chase me and leave my helpless young?"

Papa and I read "Nature and Science" with great enjoyment.

Your devoted reader,

OLIVE HALL.

For many, many years certain birds have "pre-tended" to be lame in the presence of an intruder. It is easily supposed that this action is to attract attention away from nest or young.

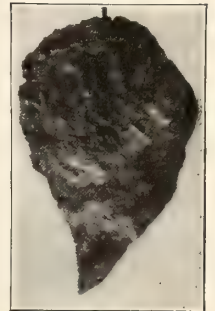
However, this is a *regular* habit of certain birds, and it no more proves reason than does any other interesting trait. To come to a definite conclusion, we must have more observations bearing on the subject. I, too, would like to know what other boys and girls have seen, and what they think about it.

PECULIAR PEAR-SHAPED GROWTH OF WOOD

BERLIN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We found this queer object in the road and would like very much to know what it is.

Very sincerely,
CATHERINE NORTON and
ELIZABETH ROBY.



THE PEAR-SHAPED GROWTH OF WOOD.

This is a peculiarly shaped, wart-like growth on a tree. It is probably due to some accident or to the "sting" of some gall-producing insect. Growths similar to this are quite common, but the fact that this was broken from the tree and is of such peculiar pear-shape is the reason that your attention was attracted by it.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



COMMENT

"HEADING. (CHILDREN AT PLAY.)" BY DONALD CARLISLE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

AND ADVICE

As this is September, and most of our young people are coming home, and starting into school and other serious things, it seems a good time to distribute information. First, to those who are new readers, we wish to say that the ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers, chiefly for the purpose of intellectual advancement along artistic and literary lines. It costs nothing to belong to it, and every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is welcome to League membership. A League badge and Information Leaflet will be sent upon application, and the fact that the League has been running now for nearly nine years, with a membership to-day larger than ever, would seem to prove that it is a good thing to belong to.

To readers new and old, especially to the young illustrators, the editor wishes to say that a drawing stands a better chance of acceptance if it is made into a shape that fits into the general plan of a page. For instance, a heading should be at least twice as wide as it is high, and if it

is three times as wide as it is high, all the better. Other drawings are much more acceptable if they are made in the shape of the ST. NICHOLAS page—that is, about half as high again as they are wide. A heading four inches high and twelve inches wide is desirable from the League point of view, and other drawings will find more favorable consideration if made about twelve inches high and eight inches wide. And don't make pen and ink strokes too fine. Strong, clear strokes reproduce much better.

Concerning photographs, all things being equal, an upright photograph has the better chance. Three by four, four by five, and five by seven photographs are good sizes, made "up and down" instead of "across" the plate. These are just hints, and may explain why some otherwise good photographs have been put reluctantly aside, because we could use only a very few in the more awkward shapes and sizes. After all, a magazine has many limitations, and it is not always that the very best picture or poem or story can be used, for the reason that it may not fit the page or the plan or the policy of the magazine. Still, take it month in and month out, there is more good art and literature published in the monthly magazines than is issued in any other form whatever.



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY MARION WYPER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

CHILDREN OF THE WOODED PLACES

BY GERALDINE BOUSH (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

SILENCE in the forest like a spell
upon the air,
In the sullen leaves, unstirred,
Not a whisper can be heard,
Nor the twitter of a bird,
Though around their forms the
sunbeams have woven fast
a snare.

Yet hark! through the dark
In the distance, like a lark,
Sings a sweet voice, a soft voice,
"O follow, follow, follow,
By the marsh, by the hollow,
Though we flee as swift as
swallow,
Yet follow us, follow us, follow,
follow, follow."

No one in the forest, and that song was like a dream,
 Inarticulate the voice,
 Yet it bade my heart rejoice,
 As it had no other choice
 When so joyously alluring those happy notes did seem.
 Not here, never fear,
 Try the fairy folk to peer.
 Never lived they, never played they; yet, "Follow,
 follow, follow,"
 Mocks the voice by hollow,
 "Though we flee as swift as swallow,
 Yet follow us, follow us, follow, follow, follow."



"CHILD AT PLAY." BY MARY COMSTOCK, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

SPECIAL NOTICE

ST. NICHOLAS is to be issued hereafter on the 15th instead of near the end of each month, as heretofore. It is therefore necessary to close the competitions considerably earlier. The September competition will close, therefore, in America, on September 10th, and in Europe and other distant countries, on the 15th.

PRIZE-WINNERS' COMPETITION No. 103.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Matie H. Jones** (age 15), 569 Hawthorne Terrace, Portland, Ore., and **Geraldine Boush** (age 15), 1378 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Dunn** (age 12), 801 County St., Waukegan, Ill.; **Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.** (age 13), Glen Ridge, N. J., and **Dorothy Stockbridge** (age 11), 430 W. 118th St., N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Hellen McLeod** (age 14), Hartwick, Ia. (R. F. D.), and **Eleanor Carroll Bancroft** (age 15), 249 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Josephine Schoff** (age 13), Norfolk Inn, Norfolk, Conn.; **Kathleen McMurrich** (age 12), 576 Huron St., Toronto, Can., and **Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto** (age 8), 5527 Hamilton Ave., College Hill, O.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Rachel Bulley** (age 17), 1819 Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.; **Margaret Armstrong** (age 16), Phoenix, Ariz., and **Donald Carlisle** (age 13), 416 Chicago St., Elgin, Ill.

Silver badges, **Helen Keen** (age 13), 501 N. J. St., Tacoma, Wash.; **Louise Dantzbecher** (age 12), 4711 Pulaski Ave., Germantown, Phil.; and **Gladys Nolan** (age 14), 1824 Hill St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Photography. Gold badges, **Marion Wyper** (age 13), 2505 College Ave., Berkeley, Calif.; **Mary Comstock** (age 12), 43 Trumbull St., New Haven, Conn.; **Ellen K. Hone** (age 13), Bisby Lake, via McKeever, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Sara W. Erdman** (age 13), 5922 Greene

St., Germantown, Pa.; **Frances Clarke** (age 11), 219 Blackstone Blvd., Providence, R. I., and **William Kakilty** (age 7), 23 California Ave., Alleghany, Pa.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Elk," by **Louis N. Levin** (age 16), 530 Richmond St., Cincinnati, O. Second prize, "Mourning Dove's Nest," by **Harrison Fuller** (age 16), 736 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Third prize, "Squirrel," by **John W. Beatty, Jr.** (age 17), Richland Lane, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Cassius M. Clay, Jr.** (age 13), Paris, Ky., and **Eleanor M. Chase** (age 12), 213 South 13th St., Great Falls, Mont.

Silver badges, **Isabelle B. Miller** (age 16), 59 E. 108th St., New York City, and **Neil Gilmour** (age 10), 53 E. High St., Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Dorothy Haug** (age 16), 723 Eleanor St., Knoxville, Tenn., and **Eleanor Coverly** (age 12), 107 2d St., Troy, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret H. Smith** (age 15), Tomah, Wis., and **Honor Gallswothy**, Harrgate, England.

WATCHING THE CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL

BY MATIE H. JONES (AGE 15)

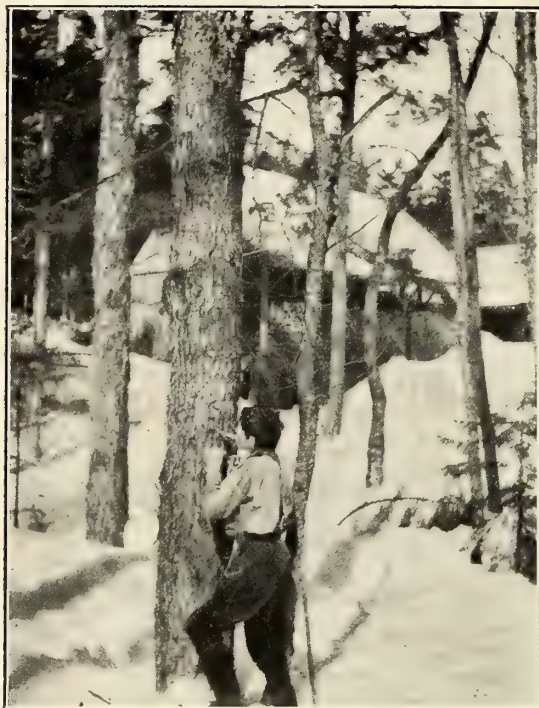
(Gold Badge)

EACH morning when 't is half past eight,
 I 'm quite impatient to be dressed,
 My breakfast often has to wait
 And nurse declares I "act possessed."

She throws the window up so high—
 The morning air is crisp and cool—
 Then wheels my chair quite close, where I
 May watch the children troop to school.



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY RACHEL BULLEY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"BOY AT PLAY." BY ELLEN K. HONE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

They seem so gay, and full of fun,
All strong and well as they can be;
And every time I watch for one—
A brown-haired girl, who looks like me.

Her eyes are just like mine, and she
Looks up and smiles and seems to say:
"I hope sometime quite well you'll be
And go to school, and run and play."

It's oh, such fun! But when I call
To mother dear, to come and see,
She never looks at them at all
But looks so sadly just at me.

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY ELEANOR CARROLL BANCROFT (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

It is difficult to determine upon one's favorite child in history, but if I must decide, perhaps the little Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of the unfortunate Charles I of England, appeals most to me. When only fourteen, she was taken prisoner by the Parliament, and, with her little brother Henry, was imprisoned in St. James's Palace, under the wardship of the Duke of Northumberland.

Elizabeth was naturally of a melancholy and religious temperament like her father, and her delicate health was increased by her gloomy, confined life, combined with her forebodings for the fate of her father.

Soon, her brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II, was captured, and was placed in confinement with his brother and sister.

Elizabeth supported her spirits as best she might to cheer her brother, and with the help of a royalist maid of honor, connived at a plan of escape for James.

The household of St. James soon discovered that the royal children had a love for hide and seek, and became accustomed to the long absences of the Duke of York. The maid of honor left a gate open, and James, disguised as her by his sister, escaped to France.

After this, the order came for the king's execution, and his two children were allowed to take leave of him. Elizabeth was, perhaps, the king's favorite child, resembling him as she did.

The little princess was then removed from the kindly wardship of Lord Northumberland, and placed under the strict supervision of Sir Harry Vane, at Carisbrook Castle, where her father had been confined. Elizabeth's new keeper was harsh and unfeeling, and even talked of apprenticing her to some trade. Fortunately, Elizabeth was spared this, for she was slowly sinking away. Finally, the Parliament, alarmed at her condition, permitted the kind physician who had attended her father, to see her. Little Prince Henry entered the Princess's room with the doctor. Elizabeth was seated at her table, her head resting on the large bible that had been her father's. The pinched expression had left her face, now replaced by a lovely look of peace.

"Oh, doctor," said Prince Henry, "my sister — is she better — or is she dead?"

"She is better," replied the doctor, "and she is dead."

It seems to me that there is no child in history so lovely as the Princess Elizabeth.

LITTLE CHILDREN

BY DOROTHY DUNN (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the angry waves come dashing
Up against the rock-bound lee;
What, then, are you people doing,
Little Children of the Sea?



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY FRANCES CLARKE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

When the summer's sun is giving
To us all the light it wields ;
Are you fairies dancing round us,
Little Children of the Flowers?

When Nature is deep in slumber,
And is breathing soft and low ;
Are you whirling in the air, then,
Little Children of the Snow?

When outdoors it 's dark and gloomy,
And all things are hid'n from sight ;
Are you Brownies having picnics,
Little Children of the Night?

When the East is growing lighter,
And it 's dawn, the wise men say ;
Are you working to bring sunshine,
Little Children of the Day?

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY HELLEN MC LEOD (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

ALTHOUGH I cannot exactly call him my favorite child in history, I certainly like, as well as pity, the poor little Dauphin, Louis XVII of France.

I have read in my French History and in other books, how bad the affairs of France grew to be during the reigns of the Louises XIV and XV. And I am sure their successor, poor Louis XVI, was powerless to help his country, not being a very able man. His wife, the beautiful, but unlucky Marie Antoinette, was never popular in the kingdom, but she was a good mother to her children.

They lived in a pretty palace at Versailles, and here the young Dauphin had his flower gardens which were his pride.

He played, as common boys do, with his pet dog, Moufflet, for his mother had wise ideas about bringing him up.

But, although he knew nothing about it, he was in daily peril, for all France was in a state of revolution, and the royal family were at last compelled as a measure of safety to leave Versailles and move to a fortress in Paris.



"CHILD AT PLAY." BY WILLIAM KAKILTY, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY SARA W. ERDMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Little Louis wept bitterly, for he realized that he would no longer have his flowers and play-grounds.

They were closely guarded at all times, but outside they could hear the people in the streets, clamoring for the lives of their royal prisoners. At last the death sentence was passed on the King. When the Dauphin realized this awful truth, he tried to force himself out to the people to speak to them. But this was not to be his last grief. His mother and then his aunt were sent in turn to the guillotine, and poor little Louis was imprisoned alone in the Temple. His keeper was a shoemaker, called Simon, a rough, even cruel man, who would not allow his prisoner to study his books or keep any of his possessions. He was even forbidden to pray, and Simon kept him busy waiting on him, bringing his liquor, and singing songs with him.

At last Simon gave up his duty, and the Dauphin was put in a smaller prison, with less air and food. He was kept there continually, with no change of clothing or bed coverings. His cell grew to be filthy and his clothes ragged, until at last he lost his mental faculties, and died June 1, 1795, at the beginning of his eleventh year.

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY KATHLEEN MCMURRICH (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

DEAR little Isabella of Valois! How gentle, sweet, and loving you were! You are my favorite child in history. Dear little loyal wife! With such childish dignity did you answer the great Earl-marshal, who on bended knee did most humbly ask you to be the wife of his royal master, Richard II, King of England. And that answer has vi-

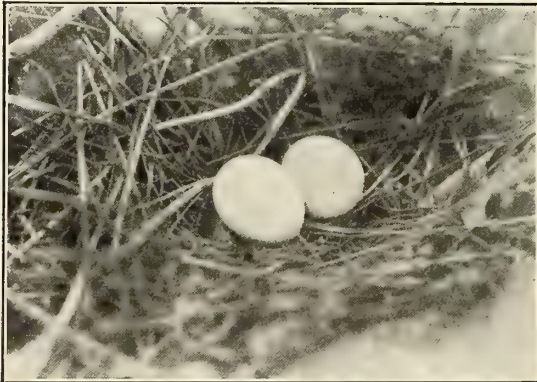
brated through the centuries that have passed, and now, when I read the words:

"Sir, if it please God and my lord and father, that I be queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I am told I shall be a great lady," I feel a thrill of pardonable pride. Who can help admiring the gentle dignity of your words! Yet through them all their rings a childishness that is only natural; it is like a soft accompaniment to a lovely song.

How loyal you were when your husband was in such trouble! How you sorrowed for him when he was betrayed into the hands of Henry Bolingbroke! You never doubted but that Richard had been always true and good. How brave and patient you were during your years of captivity and how, at last, you were such a sad little widow of thirteen. You were sought by the heir of Lancaster for his bride, but you remembered with hate that he had helped to depose your lord.

You were married again in your twentieth year to the young Duke of Orleans. You loved him then, but two years before at your betrothal you were in tears. Dear little Isabella! While in the bloom of life you died, leaving an infant son, who was a partial recompense to your husband for your death.

Such was your life; patient, loving, and constant to your lord, the King of England. A queen at eight, a widow at thirteen, and a mother at twenty-two, when Death claimed you as his own. Such was your life.



"MOURNING DOVE'S NEST." BY HARRISON FULLER, AGE 16.
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY JOSEPHINE SCHOFF (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE little Napoleon was born in Paris, March, 1811, amid ringing of bells and booming of cannon. He was a delicate child. His great father took him in his arms and presented his son and heir to the court dignitaries.

This great father was very fond indeed of his baby son, and would play for hours with him. His mother was very different. Only once a day for fifteen minutes would she come into his room to sit by him with her embroidery. He was always glad when these times were over, for he must behave beautifully while she was there.

When the little Napoleon was about a year old, his father gave him a bodyguard of children. The guards, in their bright uniforms, were proud marching before him. His father was defeated in war, and was exiled on the desolate island of St. Helena. The boy was not told this. One day when the little emperor was carried down-stairs by an officer of the enemy, he cried out in his little angry



"ELK." BY LOUIS N. LEVIN, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

voice, "I won't go away! I won't go away! when papa is not here I am the master!" A month later his mother took him to Vienna. She was the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. Here his grandfather even changed his name to Charles, Duke of Reichstadt. He was taught to forget his father and native France. But he never forgot either father or country. Perhaps he wondered that his powerful father did not come, and take him back to the beautiful palace and gardens, where they used to play so happily together.

Long before this the great Napoleon had died in exile.

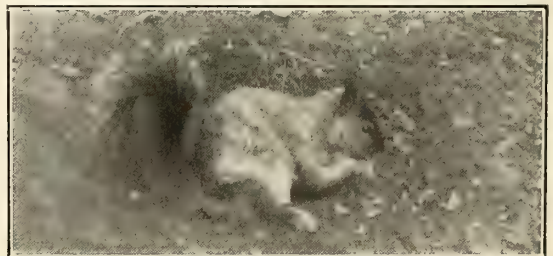
In Vienna the young Napoleon grew to be a tall, handsome man, but his health was not good. He was very fond of riding, and of military affairs. He was always faithful to his soldiers, and his constancy in war was the cause of his death. He caught cholera from his men, and on July 22, 1832, the young Napoleon passed away. His body now lies in the Capuchin Convent at Vienna.

THE CHILDREN'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR. (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE farmers home are coming, The sun is in the west, The mother bird is sleeping With her babies in the nest.	The curfew bell has sounded, The prayers have all been said, And every sleepy little one Has tumbled into bed. The mother comes along the hall, She's turning out the light, By the door she stops to listen, To the children's last good-night.
The morning was a happy one, The afternoon was bright, But the sweetest sound of all the day, Is the children's last good-night.	



"SQUIRREL." BY JOHN W. BEATTY, JR., AGE 17. (THIRD
PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE CHILDREN OF QUEERTOWN

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE children of Queertown
Are wonderfully sweet,
From the tops of their heads
To the soles of their feet.

They play when they play
Just as hard as they can,
If they 'd work when they work
'T would be a fine plan.

But there is a flaw,
Or 't will seem so to you,
They play when they play,
And when they work, too.

CHILDREN'S LIFE

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 9)

THREE little children were down by the brook,
And they gave me never a glance or a look,
But there by the brookside they would play,
Happy all day.

There were two little girls and one little boy,
And their life was full of a gurgling joy,
And you could see, if you 'd only look,
The gurgling came from the brook.

The two little girls made leafy things,
And crowned each other like royal kings.
The boy made dams and caught little frogs
And kept them on logs.



"CHILD AT PLAY." BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE)

But they will, in the morning, resuming their play,
Spend a long, happy day.

But when they 're grown up, with their wearisome strife
They 'll have to toil hard on the long road of life.
And, children, remember, a cheerful face
Is ever and ever the best of grace.

LITTLE SHUN—MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO (AGE 8)

(Silver Badge)

A LITTLE over three thousand years ago, in the northern part of China, there lived a little boy named Shun. He had a lovable father and mother. One day the mother fell ill. She grew worse and worse and at last died. After a while the father married again, thinking the second mother would be kind to little Shun, for a motherless child is very pitiful. She was very kind at first, but when her own children came she was very cruel to little Shun. In China it is the custom for the first boy to inherit his father's treasures. The mother wanted one of her sons to inherit the treasures, so the only thing to do was to kill Shun. That she could not do, so she was very unkind to him.

One cold winter day, according to the Chinese custom little Shun was pulling his father in his vehicle. The boy became like an icicle. He was so cold that he dropped the handles on the ground. The father was very angry and struck little Shun. As his hand touched the child, he was surprised to find his clothes were like thin paper, although they looked warm and comfortable. The father went home as fast as he could and was going to get a divorce, but little Shun said:

"Please do not, for if you do we will all be miserable. I have suffered alone before, but if you bring a new mother, my brothers will suffer also."

The stepmother was very much ashamed, and after that was kind to everybody.

Little Shun grew up and in time became Emperor,

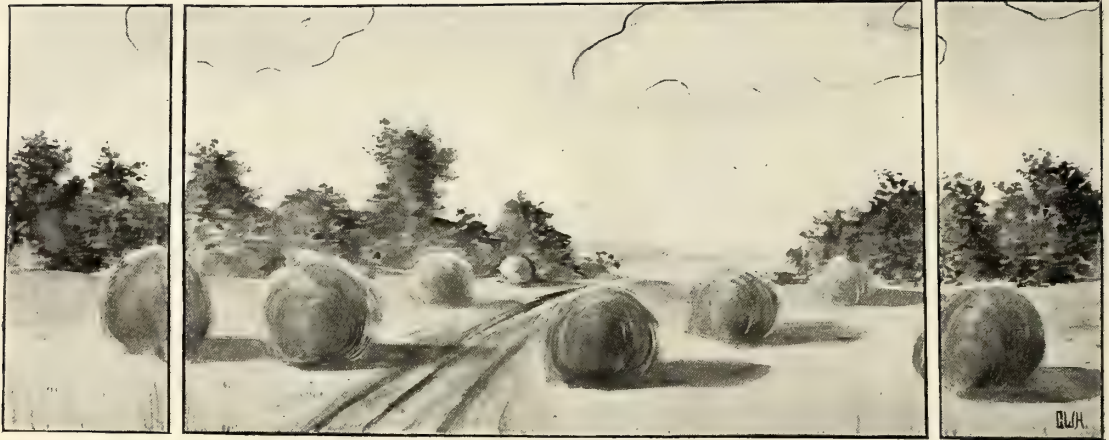


"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

The glittering serpents refused to bite,
The old porcupine refused to fight,
For he knew that the children he would kill
By shooting a quill.

Then the sunset glows and the day is done,
And home they go, tired out with fun,

SEPTEMBER, 1908.



"A HEADING." BY CUTHBERT W. HAASIS, AGE 15.

of China. He was always kind to others, and it is said, in history, that all the time of his reign the judge's seat in the hall of justice was thick with dust, and the courtyard was filled with grass that was tall and untrampled.

A CHILD

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

HE 's just a little child but he 's an influential mite ;
He undermines our standards of training babies right ;

I can't but say we spoil him, for he holds us all in thrall,
But he 's our only baby, so we do not mind at all.

He bounces on our sofa till we hear it creak and groan ;
Oh, there 's not a thing in our house that we dare to call
our own.

He wrinkles all the rugs up, and puts smudges on the wall,
But he 's just a little child, and so we do not mind at all.

I 'm sure I 'd never finish telling all his naughty ways,
And yet his best description would be verses in his praise ;
For he 's just a bit of sunshine (rainbow, when the tear-
drops fall) ;

He 's so sweet that when he 's naughty, we do not mind
at all.

THE MAID OF NORWAY

BY MILDRED LEITZ (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

My favorite children in history are *all* children, but one of the saddest stories is that of little Margaret, Queen of Scotland, lovingly called "The Maid of Norway."

In the latter part of the thirteenth century, there was born in Norway a little princess. Her mother was the daughter of Alexander III, the king of Scotland, and when Margaret was two years old, the old king died. As her mother was dead the baby girl became queen.

The little queen of course knew nothing of the honors and cares of such a position, and till she was six years old, lived in her castle on the Norwegian crags just as any other baby. But princesses are seldom allowed to be just little girls for long, and plans for her future, or rather plans for the future of Scotland, were soon under way. The king on the English throne at that time was Edward I. He wished to establish peace between the two countries, and it was soon arranged that the little Maid of Norway, then six years old, should marry his son, Edward, as soon as they were old enough. The king sent a ship to Norway to bring the baby queen from her home to England, where she would be brought up in a way befitting a queen of such a country. The ship was laden with good things such as children love, and with a large company of attendants, Margaret set sail. The little maid was a delicate child, and



"CHILD AT PLAY." BY CHARLOTTE AGATHA CRAM, AGE 14.



"A HEADING." BY FRANCES WATTS, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

as the English Channel stretched farther and farther between her and her Norwegian home, she became sadly homesick. The trip was rough and each day the little queen pined more and more. In spite of the comforting and love lavished on her by her old nurse she grew sadder and sadder. She pleaded to be taken home and at last the ship anchored off the Orkney Islands. Little Margaret was tenderly carried ashore and there in her nurse's arms, on the lonely shore, died the little Queen of Scotland, Margaret, the Maid of Norway.

A CHILD'S EVENING SONG

BY THOMAS NOLAN (AGE 13)

THE twilight has come;
The round yellow moon
Gleams thro' the dark pines;
The crickets' low tune
Steals forth from the thickets;
The bull-frogs' hoarse notes
Join the chorus that comes
From a thousand
small throats;
The little stream
murmurs
A lay soft and
light;
The cool breezes
sigh—
'Tis the Voice of
the Night.

A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER

BY NATHALIE GOOKIN (AGE 7)

OH, mother dear,
When you were a child,
Did you ever fear
The night black and wild,
The deep dark night
When there is no light,
Oh, mother dear?

A CHILD AND HER GARDEN

BY ELIZABETH MC NEIL GORDON (AGE 8)

THE pearly dew is on the grass,
And shines like diamonds in the sun,
And little Belle is out to play,
Her happy day has just begun.

She runs into the garden first,
To see the flowers she loves so well;
They nod at her as if to say,
"Good-morning, little Belle."

And when she leaves the garden,
She says good-by to all,
The hollyhocks, the roses,
The larkspur blue and tall.

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY ELIZABETH C. WALTON (AGE 11)

MY favorite child in history is a little Indian girl named Pocahontas. She had beautiful, glossy, black hair, and in it she wore a white feather to show that she was a princess.

Her father, Powhatan, was a great chief among his people. She had twenty brothers, but she was the only girl, and her father loved her well. Her dress was made of deerskin, and trimmed with beads of many colors.

One day, Pocahontas was down by the river playing with her doll, which is not like ours, but carved out of wood (I expect we would have thought it very ugly). She was putting her doll to sleep, when she saw a little boy playmate running toward her. He was frightened and out of breath from running, but he told her he saw a great white bird coming up the river. She, too, was very much frightened and ran to tell her father. When Powhatan heard this startling tale, he and his people hurried to the river and saw for the first time the sails of the white man.

The Indians learned to hate the white men and planned to kill them, but brave little Pocahontas crept out in the night and told her friends of the plan. When the white men had no food Pocahontas would carry it to them.

After a while, Captain John Smith was captured by the Indians and condemned to death, but Pocahontas begged so hard that his life be spared, that Powhatan, who loved his daughter so well, granted her prayer. She had thus saved the life of the greatest white man in Virginia, and the children in Virginia to this day are glad to say that Pocahontas was their great, great grandmother.

CHILD OF NIGHT

BY ALICE M. MAC RAE (AGE 15)

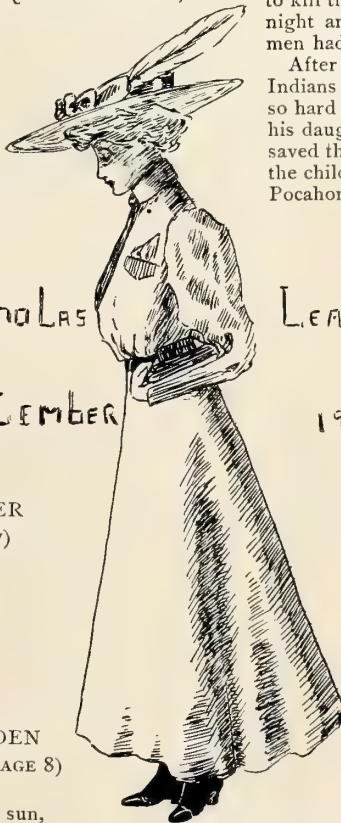
(Honor Member)

OPEN the window, mother,
And draw the curtain high,
For I love to see the moonbeams,
And watch the clouds float by.
The wind brings faintly and softly
The roll of the silver tide;
And the harbor lights are gleaming
Far out on the other side.

Open the window, mother,
And draw the curtain high,
For the little things of the meadow,
They sing me a lullaby.
Hark, how the night-birds twitter,
And hark how the night-frogs sing,
Down in the dewy marshes,
The sweet old songs of spring.

Open the window, mother,
And draw the curtain high,
The clouds are sailing and sailing,
Over the evening sky.
The wind says "Hush!" in the tree-tops,
And the shadows sway and creep;
"Good-night! little boy," they whisper,
"Good-night! little boy, and sleep."

St Nicholas LEAGUE
September 1908



"HEADING." BY LOUISE DANTZBECHER,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 13)

ON the twenty-fourth of May, 1819, Victoria Alexandrina was born in Kensington Palace.

Those who looked on her sweet face knew that she might one day be queen of England and they may have wondered what kind of woman this small princess would make. Surely in their fondest dreams they did not imagine Victoria as a wiser ruler than she was.

Princess Victoria's father died when she was only eight months old, and the difficult task of training this future queen devolved on the wise mother, who surely trained her well.

Princess Victoria was not told when a child that she was heir to England's throne and the only difference that this important fact made in her young life was that she was guarded a little more carefully than she might otherwise have been. She was not allowed to have more spending money than other girls. Indeed, she was even taught to save her pennies that she might help pay off the debts that her father had contracted during his lifetime. She dressed no more richly and lived no more extravagantly than the many other little princes and princesses around her.

And so carefully was she trained that, when the day of her coronation came, instead of having her head turned by the splendor, her first thought was to ask God for help that she might rule her people well.

I love her as a queen because she was such a great ruler, and I, being a Canadian, was one of her subjects. But I love her as a child because she was so natural and unaffected, and such a sweet, gracious little lady.



"SEPTEMBER." BY MURIEL E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY

BY HELEN BEALS (AGE 13)

THE child I most admire in history is Prascovia, the daughter of a Siberian exile. Her father was sent to Siberia for some slight offense, and his wife and daughter went with him. Prascovia was then three years old. As she grew older she heard her father lamenting his hard fate; and she resolved to go to St. Petersburg, and obtain a pardon for him. Her parents discouraged her going but finally consented. Finally, she started. Everywhere she went, Prascovia asked the way to St. Petersburg, and she was often laughed and jeered at. The young girl went through many hardships. Once she came very nearly being robbed of her money. Twice her feet froze on account of the intense cold. Often she was soaked to the skin by the rain. Prascovia was taken care of by many kind people, but was often badly treated. She was taken sick and spent a summer at a convent. There the Sisters were very kind to her. They directed her to a kind lady, but the lady died while Prascovia was with her. Finally she reached St. Petersburg, after four long years of tiresome walking. Her health was broken. The young girl stood on the steps of the Senate House, holding out her petition, trying to present it to one of the senators. No notice was taken of her and it seemed as if the long journey had been in vain. Finally she was introduced to the Czar's mother and told her story. Through her the pardon was granted. Prascovia entered a convent and she died there. Was she not noble?

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A CHILD'S VIEWS

BY KATHERINE VIRGINIA GARDNER (AGE 10)

"I GET so very mad, sometimes,"
A little missie said,
"When I am playing nicely,
To be told to go to bed."

CHILDREN: AN ILLUSTRATED POEM



BY NELLIE HAGAN (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge Winner)

IN the land of ice and snow,
There we find the Eskimo.
Living in a hut of ice
Which he thinks is very nice.

Then in far Japan we find
Children of another kind.
Yellow faces, jet-black hair,
What a cunning little pair.

Gretel, from the Netherlands,
Rosy cheeks, and dimpled hands.
Velvet skirts, and shoes of wood,
Flaxen curls and linen hood.

On Yick, a Chinese is he.
Feeds on small rice cakes and tea.
Flying kites, the livelong day,
Is, in China, a great play.

In our own great Native Land,
Children are a mighty band.
Golf and tennis; foot-ball, too!
We have many things to do.

Children here, and children there.
Children playing everywhere:
Either climate, cold or warm,
Children there are sure to swarm.



"CHILD AT PLAY."
BY GLADYS NOLAN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY MURIEL MINTER, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

" You grown folks always lecture so,"
Eyes flashed reproachfully,
" And I get oh, so angry!
You just try it and you 'll see."

" But oh, last night I nearly died
With laughing, don't you know,
My mother to a lecture went,
When I to bed did go."

After the fall of Zenobia, Palmyra never again was free, and has slowly fallen to decay, yet, although the city may be forgotten as time goes on, the memory will never fade of one of the noblest girls in history, Zenobia of Palmyra.

ROLL OF THE RECKLESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition.

NOT ENDORSED. Ruth Duncan, Priscilla Kimball, Alice Glazier, Stanley L. Yonce, Armine M. Pemberton, Charles Miller, Phil Duff, Ruth Lowndes, Katharine Carpenter, Virginia Ellingwood, Edgar Campbell, Jr., Lily K. Westervelt, Elinor Drain, Helen Mannassau, Elizabeth McConkey, Emily Atkinson, Hildreth A. Schaul, Beatrice McGrather, Priscilla Bancroft, Estella Green, Verna Wetmore, Mary Corning, Gladys A. Kotary, Helen Blackmon, Gladys M. Flitcroft, Leona Dickman, Myra Gallion, Marjorie Paine Greenfield, Clarence F. Rowland, Louis H. Runkal, Marjorie G. Hough, Sadie A. Clark, Celestine C. Waldron, Mary Maccracken, Louise M. B. Potter.

WRONG SUBJECTS. Gladys Earle Keeler, Agnes M. Guthrie, Florence Mayer, Adeline Jarvis, Helen Cathro, Caroline H. Lee, Clarice Hall, Margaret M. Gay, George V. Baller, Jessie Firestone, Ruth Starr, Edna Finch, Elizabeth Kremer, Alice L. Rounds, William Robinson, Margery Aiken, Milton Tannenbaum, Lydia Hun, T. S. Helgesen, George Macdonald Parker, Ruth Rosenthal, Margaret Buckley, "A Reader of St. NICHOLAS," Sabra Beaumont, Bettie Fenner, Janet Waldron Victorious.

AGE NOT GIVEN. Mildred S. Lambe, Estella A. Beebe, Franklin Warren Wolf, A. DeBourg Tees, Ward Shannon, Frank P. Karger, George E. Guinter, Bertha E. Cooke, Alice R. Abraham, Susan B. Bond.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PAPER. Agatha McLaughlin, Frances G. Ward, Helen Carlross.

DRAWN WITH PENCIL. Franklin D. Kenn, Frances L. Pace, Lillian Oren.



"TAIL-PIECE." BY JACOB WEINSTEIN, AGE 15.

(HONOR MEMBER.)

MY FAVORITE CHILD IN HISTORY
BY ETHEL KNOWLSON CASTER (AGE 15)

As we look over the histories of the nations that have lived upon the earth, we notice standing out prominently against the dark background of the millions that have come and gone unknown, men and women, boys and girls, that, because of some great deed or the living of a noble life, have made the world and its history what it is to-day.

Such a one was Zenobia, the girl of the Syrian Desert, who, many centuries ago, lived in the once mighty city of Palmyra. It is in ruins to-day, and where once stood the Street of the Thousand Columns, now only wild beasts roam among the ruins, while winds and storms beat against the Temple of the Sun and are slowly wearing it away until, in some future time, the city will be covered forever by the drifting sands of the desert.

Palmyra was forced under Roman rule when Zenobia was only twelve years old, and until she was a woman, her life was spent in trying to free her city. By her perseverance she succeeded and was proclaimed "Zenobia Augusta, Queen of the East." But Rome, who boasted that she had never lost a province, conquered in the end, and Zenobia spent the rest of her life away from her native city.

ENDORSEMENT, ADDRESS, &c. ON SEPARATE SHEET. Margarette Kellogg, photography became detached from sheet containing endorsement, &c., and could not be identified. *Always write address on the contribution itself.*

NOT ORIGINAL. Stephen Haas, sends the old poem beginning "I live for those who love me." His letter says, "Enclosed you will find a poem which I made up. I am sending it in as a member of your league and wait your best response."



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY HELEN KEEN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

LETTERS RECEIVED

WELCOME letters have been received from William L. Irwin, George Perin, Eleanor M. Chase, Katherine Kennicott Davis, Mary Conery, Dorothy Coleman, Hazel Gildersleeve, Walter K. Belknap, Christine Finnell, Eleanor White, Florence Weinstein, F. R. Thorne, Doris Brown, Florence Bills, Beetha Pitcairn, Lulu Ollerdedden, Mary and Dorothy Woods, Harold King, Mary B. Fox, Helen Culver Kerr, Muriel Wood, Ruth A. Adams, Margaret Frances Andrews, Susan Dorothy Thompson, Dorothy Dwight, Henry M. Noel, Isabel B. Scherer, Helen A. Irvine.



"HEADING." BY MARGARET OSBORNE, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
- No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1

Evelyn Lawson
 Marie T. Hess
 Dorothy Barnes
 Constance S. Winslow
 Katharine Q. Holway
 Katherine McGonnell
 Grace Wardwell
 Dorothy Biddle
 Sarah Cecilia
 McCarthy
 Edna Vander Heide
 Edith Sprague
 Margaret F. Grant
 Alice Ruth Cranch
 Helene Gertrude Wolf
 Carol Thompson
 E. Gertrude Close
 Frances Major
 Gertrude Emerson
 Emmeline Bradshaw
 Agnes Mackenzie
 Miall
 Rose Kurzman
 A. L. Hellzer
 Laura C. Rood
 Lois M. Cunningham
 Jean Gray Allen
 Delia E. Arnstein
 Florence Tanenbaum
 George E. Hutchinson
 Mildred Tillbridge
 Josephine Friend
 Eleanor Johnson
 Millie Bingham Hess
 Mildred Orr
 Judith S. Finch
 Elizabeth Toof
 Lawrence J. Heller
 Marjorie S. Harrington
 Marguerite Weed
 Margaret T. Babcock
 Bernard F. Trotter
 Primrose Lawrence
 Mary Taft Atwater
 Ruth A. Dittman
 Aileen Hyland
 Madeline Hall
 Lucy E. Fancher
 Pauline Nichthauser
 Rietta V. Brainard
 Madeline Bunzel
 Ethel L. Blood
 Lillie G. Menary

Virginia T. Biddle
 Enid E. Jacobs
 Elinor L. Gittelson
 Winifred Doten Hough
 Clarence Julian
 Hecker
 Helen M. Grant

VERSE, 2

Ruby Treva Scott
 Earl Reed Silvers
 Dorothy Wood
 Johnson
 Robert R. Keller
 Madge Lockwood
 Caroline E. Adams
 Aminta G. Lynch
 Mabel Parker
 Eleanor Irving
 Lucretia Mackenzie
 Amy Lorraine Magill
 Frances Barranco
 Anna Stewart
 Lois Donovan
 Alma R. Liechty
 Banny Stewart
 McLean
 Margaret Gage
 Loretta Lamar
 Chappell
 Carol Arkins
 Carolyn C. Wilson
 Susie Marie Williams
 Dorothy Greene
 Emily May Dowling
 Alma J. Herzfeld
 Dorothy Ramsey
 E. Babette Deutsch
 Katherine Mannassan
 Eleanor Luzenberg
 Blanche Willis
 Dorothy Rubottom
 Katharine Carter
 Magdalen Catherine
 Weyand
 Ruth M. Peters
 Lucy S. Quarrier
 Marjorie Gordon Reid
 John Ford
 Ruth Bunzel
 Ruth Marshall
 Charlotte E. Benedict
 Rose Mary Davis
 Augusta L. Blue

LeRoy E. Smith
 Mary Esther Oakes
 Elsa Anna Synnstedt
 Ulla Schoedler
 Gwendolyn Steel
 Terril May

PROSE, 1

Eleanor B. Harvey
 Sarah Lewis Pattee
 Elizabeth Field Yardley
 Alice Griffin
 Helen Fitz James
 Searight
 Elizabeth S. Underhill
 Osie B. Soueless
 Ralph Perry
 Ruth Merritt Erdman
 Doris Kent
 Ellen Greenbaum
 Alan O. Stearns
 Eleanor Hussey
 Dorothy Mabel Carlock
 Helen A. Hodge
 Helen E. Wilkinson
 John W. Hill
 Winifred Sackville
 Stoner
 Margaret Bernhard
 Ida C. Kline

Florence E. Schwarzwaelder
 Thoda Cockroft
 Leslie W. Rowland
 Alice M. Forsaith
 Throphila Hurst
 Alice G. Peirce
 Margaret Price
 Helen Noyes

PROSE, 2

Florence Steinbredner
 Agnes M. Blodgett
 Mary Virginia Young
 Grace M. Scofield
 Dorothy Allen
 Therese Born
 Charles Bayly
 Richard Allyn
 Dorothy Wells
 Helen A. Purdy
 Beth Hunington
 Earle D. Wilson
 Grace L. Crapo
 Eleanor Augusta Sykes
 Violet R. Claxton
 Frances Ingham
 Madelaine F. Avietiene
 Dorothy Wooster
 Isabel Brown
 Everett A. Harley
 Eleanor Wilson
 Mabel E. Parmelee
 Annabel U. Jenkins

John M. Hammer
 Ynez Grace Freeman
 Eloise Liddon
 Mary E. Reid
 Elizabeth Zulouf
 M. Snow
 Wm. G. Kirschbaum
 Comelia Gardiner
 Gay H. Rebound
 Alice Crathern
 Marian M. Torrey
 W. T. Semon
 William P. Harris
 M. Lydia Barrette
 Margaret Gray
 Alice Gilman
 Emma L. Cohan
 Eleanor Stewart
 Cooker
 Eva Matthews Sanford
 Lucy Cornelia Wheeler
 Elizabeth E. Naramore
 Fred Deesen
 Ruth Butler

DRAWINGS, 1

Kathleen Buchanan
 Katherine Dulcebella
 Barbour
 Helen Underwood
 Margaret Farnsworth
 Alfred W. Pond
 Edwin Walters
 Helen B. Walcott

Isabel B. Huston
 Caroline G.
 Heavenrich
 George C. Page
 Elizabeth M. Stockton
 Charles Aubrey
 Thomas
 Arnulf Neland
 Beatrice C. Tabor
 Katherine Gibson
 Edna Louise Crane
 Charles Ward Hall
 Sara Elizabeth Fischer
 Barbara Streatfield
 Catherine B. Spear
 Howard C. Cox
 Dorothy Fischer
 Elizabeth Dearing
 Adele Hinckler
 Elizabeth L. Baker
 John Casey
 Blanch Lilly
 Sallie P. Wood
 Virginia Blair
 Reeves Harris
 Ivy Collier
 Marjorie K. Gibson
 Doris Lisle
 Virginia Sanford
 McKee
 Josephine Witherspoon
 Adelaide Lovett
 Alexander Kraus
 Ruth Livengood
 Jean Spahr
 Margaret E. Kelsey
 Dorothy Hamilton
 Elizabeth Gardiner
 Constance Bryn
 Margaret Lincoln
 M. Udell Sill



"HEADING." BY ELSKET BEJACH, AGE 11.
 (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

Harriette E. Cushman
 Barbara Cheney
 Jean Plaut
 Irene Nichols
 Jane Kasmire
 Zylpha Cheney
 Agnes Lee Bryant
 Stasio Azoy
 Ruth Rebould

Eunice L. Hone
 Margaret Rhodes
 Dorothy Chesman
 Jay Humphrey
 Ernest Townsend
 Charles W. Horr
 Eugenia G. Baker
 Aline Mary Crook
 Agnes Nicholson
 Felicity Askew
 Margaret B.
 Richardson
 Mildred Stanley
 Fleck
 Marjorie Acker
 Hazel S. Halstead
 John Rush, Jr.
 Hope Avery
 Elizabeth H. Evans
 Gwendolyn
 Frothingham
 G. C. Papazian
 Barbara Thaw
 Joseph Auslander
 Dorothy B. Knight
 Helen Gillespie
 Margaret Nicolson
 Helen D. Baker
 Lawrence R. Boyd
 Hester Gordon Gibson
 Mildred Prindle
 Elizabeth Tillbridge
 Elizabeth Finch

Bernice Tompkins
 Esther Iris Hull
 Henrietta Thomas
 Marshall Cutler
 Marion R. Bailey
 Henry Lesieur
 Catharine Alpers
 Adelaide Mahan
 Helen H. Ames
 Lois D. Cloher
 Edwin L.
 Schwarzwaelder
 William Fisher
 Prudie Loomis
 Margaret Roalfe
 Margaret Kempton
 Sarah E. Egloff
 Phyllis R. Newby
 Helen Schweikhardt
 Bessie B. Styrton
 Ruth A. Woodward
 Margaret Lantz
 Daniell
 Katherine Newell
 Martha Abbott
 Oathout
 Gladys S. Bean
 Sarah Yale Carey
 Robert H. Gibson
 Mawrice A. Harris
 Lucia E. Halstead
 Virginia S. Brown
 Amita Nathan



"CHILD AT PLAY."
 BY JACK HOPKINS, AGE 11.

Harold Parr
Grace Garland
Hugh Matte
Mary Wood
Helen Parfitt
Elizabeth Case
Harold Jensen

DRAWINGS, 2

Eleanor R. Weeden
Carrie F. McDowell
Margaret M.
Kingsbury
Muriel Read
Marian Seip
Genevieve McClure
Jean Dorchester
Eugenie Wuest
Jennie Hazelett
Doris Huestis
Helen Frances
Batchelder
Vivian L. Loveless
Marion Thornton
William Wheeler
Clinton Louis
Steers
Newville Fanning, Jr.
May Spiro
Joyce Armstrong
Robert Basil Keator
Miriam Spitz
Belle Scheuer
Marion E. Thomson
Helen Louise Walker
Herbert Ross
Dorothy Brown
Adele Sidney Burleson
Dorothy Louise Dade
Robert Barton

John J. McCutcheon
Dorothy Wormser
Glennie W. Scofield
John Halpin
Ellen Winters
Elmer W. Rietz
Wm. Ellis Keyser
Lyle Saxon
Lucy Evelyn
Linderman
Muriel S. Falk
Maud Clarkson
Henry W. Thurston, Jr.
Florence Lewis
Constance Ayer
Jarvis J. Offutt
Katherine B. Jenkins
Lewis Richard Koller
Katharine Hale
Agnes Alexander
Clyde Dick
Dorothy Morehouse
Elsie J. Wilson
Gwendolyn Gray Perry
Isabel H. Blackader
Joe T. Wilson
Gillian Tanoppe

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Roxana W. Brown
Lelia E. Wood
Merrill M. Goodhue
Helen Bernhard
Mary Archibald
Donald H. Becker
Margaret King
Edward B. Talbot, Jr.
Marion Roberts
Ingersoll

Edith F. Faxon
Glady's Van Fossen
Dorothy B. Sayre
Frederick A. Brooks
Jack Phillips
Rosamond M. Morse
Dorothy L. Dockstader
Muriel Miller
Pearson Winslow
Glady's Bowen
Ruth Hastings
Eleanor O. Williams
Anna Herring
Julia Stell French
Elsie F. Stern
Dorothy Quintard
Dorothy G. Pownall
Simon Cohen
Janet Stevens
Albert L. Schoff
Elizabeth Lewis
Martin Baldwin
Josiah Bridge
Frances Marvel Chaffee
Dorothy Evans
George A. Dean
Dorothy E. Bullard
Fred Dohrmand
Roy Phillips

PUZZLES, 1

Caroline C. Johnson
Elizabeth D. Lord
E. Adelaide Hahn
Kenneth C. McKenzie
Ruth Louise Crane
Catherine Dunlop
Mackenzie
Ida E. C. Finley
Cecile Leona Decker



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 107

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 107 will close **Sept. 10** (for foreign members **Sept. 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Promise" or "Promises."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Coasting Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Orchard."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Cattle" (must be from nature) and a **January** (1909) Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address :

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"HEADING." BY MARGARET MARSHALL, AGE 12.

Corrie Blake
Hugo Greenbaum
Irene Fuller
Florie Thomson
Mabel E. Brisley
Alleana Christy Bower
J. Louis A. Robertson
Edith Thorp
Livio William Quanchi
Mabel Updegraff
Edna G. Comins
Evelyn Buchanan
Marjorie E. Chase
Stanley C. Low

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Margaret Wood
Alice Reynolds
Agnes W. Zulauf
Dorothy L. Greene
Harriet Henry
Lucile Phillips
Arthur Foster Briggs
Katherine Bentley
Bushnell
Harold Bechtel
Margaret G. Smith
Dorothy Oak
Jas. D. McCall
Ruth L. Seelman
Edward H. Leete
Evelyn S. Inglis
Imogene de Goll
S. Powell Griffiths
Louise Chester
Walbridge
Margaret Morrison
Dorothy Austin
Charles B. Hone
Frida Tillman

Eleanor Maud Rutty
Constance Brolley
Philippa Pemberton
Katharine Thacher
Edith Eleanor Bourke
Olive Tilghman
Dorothy Ward
Margaretta C. Johnson
Violet W. Hoff
Douglas J. Gilchrist
William J. Cox
Edith Elliott
Joseph Sturgis
George B. Barrett
William Foerster
Eleanor T. Horn
Margaret Wilson
T. Grant Ware
Kate Babcock
Catharine Thacher
Margaret K. Turnbull
Mary Elizabeth
Maccracken
Helen B. Nichols
Rosalie Gomez Nathan
Dickinson Richards, Jr.
Theodosia F. Skinner
Amita Patek
Frances Beaumont
Harris Hickox
Harry Rasmussen
Dorothy Maitland
Alice May Flagg
Lucy Dunlap Smith
Winnie Stooke
Robert L. Ranken
Dorothy Heard
Marie Hill
Margaret R. Long
William Yale Rorer
Margert Forbes

Florence E. Dawson
Elizabeth D. Brennan
A. D. Bush
Elisabeth Morss
Althea B. Morton
Robert W. Wood, Jr.
Esther Roch
Allan Cole
Harold Ballin
Cornelia N. Walker
Grace E. Kennedy
G. E. von der Goltz
Harriet E. Gates
Eleanor Mabie
Margaret Sherman
Glady's E. Jenkins
Alice E. Carpenter
Ruth S. Coleman
Marjorie Rossiter
Marcellite Watson
Glady's Eustis
Alberta Smith
Robert Hillyer
Cornelia Chapin
Kathryn Baldwin
Eva Burke
Elizabeth Wight

PUZZLES, 2

Eugene McDougall
Jeannette Beale
Dorothy Coleman
Eleanor Wilmer
Paul Willoughby
Dorothy Woods
Eva Rabinovitz
Mary Gae Clark
Frederick Winsor
Mary Louisa Willard
M. Lucile Loveless

THE LETTER-BOX

B—, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been reading you with such delight and interest that I felt as if I ought to let you know how you were enjoyed in this family.

Mama says everything in ST. NICHOLAS is *fine* for us and she reads and certainly enjoys it, while we children think there are no such stories as are published in ST. NICHOLAS. The other day I discovered a letter my little sister had written. She had taken the part of "Bab" and this letter was to be mailed to "Joan" in the tree post-office. So you see the interest she takes in it.

When a ST. NICHOLAS comes, papa will see us looking at it — with delight spelled big on our faces, and he says: "Children, let me look at that picture a moment," but he keeps it the longest moment — a half an hour or more.

So you see how the whole family enjoys it.

Anxiously awaiting the next number I am,

Your enthusiastic reader and League member,
CAROLINE WILSON.

TOPSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been to New York for the first time to meet my Grandma, and if I had been going anywhere near Union Square I would have gone to see you.

I live in Topsfield in summer, and I and my brother and three sisters have great fun. We have a play-house and a swimming-pool and we have a stove in the play-house, and we go in swimming in the swimming-pool.

We have a pony, too, and her name is Fanny. We each have a little garden with flowers and vegetables in them.

I like the stories of the "Three Years Behind the Guns," and "Famous Indian Chiefs" best. I wish you would come oftener. One of my sisters said she would write a letter some day to you.

Your loving reader,

STEPHEN WHEATLAND.

P.S. I live in Salem in winter, and in Topsfield in summer.
S. W.

ST. NICHOLAS would have been glad to receive a call from Master Wheatland; indeed, any ST. NICHOLAS reader who would be interested in calling, will be more than welcome at this office.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always wanted to write you.

I like "Harry's Island" very much, and "Tom, Dick, and Harriet." There is always something to interest me in ST. NICHOLAS. My mother has subscribed to you since she was a little girl, but there was no League then and so she could not compete.

I am in Paris now. We come over every year, as we have an apartment here. I have been to the Riviera and to Rome this spring and it was very nice, Rome was so interesting. Among some of the things that I liked best were the catacombs and the Castle St. Angelo. The catacombs were so imposing that they made me feel awed. The Castle St. Angelo was lovely, and I was very interested in the legend from which its name is derived. It appears that many years ago a frightful plague visited Rome and the Pope went to St. Paul's to pray for help. As he passed the castle he saw a vision of an angel who was putting its sword in the scabbard, a sign which meant that the plague was at an end. In memory of this beautiful vision the Pope called the castle the Castle of the Holy Angel. It is a pretty legend, but the gloomy old castle does not seem suited to its lovely name.

I like Paris very much, but I always yearn for America. To-day I was at the battle of Flowers and an American gentleman saw that we were also his compatriots exclaimed just as he was passing us, "Hurrah for America!"

Now I shall close. I am your loving and admiring reader,

KATHRYN KING BAGCHE (age 12).

AT the rate that the North American Indians are disappearing there will be few American boys and girls, a generation from now, who can say that they have seen one. They live for the most part in the far west on government reservations. The following two letters are from ST. NICHOLAS readers who are fortunate enough to have had "first hand" connection with this once-wild race.

General Howard's series, "Famous Indian Chiefs," is valuable among other things from the fact that he is one of the few living officers who had to treat personally with the chiefs of the tribes against which our government was obliged to make war.

W—, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in General Howard's stories about Indians. I liked the one about Chief Joseph best, I think, because we have a coat of his. My grandmother has had the coat for a long time. I do not know where my grandfather got it.

It has a card pinned to it that says: "This coat was made by the Indian squaws for Chief Joseph. Made of Moose skin." The coat is of a light tan color and is very soft. It comes about to the knees and has a cape across the shoulders. The cape is fringed and has little vines painted all over it. It is all painted around the edges for about two inches and has painted cuffs and is painted up in points for about six or eight inches from the bottom.

I love ST. NICHOLAS very much. I thought that "Three Years Behind the Guns" was fine. My favorite stories now are "Harry's Island" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

I will always be your loving reader,

MARIAN R. PRIESTLEY (age 13½).

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your June number there was an article on Chief Moses. Well, of course, seeing that, I became very interested and excited to think that ST. NICHOLAS, *New York*, should mention Washington, and especially *Yakima*!

It was Yakima City then, but now the important place is North Yakima.

Perhaps some of you have eaten Yakima apples. Well, they come from right in this valley, and a pretty valley it is. But I 'd better not praise it too much, or I 'll not say anything about Indians.

The Yakima (pronounced Yāk'ima, not Yak-em'a) Indians are a small tribe, and we see very little of them till hop-picking time. Then they come riding through the town on their cayuses, galloping along, and perhaps yelling.

They go out to the hop-yards, and the squaws pick enough for the men to spend, then most of them go off and spend it.

One Fair time Indians from different tribes around here gathered and dressed up in their war paint, and went rid-

ing past our house towards the Fair grounds; for we have the State Fair here; and they looked the "thing."

Squaws, boys, girls, and men all ride a great deal. Even little fellows about a year old are strapped with bundles and boxes to the horses.

Sometimes they have races, and it is funny to see the boys, all bareback, galloping around the track.

Your interested reader,

ALAN THOMPSON (age 11).

—————
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a little over two years, but have read many old numbers, as my friends have all taken you longer.

I am very much interested in the League. I am not a member, but hope to be soon. The Letter-Box also interests me.

I have enjoyed your serial stories so much. My little brother enjoyed "The Bear Family at Home." He likes me to make the "Rainy-Day Amusements" whether it rains or not.

My home is in Pittsburgh, but we were traveling in California last winter. We spent several interesting months in Coronado Beach, opposite San Diego. Being there the week the fleet was there, we went on board the *Connecticut*, Admiral Evans' flagship.

My little brother, Bob, was called "The Little Admiral."

I always look forward to the next issue with great pleasure.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET MCKEAN (age 12).

ST. NICHOLAS would be glad to hear from Margaret, which of the "Rainy-Day Amusements" she and her brother found the most entertaining. Will not other of our readers tell us how they were pleased with the "amusements"?

—————
—————, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little California girl and have come over here to finish my schooling.

My home is in the southern part of California and is twelve miles from the city of Los Angeles. The house stands on a hill and looks toward the Coast Range. Old Baldy is the highest point and is crowned with snow the whole year around.

Our house was built by an old Spanish family over one hundred and thirty years ago, and the walls are made of adobe which is three feet thick; the roof is wood. Adobe is a sort of mud that the Spanish use to build most of their houses with. There is a great big pepper-tree out in front which almost covers the whole house. It is over fifty years old.

I have taken you for three years and I think you are lovely. I enjoy the League very much. I like to look at the drawings and read the stories and poems.

I mean to work so hard and see if I can't get a gold badge for a story or drawing, before I am eighteen. I am now only thirteen, so I have lots of time. But I want to get it as soon as I can.

From a little girl who loves to read ST. NICHOLAS,

YNEZ GRACE FREEMAN.

—————
A KINDLY critic and loyal friend of ST. NICHOLAS calls attention to an error which we must frankly admit, in the title of the Frontispiece for our January number, and in order that our young readers may avoid making the same

mistake we gladly print his letter and commend it to the attention of young mathematicians. This is his letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the frontispiece of your January issue you seem to have made the not uncommon mistake that on January 1st, 1908, the century was eight years old, instead of seven years old, having just completed its seventh year.

A century has one hundred years and a century is completed upon the completion of the hundredth year. Accordingly the first century was completed at the end of one hundred years, the second century at the end of two hundred years, the nineteenth century at the end of nineteen hundred years,—not at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In making the mistake you are in good company, for it was also made, I believe, by the late Lord Kelvin.

Yours very truly,

—————
T——, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been buying you for nearly two years, but I have never written to you before.

I lived in Washington, D. C., before we came to Texas.

I am always so anxious to buy the next number of you. "The Gentle Interference of Bab" is my favorite story.

My father used to take you when he was small and he has several bound volumes of you.

I fear my letter is too long, so I will close.

Your interested reader,

BEATRICE W. TAIT.

—————
SAWYER, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for at least three years and I like you very much. I have often taken you to school for my teacher to read to the scholars. Everybody enjoyed your stories, especially "Pinkey Perkins." There has not been a time that I have brought you home, after lending it to some one, with the covers on, as it has been used so much.

Ralph Henry Barbour is my favorite author. I was very disappointed when the stories of "Fritz" and "From Sioux to Susan" were finished. I hope that the stories "Harry's Island" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab," won't finish for quite a while.

Sawyer is a very pretty and small place. It is a suburb of the city Sturgeon Bay. A small bay lies between Sturgeon Bay and Sawyer. At the end of the bay is a canal which connects Green Bay with Lake Michigan. We have a toll bridge on which we pay 5c round trip, if we walk, but more if we drive.

I go to the public school. I am thirteen years of age and I am in the seventh grade. I have three brothers and one sister.

As my letter is getting rather long I think I will close, wishing you great success.

I remain your faithful reader,

MARIE HOSLETT.

—————
R——, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am delighted with you, Papa says he will get you for a Christmas present for me this Christmas. I am an English girl and have been in America about a year. I was staying at my grandpa's in New York, when she gave me a lot of papers to look at. I was pleased to find among them some ST. NICHOLAS magazines. Now these were the first American magazines I had seen and I am very pleased to say that they were ST. NICHOLAS. I looked through them and was very pleased with the League, although I did not understand it, but now

I love you. I have traveled a good deal in other countries, among them France and Germany. I have a cat which I call "Smut." She is quite a pet. I got her in the country last summer, where I was visiting. The stories I like best in you are "Harry's Island," "Fritzi," and others.

I remain your constant reader,
FLORENCE HARRY SUTTON (age 13).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy you very much. My mother has the very first copy of you. I have taken you for three years as a Christmas present.

I visit my grandma's at Yonkers frequently and enjoy it exceedingly. I play tennis with my brother Walter, and we make coasting wagons, as there is a big hill in the place.

There is a brook, too, of which I tried to take a picture for the League, as it is very pretty. But I fell in the brook just as I was ready to take the picture, so all thoughts were diverted to the changing of my wet clothes.

Your devoted reader,
MURIEL ANITA WHEELER (age 13).

PHILA., PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about four years and I hope to continue taking you as long as I can. I lived in Charleston, S. C., up to August of this year when we moved up here. It was a great change because down there we lived in a very old house, indeed, so old that the locks on the doors have little brass plates on them on which are engraved the British coat-of-arms, which shows that they were made in England. It also had a very large yard in which we could play almost any game. Of course down there we had no snow for it was summer from April to October and we have very short winters. When it snowed up here a couple of days ago it was the first time I saw it. I have no doubt it will surprise a great many readers that a boy twelve years old has never seen snow before.

Your ever faithful reader,
FREDERICK LAURENT HORINE (age 12).

LONDON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the fourth year I have taken you, and as I have never written to you before I thought I would now. You came this morning and I have read quite a lot already. I am so anxious to know how "Harry's Island" and "Bab" turn out, they both end in such funny and exciting parts.

My sister has a lovely Persian cat called "Prince," he is a beauty and has won quite a lot of prizes. The people next door have a Persian cat, too, and the only way we can tell them apart is by their eyes, one has green and the other amber colored eyes.

My sister and I wish you great success, although we do not think that you could be any better than you are now.

Your loving and sincere reader,
BARBARA BROWN (age 14).

By this time Barbara's curiosity has been satisfied so far as "Bab" is concerned, for that story was finished in the July number. We hope she was pleased with the way it turned out.

G— J—, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year our auntie in New York State has sent us ST. NICHOLAS. We enjoy it so much. I like "Harry's Island."

I was reading the May ST. NICHOLAS when I saw a let-

ter written by a girl living in New York City, whose name is Margaret C. Hale. That is my name too.

I have been in Newburyport and have a grandmother living there.

I have three sisters.

We live on a fruit ranch about two miles from town and go into school every day.

We have some ducks and some little chickens, and two dear little black kittens about three weeks old.

Your interested reader,
MARGARET CHAMPLIN HALE (age 13).

KIANGYIN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not seen any letters from China, so I will write one. The Chinese are very funny people. When you send a present to anybody you have to wrap it in red paper, especially if you give it to a rich person. When you go to dinner somewhere, when you have finished you take up your chopsticks and point them at the people who are still eating and say: "Eat slowly." This is a form of politeness.

Your loving reader,
FRIEDA E. HADEN.

A—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I hope it will not be the last. My father buys me the ST. NICHOLAS every month. I like it very much. I have had it for three years now. The stories I like best are: "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Fritzi," and "Pinkey Perkins." I suppose you think it very funny that I like "Pinkey Perkins" because I am a girl, but I do very much.

I have a twin sister. Her name is Ella.

One summer we went to Nova Scotia. We had a lovely time. We visited the citadel at Halifax and Pleasant Park, which was very pleasant indeed. We were there seven weeks. We went by boat to Yarmouth and then we were on a train all day from 7 o'clock A.M. to 4 o'clock P.M. As we were on the train we saw Grandpré, which Longfellow made so famous in his poem, Evangeline. We had a very pleasant time all summer. We did lots of visiting. We had some beautiful baskets given to us. They have a beautiful scent. We saw the Indian that made them, too.

I love to read "Nature and Science," and I enjoy reading all the letters in the Letter-Box. I am in the eighth grade at school. I love to read. Mama says I am a book-worm.

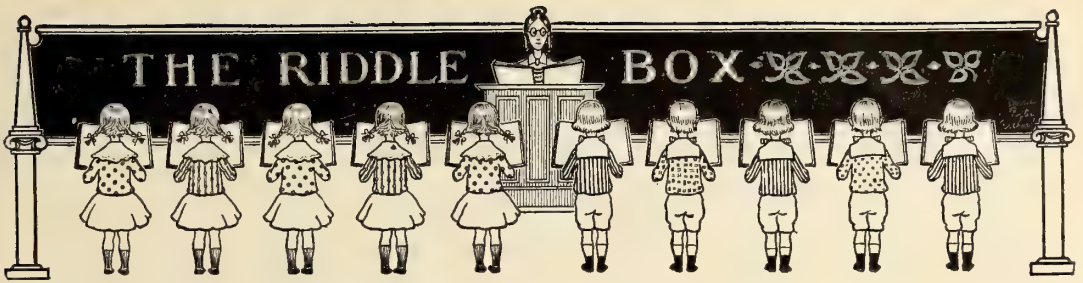
From your devoted reader,
ANNIE W. SLOCUM.

M—, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You've no idea how happy I was last Christmas, for I received you as one of my Christmas gifts from mother. I told her that she could not have given me anything better, for now I shall have you to remind me every month when you come that you were a Christmas gift. I enjoy you very much, and I know that I am going to like "Harry's Island" very much.

Your interested reader,
HELEN V. MERWIN (age 14).

OTHER interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Katharine Dickson, Mina Abel, Harold Nowlin, May Seale, Elizabeth McLellan Anna Elizabeth Kremer, Margaret Darwin, Robert Elliott, Evelyn Jones, Bushnell Cheney, Charles Richards, Barbara K. Webber, Margaret Barrett, Dorothy Gardiner.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

DIAGONALS AND DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Diagonals, spare and stair. Cross-words: 1. Shear. 2. Sprig. 3. Class. 4. Store. 5. Stone.

DIAGONAL. Aztec. 1. Allow. 2. Azure. 3. Actor. 4. Cater. 5. Franc.

ZIGZAG. John Paul Jones. Cross-words: 1. Javelin. 2. Dolphin. 3. Enhance. 4. Frantic. 5. Caliper. 6. Spartan. 7. Purlieu. 8. Vanilla. 9. Overjoy. 10. Laconic. 11. Manlike. 12. Nemesis. 13. Spaniel.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND. I. 1. Idea. 2. Dear. 3. Ease. 4. Area. II. 1. East. 2. Asia. 3. Sits. 4. Task. III. 1. O. 2. Ant. 3. Onion. 4. Tot. 5. N. IV. 1. Neat. 2. Elbe. 3. Abba. 4. Teal. V. 1. Than. 2. Hare. 3. Arts. 4. Nest.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 15th, from "Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Madelon Deschere—"Queenscourt"—Gertrude F. Hussey—Mollie and Dorothy Jordan—Dorothy Haug—Virginia Bartow—Harriet O'Donnell—W. Curtis Angell, Jr.—Elsie, Lacie and Tillie—Jennie Lowenhaupt—Jo and I—Frances McIver—Ellen E. Williams—Jessie Colville—Alice H. Farnsworth—Harriet Barto—Pierre W. Laurens—Miner and Mother—Dorothy Clements—Duncan Scarborough—Beatrice Frye.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 15th, from E. W. Ward, 2—M. Randall, 5—C. Welch, 6—D. Fox, 5—Edna Meyle, 7—W. M. Chute, 5—N. Gilmour, 9—W. L. Lloyd, Jr., 8—D. Jenkins, 3—W. Kortright, 7—H. Carlross, 5—M. Bowen, 9—A. G. Blodgett, 8—R. Du Bois, 9—Alan D. Bush, 5—C. Souther, 6—K. R. Neumann, 6.

The following sent an answer to one puzzle: S. B. McA. D.—R. L.—E. W. W.—P. K.—M. K.—K. C.—H. W. M.—S. R. Van H.—R. W. Jr.—C. P. K.—F. S., Jr.—L. M. V.—M. Z.—E. T.—S. T.—D. B. D.—M. B.—V. W. H.—H. D. K.—M. W.—A. M.—D. W. B.—C. W.

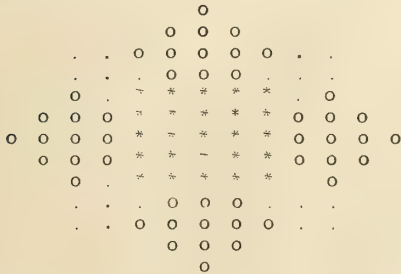
WORD-SQUARE.

I. AN animal. 2. A mistake. 3. A place of public contest. 4. Musical compositions. 5. Rubbish.

R. ALEXANDER GUNN (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In enigma. 2. Evening. 3. To call forth. 4. To piece out. 5. In enigma.

II. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Employ. 2. A body of water. 3. To feed.

III. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Former days. 2. An untruth. 3. A river.

IV. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In enigma. 2. A feminine name. 3. To escape from cleverly. 4. A tool. 5. In enigma.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. General course. 2. A horse-man. 3. To bring or draw out. 4. Parts of certain stringed instruments. 5. To put on garments

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Gravelotte. 1. Brig. 2. Dart. 3. Lace. 4. Vase. 5. Keel. 6. Belt. 7. Halo. 8. Date. 9. Eton. 10. Eggs.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. Blast. 2. Lance. 3. Annex. 4. Scent. 5. Texts. — CHARADE. See-saw.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Louisa May Alcott: "Work," "Little Women," "My Boys," "An Old-fashioned Girl," "Under the Lilacs," "A Garland for Girls," "Proverb Stories."

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Diagonals. Round. Cross-words: 1. River. 2. Cocoa. 3. Cruel. 4. Anent. 5. Dread.

ANAGRAMS: Whittier. 1. Slow, owls. 2. Heir, hire. 3. Rise, sire. 4. Meat, team. 5. Post, stop. 6. Chin, inch. 7. Knee, keen. 8. Tear, rate.

VI. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In enigma. 2. A tavern. 3. To invest. 4. A fall fruit. 5. In enigma.

VII. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Conclusion. 2. No. 3. To stain.

VIII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To observe. 2. To mistake. 3. Before.

IX. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In enigma. 2. Age. 3. To obliterate. 4. To inquire. 5. In enigma.

ISABELLE B. MILLER.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. TRIPLY behead and curtail made certain, and leave a kind of tree. 2. Triply behead and curtail restraining by fear, and leave uncooked. 3. Triply behead and curtail benefit, and leave an insect. 4. Triply behead and curtail the act of knowing, and leave the egg of a small insect. 5. Triply behead and curtail a sea robber, and leave a metal vessel. 6. Triply behead and curtail scattered in drops, and leave a colored fluid. 7. Triply behead and curtail one who bears a message, and leave a Japanese coin. 8. Triply behead and curtail inspiring, and leave a small rug. 9. Triply behead and curtail consisting of coral, and leave the whole. 10. Triply behead and curtail to bring into notice, and leave a slender stick. 11. Triply behead and curtail a sweep net dragged over the fishing ground, and leave a little demon. 12. Triply behead and curtail incorrect, and leave a number. 13. Triply behead and curtail an autograph, and leave a masculine nickname.

When the foregoing words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of an American Revolutionary general who distinguished himself in the South.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR.

PEARS

MADE BY
PEARS

The
Light of
Beauty

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 82.

Time to hand in answers is up September 25. Prizes awarded in November number.

SPECIAL NOTICE: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

For competition No. 82, we have prepared a pleasant confusion which we ask you to set right for us. It seems to us that there must be something wrong about our method of keeping things in order, since we so often have to call upon our bright young friends to bring system out of some heterogeneous, disorganized concatenation of elementary constituents, and from them to present a result characterized by that exquisitely unobjectionable perfection so often presented simultaneously by no inconsiderable proportion of the responses received from ambitious competitors. Here is your new task:

COMPETITION No. 82.

We hear more nowadays of telegrams, phonograms, and "Cablegrams" than of Anagrams, and we are less fond of them than were our noble forefathers. But anagrams are fun, and they are interesting. So we have taken a number of advertised articles and one name of a corporation, and have done our best to spell something else out of the letters that compose each name.

We wish you to rearrange the letters in each of the twenty items, so as to make the original words. Thus our old friend "Pears' Soap" might be made into the anagram "O spare Pa's," which is a very easy one. In six of those below you will find an apostrophe. This must be inserted correctly in the answers.

In each case, the number following the anagram tells how many words the answer to that anagram must contain. Thus No. 10 has four words in the answer.

Find the answers, and send them in numbered, so we can tell which is which, and how many you have solved. If necessary, age will be considered in awarding the prizes. The other conditions will be found printed below.

Now, here are the anagrams,—all naming articles made familiar by advertisements.

THE ANAGRAMS.

1. MECHANICS BY THEM (2).
2. THINK VOICE ART CALMING (3).
3. C D PRATT'S OXEN (2).
4. O SEE LEFT CUP OF CREAM (3).
5. ASK THICK SNOWS (2).
6. NELLY'S PEAR PIE (2).
7. ORDINARY MUST GO SALC (3).
8. AIR'S KEEN LIGHTNING (3).
9. PRIME ACCURATE SOUND IN N Y PLAN (3).
10. A DIP OFTEN MAN'S WANT IE UNREAL (4).
11. A COOK'S BRACE (2).
12. CAT LOANS US KIN AT SOLIDAN (4).

13. ENID'S GRUEL ASK ADDRESS (3).
14. MONDAY SIDED (2).
15. AY PROVISIO (2).
16. THE COLD OPORTO WAX (3).
17. TICCLESH (1).
18. THE CUSTARD DISH BE WIDE (3).
19. BUT FORBID COPY SOLD (3).
20. NO LUZ TRACK TREMBLE NOT (3).

Not so hard as they seem, you will find these. The best way to guess them is to cut out little squares of pasteboard, and put on these the separate letters of one anagram. Then shift them about until you make one of the well recognized names or articles with which you are familiar. Once you have a clue, the rest is easy. The anagrams followed by the numbers (1) or (2) are the easiest, of course.

Here are the usual conditions:

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

- One First Prize of \$5.
- Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.
- Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years of age may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (82). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by September 25, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 82, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 80.

This, as you will remember, or as you may see by referring to the July number, was the competition called "A Vacation Story," and was based upon the supposition that a boy and girl took upon their vacation certain advertised articles.

It was meant to be an easy one, and so it proved. Almost all of the questions were answered by nearly every competitor, and the errors were seldom serious.

Expecting this, it was carefully arranged beforehand that age would be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes, and this was a wise precaution, for the prize-

See also page 8.

"SISTER'S OLD DRESS"



"We have five children in our family, and the two older girls are constantly outgrowing their dresses. It takes a good deal to dress five children. Now I have found that with Diamond Dyes I can make over the girls' dresses and they are just exactly as good as new for the little ones. In doing this I find it wise to change not only the color of the dress, but the way it is made, so that it will not be recognized as "sister's old dress" by the youngster's playmates. I color the dress some pretty, bright, fresh color and make some changes in the trimmings, further disguise it—sometimes the substitution of different trimmings, especially if I make a new cap or jacket to match the dress, is all that is necessary. I don't know how I would dress my children without Diamond Dyes."

MRS. A. K. DEERING
Scranton, Pa.



Mrs. Deering's letter is only one from the many that we have received from bright mothers.

Children wear out clothes about three times as fast as grown-up people. Every mother has a natural pride in seeing her children well and prettily dressed, but this is a pretty big problem to most mothers until they realize that Diamond Dyes can solve the problem for them just as it has solved for thousands upon thousands of mothers.

It's Fun to Color with Diamond Dyes

- The work is always finished on the day you begin it—your task can be just as large or just as small as you like.
- You can dye the dress you are going to wear to-morrow—or the overcoat your boy will be wearing this winter.
- You can dye dresses without ripping them, or taking them apart—without even taking off the trimming.
- You can dye furniture hangings, covers and household draperies, curtains, etc., before putting them away—or you can put them back on the furniture and on curtain-rods the same day.
- You can dye ribbons almost in a minute—wash dresses in LESS THAN AN HOUR—your whole winter wardrobe between breakfast time and lunch.

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the kind of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye. Beware of substitutes for Diamond Dyes. There are many of them. These substitutes will appeal to you with such false claims as "A New Discovery" or "An Improvement on the Old Kind." Then the "New Discovery" or the "Improvement" is put forward as "One Dye for all Material," Wool, Silk or Cotton. We want you to know that when any one makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a Special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up the dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

No dye that will color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool Dye.

Diamond Dyes are anxious for your success the first time you use them. This means your addition to the vast number of women who are regular users of Diamond Dyes. When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

At all Reliable Dealers—Insist upon the Genuine

winning turned mainly upon that, though no prize was given to any competitor who made a serious error in spelling, answers, or fulfilling the conditions laid down.

The winner of the first prize was *eight* years old; and his list was entirely correct from beginning to end, besides being neat and in every way creditable. He would have won a high prize, even had there been no allowance for age.

The only blemish on the list was his turning one quotation-mark the wrong way—and few grown people would think this a matter to bother about in manuscript.

Here follows his list:

ANSWERS TO COMPETITION No. 80.

BY SHERWOOD LAHMAN, 8 YRS. OLD.

Vinita, Okla.

Competition No. 80.

1. Diamond Dyes.
2. Chiclets.
3. Zeno Chewing Gum.
4. Crystal Domino Sugar.
5. Baker's Cocoa.
6. Grape-Nuts.
7. Lenox Chocolates.
8. Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder.
9. Miniature Tools.
10. Daisy Air Rifle.
11. Pears' Soap.
12. Ivory Soap.
13. Hand Sapolio.
14. Eastman Kodak. No. 2 A Brownie.
15. Racycle.
16. Swift's Premium Ham.
17. Libby's Food Products.
18. *1847* Rogers Bros. "Silver Plate That Wears."
19. Woman's Home Companion.
20. Associated Sunday Magazines.

In regard to the answers, the Judges were very lenient in allowing any fair answers to count, since the questions as put were not very definite, and in more than one instance admitted of several answers. Here are a few remarks, by one of the Judges, on the different items of the list.

1. Every Competitor answered this correctly.
- 2, 3. Chiclets, Zeno Chewing Gum, or Huyler's Pepsin Gum were all allowed.
4. This presented no difficulty.
5. Some said "Postum," but that is not a "*powder*."
6. Postum was allowed if given here.
7. Lenox Chocolates, Mackintosh's Toffee, Wallace's Bonbons, all were allowed.
- 8, 9. These were easy.
10. Here some said "Detroit Engine"; but a 2 H. P. Engine is rather big to be called an "instrument," and the lists giving the Daisy Air Rifle were preferred.
- 11, 12, 13. Any three soaps were allowed.
14. Any cameras were allowed.
15. Mead or Racycle were allowed.
16. Any preparation that would make a sandwich was allowed.
- 17, 18, 19, 20. These were easy. Any periodical was allowed to count in the last two answers—e. g.,

Redfield's Stamp Weekly, The Delineator, St. NICHOLAS, *The Century*, Woman's Home Companion, The Associated Sunday Magazines.

By reading these comments, you will see that the Judges tried to be fair to all, and marked as errors only answers that could not fairly apply, were mis-numbered, or contained mistakes in writing or spelling.

And, by the way, the reason why we excluded type-written answers is that we wish to see your own handwriting, and it is important that you should learn to write clearly, legibly, and neatly, even if you also acquire skill with a type-writer.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.
ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 80.

One First Prize of \$5.00:

**Sherwood Lahman, (8),
Vinita, Oklahoma.**

Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each:

Ione De France (9), Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Lillian Brigham (11), Jonah, Texas.

Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each:

Ruth Harris (11), Beckley, West Virginia.
Edmund H. Booth (12), Washington, D. C.
Helen Wouters (12), Hawley, Minnesota.

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each:

Marion F. Hayden (13), New York, New York.
Edith Steele Johnson (13), Cleveland, Ohio.
Barbara F. Gilbert (13), Fulton, New York.
Rhoda S. McCall (13), Albany, New York.
Katharine Remington (13), Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Edna Banks (14), Huntland, Tennessee.
Homer M. Smith (14), Redding, Connecticut.
Eleanor Hatch (13), Plainfield, New Jersey.
Phoebe Schreiber Lambe (13), Ottawa, Canada.
N. Elaine Smith (14), Constantine, Michigan.

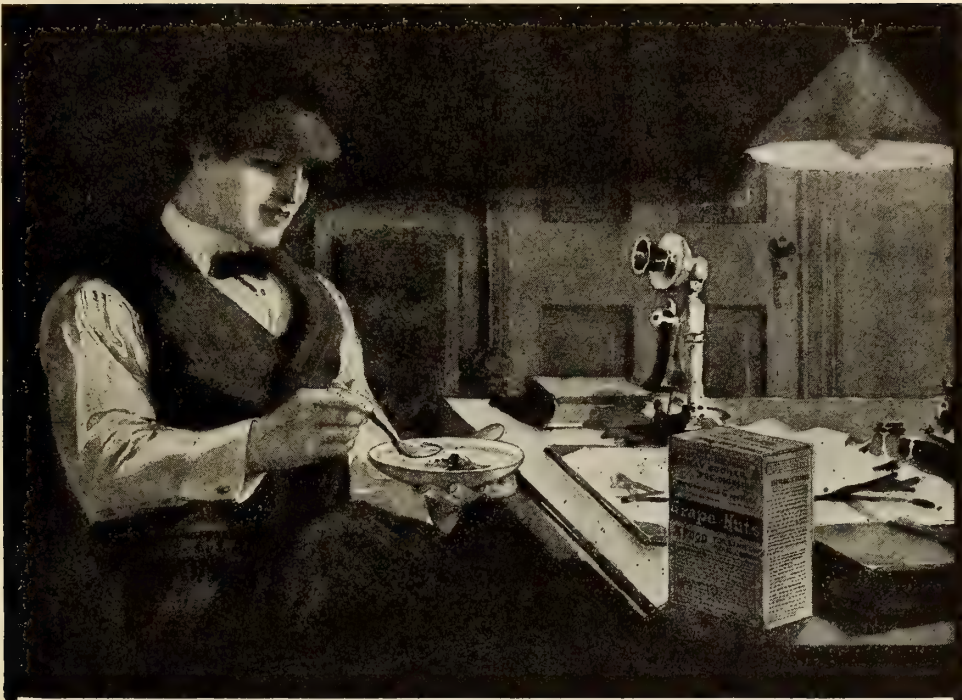
SPECIAL HONOR ROLL.

(Except that allowance was made for age, as announced in the conditions, some of these would have been prize-winners.)

Marcus A. Spencer (16), Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Ruth F. Rowe (15), New York, New York.
Margery Abbott (15), East Aurora, New York.
Lucinda Hall Bradford (15), Dover, Delaware.
Lucile Woodruff (13), Van Wert, Ohio.
Evelyn Duncan (14), Excelsior Springs, Missouri.
William Baker (15), Winona, Minnesota.
Catherine E. Head (16), Madison, Wisconsin.
Margaret Elizabeth Allen (16), Wichita, Kansas.
George B. Curtis (14), Pittsford, Vermont.
Lillian Bjorhus (13), Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Elizabeth C. Walton (11), Washington, D. C.
Annette Howe-Carpenter (15), Denver, Colorado.
Margaret Elder (15), Tidioute, Pennsylvania.
Mena Blumenfeld (15), Starkville, Missouri.
Alice M. McRae (15), Wolfville, Nova Scotia.
Marjorie Aborn (15), Cleveland, Ohio.
Marguerite Magruder (15), Baltimore, Maryland.

Competitors whom former prize-winning prevented from winning any but a higher prize in Competition 80.

Cassius M. Clay, Jr. (13), won \$1 in No. 72, \$2 in No. 74.
Martha Noll (14), won \$1 in No. 56.
Margaret E. Nash (15), won \$1 in No. 78.
Elizabeth D. Lord (17), won \$1 in No. 21, and \$1 in No. 33.
Alice H. Farnsworth (14), won \$1 in No. 65.



Midnight Oil

If the man who is compelled by necessity, or impelled by ambition, to work at night, will avoid "stimulants" and lunch on

Grape-Nuts

and cream, he will find his strength keeping up, and his brain clear and responsive to his demands.

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Currant Bread

Best Food for Children
Takes the Place of Cake

Currants are a naturally dried seedless grape from Greece. They contain 75 per cent. of nutriment—twice as much as beef—and are easily and completely digested.*

Mothers: Send a postcard for
“Currant Bread Making.”

* 97 per cent. of their weight is soluble in *plain water*.

HELLENIC BUREAU
626 Tribune Bldg., New York

Do You Know Her Tailor?

Do You Know Where You Can Have Your Fall Suit Made to Your Order, in New York Style, of Guaranteed Materials, and Still Save Money?

Have you ever had a "NATIONAL" suit made to your order? We make suits to order from measurements sent us by mail. We have been making suits to order in this way for Twenty Years—and "NATIONAL" suits have pleased over half a million American Ladies. That's the reason we know we can please you.

You can easily have your Fall suit made at the "NATIONAL." All you need to do is to write To-day for the Free Style Book and Samples pictured below. You select your suit in the quiet of your own home. We relieve you of all dressmaking troubles, make your suit to your measure, send it to you express charges paid, and with the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached.

Tailored Suits

Made-to-Order **\$7.50** to **\$35**
New York Styles

Style Book and Samples Free

The "NATIONAL" 96-Page Style Book (sent free), shows all the desirable new suits worn in New York this Fall. Wouldn't you like to select your suit from among them? All the radical changes in fashions—all the really new, desirable models are illustrated in our Style Book. And you can make your own choice of any of these made-to-measure suits, have it trimmed to please you, and made to your order out of your own choice of our 400 new materials for Fall and Winter wear.

And remember all the risk of fitting you and of pleasing you in style, workmanship and material—all this risk is ours. Wouldn't you like to see this Style Book? Wouldn't you like to see samples of the new Fall Materials?

Learn what New York is wearing. Write for this "NATIONAL" Style Book and samples, sent free. You will be interested in seeing the new Long Coat Suits, the new Trimmed Skirts and the other new styles for Fall—all sold according to

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached. This tag means "your money back if you ask for it."

We pay all postage and express charges on all "NATIONAL" garments to every part of the U. S. no matter how large or how small your order.

Write for this Style Book and Samples



SENT FREE

Our new 96-Page Style Book also shows, complete, the following "NATIONAL" Ready-Made Goods:

- | | | | |
|--------|--|------------------|----------|
| Coats | Hats | Rain Coats | Corsets |
| Waists | Plumes | Petticoats | Kimonos |
| Skirts | Boas | Merino Underwear | Sweaters |
| Furs | Costumes | Muslin Underwear | Hosiery |
| | Misses' and Infants' and Children's Wear | | |

THIS "NATIONAL" STYLE BOOK FREE!

to Every Reader of St. Nicholas Magazine

You may have YOUR FREE copy of this 96-Page "NATIONAL" Style Book and Samples of the new materials sent you Free by simply asking for them. This is the handsomest the most interesting and valuable Style Book even we have ever issued. Write for your copy sure—NOW. No obligations at all. We want you to get acquainted with the "NATIONAL." So write for the Style Book Free, To-day, and if you wish samples of materials for a Tailor-Made Suit state the colors you prefer.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

250 West 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE collecting of stamps should be done for the pleasure there is in it and for the knowledge that may be gained in doing it. There are many men in New York in both commercial and professional business that make stamp collecting the relaxation of their leisure moments. They find that, better than anything else, it enables them to withdraw their minds from business cares and therefore to find the rest necessary for a return to their vocations with proper vigor. Young collectors will sometime become old collectors and the knowledge secured in early years will prove to be of benefit when they come to make the collecting entirely a means of relaxation from business cares. What have been mentioned are the principal motives in stamp collecting, but one who wishes to get the most in these directions will find that he does so if he also secures a knowledge of what is profitable in collecting. No one wishes to waste money, and while there is no pleasure for which one spends so little and gets so much that is of money value as for stamp collecting, still there is a great deal of wisdom necessary in order to secure the most for the money which one wishes to expend. The young collector at the start usually buys a variety packet containing as many hundreds or thousands of stamps as he thinks that he can afford to purchase. This is a very good way indeed to begin a collection, because it gives one a start which makes the work afterwards much more interesting than it would be with a few specimens scattered through the album. No one, however, secures valuable stamps in this way. One should charge to the pleasure of collecting all the variety packets that are purchased. There may be among such stamps those which have a high price allowed them in the catalogues, but usually the real value has changed for some reason, so that the actual worth is only a small proportion of the catalogue price.

BUYING WISELY

THERE is considerable knowledge necessary in order to buy stamps wisely and secure the real rarities. The way to do this is to watch carefully the collections of friends and all selections of stamps that are received, noting what stamps are seldom seen. It is not always the high-priced stamps that are scarce. It sometimes happens that those that are listed at only a few cents each are very scarce indeed. It is difficult to give any specific rules for wise buying of stamps. There are times when certain issues or sets of issues are likely to become scarce and then it is sometimes a good plan to secure them. Sometimes, however, this rule fails to work. For instance, when Queen Victoria died and King Edward ascended the throne conclusion was immediately reached by most collectors that Queen's-head stamps would become scarce. Hence, they not only bought them for their own collections but also laid by a few to sell when they should become scarce. So extensive was this buying that many issues never did become scarce, and long after the King's-head stamps were issued those bearing the Queen's head of the same countries could be bought for the same price or less. A curious result of this buying was that few collectors purchased any more of the King's-head issues than they required for their collections. Dealers seldom buy more than they can sell at once, so that when the water-marks were changed and,

in some cases, the paper, the first issues of King's-head stamps became relatively scarce. I do not know any series of stamps which as a whole promise better results for the purchaser than the original series of the King's-head issue with the single CA water-mark and the paper with plain surface. It is well, however, in endeavoring to secure these stamps not to be carried away by any special "boom" that there may be in a particular set. Prices are apt to be advanced a little too rapidly when the changes come and after a time one often secures such stamps at more reasonable prices. There is such a thing as putting the prices too high, and in general the young collector should realize that this has been done when stamps priced at fifty cents or over in the catalogues are offered him at large discounts.

There have been cases where a whole series of issues has been advanced in price to such an extent that they are really worth only a small proportion of the catalogue prices. Some will disagree when United States local stamps are instanced as an example of this. It is said that the issues are really very scarce and therefore should be high-priced. The reply is that they are undoubtedly scarce, but not being very interesting issues to most collectors the prices have been advanced to such an extent that there are very few who will buy them, so that, relatively to the number of collectors, the prices are much too high. This is shown by the sales of such stamps at auction where good specimens are frequently bought much below catalogue prices.

NEW CHINESE STAMPS

THE newspapers contain many statements which show that the Empire of China is awakening to the advantages of western civilization. It will not be long before the whole country is aroused and we may expect a commercial progress and development even greater than that which has occurred in Japan during the last fifty years. A new series of stamps is expected shortly and attention is called to the advisability of collecting all the stamps of this country that it is possible to secure. The odd and even crude designs of the older issues will not be repeated and many of these which are quite common now will, in future, become exceedingly rare. The one who obtains a fine collection of the stamps of this country will have no occasion to regret his foresight when the things that are of China secure the popularity which they are certain to have.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE difference between the ordinary variety of the twenty-five and the fifty cent stamp of North Borneo of the issues of 1886 and 1887 is not very great. It is seen mainly in the height of the letters in the inscription in the twenty-five cent stamp and in the shape of the ciphers in the fifty cent stamp. A comparison of these stamps will show the differences very plainly. Some new varieties of Queen's-head stamps were issued after Edward the Seventh became king, probably because the dies had been prepared and stamps were required for immediate use. It is probable that a stamp of the first issue of Roumania, called Moldavia, offered at a low price relatively to that of the catalogue is a counterfeit, as there are many excellent imitations, apparently on original covers.

STAMPS, ETC.



STAMPS—108 different, including new **Panama**, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

116 Stamps all different, including 8 unused PICTORIAL, and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent, 50 per cent. commission.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.

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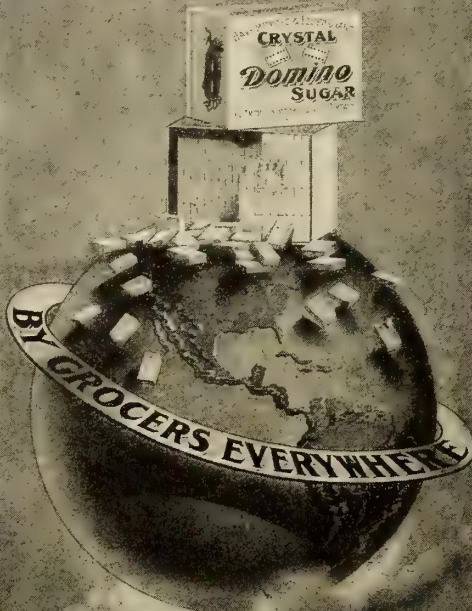
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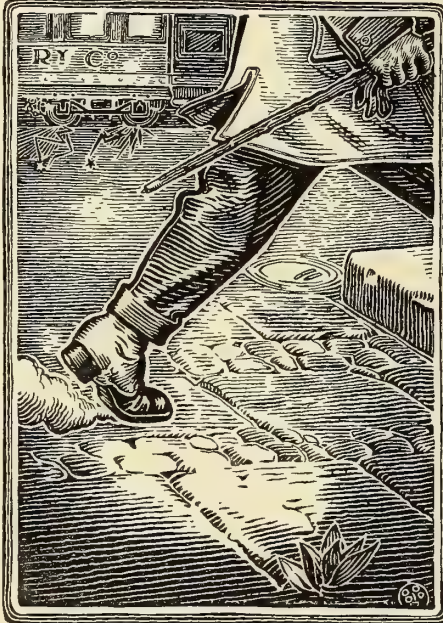
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OCTOBER, 1908

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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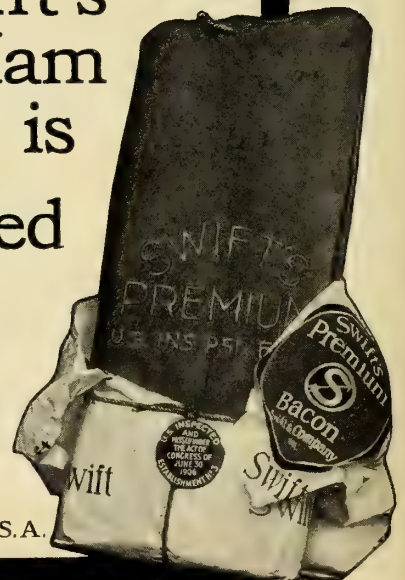
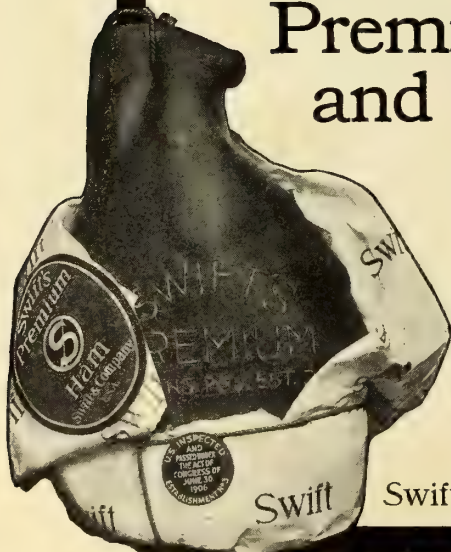
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Hereafter you will receive *ST. NICHOLAS* on the fifteenth instead of the last day of the month,—that is, the October number will reach you on September fifteenth, the November number on October fifteenth, and so on.

Please let us know at once if you have not received this first number promptly.

Very sincerely yours,

THE CENTURY CO.

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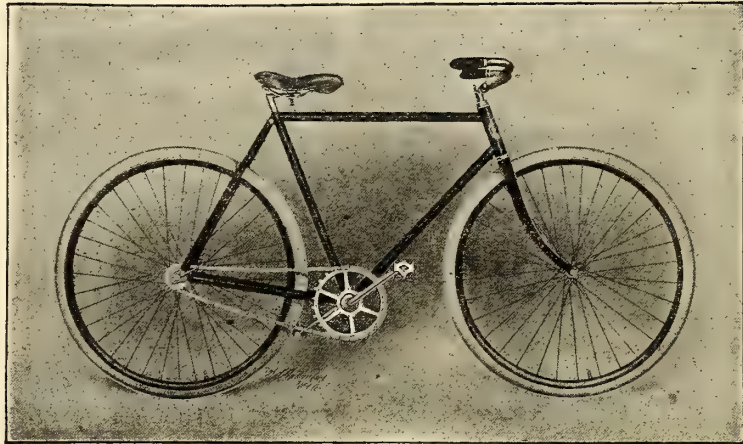
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AT THE PIANO.

From a painting by Francis Day.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 12

THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE BROWN BOW

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

JUNIOR read the advertisement once, and then he read it again.

LOST. A little dog with a brown bow. In Garfield Park. Answers to the name of "Toni." Ten dollars reward if returned to Room 110, 88 Judiciary Square.

Junior whistled. Then he thrust the newspaper into his pocket and rushed off to school.

Half-way there he met Dulcie Lambert.

Junior liked Dulcie. He liked her because she did n't have silly yellow curls, but wore her hair in shining brown braids, wound about her head and tied with crisp black bows. He liked her because she did n't simper but smiled at you in a frank way. She talked sense like a boy, and she coached the girls at basket-ball.

This morning she was looking nicer than ever in a loose blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, and a scarlet cap that matched her cheeks.

As he came up to her, Junior pulled the paper out of his pocket. "Look at that," he said, and pointed to the advertisement.

"Well?" she questioned, "I don't see what that has to do with you."

Junior's eyes twinkled. "It has a lot," he said. "Find that dog, and I get my new foot-ball outfit. If I don't, I play in my old clothes."

Dulcie looked at him in astonishment. "Why, Junior Garrett," she said, "I never knew you to go without anything in your life."

Junior laughed. "Hard times have struck us as well as the rest of the world," he said; "and

this morning Dad said he could n't let me have a cent until he had seen whether he could pay off his clerks in cash. He said they needed it more than I did."

"Of course," agreed Dulcie, "but it 's hard on you, just the same."

"Oh, I guess I can live through it," Junior observed. "Dad says I 've got to learn that money does n't grow on trees."

"I learned that long ago," said Dulcie, with a sigh; "you have to when there are four girls in a family. I 've worn made over clothes until I feel like a patchwork quilt."

"I 'd be willing to *look* like a patchwork quilt," Junior stated, fervently, "if I had a sister or two. Being an only child is n't all that it 's cracked up to be."

"We do have good times," Dulcie admitted, "even if we have to go without things."

"Well, I shall have to go without a foot-ball outfit if I can't scare up that dog with the brown bow."

"What a funny way to advertise him," Dulcie said, "he might lose the bow."

"He answers to the name of 'Toni,'" Junior reminded her, "and I shall speak to every dog I see, regardless of the kind of ribbon that ties him up."

"I hope you will find him," Dulcie said, and then Junior had an inspiration.

"Look here," he proposed, "can't you and Daisy and Dot take a ride in the automobile with

me after school? We 'll go to the park and look for the dog."

Dulcie looked at him with sparkling eyes. "Why, Junior Garrett," she said, "I would just love it. But I 'll have to ask Mother. None of us have ever ridden in one, except Lucile, and she 's grown up."

"I say, have n't you?" Junior was radiant. "There 'll be room for all of us, and perhaps your mother would rather have Lucile go with us, too."

Which showed that Junior had the training of a gentleman!

Such a gay bunch as they were when Junior called for them at four o'clock.

Dulcie sat in front of the big red car, with Junior and the chauffeur.

"I can drive the machine myself," Junior explained; "but Mother thought when I had four girls in that I 'd better take Otto. She was afraid my attention would be distracted."

"She wants us to go out to my Aunt Felicity's," he went on, as they swept out into the broad boulevard that led to the park, where the spring sunshine flooded the world with gold, "and bring back some eggs."

In the park the trees and shrubs were blossoming in pale yellow and pink and white, while the lake showed blue beyond.

"You keep your eyes to the right, Dulcie," Junior instructed, "and I 'll keep mine to the left"; but in spite of their plans Junior's eyes kept coming back to Dulcie's eyes, as they talked of many things.

So it was Lucile, the grown-up sister, and Daisy and Dot who really kept the lookout.

And when they had circled the Park three times, Junior said, "I guess we shall have to give it up, and go on to Aunt Felicity's."

The road to Aunt Felicity's was bounded by hedges of honeysuckle.

"Oh, I must have some of it," said Dulcie, and Lucile leaned forward with the ends of her long white veil fluttering against Junior's cheek, and said, "You won't mind stopping long enough to get some, Junior?"

"No, indeed," said Junior, and he climbed out, and cut long trailing branches, so that the girls were soon in a bower of sweetness.

It was while he was cutting the last branch, that he heard a strange noise.

"Listen," he said, and then they all heard it, a snuffling, choking sound.

"It 's among these vines," said Junior, and when he had parted them, he picked up a bag of rough sacking, tied with a stout string, and in it something wriggled and snuffled.

Junior helped it up. "I believe it 's a dog," he said.

Dulcie gave a little scream. "Oh, Junior, *if it should* be the dog with the brown bow!"

"No such luck," said Junior, and he took out his knife and prepared to cut the string.

Lucile from the back seat objected. "I am afraid to have you open it, Junior. He might be mad—or—or something."

"Oh, I 'm not afraid," Junior boasted.

"Please don't cut it," Lucile pleaded.

"I 'll tell you what," Dulcie suggested, as Junior hesitated. "You sit on the back seat, Junior, and hold the bag over the road, and we 'll start on slowly and you can cut the string, and the dog will drop out, and if he is all right we 'll come back and get him."

So Junior changed places with Dot, while the object in the bag snuffled and moaned. Then he hung over the back of the seat and, as the big car moved off, he cut the string.

And out tumbled the little dog with the brown bow! "Oh, dear," rippled Dulcie, "did you *ever* see such a queer dog?"

The brown bow tied up the hair between his ears, making a sort of pompadour effect of it. He was dusty and footsore, and his bright eyes pleaded for help.

"Toni," Junior called; "Toni, Toni."

The silky ears went up, and the little dog barked.

"Oh, is n't he sweet?" said Dulcie and Daisy and Dot in a breath, as Junior jumped out of the car and went toward him, and Dulcie added, "Bring him here. He 's a darling."

"We are going to take you home, Toni," Junior said, as he picked up the little animal, and, as if he understood, the dog flopped into Dulcie's lap with a whuff of satisfaction and licked her hand.

"Who do you suppose was cruel enough to tie him up?" Lucile demanded.

"Some workman found him, probably, and hid him there until he could find time to take him to his owner."

They looked everywhere, but could find no one who might claim the reward, so Junior told Otto to drive them straight to Judiciary Square.

On the way Junior talked of the new foot-ball outfit. "We are going to wear blue sweaters with the class letters on the breast in scarlet. I say, you 're wearing our colors," he cried, delightedly, with a glance at Dulcie's coat.

"Of course I am," said Dulcie, "that 's why I had scarlet collar and cuffs. This coat used to be Lucile's, and her class colors were gray and blue, and then it had gray trimmings. I expect it feels

like a sort of foot-ball grandmother, it has seen so many games."

Eighty-eight Judiciary Square proved to be a tall, rather imposing house, set on a terrace.

"Here goes for my ten dollars," said Junior, as he jumped out of the automobile with Toni under his arm; "I'll be right back."

At the door he was met by a pompous boy in buttons.

in a pitiful way, and saying, "Oh, my little dog. Oh, Toni, Toni."

Junior felt a lump coming into his throat, so he sang out, cheerfully, "You see I brought him back."

The little old lady peered down at him over her glasses, "Oh, did you find him?" she asked, "I don't know how I can ever thank you."

She held out her hand to him—such a soft little old lady's hand.

"You come right into my room," she said, "and I'll get the money."

And right then and there Junior began to feel mean.

"Oh, don't bother about the reward," he stammered. But Mrs. Flitter insisted. "Come right in."

It was a barren little room, evidently in the poorest part of the servants' quarters of the hotel. The window looked out on the blank wall of a building across the way, which cut off the sunshine.

It developed that it was here that the little lady spent her days mending the hotel linen. Toni was her only companion, and now and then she took him for walks in the park, and during one of these walks she had lost him.

And while she talked, Mrs. Flitter was counting out the money for the reward. She had five dollars in bills, and four dollars in silver, and the last dollar was made up of such small

change as nickels and dimes and pennies.

"You won't mind my giving you the pennies, will you?" Mrs. Flitter asked, anxiously; "but—but—I could n't quite make up the amount, and at the last minute I found ten pennies in my mission box."

And then Junior knew that as his reward for finding the little dog with the brown bow, he was taking the very last cent of the shabby little lady. He flung up his head, proudly. "You are not to give me any of it," he said very earnestly, "I don't want any money for bringing him back, Mrs. Flitter."

"But you must take it," she insisted, "I am so



"'IT'S AMONG THESE VINES,' SAID JUNIOR."

"Go round to the back door," he instructed Junior, "and ask for Mrs. Flitter."

The maid at the back door smiled at Junior when she saw the little dog. "I'm glad you've brought him back," she said, "Mrs. Flitter is feeling awful."

But already the little dog was leading the way, stumbling on his little tired legs to the landings, and barking as he went.

Junior, following him, heard a quavering old voice cry: "Oh, Toni, my Toni," and when he reached the third flight he saw, sitting on the top step, a little old lady in a shabby brown dress, and she was holding the dusty dog and sobbing

happy to have him back. You see, he belonged to my son who is dead, and Toni and I are the only ones left. Oh, you must take it."

But Junior would n't. "Please don't ask me," he said. "I am so glad that I found him, and

Junior had a vision of the automobile flying through the golden perfumed air, through the country, pink and white and green with bloom, and he spoke out, impulsively: "Can't you come and have a ride with us? We are going out to



"'YOU ARE NOT TO GIVE ME ANY OF IT,' HE SAID."

the next time you walk in the park you must watch him."

The little lady smiled sadly. "I am afraid I shan't walk much now," she said. "I hurt my ankle hunting up and down the hills for Toni, and I can hardly get around." And then she looked out of the window, wistfully. "I miss the sunshine," she said.

my aunt's in the country. We'd love to have you—you and Toni."

It took much persuasion, but Junior begged, and the little dog barked as if he knew what it was all about, and the end of it was that when Junior bolted down the terrace and across the pavement he was followed by a shabby little brown lady who limped, and at the heels of the

shabby lady was the little dog with the brown bow.

"We will go to Aunt Felicity's and have supper," Junior said, when he had tucked Mrs. Flitter in carefully beside Lucile; "I can telephone home to your folks, and then they won't be worried if we are late."

Lucile protested. "But, Junior, you can't take so many of us to supper."

Junior laughed. "Aunt Felicity has ten children," he said, "and she always has room for ten more, and enough to eat for an army."

Which turned out to be true. And for supper they had fried chicken and hot biscuits and coconut cake, and they gave all the bones to the little dog with the brown bow.

But first, Aunt Felicity met them with open arms, and insisted on having Mrs. Flitter take off her bonnet. She gave her the easiest rocker on the wide porch, facing the sunset across the lake, and then Dulcie and Junior took Aunt Felicity into a corner and told her all about it.

"Oh, the poor little lady," said kind Aunt Felicity, when the story was finished; "the poor thing. I am going to have her come here and live with me, and she can mend for my ten children."

"You're a dear," said Dulcie, with her arms around Aunt Felicity.

"You're the best ever," was Junior's slangy way of putting it.

When they told Mrs. Flitter, she simply would not believe it at first, and then her eyes filled with happy tears, and she said, "It's just like a fairy tale."

But Junior said, "No, it's just like Aunt Felicity."

And on the way home Dulcie whispered, "Did you get the reward?"

"You know I did n't," Junior flashed out. "It would have been a shame to take it."

"Well, I think it was splendid of you, to go without your suit," said Dulcie, with her eyes shining.

And Junior said, "Oh, *that* was n't anything, I can wear my old one." But he made up his mind that when he grew up Dulcie Lambert—oh, well, anyhow, Dulcie was the nicest girl in the world!

And that night when he told his father and his mother of his adventures, his father put his hand in his pocket, hesitated, and drew it out empty.

"The banks have let up, and I have all the cash I want," he said to Junior's mother, when their son had kissed them and had gone to bed in the glow of their loving approval; "but I would n't spoil his little sacrifice by giving him the money. I'm proud of the lad, Lucy. I tell you I'm proud of our little lad."



AT THE AUTOMOBILE RACE.

Drawn by J. B. Graft.

HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

IV. PETER THE GREAT: THE BOY OF THE KREMLIN

THE halls of the Kremlin, the Czar's palace in Moscow, were filled with a wild rabble of soldiers on a winter afternoon near the end of the seventeenth century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were storming through the maze of corridors and state apartments, breaking statues, tearing down tapestries, and piercing and cutting to pieces invaluable paintings with their spears and swords. They were big, savage-faced men, pets of the half-civilized Russian rulers, and were called the Streltsi Guard. They had broken into the Kremlin in order to see the boy who was now Czar, so that they might be sure that his stepmother had not hidden him away, as the rumor went, in order that her own son Peter might have the throne for himself. But once inside the Kremlin many of the soldiers devoted themselves to pillage, until the ringleaders raised the cry: "Where is the Czar Ivan? Show him to us! Show the boy Ivan to us! Where is he?"

In a small room on one of the higher floors a little group of women and noblemen, all very thoroughly frightened, were gathered about two boys. The noise of the attack on the palace had come to their ears some time before; they had seen from the windows the mutinous soldiers climbing the walls and beating down the few loyal servants who had withstood them. Now the din was growing more terrific every instant. It was only the matter of a few minutes before the rioters would break into the room.

"We must decide at once, friends," said the Czarina Natalia. "If they enter this room they'll not stop at killing any of us."

The smaller of the two boys, a sturdy lad of eleven years, spoke up: "Let me go out on to the red staircase with Ivan, mother. When they see that we are both here they'll be satisfied."

A dozen objections were raised by the frightened men and women of the court. It was much too dangerous to trust the lives of the two boys to the whim of such a maddened mob.

"Nevertheless Peter is right," said Natalia. "It's the only chance left to us. They think I have done some harm to Ivan. The only way to prove that false is for him to stand before them, and my son must go with him."

The small boy who had spoken before took these words as conclusive. "Come, Ivan," said he, and took the other's hand in his. Ivan, a tall, delicate boy, whose face was white with fear, gripped Peter's hand hard. He was used to trusting implicitly to his half-brother, although the latter was two years younger than he.

One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two boys went out of the room and crossed the hall to the top of the great red staircase. They looked down on the mob of soldiers who were gradually surging up the stairs, brandishing swords and spears, fighting among themselves for the possession of some treasure, and calling continually: "The Czar! Where are the boys, Ivan and Peter? Where are they?"

At first in their excitement no one noticed the two boys on the stairway. Ivan, who was by nature timid, shrank away from their sight as much as he could, but Peter, who was of a different make, stood out in full view, and held fast to his brother's hand. He had inherited the iron nerve of the strongest of his ancestors. He looked at the mutinous rioters with bold, fearless eyes.

Presently a soldier caught sight of the younger boy and raised a cry loud above the general din: "The Czar! The Czar! There is the boy Peter, but where is Ivan?"

A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is the boy Ivan?" came the deafening chorus.

"Ivan is here with me," said Peter, his voice clear and high. He tried to pull Ivan nearer to him so that the men might see him. "Stand up where they can see you, Ivan!" he begged.

"There 's nothing to be afraid of. They only want to see their new Czar."

Trembling with fear the older boy, who had inherited all the weakness of his race and none of its strength, was finally induced to step close

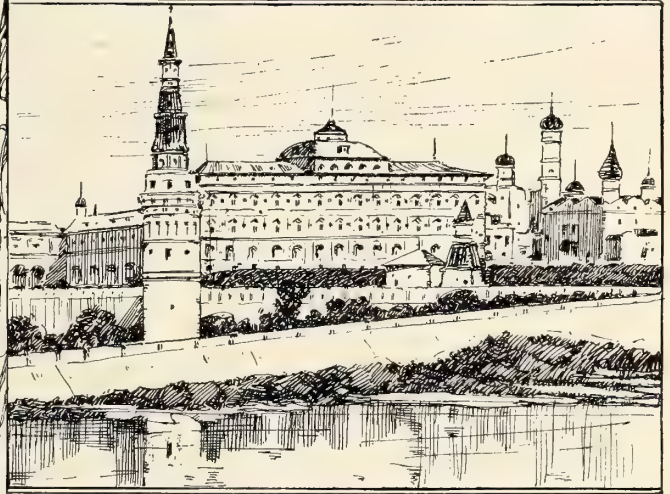
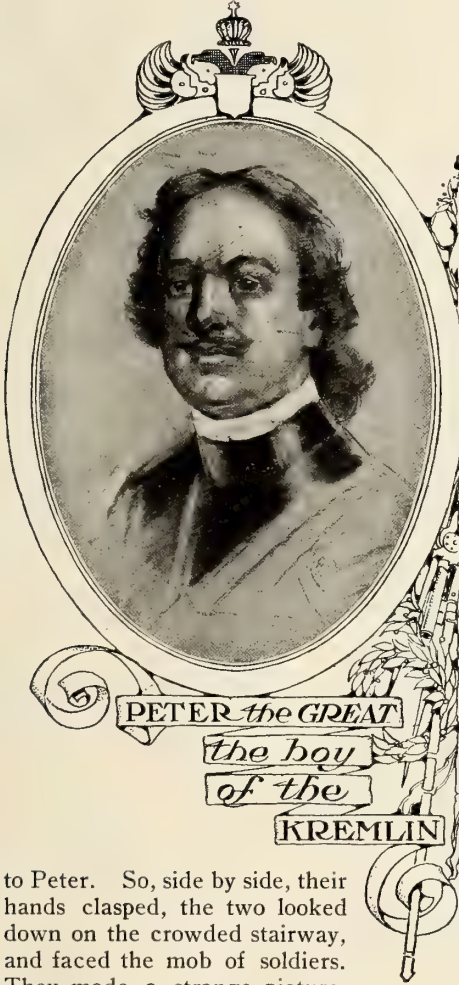
The boy's calm eyes fronted the nearest soldiers steadily.

"Peter, the son of Alexis, is not afraid of his own father's guards!" the boy continued. "That is why I came out here when you called me."

In the hush that had followed his first words his voice carried clear to all the crowding men. When he finished there came a silence, and then of a sudden cheer on cheer rose on the stairs and through the hall. "Peter, the son of Alexis! Hail, Peter! Hail, the two boy Czars!"

The nearest soldiers dropped the points of their spears and joined in the shouting. A flush came into the younger boy's face and he smiled, and squeezed Ivan's hand tighter. He knew that the danger had passed.

Slowly the soldiers who had climbed nearest to the boys drew back down the stairs. Swords were returned to scabbards, harsh voices grew quieter, and within a quarter of an hour the



to Peter. So, side by side, their hands clasped, the two looked down on the crowded stairway, and faced the mob of soldiers. They made a strange picture, two small boys, standing quite alone, fronting that sea of passionate, angry faces.

At sight of Ivan another cry arose. "There 's the Czar! Hail, Ivan! Hail, the son of the great Alexis!"

For a moment the onward rush of the mob was checked, but only for a moment. Three or four soldiers started up the stairs, their lances pointed at Peter, shouting: "What shall we do with the son of the false woman Natalia?" They came so close to the boy that their spears almost touched him before they stopped.

"I am the son of the Czar Alexis also, and I am not afraid of any of you!"

red staircase and the great hall were empty of men. Then the door of the room from which the two boys had come opened, and Natalia and her women stepped out. The Czarina, a woman of courage herself, took Peter in her arms. "My brave son," she murmured, "you are worthy of your father. I would have stood beside you, but the people hate me, and it would have been worse for us all."

"I needed no one, little Mother," said Peter. "If I am ever to be a ruler I must not fear to face my own men." Then his face grew more serious. "But if I ever am Czar they will not break into the Kremlin this way, mother, nor wilt thou need to hide thyself from them."

"God grant it be so, Peter!" answered Natalia. "I think they 've learned much from thee this very day."

The Streltsi had indeed learned that the boy Peter was no coward, and their dislike changed to affection; but there were others in Moscow who plotted and planned against him, because the family of the late Czar's first wife was very powerful in Russia, and they hated his second wife, Natalia, and her son, who had been his father's favorite. Everything that conspirators could do to break the boy's spirit was done: he was time and again placed in peril of his life; he was threatened and tempted and maligned to the people, but all to no avail. His mother did her best to shield him from his enemies, but when she found that her care was not enough she trusted to his own remarkable judgment and courage. These never failed either the boy or his mother. As time passed it grew more and more clear that Peter was as strong as his poor stepbrother, Ivan, was weak, and in order to satisfy the people the younger boy was made joint Czar with the elder.

From the day when he knew he was to be the real ruler of his country, Peter began to prepare himself for his work. He organized a boys' military school and drilled his friends until they knew all the routine of an army. He learned how cannon were built, and studied the use of every kind of firearm, working with all sorts of tools with the zeal of a born mechanic. When he was a little older he went to Holland and studied ship-building in order that Russia might some day have a navy, and he knew all about the construction of ships. Ivan left the command of everything to Peter, just as he had done that day on the red staircase.

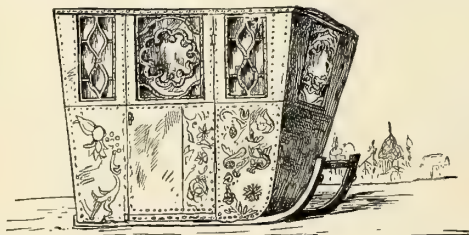
The love of building, whether it was a wheelbarrow or a fort, was deeply rooted in the boy. He learned how to do things with his own hands so that he might teach others how to do them. When he had studied ship-building he insisted on going to Lake Plestchéief, with a few youths of his own age and some carpenters, and building boats there himself. But even when he was far from Moscow and so busily engaged, he sent

continual messages to the mother who had so often shielded him from harm. Once he wrote to her as follows: "To my best beloved, and, while bodily life endures, my dearest little mother, the Lady Czarina and Grand Duchess Natalia Kirilovna. Thy little son, now here at work, Petrúshka, I ask thy blessing, and wish news of thy health. We, through thy prayers, are all well, and the lake has been cleared of ice to-day, and all the boats, except the big ship, are finished, only we have to wait for ropes. Therefore I beg thy kindness that these ropes, seven hundred fathoms long, be sent without delay, for our work is waiting for them, and our stay here is so much prolonged."

Peter loved knowledge, and as he grew up he tried to learn something of different trades in order that he might know what laws were best to make each type of work flourish. In this way he made friends with people of all classes, who liked the "Little Czar," as they called him affectionately, because he was so much interested in them.

But it was easier for him to win the affection of the people than of the court. The Russian nobles of that time were a hard, unintelligent set. All during Peter's youth they plotted against him; as he grew older he escaped assassination again and again by the narrowest of chances. But each time he had to face some such danger he grew more self-reliant and determined, and gradually his grip on the men of his court and of his army grew stronger, until, before they quite realized what had happened, they were entirely his servants and he their absolute master.

Natalia lived to see her son become a great king, a fearless, purposeful ruler, who knit his people together as no other Czar had ever been able to do. She saw him lead his armies to many victories; saw him build a fleet in the Black Sea; saw him establish a new capital near the shores of the Baltic and name it after his patron saint, St. Petersburg. His life was always full of difficulties and dangers, but he faced each one as he had faced the riotous Streltsi guards when he was only eleven, and so history has given him the title of strongest of all Russian Czars, and called him Peter the Great.



THE SLEIGH USED BY PETER THE GREAT IN HIS BOYHOOD.

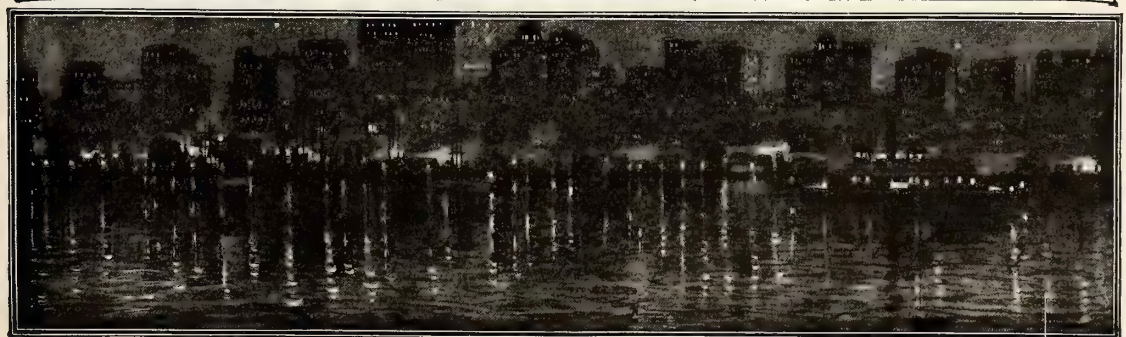
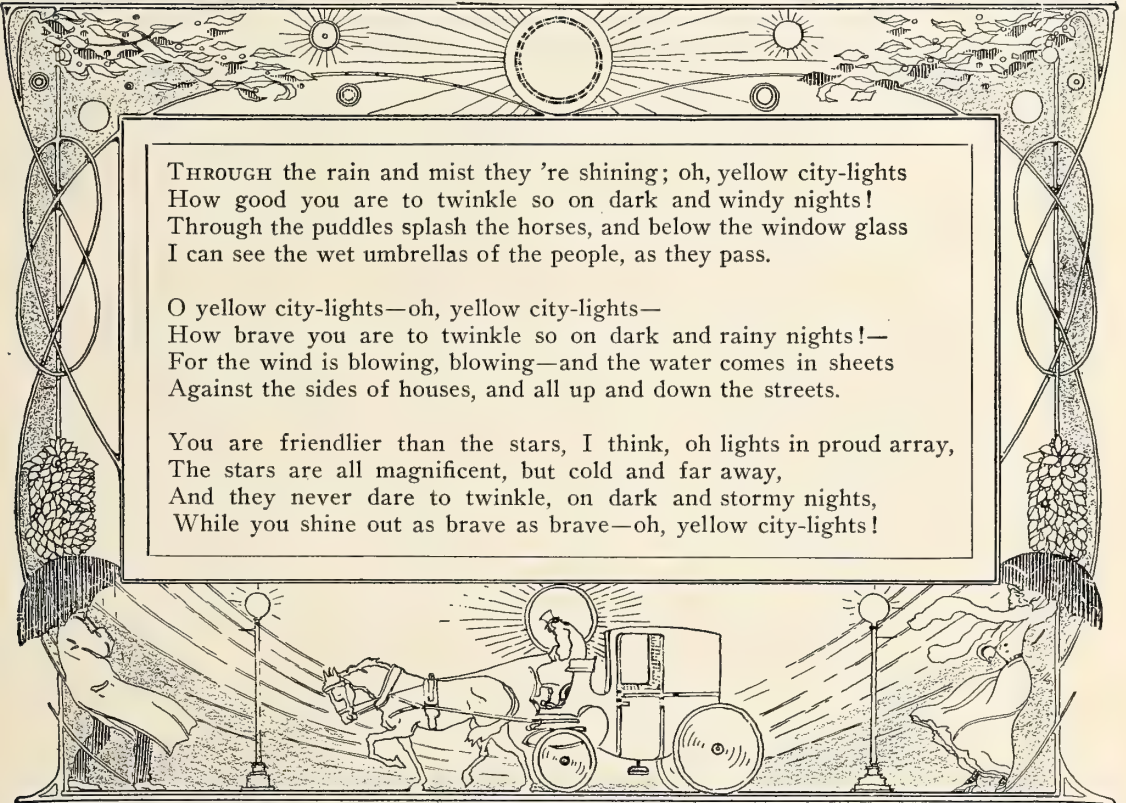


The YELLOW CITY LIGHTS
By MIRIAM CLARK

THROUGH the rain and mist they 're shining; oh, yellow city-lights
How good you are to twinkle so on dark and windy nights!
Through the puddles splash the horses, and below the window glass
I can see the wet umbrellas of the people, as they pass.

O yellow city-lights—oh, yellow city-lights—
How brave you are to twinkle so on dark and rainy nights!—
For the wind is blowing, blowing—and the water comes in sheets
Against the sides of houses, and all up and down the streets.

You are friendlier than the stars, I think, oh lights in proud array,
The stars are all magnificent, but cold and far away,
And they never dare to twinkle, on dark and stormy nights,
While you shine out as brave as brave—oh, yellow city-lights!



THE BATTLE OF THE SURVIVORS

BY FRANK STICK

FAR out in the golden west, beyond the Father of waters and the great plains, snuggled in between two high mountain ranges, lies a great national park. Not an artificial affair intersected with asphalt walks and dotted here and there with threatening "keep off the grass" signs, but a great stretch of virgin mountain, prairie, and forest country, where wild creatures dwell amid natural environments and procure their livelihood in exactly the same way as did their ancestors for generations before them.

There are numberless wonderful things in the park—fountains of boiling water that spout a hundred feet and more into the air (geysers they are called), lakes of bubbling mud, a mountain of glass, and many other marvels; but perhaps the strangest and rarest of all the curious things in the park, are a roving band of shaggy, brown, wild animals, who wander here and there through their domain, waxing fat on the rich herbage and increasing in numbers as the seasons pass.

There are about two hundred of these animals, all told, in this herd, and they are the only really wild buffalo left in our country out of all the millions which, thirty-five years ago, roamed over the western plains from Canada to Mexico. So you can understand why these remaining few are so highly valued.

Their leader is a huge, bulky, battle-scarred old veteran, who rules his tribe with all the bravery and wisdom that a general might display. He is probably the largest buffalo in existence.

Sometimes, though not often,—because grizzlies are not numerous now in the land of the Yellowstone, his people are attacked by these fierce animals and then truly it is a battle of giants.

Some years ago, over in the Jackson's Hole country that borders the Yellowstone Park, a big silver-tip grizzly had taken up his abode, and a particularly bothersome animal he proved himself to be. Scarcely a ranchman in twenty-five square miles but had suffered the loss of certain live stock at one time or another. He had been wounded a dozen times, and as many times he had broken from traps that might have held an ordinary bear. Also several hunters suffered the penalty of rashness.

Then, one spring, the spirit moved him and he ambled over into the Yellowstone country.

The new land was much like the land he had left, only perhaps wild animals were more numerous and tame animals scarcer, and, as every

one knows, most wild creatures are warier and wiser than domestic cattle. For some time he was forced to satisfy his appetite principally on a "grazing" diet until one evening, as he wandered along the base of a range of foot-hills, the wind came to him tainted with something akin to cattle smell, so he wheeled sharply and followed his nose up wind out on the broad, rolling prairie.

As he topped a ridge and spied the animals below him, no doubt they looked to him like a herd of domestic cattle. At any rate, he attempted ordinary cow-stalking tactics. It was his wont to creep as close to his quarry as possible and then, with a roar and a rush, to stampede them and strike down one or more of the foolish creatures ere they might get fairly started. A bear is built on compact lines and for a short distance he can make a cannon ball sort of a rush that few animals are able to withstand.

The old buffalo, ever on the alert, discovered him before he had covered fifty feet of the distance between them, and with his dusky head lowered until his beard swept the grass, he gave forth a bellow and charged swiftly through a village of prairie-dogs, the little animals dropping into their burrows as he passed like so many animated ten-pins.

The bear stayed his approach, then reared upright to see what sort of a cow this was that dared to meet him. As the old bull rushed upon him Bruin swung back one of those enormous fore-arms that had broken the necks of dozens of steers and cows, and delivered a sweeping blow that, unfortunately for him, reached nothing but the thick padded hump of his opponent's shoulders. At the same instant sharp horns bit deep into his side and he tumbled backward with a squeal of mingled pain and rage. Before he could rise the bull was upon him again, and over he went, once more striking and tearing wildly as he fell. Slash and charge, snapping fangs and tearing, ripping horns, they fought to and fro, till at last the grizzly lay and did not move.

Still the bull gored and trampled his fallen enemy till, wearied, he himself stood panting, and blew the froth and blood from his nostrils. Then he returned to his charges, where they were huddled on the prairie.

Some time, if you happen to be in the Yellowstone Park, you may see the old bull with the deep scars on his shoulders: honorable scars of a battle that proved his valor.



"BEFORE BRUIN COULD RISE THE BULL WAS UPON HIM AGAIN."

NAUGHTY JOHNNIE FROST



BY ISABEL
ECCLESTONE
MACKAY



I

"LITTLE Leaf," said young
Jack Frost,
"Pretty Leaf," said he.
"Tell me why you seem so shy,
So afraid of me?
I protest I like you well—
In your gown of green
You 're the *very sweetest*
Leaf
I have ever seen!"

II

"Run away!" said little Leaf,
"Prithee, run away!
I don't want to listen to
Anything you say.
Mother-tree has often said:
'Child, have naught to do
With young Johnnie Frost!'—I think
That, perhaps, he 's *you!*"

III

"Nay, believe me, little Leaf,
Pretty Leaf! Indeed
To such silly, idle tales
You should pay no heed!
I protest a leaf so fair
Need not bashful be—
There 's no reason why
you should
Feel afraid of me."

IV

"Well, perhaps," said little Leaf,
"I will let you stay—
If you 're really very sure
You mean all you say?
Do you truly like me *best?*"
"Yes, oh, *yes!*" he said,
"And to prove it pray accept
This new dress of red!"

V

Very proud was little Leaf,
Whispering with a smile,
"T is a sweetly pretty gown,
'T will be quite the style!"
Then she chanced to glance
around!
"Oh!" and "Oh!!" she
said—
Every leaf upon the tree
Wore a dress of red!

Albertine
Randall
Wheeler



THE FLOWER OF THE SUN

by ALICE
M
LONG.

nearly every evening of the time when Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching should travel to the strange country where the pink-and-white-skinned people with straight eyes lived. So Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching learned their lessons well, for they wanted to show these good pink-and-white people that they understood and appreciated all the nice things that were being done for them.

Every day after school Wing Wing and Ching Ching went out in the little garden back of the little house in which they lived, and watered the trees and vegetables and flowers, for they dearly loved to watch them grow, and they knew that plants get thirsty just as people do.

One day Papa Lou brought home three little black oblong seeds that an American friend gave him, and told his sons they might plant them down by the high stone wall at the back of the garden.

Three wonderful American seeds and all their own! How the black almond-shaped eyes of Wing Wing and Ching Ching sparkled as they looked at them. Then they went out to the garden and thoroughly dug the soil and broke the clods until finally they had an earth bed as nice as the best seeds in the country need have, and then they laid the three little black oblong things down and covered them, oh, so carefully, and, to make sure that they would grow.

Then, in their tiny little Chinese voices, they would solemnly offer up this earnest appeal:

LOU WING WING and Lou Ching Ching were brothers who lived in one of the northern provinces of China. They were as bright and handsome as any boys that could be found anywhere, at least so thought Mrs. Lou and Mr. Lou. They had even learned to speak, read, and write the great English language at the wonderful and most honorable American school which they attended daily, and Mr. Lou and Mrs. Lou talked

"Honorable little black seeds of the most honorable America, we have given you the best place in the garden. The majestic sun will shine upon you every day, the dew will give you drink, and we will visit you morning and evening. Most honorable little black seeds, what more can you wish?"

Then Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching went to bed, and Wing Wing dreamed that the three little black seeds had come up and grown into giant trees on which were wonderful blossoms as big and yellow as the sun. So when morning came and Wing Wing had told his dream to Ching Ching, they ran down to the stone wall to see if anything had happened, but the little earth bed was just as they had left it the night before. Several mornings and evenings they found it just the same. Then they thought it might help to speak again to the three little seeds, so they said:

"Most honorable little black seeds of the most honorable America, we have given you the best place in the garden. The majestic sun shines on you every day, the dew gives you drink, and we visit you morning and evening. Most honorable little black seeds, we humbly beg you to put on your green clothes and come out where it is light."

Then Wing Wing and Ching Ching went to bed, and Ching Ching dreamed that the seeds had come up and grown into vines that climbed all over the stone wall and over the tops of the trees and all over the little house of their honorable father and mother, leaving, just over the doorway, a great golden flower as large as the sun and which dazzled their eyes as they looked at it.

Ching Ching told his dream to Wing Wing the next morning, and when they were dressed they hastened down to the stone wall, and as soon as they looked at the little bed they saw something had happened.

Wing Wing and Ching Ching clapped their hands and laughed, and Wing Wing said: "The most honorable little black seeds of America have pushed off their blanket and put on their pretty green clothes at last."

Then Ching Ching said: "Most honorable green plants from the most honorable little black seeds of America, we humbly welcome you to this most humble garden where the majestic sun shines upon you and the dew gives you drink. Kindly grow quickly and permit us to see your honorable blossoms."

And the plants grew and grew, but when they were about a foot high the wind came and broke one of them off close to the ground. This made

Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching quite sad, but Mama Lou said: "Be comforted, my sons, for there are two left."

Then the two plants grew and grew until they were two feet high, and a loose stone fell off the wall right on one of them and crushed it to the ground.

This made Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching quite sad, but Papa Lou said: "The one plant will have more room to grow, so be comforted, my sons."

And the one plant grew and grew until its top reached as high as the stone wall and right in the center of the plant Wing Wing and Ching Ching saw, by climbing to the top of the wall, a bud, and they chanted: "Oh, most honorable bud, child of the most honorable green tree, coming from one of the most honorable little black seeds of the most honorable America, we have given your honorable parent the best place in the garden, where the majestic sun shines on you and the dew gives you drink. Kindly open your eyes to your humble servants and put on your dress of gold that we may be permitted to behold your glory."

That day Mr. and Mrs. Lou and Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching were invited to a wedding several miles away, and the boys did not see the plant again and its child, the bud, for three long days. When they returned home they ran out to the garden and down to the stone wall as fast as their feet could carry them, and then they clapped their hands and laughed, for at last there was a great golden flower *almost* as large as the sun looked, and so bright in the light that it *almost* dazzled the black almond-shaped eyes of Wing Wing and Ching Ching as it nodded to them.

"We will let it stay here," they said, "where we can see it every day. No one in the town has such a flower."

That morning, when Wing Wing and Ching Ching went to school, they saw a strange pink-and-white-skinned woman, almost as beautiful, they thought, as their teacher whom they loved so much, and when she smiled at them they decided that she was even more beautiful.

This new woman did not smile, however, all day. When Wing Wing and Ching Ching saw her that afternoon alone and she did not know they were near, she was wiping the tears away from her eyes. The boys would have liked to do something for her, but they did not know what the trouble was and were too shy and respectful to ask.

Quietly they were slipping away and had just passed out of sight behind a screen which stood

in front of the door through which they were going, when their teacher came in from the other side and said:

"Why, Elizabeth, what does this mean? Why these tears?"

"Oh, I am so lonesome and homesick," was the answer.

"Cheer up, you will get over it," said the teacher.

"The honorable flower of the majestic sun," whispered Lou Ching Ching.

"The beautiful lady with the pink-and-white skin loves it," said Wing Wing.

"And she smiled at us the very first day," said Ching Ching, as they slowly walked toward home.

"Her honorable father and mother are not



WING WING AND CHING CHING PLANT THE LITTLE BLACK SEEDS.

"But everything is so strange here," cried Elizabeth. "If only I could see some familiar object it would help. Why, even a bright-faced American sunflower would make me feel better."

"Well, I have not seen any in the neighborhood," laughed the teacher, "but never mind, dear, you will soon love the children so much that they will make up for some of the things you are missing."

"The honorable flower of America," spoke Lou Wing Wing in a low, awed tone, as the boys stepped out into the yard.

here, and she weeps for them," said tender-hearted Wing Wing.

"And she said the American flower of the sun would make her feel better," sobbed Ching Ching.

"Our garden would not be so beautiful without it," responded Wing Wing, after a long pause.

"But she would not weep if she could have it," almost whispered Ching Ching.

"You do not want her to weep, brother?"

"No; nor you?"

"No."

"Then she shall have it," they said aloud, and

away they ran, as fast as their feet could carry them. Into the little house of their father and mother they went, secured a knife, passed out into the garden, climbed the stone wall, tenderly pulled the beloved golden face to them and were about to sever it from the parent when Mama Lou called out:

"Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching, what are you doing?"

With a smile on their chubby round faces and a glad light in their black almond-shaped eyes, they told her all about it.

Then Mama Lou said proudly: "I am greatly pleased that my sons should have such noble hearts, but there is a still better way to make the beautiful young lady happy."

"But she cannot be happy without the honorable flower of the sun," said the boys together.

"And she shall have it," said Mrs. Lou, smiling, "but it shall remain where it is. If you separate it from its honorable parent it will fade away in a day or two and then no one can gain pleasure from it, and I am sure the beautiful lady would rather see it fresh and growing; so we will ask her and your teacher to come to the garden this afternoon and drink tea where they may see all the time the golden face, and every afternoon they may come and bring their sewing and books, if they like."

Then Lou Wing Wing and Lou Ching Ching clapped their hands and laughed for joy as they thought how splendidly everything had turned out.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER

BY MAY AIKEN

SEPTEMBER apples shine yellow and red
Under the old orchard trees;
Over their branches high circles the crow,
Through them flit gay chickadees;
Chipmunk is harvesting grain for his home
Laying his winter stores in,
He scurries along, fat cheeks full of corn—
He 'll beat us unless we begin!

OCTOBER brings the northwind keen
And sparkling frost and Hallowe'en.
And when I went to bed one night
And shut my tired eyes up tight,
There came a brilliant gleam of light,
I waked up in a sudden fright
And saw the very awfulest sight,—
I screamed aloud with all my might!



THE SINGING-BOYS OF JENA

BY ARTHUR UPSON



THE SINGING-BOYS OF JENA, SINGING BEFORE THE HOUSE OF ONE OF THEIR PATRONS.

ONE summer's morning not long ago, an American boy, traveling in Germany, was awakened from slumber by the sweet sound of a full chorus directly under his window. The music was slow and rich; the song was a hymn which the boy had heard the Sunday before in an old *Stadtkirche* in a neighboring town.

He hurried into his clothes, and ran to the open window. One of the winding streets of the ancient university city of Jena lay beneath him. Tiny milk-carts drawn by huge dogs; droshkies driven by whip-cracking coachmen in shining white hats; men and women bustling to market and home again with basketfuls of provisions; merchants standing good-naturedly in their shop doorways; and gaycapped students threading their way here and there—all these were quite different from the objects to be seen out of the boy's own window in a certain Ohio town.

But the strangest sight of all was directly under his window. In front of a confectioner's

shop in the entrance of which stood a pair of fat, smiling women, the proprietress and her daughter, twenty boys of from ten to fourteen years of age, dressed all in black, exactly alike, formed a circle which spread half-way across the narrow street, and stood there, amid the noise of market-day, singing as earnestly as if their whole future depended upon the favor of the fat confectionery woman. Each boy wore a long cape and a narrow-brimmed felt hat which came well down over his head. All the parts of the harmony were well taken, and it seemed hardly necessary for the leader to keep such strict watch, for every boy was in perfect time, and seemed to enjoy the music as much as did the listeners along the sidewalk. When the hymn was over, they broke up their circle and walked slowly out of sight around a corner. But presently the harmonies of another old German hymn came floating through the air, and the American boy was impatient to drink his morning chocolate and be



THE OLD CLOCK TOWER, JENA.

out where he could learn who these boys were and why they went singing from one corner to another of this quaint city of Jena.

He had a troublesome parent to wait for, however. Most boys are in the habit of taking a parent or two with them when they travel abroad, and it sometimes hinders progress. It was late on the afternoon of the same day, when the boy and his father were rambling among some queer houses built like those of Venice, over strips of water, that the chorus of boys' voices came to their ears again: *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott!* that solemn old hymn of Martin Luther's, sung in all the state churches of north-ern Germany.

This time the singing-boys were standing under the branches of a great willow which grew up out of the stream, before the door of one of the Venice-like houses. An old lady and gentleman sat in one of the ground-floor windows and listened. When the singers had finished and gone away, the American boy's father approached the old gentleman in the window, and asked him to be so kind as to explain about the songs and the singers. The old gentleman was delighted, and his wife insisted that the visitors come into the house for coffee and cakes. So the boy from Ohio sat in the old-fashioned room by a plateful of *Plunter* and *Kräpfel* while the German gentleman related as follows:

Hundreds of years ago, the streets of Jena and of other German towns used to echo to the songs of black-robed monks who went from door to door singing and begging alms. Their example was followed by bands of poor students, known as Bacchantes. These Bacchantes wandered from one university to another in search of better instruction or better means of support. Such a wandering-life was favored by the customs of times when people thought it a virtue to give freely to all persons seeking help, but especially to monks and students.

The Bacchantes had with them younger traveling scholars, known as Skirmishers, who were to receive instruction in return for certain services. The young Skirmisher had to wait upon his Bacchante, beg, and even steal for him, and for the most part he was very tyrannically used. But as he was a waif without other protection, he had to make the best of matters.

After the Reformation, in many places these orphan boys, or waifs, were banded into organized choirs who received pay from churches, but also were assisted by private subscriptions. It was their duty to sing not only in the churches, but before the houses of their patrons as well. Thus they ceased to be beggars. Martin Luther

himself as a boy had been one of these singers, and it was largely due to his influence that the old custom of begging entirely passed away. There is a famous picture of Luther as a singing-boy in Eisenach, where his song attracted the attention of the good Frau Cotta who adopted and educated him.

Nowadays the old custom of the choir-boys' singing from house to house is fading away. There are only five other towns besides Jena in



AN OLD HOUSE OF LUTHER'S TIME.

The silvery voices of the singing-boys often ring under these old roofs.

the whole German empire where this music can be heard. Once each year the singing-boys go to Eisenach and sing before the Emperor in the great hall of the historic castle of the Wartburg, where the *Minnesingers* held their music-battles.

There are just twenty of the Jena singing-boys, five each of the ages eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years. They are orphans, and the only qualifications for the privilege of four years' board and schooling are good character, ability to sing, and obedience to the laws of the organization, one of which requires them to sing before the houses of their patrons.

LEWIS CARROLL: THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

BY HELEN MARSHALL PRATT



LEWIS CARROLL
AS A BOY.

You have read in the last number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, how "Alice in Wonderland" came to be written. Perhaps you would like to know something more about Lewis Carroll, as boy and man.

Charles Dodgson, who called himself Lewis Carroll only when he was writing nonsense books, was born in 1832,—his father, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, being a clergyman in Cheshire, England, at a small place called Daresbury. The family lived in an old-fashioned parsonage, a mile and a half from the village. Their life

in the country was so quiet that even the passing of a cart was an event of interest. But a happy life the children found it, and in one of his last poems, Charles wrote of it as

The island farm, 'mid seas of corn
Swayed by the wandering breeze of morn,
The happy spot where I was born.

His nephew tells us how the boy loved to climb trees and explore marlpits and amuse himself with toads and snails, and how he tried "to encourage civilized warfare among earthworms by supplying them with small pieces of pipe with which they might fight if so disposed."

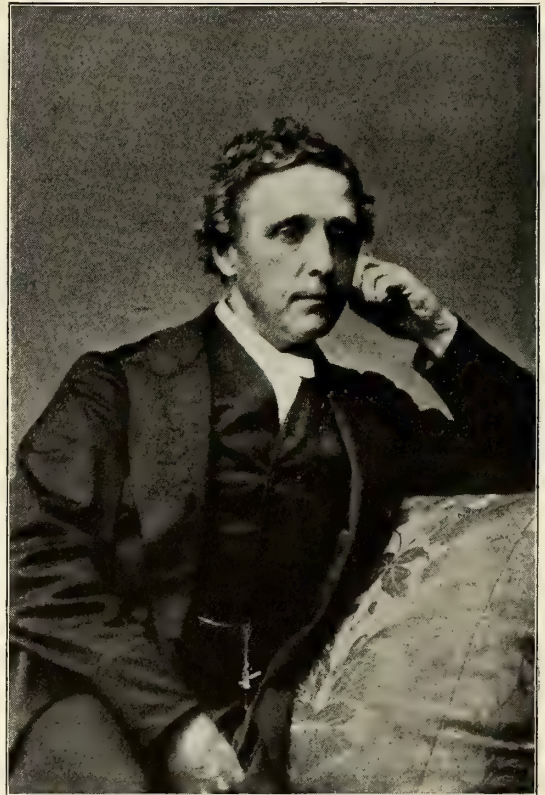
One of the boy's earliest treasures was a letter written to him by his mother during her brief absence from home, which the boy kept with the greatest care. To protect it from the hands of the younger children—he was the oldest—he wrote on the back: "No one is to touch this note for it belongs to C.L.D."

He was the oldest of eleven children—seven girls and four boys, and so, you see, had plenty of playmates and a happy childhood. Charles was a sort of Director of Games and Sports, and contrived a number that were original and interesting. He liked to play at being conjurer, and had a long white robe and a brown wig which he used to put on and play all sorts of tricks to amuse the younger children. He contrived some marionettes and a small stage, with the carpenter's help, and while he pulled the strings which guided them, he recited plays which he had written.

When Charles was eleven years old, the family

removed to Croft, a much larger place, in the north of England, three miles from Darlington, and went to live in a large and pleasant rectory. The picture shows it a beautiful home with plenty of ivy and trees, and there was a large garden at the back with fruit-trees and flowers, among them a night-blooming *Cereus*. The children were delighted with the new home, and made many new friends here. The father became Archdeacon of Richmond, and in time, a canon of Ripon Cathedral.

The large garden furnished all sorts of opportu-



REV. CHARLES L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL").

nities for games. At one time, Charles contrived a small railway train, the cars consisting of a wheelbarrow, a small cart, and a barrel. He sold tickets to passengers and took them around the garden to the various stations, where refreshments were provided. One of these was the Toy



CROFT RECTORY, WHERE LEWIS CARROLL LIVED WHEN HE WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

Station, shown in the picture on this page, which gives a good idea of the garden.

In his vacations, here, and later, the Dodgson children kept up a home magazine, chiefly written and illustrated by the older brother. The first was called "Useful and Instructive Poetry": one was "The Comet," another, "The Star," another, "The Rosebud," and one of the latest, "The Rectory Umbrella." The latter contained, among other good things, "Two Lays of Sorrow," one of which seems to have been written concerning a brother who was taking his first lessons in horseback-riding, though the steed is represented as a donkey.

Puzzles were the delight of Charles's youth as they were of his manhood. Here is a puzzle which first appeared in "The Rectory Umbrella":

Which is best, a clock that is right twice a year or a clock that is right twice every day? The latter, you reply, unquestionably. Very good, reader; now attend.

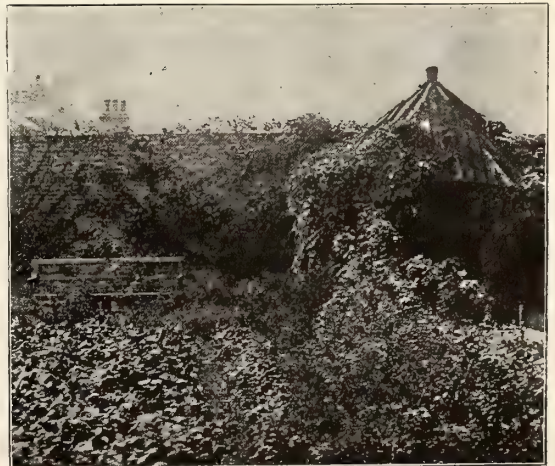
I have two clocks: one does n't go at all, and the other loses a minute a day! Which would you prefer? The losing one, you say, without a doubt. Now observe: The one which loses a minute a day has to lose twelve hours or 720 minutes before it is right again, consequently it is only right once in two years; whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to comes round, which happens twice a day.

So you've contradicted yourself once. Oh, but you say, what's the use of its being right twice a day if I can't tell when the time comes? Why, suppose the clock points to eight o'clock: don't you see that the clock is right at eight

o'clock? Consequently, when eight o'clock comes, your clock is right.

"Yes, I see that," you reply.

Very good: then you've contradicted yourself twice: now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it.



TOY STATION IN GARDEN AT CROFT.

From the Richmond school Charles went on to Rugby, and, when he was eighteen, to Christ Church College at Oxford, where he graduated in 1854. All along through his school and college life he seems to have been quiet and studious, and

one would never have guessed the wild and witty things that were to come out of his brain some day. He always took honors in mathematics, his favorite study, and made no trouble for his instructors. He was one of the most famous men that ever came from Rugby, but even here he was, as a young man, grave and solemn in appearance and only opened his rich store of humor to his intimate friends and especially to children, of whom he was always fond. His heart was young and boyish and innocent to the very last;

"old bachelor," to which he was always inviting children and where he wrote many interesting books?

He had two homes in the great quadrangle. That in which "Alice in Wonderland" was written has been shown to you, and was on the ground floor in the northwest angle. Six years after "Alice" was written, he moved to the upper floor, directly above the old rooms, where he had a cozy establishment of seven or eight rooms. The drawing-room and study, in which all the books



LEWIS CARROLL'S STUDY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

but in outward appearance he was grave and dignified and always shy about meeting strangers.

Now we come to the years when Mr. Dodgson, graduated with honor from college, a young man of twenty-two, was asked to return to his college as lecturer in mathematics, which was, of course, a great honor for so young a man. He accepted the offer, and all the rest of the forty-four years of his life he lived at Christ Church. He was ordained deacon a few years after graduation, but was never consecrated as a priest because, it is said, of his shyness and a tendency to stammer when speaking: though he often preached acceptably at Christ Church and elsewhere.

In the chapter about the writing of "Alice," I have told you something about the young man's life and his child-friends. Would you like to hear something about the home of this delightful

after the first were written, and which he occupied from 1868, is shown above.

Books and pictures and cozy couches and chairs, and a glowing fire in the grate whenever it could possibly be excused, gave it an inviting, homelike appearance. The wide bay-window which looks out into the street is not shown in the interior view, but is on the side opposite the fireplace. It was cozily cushioned in red, and at least a half dozen children could sit on it at a time.

The fireplace which is seen in the picture is a very interesting one and unlike any other, for it is surrounded by tiles with pictures from the different nonsense books, especially "The Hunting of the Snark."

I suppose you remember the Snark story, the word snark being what Lewis Carroll called a

"portmanteau word," having two meanings packed into one, and in this case the two words are "snail" and "shark." You remember the Bellman who steered the ship and who selected his

Gryphon. On the left side are the Lory and the Dodo of the Caucus-race. The lowest tile contains the Fawn that had lost its name. Mr. Dodgson used to have these creatures engage in

ni becam meht teg blvada
blvaw hifw. bminv nva
hriht vav ab, teht ekil vov
v ni vov bevarb teht vov
vavov teht vovv v, vov, vov
v, tehtvov v, vovv v, vovv
v v, vteht vovv vovv teht
vri vovv vovv teht, vovv
? vovv vovv vovv vovv
vovv vovv vovv vovv
vovv vovv vovv vovv
vovv vovv vovv vovv
vovv vovv vovv vovv

Nov. 1883.
My dear Edith,
I was very much
pleased to get your nice
little letter: and I hope
you were not letting
Maud have the Nursery
Alice, was that you have
got the reel over some
day I will send you the
other book ^{with} about called
"Through the Looking-Glass"
but you had better not have
any more of that sort.

FACSIMILE OF A "LOOKING-GLASS LETTER" FROM LEWIS CARROLL TO MISS EDITH BALL.

crew for the purpose of hunting the dreadful snark; and how one of them was a Baker whose uncle had warned him to beware, for if the snark were a "Boojum," the Baker, on seeing him, would instantly and softly vanish from sight forever. Mr. Dodgson said that the idea of the story came to him in this way:

"I was walking on a hillside alone one bright summer day, when suddenly there came into my mind one line of verse—one solitary line—'For the snark was a Boojum, you see.' I knew not what it meant then; I know not what it means now, but I wrote it down and some time afterward the rest of the stanza occurred to me, that being its last line."

Mr. Dodgson liked to explain the fireplace tiles to the children who came to see him. One of the children tells about it in Mr. Collingwood's book.

The central tile at the top shows the ship that the Bellman steered. To the right is the Eaglet of the Caucus-race in "Alice," and below it is the

amusing conversations with each other, for the benefit of his child-friends, and "The little creatures in the intervening tiles used to squirm in at intervals." One bird, represented as running his beak through a fish, and the dragon which is hissing defiance over his left shoulder, Mr. Dodgson used to say, indicated the different ways he had of receiving visitors.

All sorts of puzzles, games, music-boxes, theatricals, and tableaux were invented by Mr. Dodgson to amuse his child-guests. He was an excellent photographer in the days before kodaks had been heard of, and left a great store of photographs of his friends and acquaintances which he carefully finished in his studio on the roof. To amuse the children, he had a variety of gay costumes made in which he used to dress them as Turks, Chinamen, knights, and ladies, and photographed them, to their great delight.

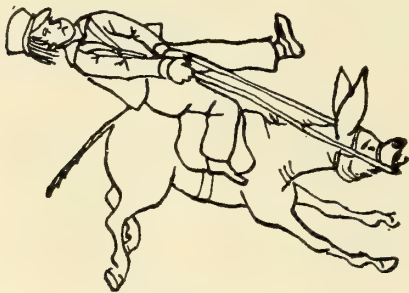
Among other inventions were a number of musical toys and music-boxes and an organette

which, he told the children, had to be fed on paper tunes, sometimes as many as a dozen a day. Here are the directions for using the organette

- To stop music,
move Left button to left
- // To set it going,
move Left button to right
- // To change tune,
first stop music: then
wait to end of tune: then
move Right button.
- = Do not move Right button
during a tune.

written out in Lewis Carroll's own hand, large and plain for children's eyes.

In order to vary the performance, says one of the child-friends, he sometimes put in a paper tune wrong end first. "Then they had a tune backward, and soon found themselves in day before yesterday. So they dared not go on for fear of making her so young that she would not be able to talk."



A COMIC PICTURE, BY LEWIS CARROLL, OF HIS BROTHER LEARNING TO RIDE A DONKEY.

In appearance, Mr. Dodgson was very much like his picture, which, in some respects, resembles another great teller of stories for children, Hans Christian Andersen. He was slender and delicate, but erect, shy, and retiring and, though grave and somewhat elderly in appearance, he seemed full of life and good spirits to the very last of his life. He lived much alone and disliked the intrusion of strangers or any compliments to his nonsense books. He wrote a great number of interesting and amusing letters to children, and seems to have preferred writing to talking. No doubt when all these letters have been collected they will fill a large volume.

To a little girl named Adelaide, he sent a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark," with this acrostic:

"A re you deaf, Father William?" the young man said,
"D id you hear what I told you just now?
E xcuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head
L ike a blundering, sleepy, old cow!
A little maid dwelling in Wallington Town
I s my friend, so I beg to remark:
D o you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent down
E ntitled 'The Hunt of the Snark?'"

"P ack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,
"A nd seal it with olive and dove.
I command you to do it!" he added with pride,
"N or forget, my good fellow, to send her beside
E aster Greetings, and give her my love."

But to quote all the interesting letters that Lewis Carroll wrote to children would be to quote both the books that his nephew has written about him.¹ The last days of his life came suddenly and unexpectedly to every one. His Christmas holidays were usually spent at the home of his sisters, called The Chestnuts, at Guildford, in Surrey, and he went down this last Christmas of his life, and kept the festival, apparently in the best of health and spirits. A few days later influenza developed, and on the fourteenth of January, 1898, came the close of his beautiful life.

He was laid to rest in the churchyard at Guildford, not far away from the sisters' home. Beautiful wreaths of flowers, one of them from his early friend, "Alice," were sent, and to-day a cross of white marble bearing his real name and his pen-name marks the place where he sleeps.

In a London hospital for children a "Lewis Carroll Cot" has been established by the contributions of a great number of the friends and admirers of Lewis Carroll, and in that cot many a poor and suffering child has found rest and comfort.

A few weeks after his death, I stood in the deserted rooms in the quadrangle where so many bright hours in the life of Lewis Carroll had been passed, so many friends welcomed, so many books written. For thirty years it had been his home. Piles of photographs, boxes of gay children's clothing, books and pictures, the quaint fireplace tiles—all told the story of a life which had ever been young and joyous, kind and helpful; and on my table to-day is the worn old quill-pen which was the last used in Oxford by Lewis Carroll.

But the merry, dainty fancies of his fairy-tales will live on and on and win friends so long as children's hearts are pure and sweet, and so long as older children retain their love of innocent laughter and nonsense.

¹"The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. "The Lewis Carroll Picture Book," by the same author.

HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER XXI

HARRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

"WELL, all 's well that ends well," said the artist heartily. "Now I 'll go and see what there is in the kitchen for five hungry men."

"Oh, we 're not going to stay to supper," Dick protested.

But Mr. Cole contradicted him flatly.

"There 's no use trying to get anything at your camp," he said. "Why, you have n't any dry wood, for one thing. You stay right where you are. There may not be much of a variety to be had, but I guess there 'll be enough."

And there was, and they had a very merry meal, although Billy was rather more quiet than usual. After supper Mr. Cole asked how the boys had found their camp, and it ended with their camping out on the *Jolly Roger* for the night, Billy sharing Mr. Cole's bed and the three boys occupying the window-seat and a bunk on the floor in the sitting-room.

They awoke late, to find the sun pouring in at the windows and Nature looking as pleasant and tranquil as though yesterday's storm had never been. The first thing after breakfast was to search for the lost boats, and at half past nine the three boys and Billy set out in the *Pup*. The rowboat was soon located a few hundred yards below the Ferry Hill landing and taken in tow. But the *Minerva* failed to reveal herself for some time.

"Of course," said Billy, "she may have sunk, although I don't quite see how she could."

"I hope not," said Roy. "Did you have much in her?" Billy shook his head.

"No, not much. Just a few clothes and a few books and the can of mushrooms. I guess I 'll never eat those mushrooms," he added sadly. Fate proved kind, after all, for they came on the runaway boat about a mile below Silver Cove, stranded in a little natural harbor. They returned to the Cove and Billy went off to find some one to rescue his craft while the others started on a shopping tour. They had lots of things to buy for Harry's birthday supper, for besides their own list Mr. Cole had asked them to bring back supplies for the *Jolly Roger*. It was over an hour before the last purchase had been made. And then, when everything had been stowed aboard the *Pup*, Chub announced the fact that they had neglected to stop at the post-office

for their mail. So, while they waited for Billy Noon, he went back up-town. When he returned he wore a long face.

"Bad news?" asked Roy anxiously. Chub nodded.

"I got a letter from dad," he answered. "He says I must come home."

"How soon?" asked Dick, after a moment of sorrowful silence.

"This week, he says, and here it is Thursday already. The letter was written Monday."

"By Jove, that 's too bad," said Roy. "I wonder what made him change his mind."

"Oh, I know what it means," said Chub disgustedly. "It means that he can't find any one to play golf with him, and so he sends for me. He does n't mind breaking up *my* fun."

"Well, I guess that settles camp," said Roy. "Were there any other letters, Chub?"

"Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, Dick. There 's one for you, from your father." He took it out of his pocket and handed it across. Dick opened it and ran his eyes quickly down the single sheet of paper.

"Me, too!" he cried. "Dad says he 's coming across and I 'm to meet him in New York. He sailed three days after he wrote, and he wrote on Saturday week. He 's on his way now, then, and ought to be here next Tuesday."

"Well, I guess we 'll shut up camp," laughed Roy.

"It 's mighty mean, though," said Chub. "Why, we have n't been here a month yet!"

"Look here, though," Roy said. "There 's no use in spoiling Harry's fun to-day. So we won't say anything about it until to-morrow, eh?"

"Right you are," Chub replied. "It 's her birthday and she ought to be allowed to enjoy it. I suppose I 'll have to leave Saturday morning. How about you, Dickums?"

"Well, I might as well go then, too."

"We 'll all go down Saturday morning on the eleven o'clock," said Roy. "That 'll give us to-morrow to pack up and get ready. Well, we 've had a bully good time, have n't we?"

"Sure," answered Chub and Dick in unison.

"But I wish there was going to be more of it; that 's all," added Dick.

"Why not?" asked Roy. "There 's next summer, you know."

"That 's so! Will you come up? Will you, Chub?"

"Yes," said Roy, and Chub echoed him. Dick looked more cheerful. "That 's the ticket!" he said joyfully. "I was afraid I would n't see you fellows again until I got to—college."

"*What?*" cried the others. Dick nodded sheepishly.

"I've been thinking about it," he answered. "I guess I'll try, anyhow."

"Bully for you!" Chub cried, clapping him on the back. "We'll make a man of you yet, Dick-ums!"

At that moment Billy Noon returned, reporting success, and jumped aboard to be taken back to the island. Mr. Cole had offered him hospitality until his cat-boat was restored to him and had placed the tender at his services. Dick started the engine and the *Pup* barked her way back to the island. The boys were rather thoughtful, although the prospect of meeting again the next summer had taken away the sting of present parting. Billy, too, was unusually silent, and the trip was a quiet one indeed for the *Pup*. The artist appeared on the after deck of the *Jolly Roger* as they approached and waved a handful of brushes at them.

"What luck?" he roared.

"Found them both," answered Dick. The *Pup* sidled up to the house-boat and they put off Billy and the groceries.

"Everything 's there," said Dick. "And I'll come around about four o'clock and get to work."

As they rounded School Point on their way to the anchorage they sighed regretfully as the camp came into view. The white tent in the green clearing had never looked so homelike and so attractive as then.

At four Dick, dressed in his best camp attire, went over to the *Jolly Roger* to enter upon his duties as chef and caterer. Chub and Roy got into the crimson canoe and went for a paddle, realizing that it might be the last one they would take together in those waters.

"I won't have much time to crate this canoe to-morrow," said Chub.

"I'd forgotten about that," Roy replied. "It seems funny to think that we're pulling out of here for keeps, does n't it? And Dick will have to get the *Pup* stored somewhere, I guess, until he comes back in the fall."

"Johnson, the fellow who has his ice-boat, will look after it for him, I guess. He will have to take her down to-morrow. Hello, there goes Billy."

A half mile above them the artist's little cedar tender was bobbing its way across the inner channel, Billy Noon alone in it.

"He 's a mystery, that fellow," observed Roy thoughtfully.

"Yes, but I'll bet we'll know more about him by to-morrow," said Chub.

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because to-day 's Thursday."

"You know something, I'll wager. Out with it, Chub."

"No." Chub shook his head. "No, I don't know anything—for sure; I just suspect."

"Well, what do you suspect?"

Chub thought a moment. Then, "I don't know," he answered with a grin.

"You're an idiot," said Roy good-naturedly. "Come on, let's go back to the landing and get Harry. It must be nearly time."

Harry, however, was late, and it was well past six before she came scampering down the path. She had on a brand new dimity dress—white, it was, sprinkled with little yellow rosebuds—and her cheeks were very pink.

"Merry Christmas!" called Chub.

"Happy New Year!" added Roy as she stepped into the canoe.

"Oh, I've had the loveliest things!" said Harry, fighting for breath. "Mama gave me this; see?" She held forth the little gold necklace which encircled her throat. "And papa—he gave me something perfectly beautiful! I'll tell you about it later. And Aunt Harriet—" her face fell a little—"sent me a gorgeous work-box made of ivory and all—all—oh, deary, I've forgotten it!"

"Forgotten what?" asked Roy.

"The word. It's something about Arabs."

"What word is it?"

"Why, what papa said. He said the box was ara—ara—"

"Arabesqued?" asked Roy.

"Yes, that 's it! All arabesqued with silver. It 's splendid!"

"What else did you get?" Chub inquired.

"Oh, lots of little things from the girls; two handkerchiefs, a book, a sachet bag and something else; I don't know what it 's for yet; I'll have to ask."

Roy and Chub laughed.

"And what 's that you're holding on to so tightly?" asked Chub. Harry glanced at the folded paper in her hand and smiled happily.

"That 's what papa gave me," she replied. "It 's very important."

"It looks it," Chub agreed. "It looks like a will. Maybe it 's the long-lost will, Roy, leaving us the old farm and the family plate."

"No, it is n't," laughed Harry. "But—but you're warm."

"That 's no joke," answered Chub as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "But what is it, Harry?"

"I 'm not going to tell you until supper."

"Oh, very well."

Roy gave a shout and Dick and the artist appeared on the deck of the *Jolly Roger*.

"Many happy returns, Miss Emery!" called the latter as the boys lifted their paddles and let the canoe glide up alongside the stern.

"Me, too!" called Dick.

"Is supper ready?" asked Chub.

"It will be in five minutes," Dick answered.

"Come on and help lay the table, Chub."

CHAPTER XXII

ABOARD THE *JOLLY ROGER*

THE artist held out his hand gallantly and Harry stepped on to the *Jolly Roger* with all the impressiveness of a queen disembarking from a royal barge.

"This way, if you please," said Mr. Cole, holding open the studio door. They all trooped in and Harry gave a little cry of surprise and delight. On the easel, with a broad shaft of sunlight across it, stood a small canvas. The others echoed Harry's exclamation. For there were two Harrys present, one gazing with shining eyes at the canvas, and one gazing smilingly back at her. Mr. Cole had copied the head and shoulders from the sketch for which Harry had posed, and in the lower right-hand corner were painted the words "To Harriet Emery with the artist's homage." Then followed the date and the signature: "F. Cole," and for once Harry did n't mind being called Harriet.

"Oh, it 's—it 's lovely!" she sighed. "Do you—do you really mean that it 's for me?"

"I really do," answered Mr. Cole. "But there 's a string to it."

"Wh-what?" faltered Harry anxiously.

"You 'll have to leave it with me until to-morrow at least, for I only finished it an hour ago and the paint is still wet."

"Oh, that 's nothing," she answered, vastly relieved. "And—and I can't tell you how much I thank you." Then, in spite of the fact that she had been sixteen for several hours, which, as every one knows, is quite grown up, she impulsively took the artist's hand in both of hers and heartily shook it, repeating her thanks, which Mr. Cole saw were very genuine. And Mr. Cole stood it beautifully!

"And now," cried Harry, blushing a little, "I 've got something to show you all. Look! You take it, Roy."

She held out the folded paper which she had kept tightly clutched in her hand and Roy took it. He looked it over.

"Shall I read it?" he asked.

Harry nodded vehemently. Roy unfolded it and began to read.

"Why, it 's a deed!" he exclaimed.

"Yes!"

"And—and—why, say, Harry, that 's great!"

"Oh, come," said Chub impatiently. "Let us into it!"

"Papa has given me the island!" cried Harry.

"The isle—you mean *this* island, Fox Island?"

"Yes, he 's given it to me—forever—and my 'heirs and signs—'"

"Assigns," corrected Roy.

"And—and it 's all my owntiest own!" ended Harry happily.

"Well, that *is* great!" cried Chub.

"And some day I 'm going to live on it," declared Harry. "And I 'll invite you all to come and visit me."

"And we all hereby accept," laughed Mr. Cole. "Well, I suppose I shall have to begin and pay you wharfage after to-day."

"And I guess we 'll have to pay you rent," laughed Dick.

"No, you won't," answered Harry. "But is n't it fine to have an island all of your own? Oh, I 've always wanted to own an island."

"So have I," answered the artist, "but no one has ever insisted on giving me one, and I 've never been able to make up my mind which particular island I wanted to buy. Well, and now how about supper, Mr. Dick?"

"Ready as soon as we finish setting the table."

"Let me do it!" Harry begged.

"No, sir," answered Dick. "You 're to stay out until it 's all ready."

"Where are we going to eat?" asked Chub, looking anxiously about for the table which had disappeared.

"Forward, in the sitting-room," answered Mr. Cole. "There 's more room there, and it 's pleasanter. You and I, Miss Emery, will take a stroll on deck until they 're ready for us."

And so Harry and her host went up to the roof-deck and watched the sun setting behind the western hills, and Harry told about her birthday luncheon at the Cottage, and the big cake with its sixteen pink candles, and—

"Oh!" she cried, halting in the midst of her narrative, "I ought to have brought some of the cake for you!"

"Well, it 's just as well," said Mr. Cole, "because—er—well, you see, there 's another cake! I believe it was to be a surprise, but I did n't want you to feel bad about not bringing any of the other, you see. Perhaps you won't mind just *seeming* a little surprised when you go in?"

"Oh, no," laughed Harry, "not a bit. That 'll be fun, won't it? They won't know that I knew anything about it!"

And they never did, for when, presently, they were summoned to supper, Harry entered the sitting-room on Mr. Cole's arm, she simulated astonishment so perfectly that the boys howled with glee.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Harry, "what a glorious surprise! And how good you all are!"

The cake—it was n't a very big one, nor, as events proved, a very excellent one—set near the center of the round table, the sixteen flames from the sixteen little pink candles making sixteen little points of rosy flame in the glow of the late sunlight. There were five places set and one of them, to which Harry was ceremoniously conducted, was piled with packages.

"Oh!" said Harry. And this time she was genuinely surprised, and her eyes grew large as she looked from the packages to the merry watching faces. Then the candle flames grew suddenly blurred for her and a tear stole down one side of her nose.

"What 's the matter?" asked Chub in distress.

"Every one 's much too nice to me," sniffed Harry, searching for her handkerchief.

"Nonsense!" said Roy cheerfully. "Don't cry, Harry."

"I 'm n-not cr-crying," answered Harry from behind the folds of the handkerchief. "I 've ju-just got one little tear in my eye!"

Every one laughed then and sat down with much scraping of chairs, and Harry, smiling apologetically, opened her packages. There was a pair of silver links for the cuffs of her shirt-waist from Roy, a little gold bar pin from Dick, a Ferry Hill pin from Chub (Harry had lost hers a month before), and a volume of Whittier's poems from Billy Noon.

"Oh!" said Harry distressfully, when she reached the last present, "I 'd forgotten him! Is n't he coming?"

"No," answered the artist. "He begged me to make his excuses and tell you that he was very sorry he could n't be present. He has a rather important piece of business on hand for this evening, I believe."

Chub looked triumphantly at Roy and Dick with an "I-told-you-so" expression. But it was quite lost, for they were watching Harry's face as she read the lines which the Licensed Poet had written on the fly-leaf of the book.

"Are n't they beautiful?" she sighed finally, looking about the table.

"We don't know," laughed Roy. "Suppose you read them to us?"

But Harry shyly pushed the book to Mr. Cole. "You do it, please," she said.

"Very well," answered the artist. "Here they are:—

TO MISS EMERY

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY

Accept, I pray, this little book,
For in it, if you will but look,
You 'll find lines sweet enough, 't is true,
To have been written just for you.

Were I a poet I would write
Words fair enough to meet your sight;
But as it is, 't will have to suit
To make this book my substitute,

In hope that, as you read, it may
Arrange its lines in magic way
Until you find before your sight
The Birthday Poem I 'd fain write!
Sincerely yours,

William Noon."

"Oh, but I think that 's just too sweet for anything!" cried Harry. "It 's—it 's perfectly fine! And I think it 's too bad he can't be here." The others echoed both sentiments. Then Harry deposited her presents in a place of safety and the feast began, much to Chub's satisfaction, for that youth declared that he was rapidly starving to death. I 'm not going to even attempt to do justice to that banquet, but you may rest assured that the five persons around the table did. The sun sank lower and lower, and the golden glow faded from the quiet surface of the river. Lamps were lighted and the shades pulled across the little windows. The cake was cut, Harry declaring that never had she dreamed of having two birthday cakes in one day, and Chub convulsed the table by surreptitiously concealing a pink candle in Roy's slice.

"Are n't mad, are you?" asked Chub when Roy returned.

"Not if I get another piece of cake without any filling," was the answer.

"I was afraid you 'd wax wroth," said Chub. For that he was captured by Roy and Dick and made to apologize to the assemblage, Mr. Cole encouraging them to administer any punishment they saw fit. The dessert finished—there was ice-cream in two flavors, cake, fruit, and candy—the table was hurriedly cleared and moved back to the studio and Mr. Cole started the talking-machine. The first selection was, as Mr. Cole announced, Handel's "Sweet Bird," sung by Madame Melba. The audience listened very closely and politely, the artist watching them with twinkling eyes. When it was finished he asked them how they liked it. Harry was quite

enthusiastic, Roy said it was splendid, Dick said it was very pretty, and Chub merely strove to look appreciative and did n't succeed.

"Well," said Mr. Cole, "since you like classic music we 'll have some more. I was afraid you would n't care for it."

Chub winked soberly at Roy, their host having turned his back to select a new record, and Dick fidgeted in his chair.

"I think you 'll like this one immensely," said Mr. Cole, clasping his hands on his breast and looking dreamily at the ceiling. The machine began to play and suddenly some one with an inimitable negro pronunciation launched forth into "Bill Simmons." The surprise depicted on the faces of his audience was too much for Mr. Cole's gravity and he laid his head back and for a moment drowned the music with his mellow laughter. There was no more classic music that evening; in fact, the cabinet seemed to be devoted principally to the other sort; for almost an hour the machine poured forth songs and instrumental selections that wrought the audience to the wildest enthusiasm. When they knew a song they joined in and helped the talking-machine, Mr. Cole almost raising the roof when he let himself out. Then Chub had a brilliant idea, the rug was taken up, the furniture moved out, and they had a dance. Of course Harry was in great demand and she went from Roy to Chub and from Chub to Dick and from Dick to Mr. Cole with scarcely a pause. But even without Harry for a partner it was still possible to dance, and the evolutions of Mr. Cole and Chub, clasped in each other's arms, was well worth a long journey to witness.

Perhaps that is what Billy Noon thought when at about half past eight he peeked through one of the windows after having made fast his boat, for he smiled broadly as he looked. Then he went to the door and knocked. Dick, who was nearest, threw it open and Billy walked in.

"Hello, Noon!" cried Mr. Cole, pausing in the dance. "Is that you? What luck?"

"Good," answered Billy smilingly as he laid down his hat and seated himself beside it on the window-seat.

"Then you got them?"

"All three."

"Good for you!" said the artist heartily. "Where are they?"

"Silver Cove. Brady has them. We 're going down on the midnight. I brought your boat back and thought I 'd stop a minute and say good-by."

"Are you going away?" cried Harry.

"Yes, I must go now," was the answer.

"I 'm so sorry," said Harry. "And I want to

thank you a thousand times for your present and the poem you wrote for me. I think it 's perfectly beautiful, Mr. Noon."

"I 'm glad you liked it," answered Billy, looking pleased.

"Are you going away to-night?" asked Chub.

"Yes, we 're taking the midnight train for New York."

"Oh, there 's some one with you?"

"Yes," answered Billy, with a slight smile, "I have four others with me now." Chub frowned, while Dick and Roy and Harry looked perplexed. The atmosphere of mystery grew heavier every moment.

"Are they all—book agents?" faltered Harry. Mr. Cole broke into a laugh.

"You 'd better let me show you up in your true colors, Noon," he said. Billy smiled.

"Well, I guess there 's no harm in it now," he answered.

Mr. Cole struck an attitude.

"Miss Emery and gentlemen," he said, "allow me the honor of introducing to you Mr. William Noon of the United States Secret Service!"

CHAPTER XXIII

"UNTIL TO-MORROW"

THERE was a moment of silent amazement. It was broken by Chub.

"Huh," he grunted. "I knew you were n't any book agent!"

"And I knew you knew it," laughed Billy. "I 'm sorry I had to sail under false colors, but I had a difficult job on hand and I was forced to take every precaution. And when you say I was not a book agent you are n't altogether correct, for I really have been a book agent for nearly two months this time, and I 've acted the same part before. As a matter of fact I 've taken orders for nineteen sets of Mr. Billings' 'Wonders of the Deep' during my stay around here."

"Were you trying to arrest some one?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Just that," was the reply. "The Department found nearly a year ago that somebody was getting out some very clever imitations of ten-dollar bank-notes of the series of 1902. I was instructed to find the counterfeiters and arrest them. With me was a man named Brady. You 've seen him."

"The man at the wharf!" cried Chub. "The fellow that helped us with the launch that day, Roy! Remember? Is n't that right, Mr. Noon?"

"That 's right. He was watching the freight and people that went out from Silver Cove because I discovered finally that the counterfeit money was being sent to New York from this

point. I took up the vocation of book agent since it provided me with an excuse for visiting all the houses around here. About the time you boys came to the island—I was camping on the shore of the mainland then—we got word from New York that a new batch of the bills had made their appearance there. We knew that they did n't go by express, and satisfied ourselves that they had n't gone by freight; so we concluded that they had been taken by messenger, probably by one of the gang itself. As it is easier to come and go unnoticed by boat than by train we decided that the messenger had traveled by river. For a while I thought that perhaps he had a small boat of some sort and was making trips up and down in it, but after watching closely for over two weeks I gave that notion up. Brady found the messenger when he returned,—spotted him the moment he put his foot off the boat,—and followed him out of town only to lose him finally about three miles north. Then I took up the hunt again and finally located the outfit in a small cabin up in the hills some four miles from here. But we wanted to get all the evidence we could, press, plates that the bills are printed from, and some of the counterfeit money itself; and we wanted to get the whole gang.

"So we watched for a while, Brady and I taking turns, and found that there were only three of them. One of them, the engraver, was an old hand and the Department had been after him for years. He was the one that took the money down to New York and handed it over to a confederate there for circulation. About two weeks ago he made another trip, and we set men to watch him when he reached the city. He was shadowed, his confederate marked down, and we learned that he was coming back to-day. He reached here on the noon boat. So at six o'clock Brady and I went up and rounded up the three of them."

"Was there fighting?" asked Chub eagerly.

"No, we managed to surprise them. We got their press, some plates, and a few counterfeit bills, enough to convict them, I guess. We took them to the jail at Silver Cove, and at midnight we'll go on with them to New York. Now you know all about it. I'm sorry I've had to deceive you at times, but it's necessary in my business."

"Then you were n't a clown at all?" asked Roy.

"Oh, yes, I was—for a while. And all the other things I told you about," answered Billy smilingly. "In the service we have to play many parts. Well, I must be getting on. I was sorry I could n't come to your party, Miss Emery. Perhaps, though, we will meet again some day.

I hope so. I've enjoyed knowing you and these young gentlemen immensely. It has been real fun, and it is n't often I manage to combine fun with business. Good-by."

Harry shook hands with him sorrowfully.

"I wish you were n't going," she said.

"Thank you," he answered. "So do I. I'll miss the fishing and the good times we've had around your camp-fire."

"I hope we'll meet you again," said Chub. "It's been awfully jolly for us fellows, having you here."

"That's so," echoed Dick and Roy. "And I'm very much obliged for the help you gave me with the launch," added the former. Billy smiled, hesitated, and—

"I've got a confession to make," he answered. "I don't want you to think I would n't have done anything for you that I could have, but I was more interested in that launch than you suspected. I thought that perhaps some day I might want to use it and use it in a hurry. And so I made up my mind to find out just how she ran. As things turned out, though, I had no use for her."

Dick laughed.

"Well, I had n't suspected that," he said, "but you'd have been welcome to her if you'd wanted her. And I'm just as much obliged to you."

Billy turned to Mr. Cole.

"Good-by," he said. "You and I'll see each other again."

"Well, we always have so far," said the artist heartily as he shook hands.

"We're bound to," was the response. "I owe you for something since yesterday, you know, and I've got to pay that off. Until then, good-by."

They all followed Billy out to the deck and watched while he jumped into the *Minerva*, which lay with idly flapping sail beside the *Jolly Roger*.

"What becomes of your boat?" asked Mr. Cole.

"I sold her this morning to the chap who brought her up for me. I'd have let her stay where she was if it had n't been for the few things on board of her. There was the can of mushrooms, you know. Brady and I are going to have those for supper when I get back!"

He pushed off, the sail filled, and the *Minerva* began to drop down the river. Billy waved and called a last good-by.

"Good-by," answered Mr. Cole. "And good luck."

"Good-by," called Roy and Dick and Chub.



“OH, HOW LOVELY!” EXCLAIMED HARRY, “WHAT A GLORIOUS SURPRISE!”

Only Harry was silent. But in a moment she was running along the deck toward the stern.

“Mr. Noon!” she cried. “Mr. Noon! You’ve forgotten something!”

There was an instant or two of silence and Harry thought he had n’t heard. But he had, for presently his voice floated back to them across the water, with this farewell jingle:—

“Good-by and good-night!
And I hope as we part
That I float from your sight,
But not from your heart!”

“Bravo! Bravo!” cried the artist. And “Good-by!” called the others. But there was no answer from the darkness which had swallowed the last wan gleam of the *Minerva’s* sail. They turned back to the sitting-room.

“I did n’t want him to go,” said Harry rebelliously.

“I trust you’ll say the same when I’m gone,” said Mr. Cole. “For I, too, must up sail and away soon.”

Chub glanced at Roy and the latter nodded.

“I guess it’s good-by all around,” said Chub.

“Dick and I have got to go Saturday, and Roy thinks he might as well go too.”

“Oh!” cried Harry. “I’m so glad!”

“What!” they cried in one voice.

“Oh, not because you’re going, exactly,” she explained, “but I’ve got to go too!”

“You!”

“Yes, Aunt Harriet’s back and she wants me to come to her the last of this week. Is n’t that horrid? I did n’t tell you before because I thought you’d be sorry.”

“That’s the reason we did n’t tell,” laughed Roy. “So we’re all in the same boat.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Cole, “and the boat’s name is the *Jolly Roger*. Where do you boys go to?”

“New York,” they answered.

“And you?” he asked of Harry. And when she had told him: “Well, that’s all right then. We sail Saturday morning.”

“What do you mean?” cried Harry.

“Why, that you must be my guests, Miss Emery, the whole lot and parcel of you including your mother, whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting. I will do myself the honor of



“GOOD-BY AND GOOD LUCK!”

calling upon her to-morrow if the young gentlemen will take me along and present me. I'll get you to New York Sunday morning, and that ought to be soon enough for any one. You've never sailed under the skull and cross-bones before, I'll wager, and here's your chance. So pack up your duds to-morrow and come aboard bright and early Saturday morning. And it's, Hey for the pirate's life!"

"Oh, would n't that be glorious!" cried Harry. "Do you suppose we could?"

"Of course we can," said Roy stoutly. "And we'll do it. And we're awfully much obliged, Mr. Cole. It'll be fine!"

"That's settled then," answered the artist. "To-morrow we'll get in our stores and prepare to slip anchor."

"Bully!" cried Chub. "I've always wanted to be a pirate."

"So have I," declared Harry quite seriously. "Oh, dear, what time is it, please, somebody? I'm afraid it's late."

It was after nine and Harry scurried around for her things. Roy brought the canoe alongside and Harry was helped into it, her precious deed and her presents in her lap.

Then Roy and Chub followed her and lifted their paddles.

"Good-night, Mr. Cole," said Harry. "I've had a perfectly splendid time. And I can't tell you how much I like my picture."

"Not nearly as much as I like the original," answered the artist gravely. The darkness hid Harry's blushes. Then,

"Please be very careful of my island," she called.

"I will," was the answer. "Until to-morrow!"

"Until to-morrow!" they replied. And—

"Until to-morrow!" echoed Dick as he stepped ashore and headed toward the camp.

Mr. Cole pulled his tender over the stern and then paused at the studio door. From across the darkness in one direction came the faint sound of voices and the sibilant swish of the paddles. From down the beach came the sound of a merry whistle. The artist smiled.

"'Until to-morrow,'" he murmured. "It's a good world where we can say that!"

He closed the door behind him, and, as he did so, a great golden moon which had pushed its rim up over the edge of the eastern hills as Billy Noon said "good-by," seemed to throw a mantle of radiant light over Harry's Island.

THE END

A BRITISH HOME CONNECTED WITH AMERICAN HISTORY

BY DESHLER WELCH

ONE of my first heroes in history was Sir Walter Raleigh, who was executed in London in October, 1618,—two hundred and ninety years ago this month.

Indeed, I have a very clear recollection of a picture in a "Child's Book of Great Men," that showed the young courtier in the act of throwing his great cloak of velvet on the ground for a lady to walk upon. That must have been the good Queen Elizabeth, in whose court he was one of the most brilliant, scholarly, and witty of men. When I read of his charming chivalry and bravery, of the love he bore his family, of his perseverance in exploring new countries, and of his undying love for his own land, I could not reconcile myself to the thought that there was any justice in having his head chopped off.

But I really think that I was chiefly interested in Raleigh because it was through him and Eliza-

beth that Virginia was named—after the "virgin queen"—and that he first smoked its tobacco-leaf in Ireland and planted the first potatoes there!

It is said that Queen Elizabeth was one day so rash as to enter a wager with the subtle Raleigh against the possibility of his ascertaining the weight of smoke from his pipeful of tobacco. So Raleigh weighed the ashes and Elizabeth was obliged to confess that the difference between them and the original weight settled the dispute.

Last summer I visited the town of Cork, in Ireland, and one day it dawned upon me that I was within a few miles of Sir Walter Raleigh's old home in Youghal. But "Paddy" was calling it "Yawl," and I did not recognize the name for some time.

It was a delightful trip over to the little seaport town lying where the Blackwater, known as "the Irish Rhine," empties into the sea. Raleigh



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.



THE DOORWAY OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.

looked upon it as his "haven royal," with his heavy woodlands lying for a long way on the shores of the beautiful stream. When he was mayor of it in 1587 he resided in the manor-house, and in the splendid Lismore Castle a few miles up the river. I made a photograph of the manor-house and of the queer old doorway, and of the famous yew-trees in the garden. The building was there before Queen Elizabeth was born. In the large bay-window at the left the poet Spenser wrote the first canto of his "Faerie Queene." The walls are about four feet thick, and the original oaken wainscoting remains, and in the library-room, which has the bay-windows, there is a fine old carved mantel of the Elizabethan period. In the dining-room is Raleigh's original "extension table," the carved sea-chest which he carried on all his voyages, and many other relics that were intensely interesting to me. But it was indeed difficult to believe when I sat me down under the yew-trees that they were really the very same trees under which Raleigh smoked his pipe of Virginia tobacco.

It is said that the first time he tried it a servant rushed out of the kitchen and threw a bucket of cold water over him, believing his master to be on fire. There is some historical doubt, however, as to whether this was the cook or the serving-maid.

Raleigh introduced many foreign plants and vegetables into his gardens and the vicinity—

richly perfumed yellow wall flowers from the Azores, and the Affaue cherry, are still growing along the Blackwater, and his cedars are still growing in Cork. In his garden he also planted tobacco, and a little further away, near the town-wall of the thirteenth century, is where the first Irish potato was planted by him. All that Ra-

It was a pleasant hour, indeed, as I sat under the group of yew-trees, intertwining themselves into an arbor, and thought of the perilous times for Raleigh when he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where, in spite of his misery, he wrote his marvelous "History of the World," and of his gallant and even humorous conduct



YEW-TREES UNDER WHICH SIR WALTER RALEIGH SMOKED HIS PIPE OF VIRGINIA TOBACCO.

leigh brought from across the ocean in this way became of more value than anything he could have done in his supposed gold-mines, or in the emerald mines of Trinidad. In fact, had he known the future value of the asphalt lake at Trinidad, its riches would have built him a better palace than anything he had coveted in Spain.

as he awaited his execution at the block. And as I looked over at the library window where he once sat with Spenser, it was in the loveliest time of the year—the picturesque house was covered with vines, the surroundings were in soft accordance under a placid blue sky, and the green hills of Ireland lay glowing in the afternoon sun.



1580

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



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MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

XX. SITTING-BULL, THE GREAT DAKOTA LEADER

Two of our States, as boys and girls know from their geography, are called Dakota,—one North Dakota, the other South Dakota, and this was also the name of Indian people of different tribes speaking the same language, who lived in the country north of the great Platte River, and between and along our two greatest rivers, the Missouri and the Mississippi. The word Dakota

means united by compact, and there were several united tribes who called themselves the *Dakotas*.

Sitting-Bull was a Dakota Indian. He was born near an old army station, Fort George, on Willow Creek, and his father was Jumping-Bull. The Indian chiefs are very fond of giving boys new names when they begin to do something which their friends notice. If a boy runs fast with his head up, they call him "The Elk," "The Deer," "The Wild Horse," or some such name. Or perhaps if he has quick or sly ways, they name him "The Fox," "The Wolf," or "The Coyote."

In North Dakota, at this time, there were great herds of buffalo, and the largest of them were the bulls. These were the leaders when a herd was running, swimming a river, or jumping across a gully. Even when a lad, Sitting-Bull's father could hunt for buffaloes, and quickly jump the deep gullies so frequent in that country, always with his bow in his hand, so his uncle, an Indian chief, named him Jumping-Bull.

His son was a strange boy. His hair was straight like an Indian, but of a reddish brown color. His head was very large and his features were more regular in form than that of the Indian. He was so odd in his looks and his ways, keeping much by himself, thinking and planning how best to have his own way, that his father named him when quite young, "Sacred Stand."

Once, at ten years of age, he went with some hunters on a wild chase for buffaloes and came back to his father's wigwam very happy and proud, for he had succeeded in killing a buffalo-calf; but he did not have a new name till four years later. At this time he frequently made drawings of his *totem*, what we might call his family coat-of-arms. This was a buffalo-bull settled back on his haunches in a sitting posture, and from it the boy was named "Sitting-Bull."

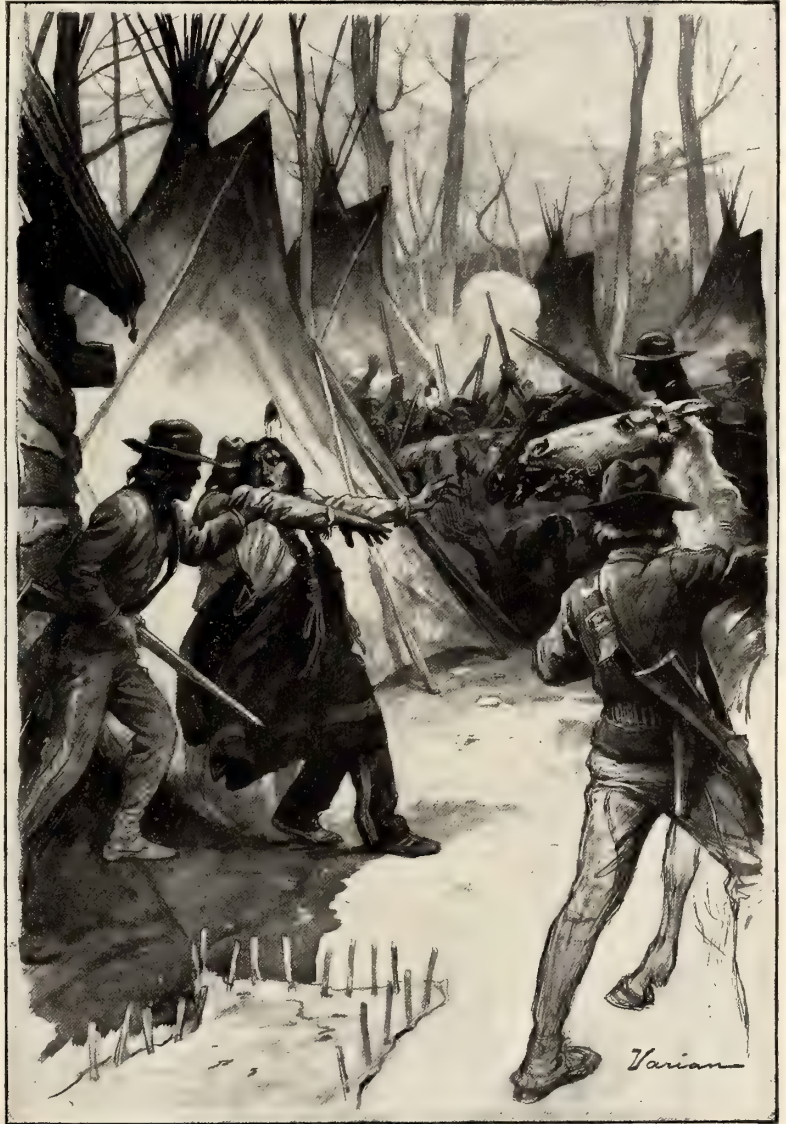
His second feat thought great by Indians was when he met a Crow Indian traveling along a trail claimed by the Dakotas. The Crow Indian was riding a horse, and had, on another horse, his wife, with a baby strapped to her back. Sitting-Bull, on an Indian pony, charged this little cavalcade, succeeded in killing all three without getting a scratch, and made a rough picture of the exploit which he showed to his companions.

Chief Red Cloud had led the Indians in 1868 at the time when a large number of our men fell in battle near Fort Phil Kearny, and after that trouble a scout picked up an old roster-book

which had once belonged to a company of our soldiers. On its blank pages Sitting-Bull had made skeleton pictures, and each picture showed some wicked deed. The pictures were ridiculous enough, but they made a fairly good diary, and the meaning could not be mistaken. Nearly every record in the book was a sketch of the cruel Sitting-Bull and his victims. Sometimes he was killing white men, sometimes Indians, sometimes stealing and driving off herds of horses. A man's figure with a tall hat was enough to mean a white citizen, an uncouth bonnet showed a woman, stiff outlines gave Indian war feathers or a soldier's costume, and the book was a curious record of years when Sitting-Bull was a famous brave and a cruel, bad Indian.

Uncle Sam was greatly disturbed about "The Black Hills" of South Dakota at this time. Some white men, roaming through the hills, found signs of gold. They began to dig up the surface of the ground in many spots and to make deep holes and were quite sure there were large mines of gold there. The Dakotas insisted that these Hills all belonged to them. But the white men said that the Indians did not own "the whole earth," and tried hard to have the Indians sent away. This made Sitting-Bull very angry. He hated the white men more and more. He brought together thousands of Indians who were full of discontent and wanted to drive all white men from their country. A new band of Indians he formed and named "Strong-hearts." These he brought from eight or ten tribes of the Dakotas to a queer place in Montana, called the "Bad Lands." There were such deep gulches in clayey soil all around that neither horses nor buffaloes could leap over them, and this was Sitting-

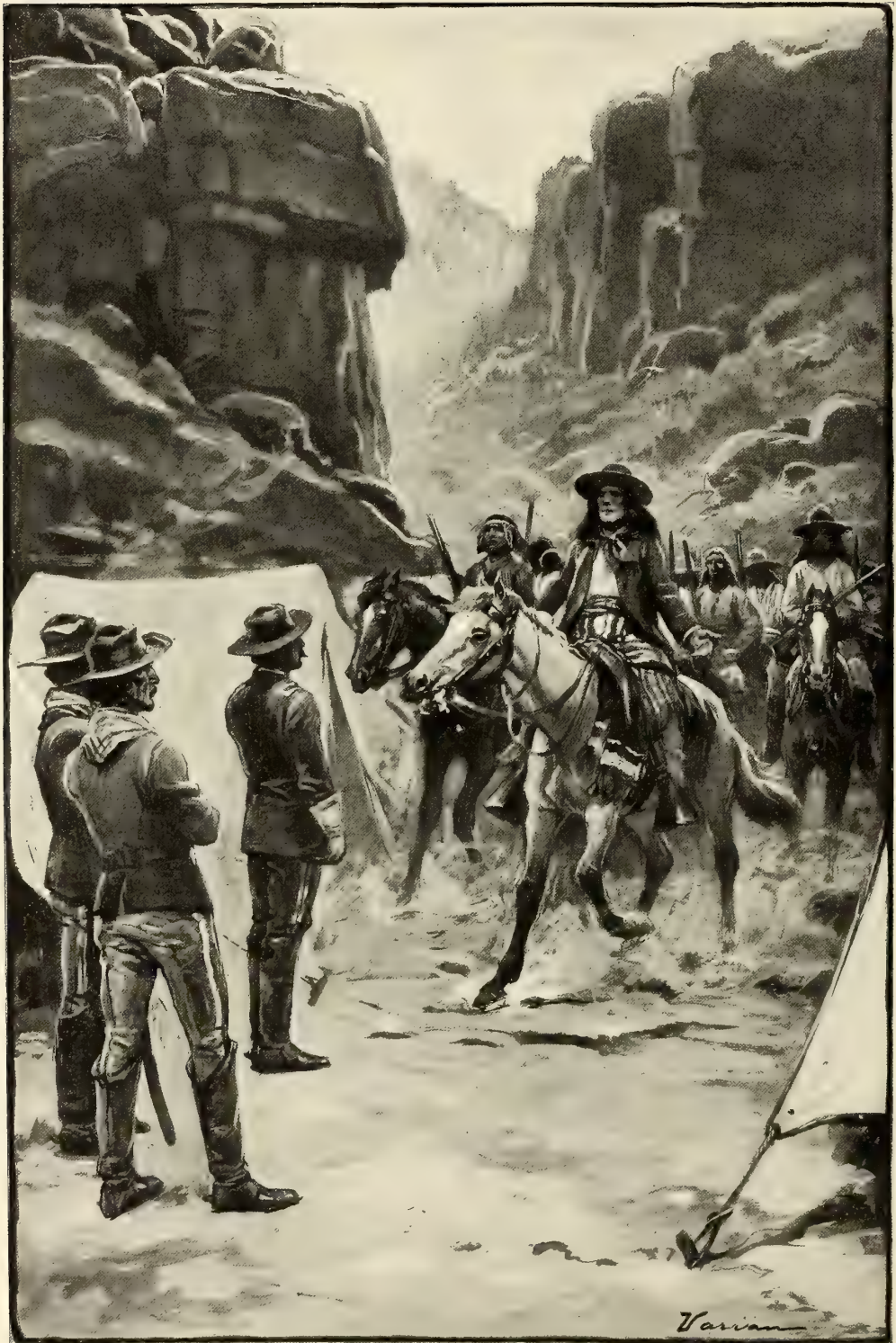
Bull's stronghold. He, himself, did not often go out to battle, for he was a medicine man, not a warrior. He would shut the flaps of his wigwam and stay hours, and sometimes days, inside, doing what he called "making medicine." He told



THE CAPTURE OF SITTING-BULL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the Indians that a powerful Spirit came to him at such times and gave him knowledge and orders.

He had influence with the wildest Indian chiefs because they had a strange fear of medicine men. They thought him a great prophet and teacher; with their bravest soldiers they



GERONIMO AND HIS INDIANS SURRENDERING TO UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.
(SEE PAGE 1098.)

went out from the Bad Lands as from a great fort, when he told them to, and fought many successful battles with our men.

At last in 1876 General Terry, General Crook, and General Gibbon, with forces, from three different directions marched against Sitting-Bull and his "hostiles," who, about that time, came down from the Bad Lands and camped in four or five large villages with men, women, and children. His own village was near the middle of the great multitude of wigwams. He declared that he had had a dream—vision, and that he had seen in the vision soldiers coming. This soon came true and first came General Crook's troops from the south, but the Indians were so many, the general stopped and waited for more soldiers. Next came some of Terry's and Custer's men from the east. The Indians were now much excited, the women and children were hurried off westward to safer grounds, and the warriors rushed pell-mell to meet the soldiers. The Indians wounded many, killed many, and drove the rest to the bluffs above the Little Big Horn River.

After this Sitting-Bull in his wigwam, "making his medicine" and talking to the Spirit, heard the news of General Custer's rapid charge up the slopes toward the villages, and all Indian warriors say he was dreadfully afraid. He had his "Strong-hearts" all around him, but his own heart did not remain strong. They say as soon as he heard that "Long-Hair" Custer was coming fast and furious, in great haste he took his family, mounted them on ponies, and, jumping upon his own horse, galloped to the west, till he had reached a place of safety. Now he sent out many Indian warriors, ten to one, against Custer's brave men, and the Indians got around them and fought till not one soldier was left alive after the great battle called "Custer's Massacre." But Sitting-Bull was miles away. After a time he returned to his village because he had missed one of his twin-children, and when he reached his wigwam he found the child that he so much loved. The sounds of the fighting grew fainter and the conflict was over, but Sitting-Bull lost the good-will of his big chiefs because he was not there to share the danger and direct them when the battle was fiercest. His followers named the twins in fun "The-One-Taken" and "The-One-Left," and they long lived to remind the Indians of their father speeding away from his greatest battle-field.

After the battle the whole United States Army was sent to break up the Indian strongholds in and near the Bad Lands. The ablest warrior chiefs, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Eagle, Lone Wolf, Lame Deer, and Crazy Horse were at last

killed or conquered. And it was not long before Sitting-Bull and his "Strong-hearts," full of hatred and discontent, fled across the Canada line, where they were safe from attack. The other Indians who had fought and been beaten now went to the nearest Indian reservation, and for a time there was peace among the Dakotas.

But, at last Sitting-Bull succeeded in getting back to the Grand River in North Dakota, where he had a rough, but comfortable, house with some of his family. It was not long, however, before the wide-awake Indian Agents and officers of the army found that Sitting-Bull was sending messages from camp to camp and getting ready for another defiance of Uncle Sam's great army.

In December, 1890, General Ruger was commanding the department of Dakota. He was living at St. Paul, Minnesota, where were his headquarters. Here he heard that Sitting-Bull was fretful, sullen, and secretly reorganizing the "Strong-hearts." Then General Ruger telegraphed the commander at Fort Yates, near Standing Rock, to have Sitting-Bull arrested. The Indian Agent asked it as a favor that his forty Indian policemen might make the arrest. They proceeded to his lodge, found him asleep, awakened him, and forced him to come out. He came out wild with anger and called for his warriors to join him, but one of the Indian policemen took his gun and ran toward Sitting-Bull. Then firing began. Bull-Head, the chief of the policemen, was shot in the leg. He turned and fired at Sitting-Bull and other policemen did the same. Sitting-Bull did not live to speak another word, but the warriors kept fighting till the soldiers, near at hand, rode up and put an end to the affair.

To look at Sitting-Bull one would say that he was always quiet and self-contained. In fact he did usually keep himself under control; but he was cruel and almost heartless. He had practised cruelty to animals and men from his childhood, and as long as he lived; he was full of passion, and often very angry. He was always imperious and insolent toward our generals, the Indian Agent, and other friends of the Great Father at Washington, whom he claimed to hate. He had great talent and ability to plan campaigns and battles, wonderful influence in bringing Indians together. Notwithstanding all this, he was afraid of death, and though he planned the greatest victory which the Indians ever gained over white men, Sitting-Bull himself was a coward, and disgraced himself even before his own people by running away in the very face of success.

XXI. GERONIMO, THE LAST APACHE CHIEF ON THE WAR-PATH

FAR off in the Dragoon Mountains where Captain Red Beard took me to see Cochise in his stronghold, lived the chief of a band of Apache Indians, called Geronimo. His Indian name was Go-khlä-yeh, but after his first battle with the Mexicans he was called Geronimo, and the name was pronounced after the Spanish fashion, as if it began with an H instead of a G—Heronimo. When this Indian was a young man he went to Mexico to trade furs and beaded belts and moccasins for things the Indians use, and with him went his wife and many Indian men, women, and children. The Indian men made a camp near a small Mexican city and left the women and children there while they went into the town to trade, but while they were gone some white people fired at those left in camp, and when Geronimo came back all his family were dead, and everything he had was destroyed. At first Geronimo was so sad that he could not eat or sleep, and wandered about in the woods as unhappy as any one could be; then he began to be angry and wanted to fight all white men, and that is how he first made up his mind to go on the war-path.

GERONIMO was a very quiet man and yet he danced with the other Indians, pitched quoits with them, or played the game of poles. This is called the pole fight. The Indians draw two lines on the ground twenty steps apart; then an Indian, taking a pole ten or twelve feet long, grasps it in the middle and, swinging it from right to left over his shoulders, runs from the first to the second line and casts the pole as far in front of him as he can. Geronimo was often the winner in games, for he played very well, especially a game called "Kah."

This is always played at night and a great fire gives light for it. Sides are chosen with four on a side; one side are called beasts, the other side birds. An old blanket or piece of canvas is propped up between the beasts and birds and on each side they dig four holes and put a moccasin in each hole. Then one of the birds is chosen by lot and while all the birds sing he hides a small piece of white bone in one of the moccasins. The beasts have clubs, and when the blanket is suddenly pulled away one of them points with his club to the hole where he thinks the bone is. If he is right his side is given a stick from a bundle like jackstraws held by an umpire. Those who win become birds and hide the bone. If they lose they remain beasts. When the jackstraws

are all gone the game is over, and the side with most sticks wins.

Geronimo played games and danced, but all the time his mind was on war and he did not love his white brothers, so he lived in the mountains and planned battles. Often he had for his house a short, scrubby tree with a hollow in the ground near its trunk. Here he spread a deer-skin for his bed and some woolen blankets on a large stone close by for a seat. I am sure the friendly red men in the "Never, never, never Land," where *Peter Pan* lives, must have been Apache Indians, and that *Peter Pan* and the other boys learned from them to live in hollow trees. Perhaps Geronimo may have known *Peter Pan*, only I suppose he called him by some Indian name of his own. At any rate, this Indian chief lived very often in hollow trees, and liked that sort of a home very much.

Geronimo was one of the Indian captains who was with Cochise when he decided that the Great Spirit wanted the Indians to make peace with the white men and eat bread with them. At that time most of the Indians were very happy to have peace, and Geronimo seemed quite as pleased as the others, though I believe he was not yet quite sure that it was time for peace to come. At any rate the great Cochise said it was, so Geronimo was ready to ride with us to meet the soldiers, and, as I was willing, he sprang up over my horse's tail and by a second spring came forward, threw his arms around me and so rode many miles on my horse. During that ride we became good friends and I think Geronimo trusted me, although he trembled very much when we came in sight of the soldiers near Camp Bowie.

Most of the Apache Indians kept peace fairly well after that, but the white people and Mexicans were not good to them, and Geronimo did not love his white brothers, so he was on the war-path again before long.

Then Uncle Sam sent one of his officers to fight against Geronimo and his Indians, and they were made prisoners of war and taken far away from Arizona to the Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama. Here they were fed and clothed and guarded. Their children were sent to school and they were all treated kindly, but they were prisoners and could not go away.

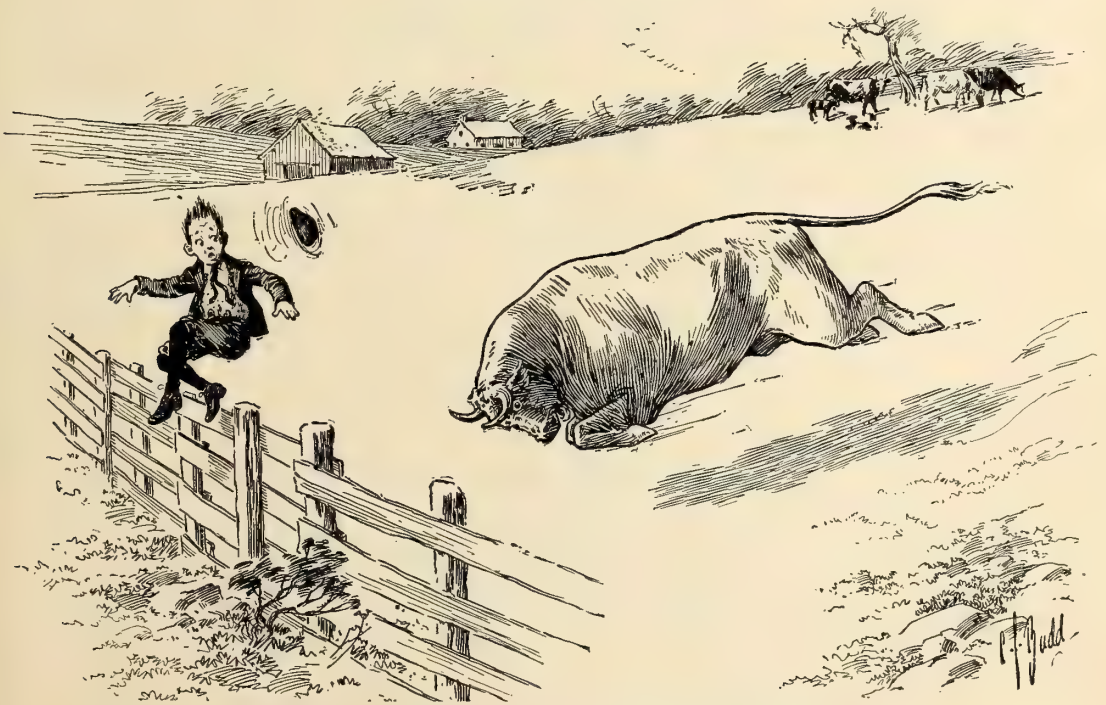
In 1889 I went to Mount Vernon Barracks, and the first man I saw as I got out of the train was Geronimo. He had a bundle of canes of different sorts of wood, which he had peeled and painted and was selling them one by one. When he caught sight of me he passed his canes to another Indian and ran to meet me. I could not understand his Apache, but he embraced me

twice and called his Mexican name, "Geronimo," "Geronimo," many times so that I should be sure to know who he was. Then he got an interpreter and came to talk with me. "I am a school superintendent now," he said. "We have fine lady teachers. All the children go to their school. I make them. I want them to be white children." From among the Indians at Mount Vernon Barracks there were formed two companies of soldiers, each of fifty Indians. Geronimo was very proud of them and kept saying, "Heap big soldiers; heap good!" and he told them to do their best to keep their uniforms bright and clean, to make their gun-barrels shine and never have dust on their shoes. But though Geronimo tried his best to be happy and contented he was homesick for Arizona and begged me to speak to the President for him. "Indians sick here," he said, "air bad and water bad." I told him that there would be no peace in Arizona if the Indians went back to the Chiricahua Mountains, for the Great Father at Washington could not control the Mexicans and white people there and make them do what was right; and Geronimo tried to understand. He helped the teachers and did his best, but still he did not love his white brothers.

Geronimo was taken to the Omaha and Buf-

falo Exhibitions, but he was sullen and quiet, and took no interest in anything. Then at last all the Apache Indians were sent west again to the Indian Territory near Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The last time I saw him he was at the St. Louis Exhibition with the "Wild West Show." He stayed in St. Louis for several months, for people wanted to see him as much as they did the Filipinos from Manila, the Boers from South Africa, or the Eskimos from Alaska, and hardly any one went away without asking to see Geronimo, the great Apache war-chief. His photographs were in great demand, and he had learned to write his name, so he sold his autographs and made a good deal of money. He wanted to see other Indians, too, especially Indians who were not Apaches. He was very much interested in other people from all over the world, the strange things that showmen did, the animals he had never seen before—bears from the icy north, elephants from Africa, learned horses, and other things new and strange. Nothing escaped him, and everything he saw was full of interest to him. He was trying to understand our civilization and, at last, after many years, Geronimo, the last Apache chief, was happy and joyful, for he had learned to respect his white brothers.

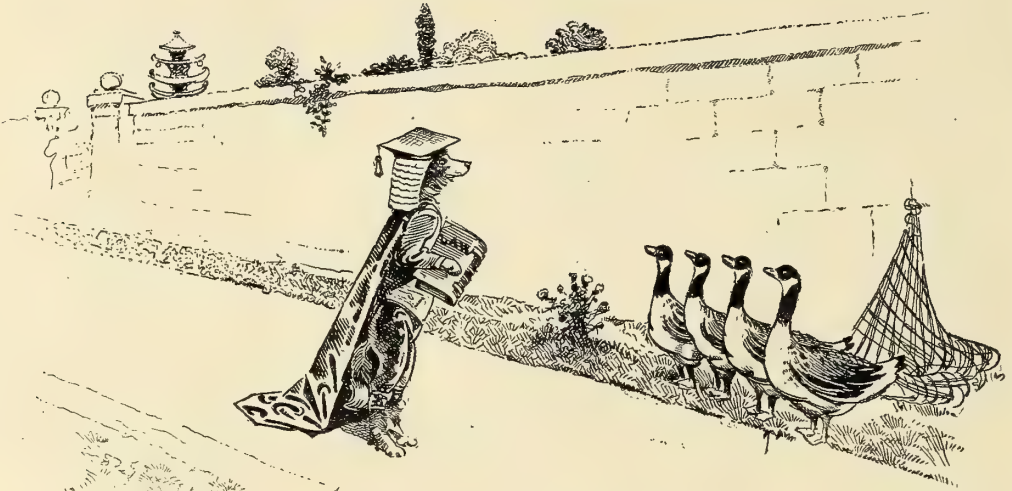


"TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP," SAID JACK, "IS ADVICE I 'VE READ IN A BOOK;
BUT WHEN A BULL IS AFTER ME, I LEAP BEFORE I LOOK!"

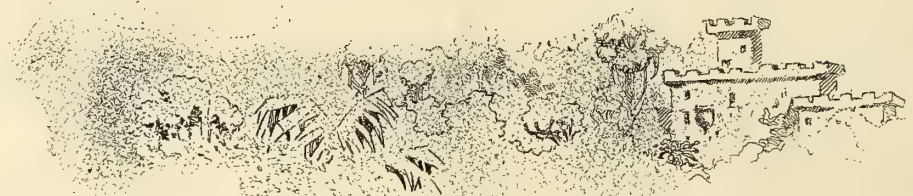
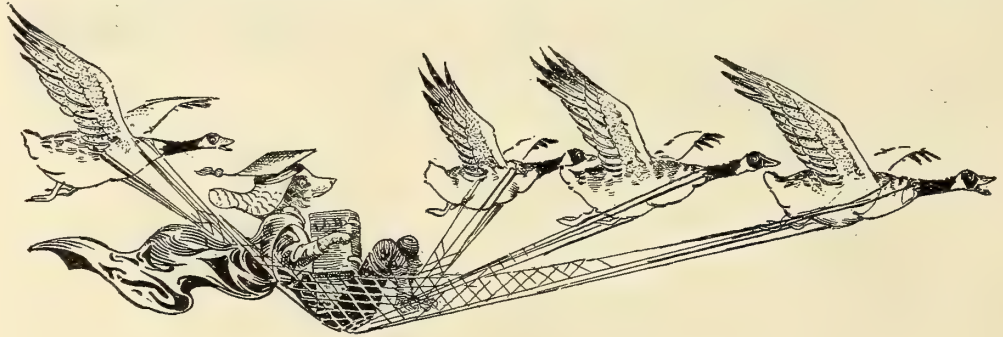


An Air Ship in Jungleville.

By I.W. Goben.



"I'm exceedingly late," said a Secretary of State.
"And must alight in ten minutes at the Palace gate."



In full flight.



Turning the corner



"Very gracefully done!" said our hero to the geese.
"You can call on my treasurer for a ducal apiece."



The
Conway
Dinner.
by
Elizabeth Price.



GRANDFATHER rose stiffly and reached for his cane. "A very good letter, my dears, and highly satisfactory," he said. "Your mother needed the rest and I am glad she is having it. Give her my love when you write."

"We will, Grandpa," promised Betty and Hetty together, rustling the precious sheets they held preparatory to a second perusal of Mother's letter.

"We'll have to read it at least twice a day till the next one comes," declared Hetty, hunting for page one.

"Yes, to keep our courage up," added Betty, who often finished out her twin's remarks. "Think of a whole month without her!"

"Indeed I'll do no such thing. I'll think of her whole month of good times and how glad we are she can have it. What's the use in remembering heartachy things, when you might as well be thinking about the others?"

The door opened gently and Grandfather looked in. "I forgot to say, my dears, that I met my old friend, Mr. Conway, on the street this morning. He and his daughters have come from the North and will be in this city a fortnight before leaving for Florida, where they are to remain some months. I invited them up for supper and he accepted for—let me see, I think it was Thursday of next week. Yes, that is it, Thursday. You need not go to any trouble, my dears. Something simple will do"; and the door closed again.

Betty looked at Hetty, who returned the stare

with interest. Mother's letter fell to the floor from limp, unheeding fingers.

"What shall we do?" gasped Betty.

"What *can* we do?" asked Hetty.

Both round, rosy faces were pale, and two pairs of eyes had grown sober and anxious.

"The rich and fashionable Conways visiting in our little, old, shabby house would be a heart-rending spectacle at the best; but now, with Mother gone and nobody to stand between us and ruin—" Betty paused for lack of words to express her feelings.

"If it was only King Edward or the Empress of China I would n't mind so much, but the *Conways!* Oh, why did he ever do it?" Hetty demanded despairingly.

"Grandpa has n't any more idea of aristocracy than a—a—boa-constrictor," declared Betty tragically. "He thinks, because our ancestors fought in the Revolution, and came over in the Mayflower, and did a few other things that they could n't help doing under the circumstances, that we can hobnob with millionaires and all sorts of celebrated people. Of course, I think, myself, we are *good* enough, but we are n't rich enough, and there's where the trouble comes in."

"Grandpa does n't count riches at all," Hetty went on. "He always quotes that about 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.' I know it's true in its place, but beautiful poetry does n't get supper for the Conways."

"It 'll have to be dinner, though," replied Hetty. "I don't suppose they know what supper is. And it 'll *have* to be in courses,—they probably never ate a meal any other way in their lives. To be sure, we 've never seen them, but from the times we 've heard about their fabulous riches and their gorgeous home, which it seems to me they never stay in, I know their statelyness just stands out all over them, so you can almost take hold of it. Oh, yes, indeed! They 'll be stately enough, I 'm sure. What will the first course have to be?"

"Mercy knows,—I don't!" returned Betty. "I 'm not used to fashionable menus. We 'll get a cook-book out of the Circulating Library,—one of the kind that tells how to do things beside giving recipes,—and we 'll study, Het, for we *must* succeed. I can't understand why Grandpa announced it so early. If he had invited them for this afternoon, and casually informed us just as they got here, it would have been much more natural."

"We 've that much of a silver lining to our dark cloud, anyhow. Mother always declares there is one, you know, even if she has to use a magnifying-glass to find hers. Let 's go to the library this afternoon and get Miss Winnie to recommend a book. She 's so accommodating, and maybe she 'll know just what we need."

"All right. There 's one comfort: as they are n't to come till so late we 'll have the whole day to get ready. Grandpa 'll have to eat bread and milk for his luncheon, and you and I won't have any appetite till the ordeal 's over. I doubt if I shall want a full meal between now and then."

"Nonsense, Betty. We 'll have to eat to keep our strength up. We 'll need it. Oh, Bet, dare we meddle with the old china?"

"We 'll have to! Could we set the Conways down to 'blue-and-white every-days?' Perish the thought! And the silver will have to be rubbed and the house cleaned from top to bottom."

Hetty glanced at her beloved book-shelf with a groan. "And Mother said we might rest a lot,—and read! I 've been trying to get time for 'Queechy' for two months. It 's such a fat book, I dare not begin it till I see some chance of finishing, because I just can't put a story down with a contented mind till I see how things come out."

"You need n't have told me that. I have n't been your twin for fifteen years without getting slightly acquainted with you. After the times I 've blown out the light and dragged you to bed at all hours of the night, you need n't explain to me that you like to read. I 'm depending on you

to unravel the cook-book. I know I could never make sense out of it." And Betty, who was not a book-worm, looked anxious. Her sister rose to draw the little silkoline curtain across the tempting volumes against the wall, and nodded brightly.

"All right. I 'll promise to decipher instructions if you 'll carry them out."

Miss Winnie was kind and sympathetic, but being a lifelong inhabitant of a boarding-house was unable to suggest, and could only help by choosing, out of a bewildering array, a cook-book that looked promising and abounded in minute directions. Armed with this, Hetty seated herself that evening on one side of the sitting-room table, after Grandfather had gone to his room, while Betty sat on the other side with several sheets of paper and a pencil ready to compose several menus from Hetty's dictation. From these several menus a final one would be chosen afterward.

It was late when they leaned back to review the results of their labor. An anxious wrinkle furrowed Betty's smooth forehead, while Hetty's hazel eyes wore a most appealing expression.

"Consommé there has to be. Every dinner menu you 've read calls for it," announced Betty, biting her pencil.

"How—?"

"Don't ask me. We 'll study the hows next, after we dispose of the whats. Then fish, roast beef and brown potatoes, salad—lobster, I think—and croquettes, and creamed cabbage, and tomato jelly—"

Hetty gasped. "You never will—why, Betty, you 're crazy."

"I 'm not. The honor of this family has got to be maintained, and there 's nobody but you and me to do it. According to the book I 've only picked out what is necessary and proper and we could n't do less."

"We 'll spoil the whole mess, and then where will the honor be?"

Betty ignored the tragic question, and replied with dignity: "We shall spoil nothing, *unless* we get scared. For dessert we 'll have pineapple sherbet and sponge-cakes, peppermint wafers and black coffee."

Hetty squared her shoulders for the fray. "If you 're bound to disgrace us, I 'll help," she declared loyally. "The Conways will be too polite to show that they are being martyred, and if it gives them all acute indigestion, they 're able to pay a doctor."

Betty smiled in a superior way. "Sarcasm is n't becoming to you, Het," she remarked as she locked the door for the night. "It 's perfectly easy

to do things when you have directions enough—and we have. Everything will go off like clock-work, and we 'll be through in time to dress up in our best and serve our dinner in a suitable manner. Yes, our Sunday dresses, of course. No, we won't spill things on them, unless we get nervous, which I for one shan't do."

The next day the cleaning-up process began under Betty's energetic ministrations. "But it 's too soon," demurred Hetty. "Everything will get dusty and have to be done over."

"It can't be done over. It 'll take us all next week to get dinner. To-day and to-morrow we 'll clean the house, Friday rub the silver, and Saturday unpack and wash Grandmother's wedding china. That will leave the field clear for our later operations." And, as usual, Hetty fell into line.

Two tired girls buttoned each other's clean gingham gowns late the next afternoon.

"But then, who cares?" demanded Betty, inspecting a black-and-blue finger-nail philosophically. "It 's worth being tired just to know how spick-and-span everything is."

"Yes, if it only stays that way," murmured Hetty doubtfully, eyeing the very best pillow-shams, which, according to her judgment, should have remained in seclusion six days longer.

The clock struck five noisy strokes.

"Just listen to that! I did n't dream it was so—"

"My dears," called Grandfather from the hall, "are you there? Mr. Conway and his daughters are alighting from their carriage at the door. But you need n't hurry supper. I urged them to come early."

Two astonished heads appeared simultaneously over the baluster, and two voices ejaculated as one, "But, Grandfather, it 's next week they are to come—it is n't to-day!"

"I remember to have said Thursday quite plainly, my dears, and this is Thursday," and Grandfather departed to open the front door with great dignity.

Betty and Hetty crept back into their little room to consider the catastrophe.

"One hour to get dinner for the Conways, and not a bite in this house worth mentioning," said Betty miserably.

"There 's fresh bread," suggested Hetty hopefully. "I 'm glad we baked to-day in spite of being so busy."

"What 's bread?" demanded Betty with fine scorn.

"It 's the staff of life," was the cheerful reply. "And there 's cold boiled ham and plenty of jelly."

"We might open a jar of Mother's peach preserves. She said they were to be kept for special occasions and this is surely one."

Betty was gathering herself together. "And I can scallop those cold boiled potatoes and stew a can of tomatoes."

"And I 'll make some gingerbread and have it hot."

"It is likely to be hot if it is served with a six-o'clock dinner this night. I 'll never get over the shame of it, Het, never! They 'll probably be in dinner gowns, and covered with diamonds, and they 'll have to eat off the blue-and-white dishes after all, but it 's too late to do a thing."

"Except to make the best of it. They won't suffer from hunger, so, since we can't help it, we 'll try not to fret."

They crept down the back stairs, raked open the fire, and put the tea-kettle on; then set the table in the bravest array they could muster on extremely short notice, and prepared their dinner with faint hearts and woebegone countenances.

"Shall we have it in courses?" asked Betty timidly. Her self-confidence had oozed away before the unexpectedness of the ordeal.

"Mercy, no! First of all, we don't know how; secondly, we have n't dishes enough; and, thirdly, the kind of dinner we 're getting would n't be "coursed" according to the book. We 'll change the plates for dessert, and that 'll have to do. I 'll run over to the dairy and get some cream for the coffee and preserves, as soon as I get my gingerbread in the oven. Cream always helps out."

"If we could only tell them about it, it would n't be quite so bad," moaned Betty, who was diligently grating cheese for the potatoes. "But we must n't let them know we did n't know they were coming."

"No, indeed! That would be embarrassing for everybody. Grandpa invited them and they came. It is n't their fault that he forgot the day. No, honey, we 'll have to face the music."

"They can't blame Mother,—that 's one comfort." If Betty's lip quivered as she said it, no one saw it, for Hetty was beating the batter and hiding the wistfulness in her own eyes.

Everything was ready at last, and then, but not till then, Betty remembered their own toilets, which were to have been as elaborate as their somewhat limited wardrobe would permit.

"We are n't dressed up a bit! I forgot," she gasped, clutching her sister's arm.

"So did I. But we 're clean and respectable, Betty, and besides, it 's too late now. They 'd rather have their coffee hot than see us in our blue serges," said the practical Hetty.



"GRANDFATHER LED THEM PROUDLY INTO THE LITTLE DINING-ROOM."

When everything was ready Hetty and Betty ran up-stairs to their own room, and, after giving their hair a final touch, descended by way of the front stairs.

As they approached the parlor door, their grandfather arose to introduce them to his guests. This he did in his usual courtly manner, presenting them to Mr. Conway and his daughters as "Your hostesses, my housekeepers and my very dear granddaughters."

What the Conways saw, when, five minutes later, Grandfather led them proudly into the little dining-room, was a neatly spread square table whereon was set an appetizing array of eatables. The pink slices of ham were prettily garnished with parsley and lemon, the scalloped potatoes were browned to a turn, and the jelly quivered redly in its pretty glass dish.

What Betty and Hetty saw was an old gentleman, as simply clad as Grandfather himself, with a kindly ruddy face and twinkling eyes, and two pleasant-looking ladies in pretty black dresses, dainty lace collars and cuffs fastened with quiet gold pins, and dark hair arranged very much as Mother wore hers.

The guests ate exactly like ordinary well-bred mortals, and gave no sign that any lack of ceremony affected their appetites.

"I have n't tasted such bread in years," declared Mr. Conway, as he helped himself to his fourth flaky slice. "You are fortunate in your cook, sir."

"My granddaughters made it, Mr. Conway. They had a competent teacher in their mother, who received her culinary education from my honored wife," and Grandfather waved his hand ceremoniously toward Betty and Hetty.

"It is certainly delicious," declared Miss Henrietta, while Miss Eleanor added graciously, "So, indeed, is everything else. I discovered long ago that there was an art in properly boiling a ham that all cooks did not master. This is perfection."

"Mother's peaches" were like preserved sunshine, rich and clear and yellow, and the cream was thick and delicious. And though the library cook-book had never once mentioned hot gingerbread as a possible dinner dessert, certain it was that the present guests did it full justice and praised it warmly.

And after the meal was over—if one could be brought to believe it—the extremely rich and aristocratic Misses Conway insisted on helping,

and dried the blue-and-white plates as deftly as if they had been priceless china. They talked interestingly as they worked, and the twins listened and laughed, and finally chimed in, their shyness forgotten.

It was a delightful evening. Miss Henrietta sang beautifully for them, and Miss Eleanor recited a poem or two in her low, sweet voice; while Mr. Conway and Grandfather told tales of their long-ago youth, and laughed as if they were boys again.

It was when the ladies went to get their wraps and the girls accompanied them that Betty essayed her timid apology.

"You see, if Mother had been here things would have been different, but we don't want you to think that we would n't have been glad to have sherbet and salad in courses, if we had just had time to learn how."

Miss Henrietta smiled as she put her arms about the plump little figure and kissed the rosy face. "You did as beautifully as heart could wish," she said warmly. "Your mother is the richest of women, with two such daughters."

Then Miss Eleanor said with her hand on Hetty's shoulder: "She is, indeed. You have been true to her sensible teaching in attempting only what you could do easily and well. Many older people would have been less wise."

Betty winced then, but loyalty to Grandfather kept back her confession. After the guests had gone she said humbly: "I did n't deserve it, Het, but you did, and I will hereafter. I was almost frightened out of my wits over the simple supper we did know how to cook. What if it *had* been tomato jelly and croquettes?"

"I wanted them just as badly as you did, Betty, only I was too cowardly to undertake them. But we'll be contented after this to sail close to shore, except when Mother is aboard to steer us into deeper waters."

"And out of them. But, Het, dear, the Conways are n't a bit aristocratic after all, are they?"

Hetty straightened and folded her hair ribbon thoughtfully.

"Yes, Betty, I think they are. It is n't the aristocracy we supposed it was—the stiff-necked and the snobbish kind—but it's better than that and truer, it seems to me. I think I understand more clearly than I did what Grandpa has always tried to teach us,—that it is n't what people have that counts, so much as what they are."

BOYS AS POLICEMEN

A SQUAD OF BOY POLICE

BY T. R. PORTER

ABOUT five years ago the chief of police of Council Bluffs concluded he could keep better order by making friends with the boys than he could by making enemies of them. So, when Hallowe'en came around, instead of arresting a lot of boys who were playing tricks, the chief called them into his office, gave them stars and clubs and turned them into regular policemen. Then he sent them out into the streets to stop

new lot of boys, so that all might have a chance; but any boy who had been arrested within a year was not to be appointed, and any boy who had served once on the force, could not be appointed again for a whole year.

So now, when Christmas comes, Chief Richmond gathers up twenty-five boys and makes them policemen.

On New Year's night there is another force of twenty-five boys who have their stars and "bil-lies"; and when Independence Day comes around, still another twenty-five boys are appointed.



A SQUAD OF BOY POLICEMEN IN COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

other boys from doing things which they should not do. And the chief soon found that his boy policemen kept better order than his big policemen did. So the chief told the big men policemen to let the boy policemen take care of all the boys in town that night, and for the men policemen not to interfere.

Whenever a boy policeman caught another boy playing a prank that would cause some damage, he arrested that boy and made him go down to the chief's office with him; and if the boy did n't want to go, and made a fight over it, then the boy policeman called to the man policeman to help him, and between the two, the unruly boy was taken to the chief.

But as soon as the boys of the town heard of the new police force, and saw the boys with their new stars, they all wanted to be policemen, so they went to the chief and asked if they could n't be policemen, too.

Then the chief promised that the next time he wanted a boy police force, he would appoint a

Hallowe'en, too, is a time when boys are playing jokes and pranks, so at that time the chief of police calls for volunteers from which to select his boy police force. He only wants twenty-five boys, but always there are about five hundred who come forward and ask to be made policemen.

"SKINNY," THE OFFICER

BY ELIZABETH SEARS

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, boasts the only duly appointed squad of boy police in the country. There are twenty-five boys in this police force, every one wearing a star, and every one authorized to make arrests, if necessary. Moreover, it is considered such an honor to become a boy policeman that the street boys try to keep a clear record throughout the year. Two or three bad marks against them at the police station mean forfeiture of the coveted privilege of being appointed a policeman another year.

This unique police force has been in existence for several years, and was the result of much

thought on the part of the chief of police of that city, who was in despair at the holiday pranks of the urchins of Council Bluffs.

There was no Juvenile Court in the city at that time. There were several organized gangs of "tough kids" who delighted in their frequent arrests by the policemen. The police court was the only means of quelling the youthful spirits of these gangs, and the chief had been much disturbed at the frequent appearance in court of a number of tough street boys.

"I'd like to have your advice on a plan I've been thinking of for some time," went on the chief, confidentially.

The boy straightened in his chair, fascinated at the thought of being taken into the confidence of the chief.

"Now, we've always had a lot of trouble with some of the boys on holiday nights here," said the chief, "and it seems to me that you have a lot of influence with that crowd of yours, so I have been thinking of appointing you a special



ANOTHER GROUP OF BOY POLICEMEN.

When, one day, the worst of the leaders of these gangs was brought into police court, the chief eyed him dubiously. He had been an old offender, and the judge and the chief wondered what was to be done with him.

The chief took the boy into his own office. It was the day before Hallowe'en, and he knew from dread experience that much mischief and some lasting harm was to be expected from the special gang of which this boy was the proud and acknowledged head. As the chief pondered the matter, he caught the gleam of admiration in the boy's eyes at the flash of the police-star on his breast. The glance sent a hopeful thought to the chief. Scolding and threats did the boy no good, nor did the police fines or other punishment. His parents took no interest in the training of the boy, and yet the chief fancied there was much good in him.

"How would you like to be a policeman?" asked the chief slowly, rubbing his cheek reflectively with a brawny hand.

The boy grinned cheerfully at the suggestion. "Yep," he remarked, briefly. "Goin' ter be when I git big."

policeman for to-morrow night to see that there is no harmful mischief allowed on your street. What do you think?"

The boy's eyes grew larger and rounder. For the first time in his life, speech failed him. His customary language did not seem to fit the case at all. "Gee!" he stammered, as his mind slowly grasped what it all meant. "Would I have a star, jis' like the big fellers?"

"You would wear a star like the other policemen," said the chief gravely. "You would be a specially appointed policeman, to serve without pay, of course; but fully authorized to preserve the peace and to make arrests, if necessary."

Accustomed as he was to the language of the police court room, the boy listened breathlessly to these words. Pride swelled deep in his bosom. He rose importantly while the chief fastened on the star, the sign and signal of his authority.

There was a long and confidential talk with his chief before he strode sturdily out of the door, and he squared his shoulders manfully as he left, for a duly detailed policeman must do his duty.

Within the hour, the youthful special officer returned to the police station. He was accompa-

nied by a barefooted and struggling lad, who struck out fruitlessly at his captor. An angry exclamation by the prisoner was ruthlessly choked by the flushed and perspiring officer.

"Cut that out," he ordered grimly. "No back talk goes here; see?"

The policemen loitering in the station eyed them with much amusement. But the special officer insisted upon conveying his struggling prisoner straight to the chief.

He saluted gravely as he entered the office and displayed his capture.

"Pinched him stealin' a gate, chief," he announced in the street slang which was the only language he knew. "I tole him it did n't go; see? I showed me star; but he run out his tongue and said no kid dast to pinch him. So I showed him; see? Ain't I gotter right to pinch any kid what 's vierlatin' the law, chief,—hey?"

The chief patiently explained to the amazed prisoner that the boy officer had every right to arrest violators of the law, and was acting under orders from the chief in so doing. The eyes of the prisoner rolled startingly, and he wiped his forehead on his shiny shirt-sleeve reflectively.

"I wanter be one, too, chief," he begged; "I kin help to keep de kids straight, as good as Skinny, here. Go on, lemme be one, too."

His suggestion met with approval, and Skinny and his friend went out of the police station beaming with their new importance. The news

flew briskly and within an hour the police station was crowded with beseeching boys, anxious for a job on the force.

The chief rose to the occasion, and then and there conceived the plan of forming a squad of boy officers. He knew many of the boys and their records. With much care, he chose twenty-five of them, and duly fastened on their stars, making something of a ceremony of the matter. He impressed upon them that it was a serious thing, and that they were to be specially appointed policemen to assist in guarding the city and to preserve the peace and fair fame of Council Bluffs on the many holidays of the year.

They listened gravely and marched out as decorously as the regular force, breaking ranks only when they had reached the main street of the town and had turned to their own special beats. Although the policemen and business men smiled indulgently at the plan, they were amazed when the holidays passed and it was found that the street boys had made positively no disturbances requiring the police or angry neighbors to settle.

Once a year these policemen are chosen. Any boy whose record for the past twelve months has not been exactly to his credit, is promptly scratched off the list.

As a result, there are now many well-behaved boys in the city who take a real pride in keeping order, and who consider it the honor of the year to be members of the boy police force.

A MAGICIAN

BY EUNICE WARD

My brother Roger said to me,
 "I am a great magician. See?
 I'll make your dolls all laugh and talk;
 Your Teddy bear shall dance and walk,
 Your little china pug shall bark,
 The creatures in your Noah's ark
 Shall march in order, two by two;
 And I shall do these things for you
 On the thirty-first of September."

"And you shall be a princess fair,
 With trailing gown and golden hair.
 The prince just now looks like the cat;
 He 's been bewitched—I 'll change all that.
 You 'll find the doll's house turned into
 A royal palace, when I 'm through.
 For I 'm a great magician. See?
 And all this shall be done by me
 On the thirty-first of September."

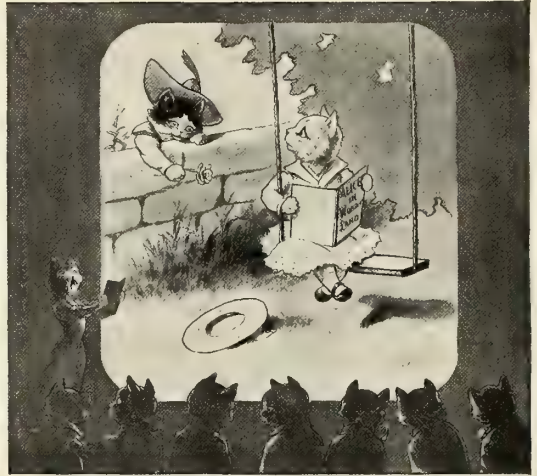
Just think how splendid it will be
 When Roger does these things for me.
 I did n't know he was so great,
 And oh, dear! I can hardly wait
 For the
 thirty-first
 of September!



FIRST EXHIBITION OF MOVING PICTURES IN KITTENTOWN



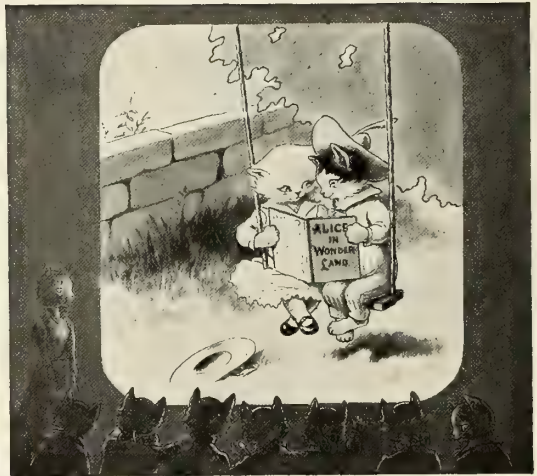
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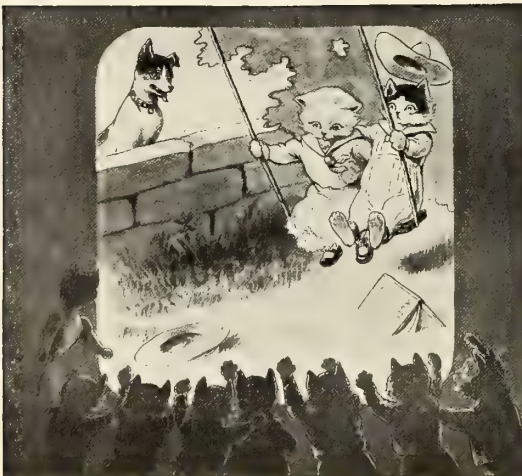
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C. BARNES

V.



VI.

THE SEVENTH BIRTHDAY OF THE LITTLE COUSIN FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

BY EMMA C. DOWD

THE Little Cousin from Constantinople was to have been given a party on her seventh birthday; but, just before the invitations were written,

absent Mother in Constantinople would have comforted her if she had been there.

Before the Merry Mother left her the Little



"EAGERLY SHE TORE OFF THE WRAPPINGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mumps came uninvited, and, of course, there could be no other guests while Mumps stayed.

The Little Cousin could not help feeling just a little tearful on her birthday morning, for Mumps, as nearly everybody knows, is a painful, disagreeable visitor. She did not cry when anybody was near—oh, no, indeed! She even tried to smile; but she found smiling very difficult with a poultice on each side of her face, and she had to give it up. The Merry Mother understood, however, and told her she was a dear, brave little girl, and strove to comfort her just as the dear

Cousin felt almost happy, sitting up among her soft pillows, and wearing her new, pink, birthday sacque, with its pretty ribbons.

"I am sorry I must be away all the morning," the Merry Mother said; "but I hope your pleasant company will keep you from missing me. I am going to shut your door for a minute, and when it opens you can pull in your visitors as fast as you please." She laughed to see the Little Cousin's astonished face, for the doctor had said that the children must not come in to see her as long as Mumps stayed. Then the door closed.

There was a slight commotion outside. The Little Cousin listened eagerly. What could it mean? Hushed voices, bits of laughter, the sliding of something over the polished floor, scurrying footsteps here and there—the Little Cousin heard it all, and waited breathlessly.

At last the feet retreated, the door opened, and the Merry Mother's face appeared. Something attached to a string came flying toward the bed. "Catch it!" she called.

The Little Cousin grabbed it—only a small block of wood, on which was printed, "PULL."

Eagerly the little hands obeyed, when in through the doorway slid an oblong package. Across the rug and up on the bed the Little Cousin drew it, till her excited fingers clasped the package tight—what could it be?

Fastened to the further end of the bundle was another block of wood, and attached to it was another string which led outside the door. On this block was printed. "When you are ready, PULL again!"

"I'll open this first," said the Little Cousin to herself, untying the block, and laying it aside with its dangling cord. Eagerly she tore off the wrappings—it was, it *was* a doll, such a darling of a doll! It had brown eyes and fluffy yellow curls, and—this seemed very strange—the only thing in the way of clothing that it possessed was a little blanket that was wrapped around it.

Never mind! she was learning to sew, and she would make it a dress as soon as she was well again. She cuddled Dolly down against the pillows. She would not be lonely any more, even if Mumps should stay for a longer visit than was expected. Her dolls had all been left for the Little Sister in Constantinople, and it was so nice to have a dolly of her own again!

Then her eyes fell on the block of wood, with its inscription, and she began to pull in the string.

A square package appeared in the doorway, and she drew it toward her. Attached to it was a third block. This she untied as before, and removed the paper from her gift. It was a small trunk. She lifted the cover, and there were Dolly's missing garments! A blue dress, a pink dress, a white dress, dainty underwear, sash ribbons, a coat and hat, and even a tiny comb and brush, were found in that wonderful trunk. Of course, Dolly had to come out from her nook in the pillows, and be dressed. It took some time, because Little Cousin must stop to admire every separate garment. At last, however, the third

present was pulled in, and it was a chair for Dolly to sit in.

The fourth package was big and rather heavier than the others. The Little Cousin wondered what it could be, and she found out just as soon as she could get it open. It was a dining-table for Dolly, with a real little table-cloth, and napkins, and a set of pretty china dishes.

"Oh, oh!" gasped the Little Cousin, in sheer delight. It is a pity there was no one there to see the shining of her eyes. She rested awhile among her pillows; but not long, for Dolly must have her table set for luncheon—she might be hungry.

Ready for the make-believe repast, string number five was pulled, and when the box was opened the Little Cousin fairly squealed, for there was a real luncheon for Dolly and herself, all in twos! There were two tiny buttered biscuits, two very small apple turnovers, and two little frosted cakes. There were, also, two small bottles containing a brownish liquid. It was chocolate! Oh, how glad the Little Cousin was that she had passed the stage where she could not eat! It would have been hard, indeed, to have left all those goodies for Dolly. As it was she had to take food in very small bits, but that only made it last the longer; and if it did hurt a little once in a while she did not mind, it tasted so good. So on the whole, the luncheon was a very happy affair.

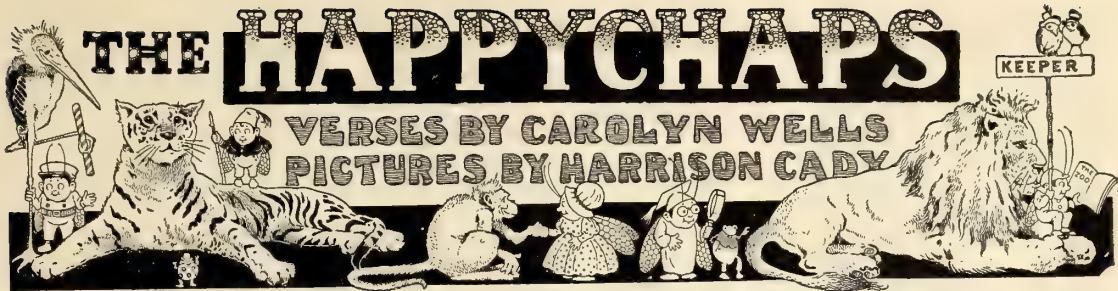
When the sixth present was pulled upon the bed the Little Cousin said, "Oh!" to the accompaniment of very bright eyes, for the shape of it told her that must be a carriage—a carriage for Dolly, and it proved to be one of the very prettiest that ever a small doll rode in. She was put on the seat in a twinkling, and had only one tumble—which did not even muss her dress, and the next time she was strapped in so that she could not fall.

The seventh gift was a little white bedstead, with mattress and sheets, a dear little puffy comfortable, and a dainty coverlet and two pillows. Of course, Dolly was tired enough after her ride to be undressed and go to bed, and very sweet she looked as she was tucked snugly in.

"Now shut your eyes and go right to sleep!" Dolly was bidden, and she obeyed at once.

"What a perfectly lovely birthday!" murmured Little Cousin, drawing her darling—bed and all—close to her pillow. Then she shut her own eyes, to keep Dolly company.

When the Merry Mother peeped in, the Little Cousin from Constantinople lay quite still among her treasures—fast asleep.



THE HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON CADY

HAPPYCHAPTER X



S AID Paddy O'Happychap:
"Whee! but it 's
cowl!
Me fingers an' toes is
a-freezin'!"
Old Big Chief Dewdrop
grunted and
scowled,
He pulled his red blanket
around him and
growled:
"Big chief, he no like
winter season!"

"Come, come," cried old General Happychap then,
"Why, this is n't winter; it 's autumn, my men.

And I can tell you
There 's plenty to do

To get ready for really cold weather.
We must lay in our grain and our nuts, ere they
freeze,

We must bank all our houses with boughs of the
trees,

And of course we must all work together."
"My word!" Halfred 'Appychap cried, "I de-
clare

I really must get some warm things to wear."

To the tailor he went,
And much money he spent,

Re-stocking his wardrobe with care.

Then old Tailor Cricket was fairly besieged!
First came old Br'er 'Rastus, who said: "I 's
jest 'bleeged

Ter hab some new clo'es, 'kase dese is no good.
An' I 'd like a flowered dressin'-gown,—sho'ly
I would."

The Rah Rah boys said they must have new
suits built;

And Duncan McHappychap called for a kilt.

"Hello, here 's my order," cried Happychap
Toots,

"I want a whole outfit, from goggles to boots!
And I want it *to-day*,
Without any delay!"

Said mild-mannered Duncan: "Hoots, Toots!"
Old Raggedly Happychap said: "I 've no
bothers;

I just take the clothes thrown away by the
others."

"They have n't much style,"

Toots said with a smile.

Said Hans: "They don't fit,

And they 're tattered and split."

But Raggedly grinned, and said: "I don't care.
I don't waste much time about what I wear."

Then they suddenly heard a hullabaloo;
Cried Cricket, the tailor: "Oh, what shall I do?

I 'm sorely afraid

I 'll lose all my trade.

Alas! Lack-a-day! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

The poor little tailor just sat there and cried,
His eyes squeezed up tight, and his mouth open
wide.

"Here, here, stop that clatter!

What can be the matter?"

Said the General. And Cricket replied:

"Why, you see, sir,—you see, sir,—I cannot go
on;

I 've more clothes to make—but my cloth is all gone!

I 've used the
last inch.

And though, at
a pinch,

From these shreds I
could get out a coat
for a gnat,

I cannot make anything
bigger than that!"

"Odds Bods!" cried the
General. "My uni-
form

You promised to-day,
well wadded and
warm."

"I know," said the Cricket, trembling with
fright;

"But, please, sir, I am in a terrible plight."

"Well, where are the weavers? They 'll weave
you some cloth."



MAKING FRIENDS WITH
THE BEAR.



HARRISON LADY
AN EXCITING CLIMB UP THE
GIRAFFE'S NECK.

"No, please, sir; for word 's just bēen brought by a moth,
That there is n't a thread of wool left in the town.
So he 's nothing to eat, and he 's greatly cast down."
"Well, well!" cried the General, fuming with ire,
"The moths *must* have food! and we *must* have attire!

'T is a serious question!
Who 'll offer suggestion

How to gather the wool we require?"

"Wal," said old Skipper Happychap, wrinkling his face,
"On my last cruise I happened to notice a place—
They called it a Zoo. And 't was jest chockin' full
Of animals—most of 'em covered with wool."

"Just the thing, my good man!" the General cried;
"Skiddoodles and Happychaps,
Pack up your bags and traps,

And away we
will go, with
the Skipper
for guide.
He 's trusty
and true,
And we 'll
go to the
Zoo,
And have an
excursion
beside."

Happychaps and
Skiddoo-
dles
skedad-
dled
around,
And
they
very
soon found



SKIDDODDLES AND HAP-
PYCHAPS PLAYING WITH
THE BABY ELEPHANT.

That the place they were bound
Was a full two-days' flight; so they packed up their bags
With their clothes (though old Raggedly only had rags).
And some carried shears, and some carried sacks
In which they could bring home the wool on their backs.

But Toots said: "Not so;

My motor, you know,
Will hold enough wool to last us for years;
So I 'll cart it home." He was answered with cheers;
For Happychaps always are cheery and gay,
And they cheered everybody who came in their way.

The start was soon made;

'T was like a parade.

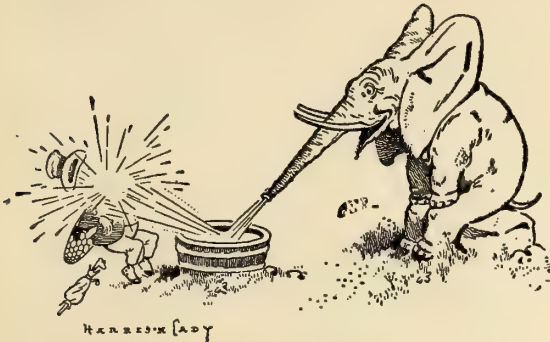
Some walked and some rode, some hopped and some flew,
But after a while they came to the Zoo.

With surprise all those Happychaps nearly fell flat;
They had no idea a Zoo was like that!

They looked at the cages,

In various stages

Of wonder, amazement, and deep admiration,
Astonishment, awe, and strange fascination;
Bewildered, astounded,



HARRISON LADY

A MISCHIEVOUS ELEPHANT.

Aghast and dumbfounded,
Their faces expressed every startled sensation.
"Pshaw, don't be afraid!" Skipper Happychap
said;

"Them beasts would n't hurt a hair of your
head."

The Happychaps then made friends with them
all;

The giraffe, large and tall;

The monkeys, so small;

The lion and the panther, the
yak and jackal,

The kind-faced old tiger, that
came from Bengal;

The catamount, too, with his
queer caterwaul,

The gay parrakeet, with his
shrill, squeaky squall;



LEAP-FROG AT THE ZOO.

For these little people could pass through with ease
Between bars where a small kitten scarcely
could squeeze.

And as they brought peanuts and crisp ginger-
snaps,

The animals welcomed the kind Happychaps.
Said the white Baby Elephant: "Jump on my
back,

And I'll give you a ride around the mile track."

As quick as could be,

They climbed up in glee;

And when all were there,

There was room and to spare.

Said the old tiger: "Don't be afraid when he
waddles."

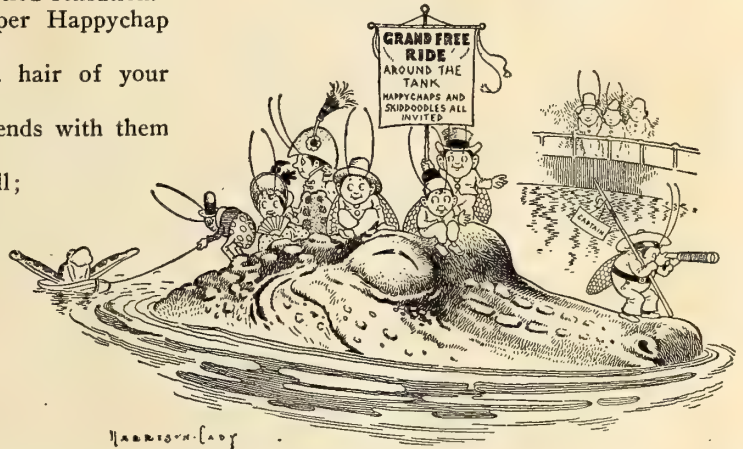
Said the Skipper: "Pooh, pooh! we're not
mollicoddles!"

Such a ride as it was! They shook and they
wobbled,

They joggled and jolted, and jiggetty-bobbled;

They quavered and quivered,

They shook and they shivered,



HARRISON LADY

AN ALLIGATOR-RIDE AROUND THE ZOO TANK.

The bear
with his
bawl,

The wolf
with his
yawl,

The ape
with his
brawl,

The seal
with his
call,

The Happy-
chaps entered
each cage and
each stall;

As the elephant waggled and hobbled.

"I'm endeavoring," said he,

"To walk straight and steady;

I trust you're not jolted or jarred when I trot?"
And the Happychaps said: "W-we I-like it a
I-lot!"

Then the elephant said he thought 't would be
fun,

To indulge in a sort of a bit of a run;
So he quickened his pace to a trittery-trot,
And the Happychaps all fell off like a shot;

But they knew that the kind beast had not
meant to do it,

And they wondered whatever he'd say when he
knew it!

The old Bengal tiger was acting as guide.

"Ho, ho," he remarked; "have you finished your
ride?"

"We have," was the answer.



HARRISON LADY

THE HAPPYCHAPS VISIT THE ZOO.

“And now, if you can, sir,
Pray show us some more of your animals’
tricks,
For we must go home at a quarter of six.”



A HAPPYCHAP FEEDS PEANUTS TO THE PELICAN.

Said the tiger: “The animals, every one,
Are anxious to show you how they can have
fun.”

Then the monkeys and tapirs
Cut up merry capers.
The seals, mild and affable,
Did tricks quite laughable.
A clever young whale
Stood on his tail;
But as soon as he did it, he
Shook with timidity,

And seemed quite disturbed from his usual
placidity.

Then more fun and frivolity
Of the very best quality,



THEY MAKE THE OLD
LION LAUGH.

Made the Happychaps giggle with jubilant jol-
lity.

Then General Happychap bowed his thanks,
And expressed delight at their clever pranks.
He said: “Never before have I known what
Zoes meant;
I now see they’re built for people’s amusement.

But we really came in a business way:—
I’d like to buy some wool, if I may.
If you could spare,—say, an ounce or two,
I’ll gladly pay a fair price to you.”
The Bengal tiger suppressed a snicker;
And said: “Dear sir, we need n’t dicker;



THEY ONLY TICKLE
HIS NOSE.

Since you want a large quantity, as you state,
I’ll sell it to you at wholesale rate.
For an ounce or two I will be content
With an eighth of a quarter of half a cent.”
Said the General, after a moment’s thought,
“That’s a fair price, sir; consider it bought.”
So, trying a straight face to keep,



CHIEF OF POLICE,
WILBUR JUNEBUG.

The tiger called an Angora sheep
And with a gentle little pull
Extracted a tuft of exquisite wool.
Said honest Toots: “Is n’t that over weight?”
“If it is,” said the tiger, “allow me to state,
You’re more than welcome.” And then with a
grin,
To the motor-car he tossed it in.
“Thanks!” cried the Happychaps; “thanks, and
good day!”
And they started off on their homeward way.



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE



A WARNING

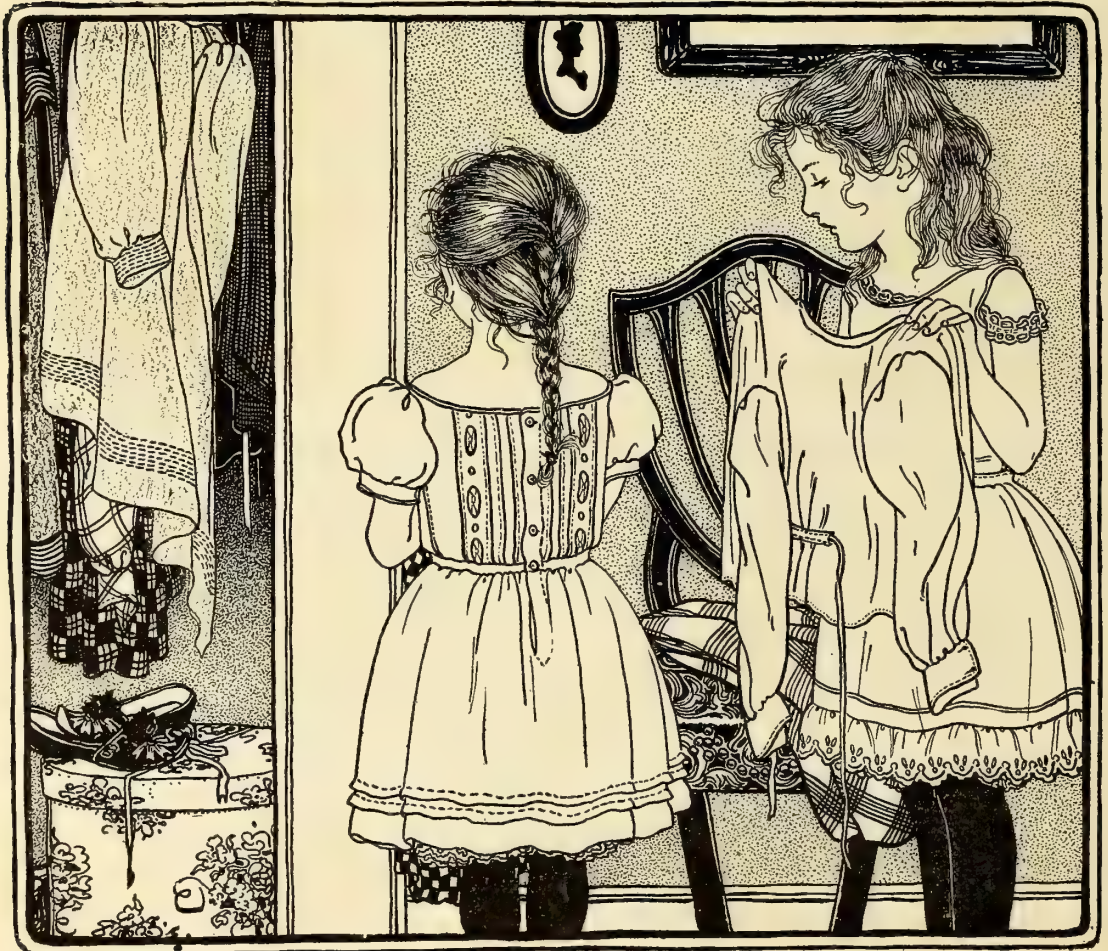
WHEN you get undressed,
Ere you go to bed,
You will find it best,
Carefully to spread
Everything out neatly;
Clothes hang up with care;
Stockings turn completely;
Shoes, beside the chair.

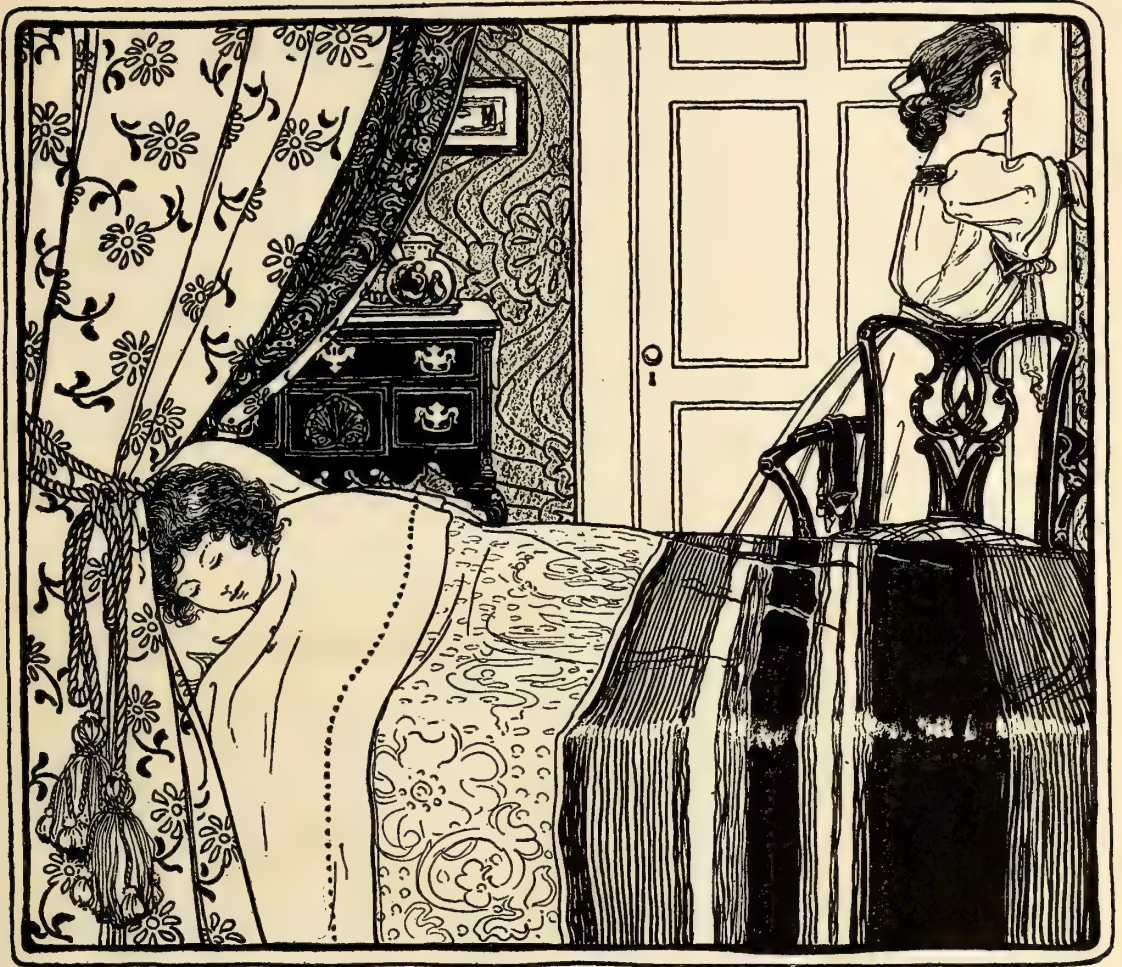
And you 'll know to-morrow morning
Why I give this little warning.

BRUSHING TEETH—*Continued*

Do not forget to brush your teeth.
I hope I 've made this plain;
But just for fear that I have not,
I 've put it in again.

Do not forget to brush your teeth,
Especially at night,
For that 's the only way I know,
To keep them clean and white.
Do not forget to brush your teeth,
Especially at night.



BRUSHING TEETH—*Concluded*

Do not forget to brush your teeth.
 I mention this once more,
 In case you have forgotten,
 That I mentioned it before.
 Remember then to brush your teeth,
 I 've said it many times.
 Perhaps you will remember if
 You learn these little rhymes.

NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK

WHEN all the other things are done
 And I 'm tucked up in bed,
 When Mother kisses me good-night
 And pats me on the head,
 I hear her walk across the room
 And then turn out the light;
 But I don't care because, you see,
 My eyes are shut up tight.



A PUZZLE

By C. F. LESTER.

Oh dear! I am so puzzled!
How I can really be
So very many different things
Is more than I can see.

Now, Mother often says I am

"Her ownest darling little -

But when I hug her, she'll declare,

"My sakes! Why, what a little -

The other day old Mrs. Scrimp

Cried, "My! That child's a perfect -

Whene'er I come within her reach,

Nurse wants to kiss "her little -

I know that I have often heard

My uncle say, "That boy's a -

My brother Tom said, when we slid

Down hill one day, "Now hang on, -

And yesterday, when I was sick;

Dear Grandma cried, "Poor little -

And so I am most puzzled!

How I can really be

So very many different things

Is quite too much for

ESTER



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"

RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENTS IN THE NURSERY

BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

SEVENTEENTH PAPER—"LITTLE TWIG PEOPLE"

Use care in selecting your twigs, for they are not all alike. Some are quite choice and unique, others more commonplace and less amusing. Suitable ones may be found in plenty.

When a small branch is broken from a tree or bush, you will find that some of the twigs attached look like queer, crooked, little legs, and some, just the right distance above, seem made for arms. Then comes the long neck that is joined, perhaps, to the still larger branch or to the trunk of the tree. Sometimes there are several arms and several legs too many and you must look closely and decide which are the real ones; then cut off the others.

The real arms and legs are always the funniest ones and the most suggestive of comical action.

matters but little which of the right arms is selected. In this case the lower one is marked to be cut.

Now comes the making of the heads, hands, and feet. These must all be double, for, to hold them on, the twigs are pasted between the two halves. In some cases, where the neck is quite thick, you will find it best to shave off a little at front and back to flatten it so that the neck may lie easily between the two parts of the head and not push the face out of shape. This is seldom necessary, however, unless the doll is an unusually large one.

Figures 4, 5, 12, 13, 15, and 16 give the heads of all our little troupe sufficiently large to be copied. Figure 18 shows the hands and feet.



FIG. 1. DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.



FIG. 2. DOCTOR FOSTER.



FIG. 3. LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Cut the long neck down in proportion to the rest of the body and trim the arms and legs off to the proper length. Remember that one inch of the neck of the dolls must be inserted in the head and allow for that in cutting the long stem.

Figure 6 gives a branch as it looks when taken from the tree and the black bands on the twigs show where they should be trimmed off to bring the little figure into proper proportions. The parts left white, or in outline, below the bands, are to be cut away. There are two legs to this branch and three arms, one of which must be dispensed with. The left arm must remain and it

Use heavy brown wrapping-paper for the heads and draw the faces simply with pen and ink in broad lines, or if the children want to color them they can use water colors or colored pencils. In any case the features should be strongly marked that the character of the face may not be lost.

You can make the hands of paper like the face, or of dark brown paper (not tissue) to match the dark brown arms. White hands will give the effect of white gloves. Make the feet brown or black, or use bright colored paper to represent colored shoes.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

is quite a tall girl, standing eighteen inches high in her heelless shoes (Fig. 1). Her head, shown in Figure 4 measures three inches from top to chin; this does not include the swirl of hair which rises in a peak above the head. Her hands (A, Fig. 18) are two and a quarter inches long



FIG. 4. DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.



FIG. 5. LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

from wrist to tip of middle finger, and her feet (B, Fig. 18) are two and three quarter inches long.

These are the proportions. Of course for a smaller doll they should be smaller.

Fold a smooth piece of wrapping-paper, making it double, and on the paper draw Daffy's head, copying the one in Figure 4, or making an original head if you prefer. The back hair may be drawn in or painted if the children insist upon having an all-around doll. If the neck is thick shave it off as in Figure 14. Draw two hands on doubled pieces of paper and two feet on doubled pieces of paper, and cut them out. Daffy's hands are the color of her face and her shoes are black.

Now cover the inside of the back of the head with paste, lay the neck on the head and cover

that too with paste (Fig. 14). Then fit the front of the head to the back and press it down until the two halves, with the twig between, are pasted firmly together. In the same way paste on the hands and feet.

Make Daffy's dress of yellow tissue-paper, the color of a daffodil. Cut a circle for the skirt with a small hole in the center and slit it down the back; then draw it through your hands



FIG. 6. A BRANCH.

to shape it and make it hang nicely.

Cut out a little waist with pointed sleeves like Figure 7 and a pointed collar like Figure 7.

Make the waist double, with the fold at the top, cut a hole for the neck and a slit down the back. Use green tissue-paper for the collar.

Put the waist on the doll, gather it at the belt-

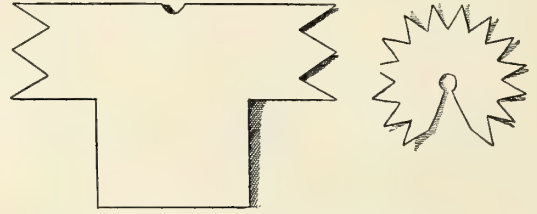


FIG. 7. CAPE AND COLLAR OF DAFFY.

line front and back and paste. Paste it also at the neck and along the under edge of the sleeves. Paste the skirt to the waist at the belt, bring the edges of the slit together at the back, lap them and paste. Wrap a strip of the yellow paper around the waist for a belt, then put the collar around the neck, and fasten with a touch of paste.

JACK-BE-NIMBLE

CAME from the elm-tree. He is ten inches tall from his cap to the sole of his shoe (Fig. 10). You will find his head in Figure 15. C, Figure 18, is the pattern for his hands and D, Figure 18, the pattern for his feet, which are made of brown paper. His brilliant costume is fashioned of orange-colored tissue-paper. Cut the coat like Figure 8, making it double with the fold at the top

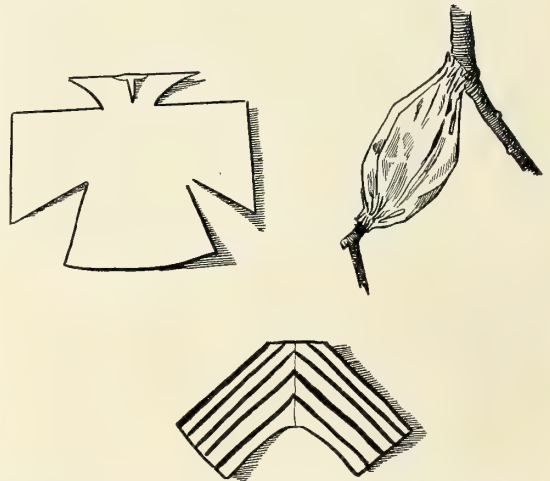


FIG. 8. UPPER FIGURES, SHIRT AND TROUSERS OF JACK-BE-NIMBLE. LOWER FIGURE, DOCTOR FOSTER'S TROUSERS.

of the high, flaring collar. Cut a hole for the neck and make a small slit down in front, then turn back the points of the collar at the neck. To

avoid slitting the coat all the way to the bottom, put it on little Jack before you adjust his head. His neck can be slipped through the hole without trouble, then the edges of the coat be pasted together. Each leg of the short trousers is made separately of an oblong piece of the tissue-paper. This is gathered at the knee and waist-line and pasted in place (Fig. 8). If the stripes on

16. His hands are cut from brown paper like C, Figure 18, and his feet, which are also brown, are like E, Figure 18.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET,

THE largest of the dolls (Fig. 3) is twenty inches high. Her head (Fig. 5) measures four inches from



FIG. 9. THE LITTLE CROOKED MAN.



FIG. 10. JACK-BE-NIMBLE.



FIG. 11. PETER WHITE.

Jack's cap are painted orange color and his pointed shoes are also orange, the effect of his bright costume will be still more glowing.

THE LITTLE CROOKED MAN

BELONGS to the fir-tree family and as he is clothed only in his little rough suit of brown bark you can see (Fig. 9) how the twigs grow that form his arms and legs. These are in such positions and have such peculiar curves he would look as if running even without hands and feet, but the proper adjustment of hands as well as feet emphasizes the action. Both are turned in

top to chin and four inches across at its widest part. Her hands are made of brown paper like F, Figure 18, and her high-heeled shoes, like G, Figure 18, are black. Her head is tilted to one side, and the thumbs of both hands turn in.

You can make Miss Muffet's dress any color you like, the brighter and gayer the better. Cut the skirt and waist as you did for Daffy-down-dilly, but do not point the sleeves. Make an apron of two squares of white tissue-paper, a large and a small one. Use the large square for the skirt of the apron and the small square for the bib. Gather the top edge of the large square and the bottom edge of the small square and paste to the dress at the belt-line; then make a white belt and tie in a bow at the back.

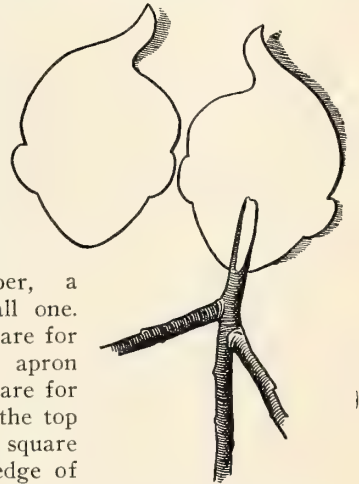


FIG. 14. FASTENING THE TWIG.



FIG. 12. PETER WHITE.



FIG. 13. DOCTOR FOSTER.

the direction in which he is going, and one foot is lifted while the other rests on its heel, giving the stepping-forward effect.

You will find the crooked man's head in Figure

For the hat cut a circle of tissue-paper the color of the dress, put a little paste in the center

and pinch it down on the top loop of Miss Muffet's hair, tipping it a little to one side. This will give a crown. Turn up the brim at the back



FIG. 15. JACK-BE-NIMBLE.



FIG. 16. LITTLE CROOKED MAN.

and lift it in front to stand out straight. Fringe a small piece of black paper for a feather and paste it to the crown of the hat.

PETER WHITE

is sturdy compared with the other people (Fig. 11). He came from the cherry-tree and is ten inches high. The main stem, to which the smaller twigs are attached, forms his neck, body, and left leg, and is so large both neck and ankle had to be shaved off some before his head and left shoe could be pasted on. Originally the twig that forms his left arm extended out beyond the joint at the elbow, but it was cut off and the smaller twig was allowed to remain to give the

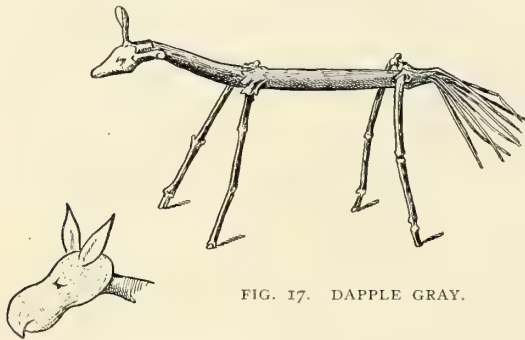


FIG. 17. DAPPLE GRAY.

comical bend to the arm which adds greatly to the appearance of the haste and the swinging arms of a pedestrian.

Peter White's head is given in Figure 12. His brown hands are cut like H, Figure 18, and his black shoes like I, Figure 18.

This doll is the only one whose head is in profile, but it shows that when the shape of the twig suggests it, a profile is very effective; and it is usually the easiest for children to draw.

DOCTOR FOSTER

is also ten inches high (Fig. 2). His head, with smiling face, is given in Figure 13. His brown paper hands are cut like J, Figure 18, and his black shoes like I, Figure 18. He wears his trousers quite short, that they may not get wet in the

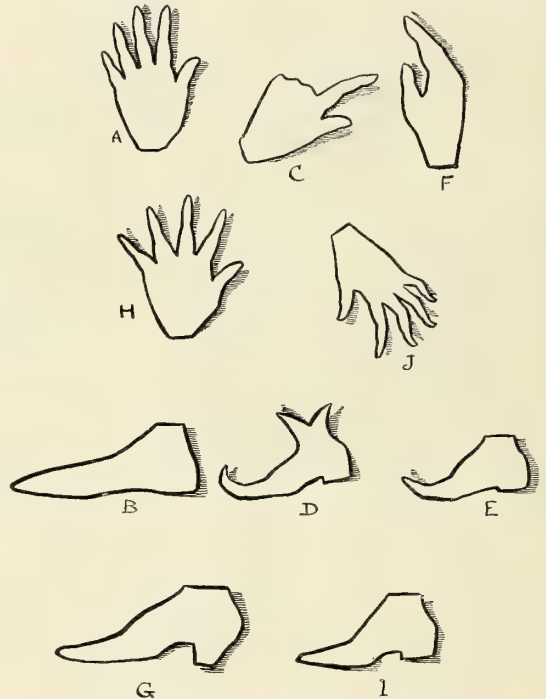


FIG. 18. DETAILS OF HANDS AND FEET.

famous Gloster puddle, or if they do they will dry quickly. The trousers are made of wrapping-paper, double, of course, and pasted together at the edges after they have been adjusted. They are cut as in the lower part of Figure 8.

DAPPLE GRAY

DAPPLE GRAY is made of a part of a branch of a deutzia bush.

The branch that forms the pony's body is six and a half inches long. This includes his tail but not his head. The vigorous looking tail is simply the end of the branch split in a fringe.

In the pony shown here the neck was sharpened to a point and thrust into the large end of the radish which forms his head, then small twigs were stuck into the radish for ears.

Almost any other small vegetable will answer for a head, if rather pointed in shape; but a peanut would probably be best of all.

Figure 17 [lower left hand] shows what the peanut head, with twig or paper ears, will look like.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



BY JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

ONCE there was a little pink pig with five little spotted brothers and sisters. They had a nice home in the wood lot with their mama, and a nice yard with a little white fence around it. The little pigs were very happy playing in the yard. They made mud pies and baked them in the sun.

One day the little pink pig asked his mama to let him go out of the gate into the big road.

"You are too little and do not know enough yet," said his mama. "When you grow bigger I shall teach you about the big road, and then you may go. Now, be a good little pig, and run and play with your brothers and sisters."

But the little pink pig would not play with his brothers and sisters. He ran off in a corner by himself and would not make mud pies.

Pretty soon the milkman came in his wagon to bring the milk for dinner. He carried it in and knocked at the back door, and poured it in a pail for mama. Then he ran out as fast as he could and hopped up in his wagon and drove away.

But he forgot to close the gate.

The little pink pig saw the gate was open, and he ran right out into the big road.



"THE BLACK AND WHITE THING ROLLED HIM OVER IN THE DUST."

"I will show my mama how much I know," he said. And he trotted down the big road as fast as his little pink legs would carry him.

He had not gone very far when he saw a big black and white thing. The black and white thing ran after the little pig, and rolled him over in the dust.

The little pig squealed and squealed, and the black and white thing rolled him and rolled him over, and kept saying "Bow wow!" But by and by he turned and went away.

The little pig got up and tried to shake off the dust, but he could n't shake it all off. He wanted to go home, but he had rolled over and over so much, that he could n't tell where home was. So he ran into a cornfield to hide, till he was sure the black and white thing was gone.

Pretty soon a man came along and found him in the cornfield and said:

"Hello, pink pig, are you eating my corn?"

"Oh, no!" said the little pig. "I would not eat your corn."

"Then you should keep out of my cornfield," said the man. "I will take you home and shut you in a pen."

And he took the little pink pig home and shut him up in a pen.

"I do not want to be shut up. Please let me out," said the little pink pig.

But the man did not let him out. It was not a nice pen, and the little pig got all muddy and dirty in it. He wished he was at home in his own little house with his mama, and his spotted brothers and sisters.



"AND HE TOOK THE LITTLE PINK PIG HOME."

He ran round and round till he found a little hole in the fence. He was such a tiny pig that he squeezed through the hole and got out, though he had a hard time, for the buttons on his jacket got caught, and he could hardly get loose. He did not know which way to go to find his home, but he ran as fast as he could to get away from the pen.

He ran through a fence into a big place where there was plenty of grass. There were some very big red things in there, and one saw the little pig and ran after him.

"Oh, dear!" said the little pink pig (only he was not pink any more because he was all covered with mud), "are you a big pig?"

The big red thing shook its head and said "Moo!" and tossed the little pig up in the air. The little pig fell on the ground with a hard bump. He lay still till the red thing went away. Then he got up and ran as fast as he could.



"THE BIG RED THING TOSSSED THE LITTLE PINK PIG IN THE AIR."

He ran out in the road, and right into a black and white speckled thing with two legs. The speckled thing puffed up and said "Squawk!"

The little pig ran as fast as he could because he thought the speckled thing was chasing him. But it was n't.

The little pig did not know where he was running, and he did not have time to find out. The first thing he knew he almost ran into a lot of two-legged things. They had big yellow mouths.

One of them said "Hiss-ss!" and ran out and nipped the little pig's hind leg. The little pig squealed and ran the other way.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "if I ever get back to my mama, I will never try to go down the big road again, till she teaches me what these queer things are."

Just then he found himself in front of his own little house with the white fence around it. He ran into the house and told his mama everything that had happened to him. "Oh, mama," he said, "what was the black and white thing?"

"It was a dog," she said. "Dogs sometimes chase little pigs."

"Oh, mama," he said, "a man found me in his cornfield and put me in a pen."

"You must keep out of cornfields," said mama. "People do not like pigs in their cornfields."

"Oh, mama, what was the big red thing with sharp things on top of its head?"

"It was a cow," said mama. "You should not go where cows are till you are big enough to keep out of their way."

"Oh, mama, what was the speckled thing that puffed up and said 'Squawk?'"

"It was a hen," said mama. "She was not chasing you, she was only going to the other side of the road."

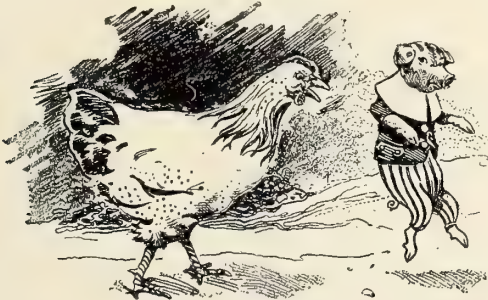
"Oh, mama, what was the white thing that nipped me?" "It was a goose. You should always keep away from them."

"Oh, mama, this is a big world, and there are lots of funny things in it."

"Yes," said mama. "That is why it is best for little pigs not to go out on the big road till they know more. You need not be afraid of anything if you know what it is. You have learned a great deal today for such a little pig, but if you are patient and wait till I teach you, you will not have such a hard time. We shall walk out every day, and I will teach you how a little pig can take care of himself all the time." Then she put the little pig in the wash-tub, for he was all covered with mud, and washed him nicely—and before long he was the little pink pig again.



"'HISS!' IT SAID, AND IT NIPPED THE LITTLE PIG'S LEG."



"THE SPECKLED THING PUFFED UP AND SAID 'SQUAWK!'"



THE LITTLE PINK PIG RUNS HOME TO HIS MOTHER.



AN OCTOBER NUTTING PARTY

EVERYBODY, from little Jack to the old folks, who were visiting from the city, clapped their hands and looked happier when a nutting trip was mentioned. It was such a beautiful October morning, clear, but not a bit cold, and a red squirrel was chattering so merrily in the edge of the woods near-by.

Some empty salt-bags were soon provided with cords to go over the shoulders, and everything seemed ready. Where to go? That was the question. Frank knew just where the nuts were, but Frank had a sprained knee and had been unable to walk for the past week. However, the knee had improved so rapidly since the nutting party was spoken of that nothing would do but



THE RED SQUIRREL AND BUTTERNUTS.

to lead out "Charles," the old horse, and lift Frank carefully to his back. All was ready now

and off we gaily started, the three grown-ups and we five young folks, some of those on foot ahead, some behind, and the horse in between.

The first halting-place was a butternut grove on a rocky slope at the edge of a woods. The first animal announced at the grove was a red squirrel, or, rather, he was the first to announce himself, for he protested loudly at our coming to gather nuts and frisked his tail very saucily from his seat on a low branch. We found the ground under the trees plentifully strewn with fine large nuts in their bronzy, sticky coats. What fun it was to gather and pile them up! In a couple of hours we had made a heap of nuts the size and shape of a muskrat's house. It was noon now, and we went down to the brook at the bottom of the hill to "wash up" for lunch. All but Frank, I should say, for Frank and the horse were now missed for the first time. Lunch was no sooner spread out on the grass, however, than Frank and old Charles came noisily up out of the woods. Frank was all excitement, and the wonderful tales he told of what he had seen and heard, together with the strawberry jam and crab-apple tarts, made the time fly. Frank had ridden within a yard of a chipmunk without in the least disturbing him, and a red squirrel ventured so near that as he passed on a branch over the horse's head, the leaves bent down and brushed his ears, causing him to wag them. Song-sparrows and robins paid no more attention to him than they would have given to the horse if he had been alone.

Probably all thought him a new kind of horse. Lunch was soon over. Then the next thing

was to topple over the pile of nuts, spread them out and cover them with leaves, to be gathered up next day into the box of a wagon. While thus hiding the nuts, Cousin Arthur called us all to watch a red squirrel who was doing almost the same thing with nuts which he brought, one at a time, from the trees to a low brush pile. He would bring a nut, dig out a little hollow in the ground under the brush, put the nut in, and pat leaves over it, then scurry off for another. He was making his winter store. In one little hollow I found nearly a peck of nuts which a squirrel

three of the little fellows were sitting in sight on the stones under the trees. Every flat stone was



THE CHIPMUNK GOING HOME WITH A NUT IN EACH "CHEEK POUCH."

covered with the shells of beechnuts. We now called to mind that some wood-choppers once found in the woods near our house about two quarts of these nuts all shelled and skinned and stored up in a hollow tree. We all sat for a long time watching the pretty creatures store the nuts away in their holes in the ground. They would always have their cheeks full of nuts when they entered a hole, and always came out with cheeks empty.

We had great fun climbing about in the big trees and filling up our bags. It was a race to see whose bag would be full first. We boys were near the top of one of the trees when May suddenly announced, to our surprise and shame, that her bag was full of nuts. We had laughed at her efforts to climb up higher in the tree and then disdainfully left her on one of the lower branches. She had been picking steadily and saying nothing for some time, and this was her triumph. We looked woefully at our half-empty bags, and began to wish we had done less rocking and climbing, and had picked more nuts.



THE CHIPMUNK AND HAZELNUTS.

had heaped together and covered with leaves. We found many empty shells, and noticed that each had been gnawed into in almost exactly the same way, always in two places on opposite sides just where the two "meats" would be most exposed.

Frank led the way again, and we entered the woods following a cow-path, to reach a hazel thicket on the other side. We found no nuts until the very edge of the woods was reached. Here a chipmunk was chirping loudly, and May and Henry, who went to investigate, found two beech-trees loaded with nuts. Instead of squirrels it was chipmunks who seemed to regard these nuts as their own property. No less than



THE STORAGE CHAMBER AND ENTRANCE OF A CHIPMUNK.

Soon we were left alone in the tree. But at last our bags were full and we followed May

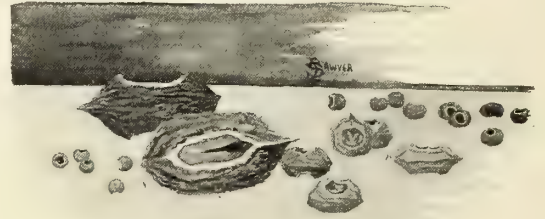
who had gone with Frank and the older cousins after hazelnuts. The hazelnuts were not so

with sweet acorns, when he chanced to let an acorn fall to the ground. Instead of picking off another acorn, he followed this one eagerly. Does one acorn taste so much better than another



A BLUE JAY ABOUT TO CRACK AN ACORN.

plentiful as the others; chipmunks had been here before us. It was under the hazel bushes, beside a stone wall, that Frank found a chipmunk's hole and called us to see the chipmunk carry leaves into it for his nest. He took many cheekfuls of dry leaves into the hole during the few minutes that we watched him. Sparrows of several kinds, with waxwings and blue jays, were numerous along the old fence where the hazel bushes grew, the jays romping, hunting for nuts, and making a great racket as though this were their Fourth of July. Blue jays are as fond of nuts and nutting parties as boys and girls are. I saw one jay



BASSWOOD NUTS. BUTTERNUTS. HICKORY NUTS. HAZELNUTS.
 Eaten by white-footed mouse. Eaten by red squirrel. Eaten by red squirrel. Eaten by chipmunk.

to a blue jay, or, was there a fat grub of just the right kind in the acorn which the jay followed?

Henry saw a little field-mouse sitting up squirrel fashion, as he called it, eating a basswood nut. The tiny creature ran into its hole before we could get close enough to throw him some crumbs.—EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE OPENING CHESTNUT BURS



A BAG OF NUTS AND SAMPLES OF CONTENTS.

Beginning at left—hickory nuts, hazelnuts, butternuts, chestnuts, black walnuts, beechnuts.

do a thing which puzzled me for a while. He was feeding in an oak-tree, which was loaded

To us and the squirrels the nut is for eating, but from the tree's point of view it is to produce another tree. Try "sprouting" a little tree from a nut or acorn in moist sand or earth.

THE TURTLE CIRCUS

If a turtle be carefully balanced on a spool, a slender bottle, or other support that cannot be reached by his legs, his swimming and walking



A TURTLE CAREFULLY BALANCED ON A SLENDER GLASS CUP.

movements may be easily studied. The vigorous manner in which the head is pushed forward, the eagerness with which the animal looks about, the frantic but unavailing strokes of the legs, are not only instructive but ludicrous, and one may easily compare such turtle-like characteristics by arranging various kinds of turtles in what

may be called an acrobatic row. Experiments by this method not only instruct and amuse, but have the advantage of not being injurious nor even painful to the victim. The turtle soon discovers that he cannot escape by reaching downward with his legs and then he tries to reach under. He will succeed in this effort unless the support is so slender that by the farthest in-reaching the "nails of the toes" cannot touch the support. If a pedestal of a proper size has been provided, and the turtle is well balanced, such efforts will not move him. His next attempt is to reach outward toward surrounding objects, and the experimenter must place his performers as a teacher of gymnastics places his; that is, so that by the most extended reach they cannot touch one another.

The wisest performers are the huge snapping-turtles, but these must be handled with care, because they bite fiercely. I have never known other common kinds to bite while being placed in position. To set a snapping-turtle in place, seize his tail with the left hand and elevate him to a vertical position. With a narrow board in the right hand lift the front end until it is horizontal, and while he is thus held, balance him



A "TURTLE CIRCUS" BALANCING "ACT."

A variety of the smaller species of turtles. At the top of the right and left columns are the two youngest members of the "troupe" inverted.



THE JUMBO "ELEPHANTS" SHOW THEIR AGILITY!
These are huge snapping-turtles.

carefully on a spool, a bottle, a long, slender glass tumbler, or on a goblet. If rightly placed, the snapping-turtle learns sooner than other forms that he cannot get away by reaching downward, under, or outward. Then he assumes a listless attitude that may be construed as resignation or as a pause for the inventing of new methods. I am inclined to think that he is not regarding the situation as hopeless but is exercising his Yankee ingenuity, for my turtles are in the land of Yankeedom, all of whose inhabitants possess the ingenuity said to belong to "the wooden nutmeg State."

Some of the larger snapping-turtles in my vivaria soon learn to do and learn well all sorts of queer and surprising things. "Old Lineman" takes his name from the astonishing manner in which he climbs wire netting by thrusting his sharp "toe-nails" through the meshes, thus reminding the observer of the lineman who so rapidly walks up a vertical telegraph-pole.

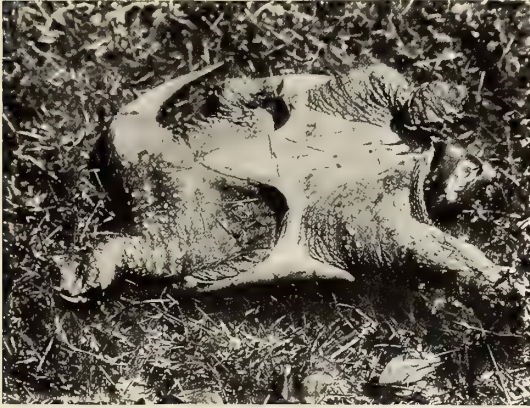
"Old Lineman" has excelled all other performers in "the turtle circus" by learning a method of getting off the pedestal that is almost invariably successful. One day I placed above him another turtle on a spool and he snapped so viciously and so violently (a snap that meant unmistakably, "I do not intend to be on neighborly terms with the tenant of the next spool story") that the shock upset the rather unsteady support, and the whole came to the ground to-



FOUR "ATHLETES" (COMMON LAND TURTLES) INVERTED ON THE BACKS OF THE "ELEPHANTS."

gether. Here was a new experience, and the idea resulting therefrom was not lost.

I patiently started to repeat the experiment. I placed "Old Lineman" on the big spool. He hung down his legs as if he never expected to use them again. His whole attitude was as submissive as that of a kitten. He stretched his long head and neck as never before, and as I reached down for another turtle, I congratulated myself that at last "Old Lineman" had become



AN "ATHLETE" (SNAPPING-TURTLE) RESTING AFTER HIS CIRCUS "ACT."

submissive to my will. But it was not submission, it was wisdom; for he suddenly gave an upward snap at nothing, as if there were a dozen annoying turtles above him, and that upset the careful balance, and—down he came!

He had learned a lesson by which he instantly profited every time I again placed him on the spool. And now the turtle circus mourns the absence of its biggest performer.

"Old Lineman" is too clever for it.

One night he climbed a wire netting to an aquarium on a shelf high above his tank.

THE BUMBLEBEE'S MONOPOLY

THE closed gentian is a flower that seems to reserve its nectar especially for the bumblebee, and is always closed to the plundering butterflies and thieving crawlers. But the bumblebee is cute; he has found the secret door and has the strength to open it. Watch him as he alights on one of these closed blossoms and you will see an amusing performance. First he thrusts his tongue into the folding-door at the top of the flower, then prying it open, in goes his head, followed by his body, until he is nearly lost to sight, nothing but his hind legs and the tip end of his abdomen sticking out, while his beeship sips the sweets within—a just reward for his ingenuity. But

after all his efforts to get in, his stay is brief, and shortly, with a lot of kicking and commotion, he



1. THE BUMBLEBEE STARTING INTO THE GENTIAN FLOWER.
2. THE BUMBLEBEE ALMOST WHOLLY IN THE FLOWER.

backs out and departs, the flower closing after him.—GEORGE A. KING.

ELEPHANT THAT "'SHOOTS' THE CHUTE"

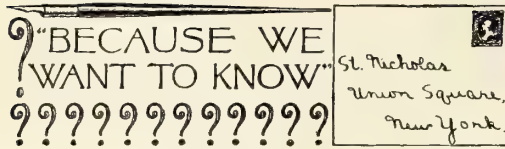
"PETE" BARLOW, the animal trainer at Luna Park, Coney Island, has had remarkable success in many difficult tricks of the animals under his care.

Perhaps the most difficult thing he accomplished was to teach the "pet" elephant to "shoot" the chute" standing on all four feet. It is claimed that most other elephants, who thus



THE ELEPHANT "'SHOOTS' THE CHUTE."
Photograph used by the courtesy of W. E. Wilmerding.

slide down a watery hill, sit down. This elephant, as shown in the accompanying photograph, stands up and goes steadily down the inclined plane.



"THE MAN" (AND OTHER THINGS) IN THE MOON

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me if the dark spots on the moon's surface are clouds?

Mother has often said that they form a face, but I think they are like a woman with her head bent and carrying a large muff.

I have taken you for three years and I love reading you. If the spots are clouds, why do they never move?

Your loving reader,
FREIDA ELIZABETH WONBAM (age 12).

"The dark spots on the moon are not clouds, but are the flatter portion of the moon's surface, having less power of reflecting the sun's rays. There are no clouds on the moon and very little, if any, water. It is possible that the dark spots were at one time covered with water. But many astronomers think this is not very probable. If you will go to the public library, and ask for Professor Pickering's book on 'The Moon,' you will find several pictures of imaginary objects that may be made out on the moon's surface.



THE FULL MOON, SHOWING THE DARK SPOT MARKINGS.
Photograph used by the courtesy of Yerkes Observatory.

Among these are the face, the girl reading, the lady, the crab, and the donkey."—YERKES OBSERVATORY.

"But besides the face, numerous other objects are supposed to be visible—such, for instance, as the faggot-gatherer, which is really poorer than the face itself. There seems to be no general agreement as to its location upon the

Moon. The Chinese liken the dark markings to a monkey pounding rice, in India they are said to resemble a rabbit, while the Persians say they represent our own oceans and continents reflected as in a mirror. It was once suggested to me by a friend that the dark markings looked a good deal like Britannia as represented on the English penny. . . . It is probable that the discoverer first noticed the resemblance in the Southern Hemisphere, where the Moon appears turned upside down."—From "The Moon," by PROFESSOR PICKERING.

SATURATING A LUMP OF SUGAR

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why, when you hold a lump of sugar so that it touches the tea or coffee in a cup, the liquid comes up to the top of the lump almost immediately. Is it the air sucking up the liquid or what? I wish you could tell me.

SIDNEY B. MCA. DEXTER (age 10).

This raising of liquids is known as capillary attraction, as already explained in ST. NICHOLAS. It is also shown markedly in a blotting-paper taking up ink, a lamp-wick taking up the oil, etc.

TWO QUESTIONS REGARDING TREES

HULMEVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our teacher has asked us two questions. Will you please answer them for me? Does the sap in the trees return to the ground in winter, or does the tree use all the sap in summer to nourish the leaves? Also, will you please tell me which tree is least liable to be struck by lightning?

I hope you will answer my questions "because I want to know."

Your reader,

MARIAN GILL.

The sap in the tree does not go down in winter. On the contrary, tree roots are absorbing water from the soil most of the winter, and, unless the trunk is frozen solid, this sap is slowly rising from the roots into the trunk, so that the tree trunk in March contains considerably more sap than in December (for instance, we so found it in the sugar maple in March even in our cold Vermont climate!).

Regarding the liability of different varieties of trees to lightning I have no personal knowledge, but have copied the opinion of certain authorities as follows:

As regards the liability of various trees to be struck by lightning none is totally exempt, though some are more liable than others. Italian poplar and oak are especially liable, probably because they stand alone and are especially tall. Spruce and pine are also frequently struck. This is much less often the case with the beech, which is in some places erroneously considered to be proof against lightning. According to Hellmann's observations, if the liability of the beech to be struck by lightning be counted as one, that for conifers is fifteen, for oak fifty-four, and for

other broad-leaved species forty.—Quoted from Furst, "Protection of Woodland," page 44.

The above is a German work translated by a Scotchman.

Hartig, another eminent European authority, says: "All trees are liable to lightning, but some more than others. Oaks and Lombardy poplar most so, though Scotch pine very often, whereas beech enjoys comparative immunity."

Hugh Maxwell, writing a century ago, says of Massachusetts trees: "Lightning often strikes elms, oaks, chestnut, pine, but rarely, if ever, beech, birch, or maple."—PROFESSOR L. R. JONES, Botanist, Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station.

TWO PREACHERS IN ONE PULPIT

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The readers of the ST. NICHOLAS may be interested in knowing of another Jack-in-the-pulpit which was quite unlike the one shown in the May number of this magazine. This "Jack" was taken from the woods



THE TWO "JACKS" IN ONE "PULPIT."

in western New York in September, brought to our conservatory, and placed in soil. The following spring it developed into a magnificent plant over three feet in height. The flower was unusually large, consisting of a single "pulpit" with two "Jacks" as occupants. This is the only specimen of its kind I have ever seen.

Sincerely yours,

H. G. WOLCOTT.

This is indeed very remarkable and new to "Nature and Science." It shows that there can be two "preachers" in one "pulpit," as well as two "sounding-boards" over one "preacher" in one "pulpit."

A HEN "ADOPTS" PUPPIES

LONGMEADOW, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a great curiosity on our farm which I want to tell you about. We have five little



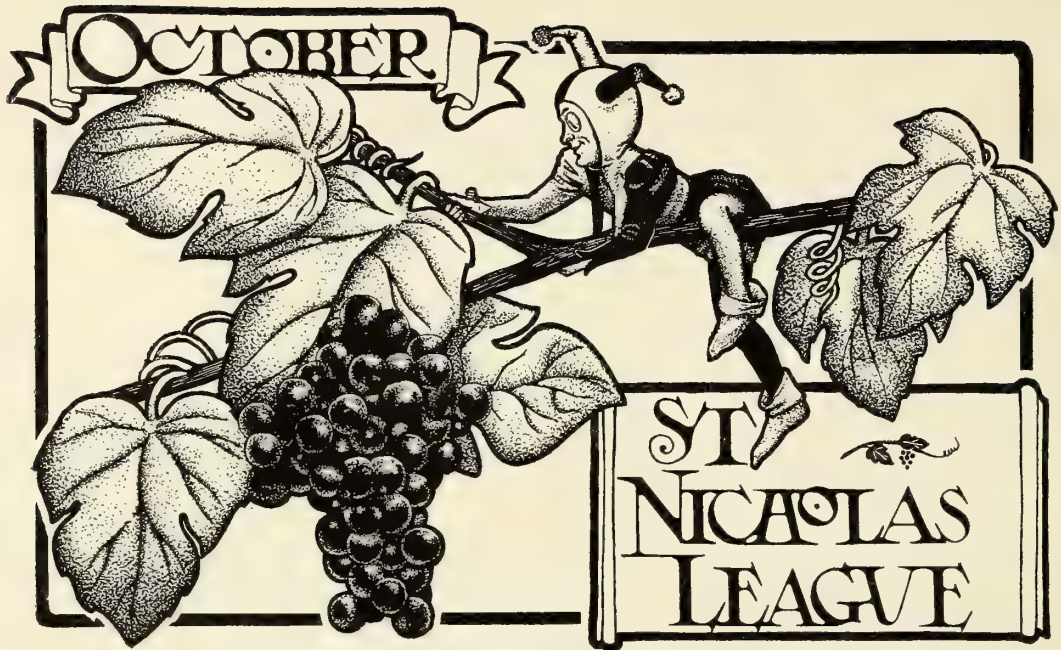
THE HEN WITH HER "ADOPTED" PUPPIES IN THE NEST IN THE HAY.

puppies which were born about a month ago in a corner of the barn in the hay. In this special corner one of our hens laid her egg every day. Now, the hen was not going to give her nest up to the little pups, but sat on them every morning, always leaving an egg in the midst of them. Each day, after laying her egg the little pups would join the cheering by barking while she cackled. After a while the hen grew so devoted to the puppies that she forgot to lay her egg and sat on them day and night. The puppies, too, grew so devoted to their foster-mother that they only went to their own mother when they were hungry. The minute they were fed they would scamper back and snuggle up to the hen. The mother, of course, was very much disturbed at losing the care of her puppies, but still she dared not go near the nest, for when she did the hen would fly at her. A whole month has passed, and the hen still sits in the same nest waiting for the charges to come to her. The pups are large and rough now, and pull the feathers out of the old hen; but the faithful hen is still fond of the little pups, no matter how rough they are.

One of your happy subscribers,

FLORENCE M. KEMPTON.

WILL our young folks please tell what kinds of trees they have known to be struck by lightning? A summary of such lists would be very instructive and interesting and add much to scientific knowledge.



"HEADING." BY PERCY BLUEMELEIN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

TO YOUNG AMBITION

BY MILDRED MARGUERITE WHITNEY (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

WHAT matter if the road be long,
 Since we are young?
 Our limbs are fresh, our spirits strong
 In faith that we have done no wrong,
 We meet the journey with a song,
 When we are young.

We see the storm clouds far away,
 Above the trail,
 We watch the distant lightning play,
 And do not pale;
 For, how can we show strength but while
 We climb the mountains mile by mile?
 We turn our faces with a smile
 Against the hail.

Oh! strong, warm heart, and sturdy pulse
 That beats so high—
 Oh! wondrous fire of love, and hope
 That mounts the sky!
 With fearless brow and visage bright,
 All powerful in dauntless might,
 On! on! and scale the mountain's height,
 You shall not die!

LAST month we gave some practical advice to the young illustrators and photographers; this month we have a few well-worn words of advice for the story-tellers, that is, the writers of prose.

Of course the first great reason for writing prose is having something to say. The best writers do not sit down to write and pick up a pen and then begin to ask of themselves or of their friends, if they have any left,

"Let's see, what shall I write about; what *can* I write about?"

To be sure a good idea might happen along, encouraged in that way, but then a poor idea is just as apt to step in, and a writer who begins work in that fashion is likely to grab the first idea that comes his way, good or bad, and if no idea at all comes in a few minutes, he will soon begin anyhow and trust that good luck will help to make something out of nothing before he gets through. A writer might win prizes and get famous in that way, but it does not seem



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY RUSSELL TANDY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

like the best way, when you come to think of it. It seems better to try to look over the field for an idea, if one is n't already on hand, and to have that idea pretty well worked out, and considered, and tested, before getting pen and paper to write. At least, we are quite certain that 's what our best and most successful Leaguers do, and if they don't win fame in that way they, at all events, win prizes.

Next to having an idea, comes the expression of it, of course. Now, there are writers, and very celebrated ones, too, who try to express an idea in a way that no one will quite understand what they are getting at, and that will make a good many readers think they are not trying to get at anything at all, but are just seeing what they can do with a lot of verbs and nouns and participles, shifting them about to see if they may happen to mean something. That kind of writing won't win League prizes, either, and when the League Editor gets hold of a prose composition that starts off in that way, he does n't try to get the answer, but hands it over to the puzzle editor, and it becomes a kind of an anagram, or gets a double beheading, or something of the sort. One has to be very famous to make editors believe that writing of that sort is worth printing, and of course our League writers are not famous enough yet, and would better stick to the very simple clear form of expression which these great "exasperaters" used when they began. To have a bright idea and to set it down in simple words—short, Anglo-Saxon words—that is the first step in every stairway that leads to literary success. When you have finished with the League and have become very famous, then if you can make your readers believe, you are delivering a great message when you are only giving them words—if you have acquired enough skill to make those words sound as if they meant something, and can please your readers by keeping them guessing, very well, but if you begin that way in the League, you won't even get on the second Roll of Honor.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 104

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Mildred Marguerite Whitney** (age 17), 113 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Kitty Brown** (age 17), 8 Queen's Oak, Plymouth, Eng.

Silver badges, **Ann Logan Forstall** (age 9), Rosemont, Pa., and **Frances Hyland** (age 9), Lake Merced, Sta. L. Ingleside, San Francisco, Cal.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mary Villeponteaux Lee** (age 16), Box 145, Summerville, So. Carolina, and **Ellen Low Mills** (age 12), 171 N. 20th St., Portland, Ore.

Silver badges, **Jay Traver** (age 13), Willoughby, O.; **Louis Mueller** (age 12), 1343 Church St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Esther B. Cutler** (age 11), C/o Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall, London, Eng.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Russell Tandy** (age 17), 90 Hamilton St., Rahway, N. J., and **Percy Bluemlein**, 437 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth Cutler** (age 17), 360 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; **Paul L. Bissell** (age 17), 167 Rutledge Ave., Charleston, S. C., and **Julia B. Merkel** (age 12), 62 Fairview Ave., So. Orange, N. J.

Photography. Gold badges, **Henry Noel** (age 15), 5065 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; **S. M. Janney, Jr.** (age 16), 60 W. 76th St., N. Y. City, and **Marion S. Stouder** (age 13), Eldred, Fla.

Silver badges, **Nancy Scott** (age 13), 64 Vandeventer Pl., St. Louis, Mo.; **Esther M. Daly** (age 12), 1722 So. Broad St., Phila., Pa., and **Margaret Forbes** (age 13), Agassiz Hall, Alta, Placer Co., Cal.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Now, Snap Us," by **John Struthers Dunn** (age 17), 46 E. Sedgwick St., Phila., Pa. Second prize, "A Few Crumbs, Please," by **John W. Beatty, Jr.** (age 17), Richland Lane, Pittsburg, Pa. Third prize, "Out in the Cold," by **Katharine Clark** (age 17), Cohasset, Mass. Fourth prize, "Don't Know They're Wild," by **Ruth McLaren** (age 15), West Farmington, O.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Helen Louise Dawley** (age 16), 5657 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and **Cecile Leona Decker** (age 15), Route 2, Richford, Tioga Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Carl A. Giese** (age 14), 68 Freeman St., Newark, N. J., and **Mary Green-Mack** (age 12), Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Jennie Lowenhaupt** (age 10), 113 Fourth Ave., Roselle, N. J., and **Alice H. Farnsworth**, E. Norton, Mass.

Silver badges, **Gertrude F. Hussey** (age 13), The Pierpont, Northampton, Mass.; **Madelon Deschere** (age 14), 334 W. 58th St., N. Y. City, and **Duncan Scarborough** (age 11), Delmore Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.



"YACHTING." BY MARION S. STOUDEE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY ELLEN LOW MILLS (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

UPON my birthday I received a present which gives me the greatest pleasure. I found it in the stables, a beautiful thoroughbred, a sorrel, and without a blemish.

Often as I ride along under our great fir-trees, or on paths through fields of waving grain, I wish that "Comet" and I could be transported to New York, at the time of the great Horse Show.

I can imagine Comet entering the ring as an unknown, together with the many fine horses owned in the East.



"A CLOSE FINISH." BY S. M. JANNEY, JR., AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE)

In my day-dream I see him looked at with contempt and indifference; scorned, and perhaps laughed at.

Around and around the ring the horses go! Walking first, and the pace becomes a brisk trot, until finally a gallop. Horse after horse is called to one side of the judges' platform, though Comet still remains, with his head up high, and his little ears thrown forward.

Comet commands more respect now, and no one laughs at him. The judges are taking more and more notice of him, and finally signal all the remaining horses to the other side of the judges' platform. With satisfaction I note that Comet's flanks are not heaving, and he is not hot.

Solemnly the judges look him over, and then pass on to inspect the other horses.

It is intensely exciting, for there are but six horses left in the ring. The judges require the grooms to take the saddles off, as the horses are so closely matched.

Now but four horses are left, and I feel quite happy since Comet is sure of a ribbon.

I can scarcely breathe with excitement, for now it is between Comet and a beautiful black horse, for first place. Comet has the better gait, I know, and perhaps finer limbs, but the black is wondrously beautiful.

Finally, after an age of delicious doubt, Comet is ordered to the platform, and the glorious blue ribbon pinned to his bridle. Amid ringing applause my Oregon beauty, my Comet, is ridden round and round the ring.

And there my day-dream ends.



"A FEW CRUMBS, PLEASE." BY JOHN W. BEATTY, JR., AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

MY AMBITION

BY KITTY BROWN (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

WHEN I think of all the poets
who have written here before,
(When I pause a moment), Byron,
Shelley, Scott, and many more,
When I think of all those others,
who have paced our country's
shore,

Then I toil.

But the work is very weary, which
leads on to good success;
(Though if one but has ambition,
even work is happiness),

For now I have ideas, rhyme-
words fail me, I confess,

But, I toil.



"NOW, SNAP US." BY JOHN STRUTHERS DUNN, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

As it dawns on me that all who have ever had some fame
Have worked hard to get their livings, have begun without
a name;

Then I feel it's my ambition to work hard, and try the same,
So, I toil!

A SMALL BOY'S AMBITION

BY ANN LOGAN FORSTALL (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

I WANT to be when I am big,
A sailor brave and true;
Like Christopher Columbus,
I will be famous too.

I want to find some unknown land,
With cannibals and kings,
With animals both wild and tame,
And lots of other things.

I want to have a battle
And scare them all away,
Then take the land and make a
park
Where little boys can play.

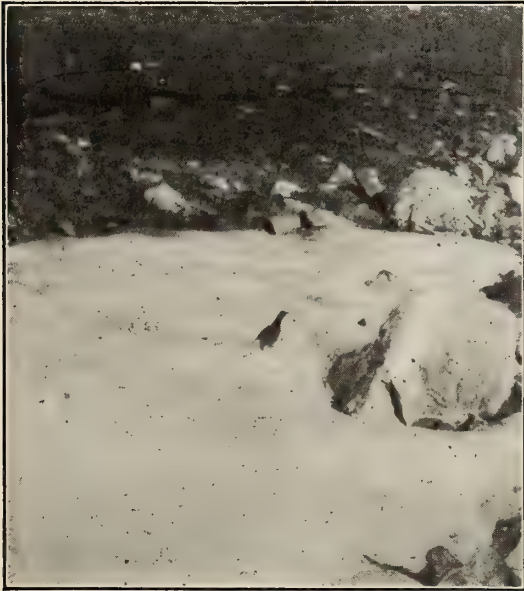
I want to be an officer,
The kind that gives commands
And orders people roundabout
With just a wave of hands.

I want to be, oh, lots of things,
About a hundred score,
But I 'd rather be a sailor
Though I 'd see my folks no
more.

But the trouble is it takes me
To grow, so awful long.
Oh, there is mother calling,
So I 'll have to end my song.



"POLE-VAULTING." BY HENRY NOEL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"OUT IN THE COLD." BY KATHARINE CLARK, AGE 17.
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY MARY VILLEPONTEAUX LEE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

It was morning, and beautiful and clear; to my eyes the fleecy, white clouds seemed to dance gleefully as they chased each other through the blue sky, while the mocking-bird just outside my window was bursting his little throat singing, "Graduate! Sweet girl Graduate!"

Slowly the long day had worn away. It was evening. I was sitting with my class-mates on the stage in the "Academy of Music." Just opposite to me sat the principal, and my heart beat more wildly under my fluffy dress as I looked at him, for I knew that in about one hour he would have said, or left unsaid, the words for which I had waited and longed, all through my high-school years.

Slowly the curtain rose, and as I listened to the rollicking piece the orchestra played, my spirits rose. The music stopped, and the salutorian stood before the audience. Speaker followed speaker, and my heart thumped more and more madly, as each took his place. Finally the principal rose and my head swam as I gazed from him to the sea of faces before him. His deep voice recalled me, and I started, but he was only speaking to the audience. Suddenly everything turned round and round before me as I heard him say: "It now becomes my very pleasant duty to award the Scholarship to the W——— College in B——, to Miss Mary Lee."

I looked around me; where were the people, and the lights, and the flowers, and the music?—I came back to earth with a start, there were no people, no lights, no music, and I was sitting by the window, gazing into space, with still two years of hard work between me and my goal—Graduation Day.

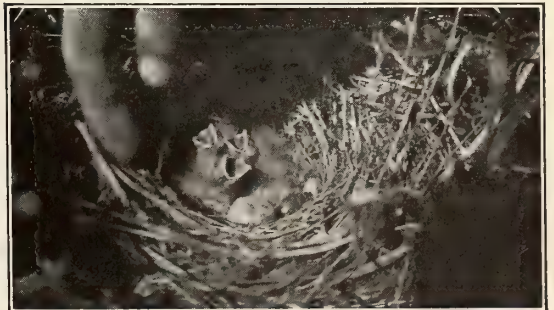
MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY LOUIS MUELLER (AGE 12)

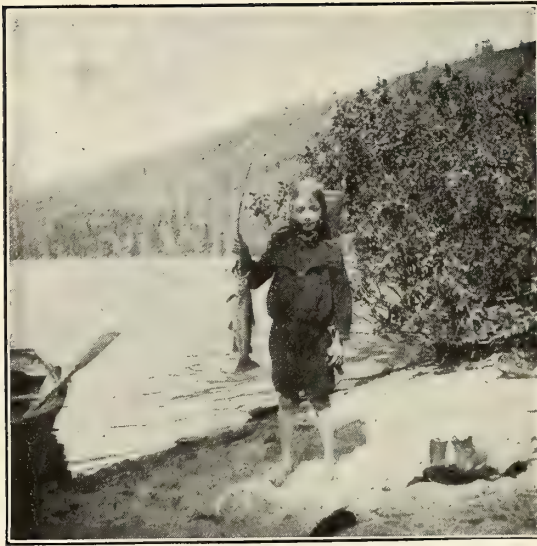
(Silver Badge)

"LAST call for the hundred yard dash!" cried the starter. I took my place at the line with the other impatient contestants. It was the final race and as I was one of the winners of the heats I was expected to uphold the Hamilton High School in it.

It was a field day in which the Dexter Academy, the



"DON'T KNOW THEY 'RE WILD." BY RUTH MC LAREN, AGE 15.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"THE FISHERMAN." BY MARGARET FORBES, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Princeton High School, and the Hamilton High School took part. The Dexter Academy and the Hamilton High School were even with the score of fifty each, with the Princeton High School far behind.

If I would win this race we would win the day, so I resolved to win.

The starter came up and gave the orders: "Ready; set." Then a pistol shot and we were off. I took the lead and was pressed by the Dexter runner, but kept it and came in about two yards ahead of him.

I was cheered again and again by my delighted school-mates and—I felt a tap on my shoulder, and, turning around, found it was my mother wanting me to go on an errand for her. It was but one of those disappointing though delightful day-dreams.

AMBITION

BY FRANCES HYLAND (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

OH! I'm a little pussy cat,
My sides are very soft and fat;
My tongue 's a little dash of pink,
My body 's just as black as ink;
My eyes are deep, deep twilight blue,
I have a great ambition, too.

I'm going to be a mouser—and when
I am a cat,
Every mouse will fear me—and so
will every rat,
I'll go into the cellars without a light
or spark,
My eyes will shine like lanterns, be-
cause it 's in the dark.

I'll sit or crouch behind a box,
Sly and cunning as a fox;
And when a rat comes from the
wall,
I pounce upon him—that is all!

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY JAY TRAVER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN I am out in the country lying under some shady tree beside the river in the spring or summer, when insects and animals of all kinds are roving everywhere on the earth and in the trees, and fishes and water-loving creatures are alive and happy in the river, my chief ambition is to be a great naturalist. This is my favorite day-dream as I lie looking up at the soft white clouds or the unstained blue of the sky. I see myself in a canoe on some beautiful forest-fringed lake in Maine or Canada, gazing up and on all sides for animals to study, or else I am in my white tent in the clearing, and Mooween, the bear, and little Br'er Rabbit have come to my camping-ground to pay their respects. I see myself hunting the deer and moose with camera and flashlight. I hear the pleasant murmur of the lake at twilight, and hear the wonderful notes of the wood and hermit thrushes from some secret haunt or some lofty pine overhanging the lake, for I should not study animals alone, but birds, insects, flowers, and fishes, though I fear my chief delight in studying the fishes will be to taste them fresh from the frying-pan, just after I have had a pleasant afternoon coaxing them to bite. Oh, how nice it would be to lie down upon the pine needles under the singing fir-trees and listen to the bird notes in the branches above, and to the chattering of red squirrels and rattle of kingfishers, and to wake at night and hear the moose in the lake and see the rabbit scuttling across the clearing. This is my castle in the air, my favorite day-dream, for though I have many other ambitions and dreams of the future, this is the most pleasant, and I think of it oftenest.

MY AMBITION

BY MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

I SAT upon an old gray stone

One day in early June,

And listened to a brooklet clear
That sang a merry tune.

Above the brook the apple boughs
Their fresh green branches
swayed;

The sunbeams filtered through their
leaves,
And with the ripples played.

Beside me lay a little pool
Of water, crystal clear,
Reflecting, on its shining face,
The blue flags standing near.

Above my head, among the trees,
The happy birds flew by;
And lazily the soft white clouds
Sailed through the deep blue sky.

The trees, the birds, the sky, the
flowers,
The brooklet dancing by,
All made for me a picture that
Will in my memory lie.

And my ambition is that you,
May through these verses see
A little of the beauty which
Was that day given me.



"THE CYCLER." BY ESTHER M. DALY, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY ESTHER B. CUTLER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I AM only a dreamer, but is my fancy not the real life; my mind not the true world? Then why make fun of me, why call me back to the sorrows of your earth? I am happy in my sphere, and in my day-dreams; perhaps if you should hear this one, my favorite day-dream, you might think better of a dreamer. . . .

I am in Italy, in my native land, and on the beautiful Bay of Naples. I am once more a young fisher lad, sun-burnt and happy.

But now look at the day; how beautiful it is, how azure the sky, and how deep blue the water. There is not a cloud, save for that fan-shaped one which hovers over Mount Vesuvius, and lazily floats away only to lose itself in the blue. See the vineyards that cover the slopes of the mountain, while there at its feet lies Castellamare basking in the afternoon sun.

The little waves lap the sides of the boat lovingly; they and the drip, drip of the oars, as the boat glides over the quiet water, only break the silence of the summer day. . . . But the hour grows late, my old father awaits me, and the sun will soon sink into the sea. . . .

Thus ends my day-dream. Is it not beautiful? Does it not call you to the past, when we were happy and care-free and when we lived in our country, where the lemon-tree grows and flourishes, and where the blue and sparkling Bay of Naples laughs and ripples at the foot of Mount Vesuvius?

AMBITION

BY ALISON L. STRATHY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

As one by one the stars appear
Ambition fades away,
And I have rest and perfect peace
Until the break of day.

But with the dawning of the morn
Comes glory in the strife,
To fight and win for my fair name
An everlasting life.

I strike my foes to right and left;
And if by chance I fall,
What matter, if my name is known
From cot to lordly hall?

AMBITION

BY FLORA MC DONALD COCKRELL
(AGE 8)

ANXIOUS to be pretty
She powdered, primped, and curled,
Dressed all in sea-green satin,
Her purple fan unfurled.

But although she was pretty
On going to the ball,
Another maid was fairer,
Fairer, yes, than all.

AMBITION

BY ROBERTA MOODY*HOWE (AGE 9)

IF boys and girls are always good,
With happy hearts and faces,
The world will never miss at all
Fine clothes and frills and laces.



"THE LONE FISHERMAN." BY NANCY SCOTT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY DOROTHY EVANS (AGE 14)

WHEN I saw the prose-subject in the June St. NICHOLAS I thought that at last here was a subject I could at least try.

I do not dream of being a world-famed artist or a second Shakspeare, nor do I dream of doing great and daring deeds, but I *do* dream of winning the gold badge that is awarded for good work in the St. NICHOLAS League.

Every month when I receive my St. NICHOLAS I turn first to the League, and, as I read over the list of prize-winners, I think how happy the lucky ones whose names are on that list must be.

And then I dream that in some future day *my* name may be on that list, and *my* work be awarded the badge of merit.

But I do not intend that the badge shall exist merely in dreams, but that hard work shall bring a *real* badge—the long-coveted badge of gold.

AMBITION

BY WINIFRED S. ALLEN (AGE 8)

FRISKY as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee,
That 's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That 's the kind of little girl
Every one will love.

VIOLETS

BY JANET ELIZABETH GARDNER
(AGE 9)

THE violets have no time to play,
They feed the cows and make the hay.



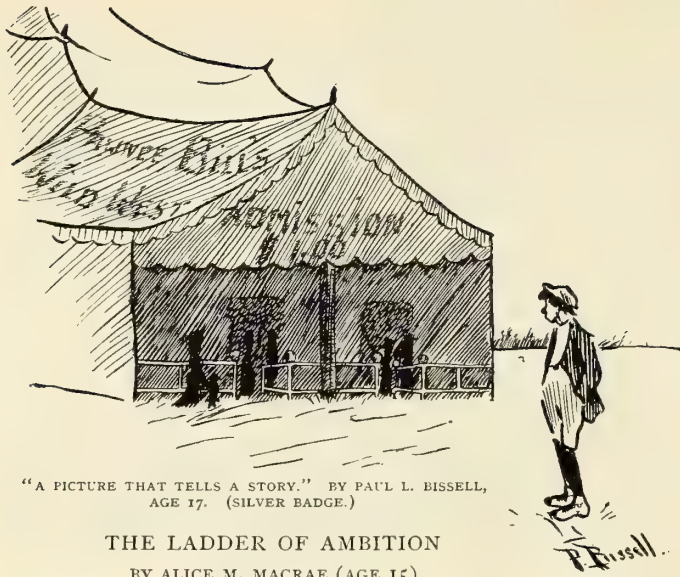
"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY JULIA B. MERKEL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

AMBITION'S QUEST

BY MIRIAM CAPERTON ALEXANDER (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

An elfin form sped through the night
 With tinkling laugh and foot-fall light;
 A stumbling, blundering, panting man
 With labored breath behind her ran.
 Sometimes she seemed within his grasp,
 But when he stretched his arms to clasp
 This maiden loved and sought of men,
 Like witch-fire, she was off again.
 His heart, though stout, rebelled at last;
 His breath came short and sharp and fast;
 He wearied of th' unequal race;
 He turned his back and quit the chase.
 She coaxed, she called, she trilled in vain,
 The man nor turned nor came again.
 He sought her once, he'll seek no more,
 Ambition's chase for Fame is o'er.
 The man to the burdened world returns,
 His soul with focused purpose burns,
 He toils to serve his fellow-men,
 With never a thought of Fame again:
 When, lo! uncalled for and unsought—
 What ne'er in chasing had been caught—
 Subdued and smiling by his side
 Stands wayward Fame, his willing bride.



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY PAUL L. BISSELL,
 AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LADDER OF AMBITION

BY ALICE M. MACRAE (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THERE 's a Ladder of Ambition in a far-off happy land,
 Where merry children gather, climbing upward, hand in
 hand.

It is not hard to find it if you have the magic key,
 A round and shining button with the badge of liberty;
 But the only way to climb it is to work with might and
 main,
 And to never be discouraged, but to try and try again;
 And you'll very soon discover that the first step
 toward the goal
 Is the very, very bottom of the second Honor Roll!

But when upon the first one your foot has found a place,
 Why you're high upon the Ladder, and you're winning
 in the race;
 Then upward, ever upward, till the Silver Badge is won,
 When you're learning, ever learning, and the journey's
 almost done;
 A final, noble effort, and the Honor Post is yours
 For talent and for patience, the patience that endures.

But do you know, my children, that those who reach
 the top
 Of the Ladder of Ambition, still keep trying, never stop?
 For they see with quickened vision where a life-work
 will begin;
 That out beyond the Ladder there are nobler heights to
 win;
 When the Gate has closed behind them, still unailing
 heed they give
 To the soul-inspiring motto—"Live to learn, and learn
 to live."

There 's a Ladder of Ambition in a far-off happy land,
 Where merry children gather, climbing upward, hand
 in hand.
 But the only way to climb it is to work with might and
 main,
 And to never be discouraged, but to try and try again.

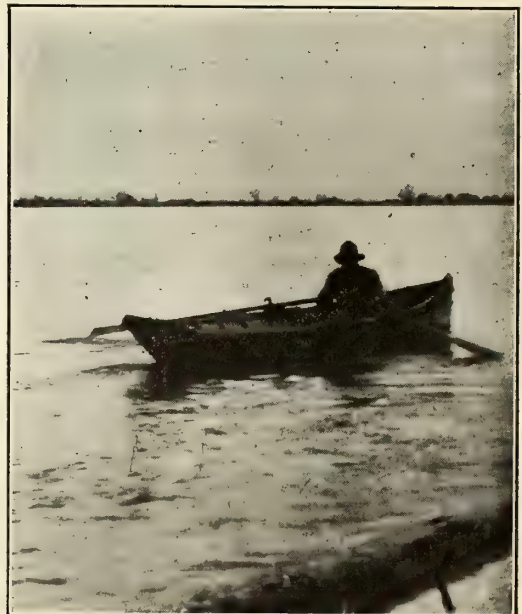
LOST or damaged League buttons will be replaced on applica-
 tion, free. Lost prize badges cannot be replaced.

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY DOROTHY BUELL (AGE 14)

EVER since I was a tiny girl in short frocks and bobbing
 curls I have had day-dreams. Sometimes these dreams
 carried me into great concert-halls, where I charmed the
 audience with my music; at other times I was captured by
 brigands in the wilds of Turkey, and held for ransom.

The dreams were many, but my favorite day-dream
 brings me to my own home, and yet, near as it is, it is
 only a dream, after all. I sit, looking far away, seeing
 nothing of the life about me, only dreaming.



"ROWING." BY LYLE C. SAXON, AGE 16.



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY PAULINE HOPKINS, AGE 13.

Then I see a rude cabin built on the bank of a rushing mountain stream, with tall pines bending over it, the gaily colored flowers growing all around it, and far, far above glistens the snow on the distant peaks. It is morning! The sun's rays touch the foaming water, making the wet rocks shine like silver, and in the cool depths the rainbow trout are flashing and frolicking. I gaze into the gray valley, miles and miles below, and then at the hills, rosy with glows of morning.

I am happy; full of that strange happiness which thrills every lover of a wild, free life, and, in truth, I feel "the joy of living."

The day glides on, swiftly as the gurgling stream, and at last the setting sun floods the mountain world with its soft, mellow light.

Then twilight falls, and I stand alone in the great, black night, fearful of the noises about me; the mysterious sighing of the pines, and the cry of a mountain lion. I try to get closer to the babbling, friendly voice of the little brook, but its music grows fainter, fainter, fainter, and gradually I come back to the sense of my real existence. It is not an impossible dream, but oh, will it ever come true?

AMBITION

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THERE is a road whose gates are opened free—

The Road to Fame.

And upward I must climb if mine would be

An honored name.

Oft dim and cloudy seems the dawning Day.

But I can always see a flashing Ray—
Ambition's Flame.

The road is rutted—oftentimes I trip
In tare and chaff.

No helping hand there is for me to grip,

No cup to quaff.

But then I seem to rise again and stand,
And something seems to be within my

Hand—

Ambition's Staff.

O Thou, to whom the day seems ever
night,

No longer grope



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

In darkness, seek Ambition's guiding Light,
And staff to cope
With disappointment, for there seems to be
A soul supernal keeping pace with Thee—
Ambition's Hope.

LAST YEAR'S FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 13)

A SUBURBAN home, surrounded by just enough lawn, a few maple- and fruit-trees and perhaps a flower-bed—this was my day-dream of last year. That does not mean that it began last year, for I had long cherished it, having always lived in the city amid rows of monotonously alike dwellings and crowded streets, but it was then realized. I was not alone in my dream. The other members of our little family shared it with me. There were hot days for mother and me, of tramping in out-of-the-way places looking at this and that house and liking none—days that



"A HEADING." BY KATHLEEN BUCHANAN, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

could have been more comfortably spent on the porch my dream had constructed for me.

Few of the many dreams all people have come true. Mine was a happy exception. I am now writing in my own particular nook in the dream whose realization has been more enjoyable than my imagination conceived it—another unusual thing.

AMBITION

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALL (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge Winner)

AMBITION bids me earn a lasting name,
Or make the world ring with my wealth
and pow'r;

Ambition bids me win undying fame;
Become the lion of the passing hour;
Strike, with whatever force I may possess,

Upon the heated anvil of this Life;
Struggle above the turmoil and the stress,
E'en though I injure others in my strife.

But steadfast Honor urges me: "Be just.

Yea, rise yourself, gain glory and renown,

Win a great name, grow famous, if you must;

But, in ascending, hurl no others down.
So work and act that in your life's brief span,

You live in concord both with God and man.

A DAY-DREAM

BY OLIVE HALL (AGE 13)

'T is night and such a night!

The bright colors of the day have faded. There are only shades of black and white. Trees are silhouetted against the sky. All else in shades of gray and brown. Moonlight and starlight mellow and soften the entire scene. A few fire-flies are seen fitting here and there.

The heat and noise of the day have gone with the setting sun. Whippoorwills, tree-toads, and a frog with a deep bass furnish the music. The air is sweet with the locust blossoms.

As you lie on your back gazing up into the locust-trees, you dream of staying out here all night, going to sleep listening to these night musicians, in this cool, perfumed air.

Suddenly a new song breaks in upon your dream. 'T is the maddening song of the mosquito. Forgot is the beautiful night! You are filled with an insane desire to kill that mosquito. After several failures, you have him. You feel as proud as Napoleon might have over his victories. You hear the ominous hum of more, and fearing they might prove to be your Waterloo, you flee to the house.

You ask where your day-dream has gone. Gone! Why, it's gone with the mosquito, of course.

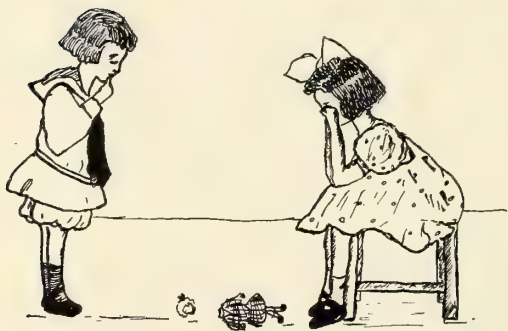
A BOY'S AMBITION

BY MARGARET DEEBLE (AGE 9)

"I 'm goin' to be a soldier,"
'T was what small Thomas said,
Relating his ambition,
As he got into the bed.

"Dear Mother, some day you 'll be proud
To have me for a son,
When you hear of all the battles
Gen'ral Thomas Green has won.

"And, as I 'm gettin' sleepy,
I 'll think no more to-night
Of what I 'll be when I grow big,
So please turn out the light."



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY LAURA RAMSAY, AGE 16.

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY PRISCILLA LANKFORD (AGE 12)

WE all have our favorite day-dreams; mine is that I may become a successful writer, so I shall tell of a realistic experience I had recently.

It was one of those warm, drowsy June days, when even the busy little ant stops her work and plans great deeds for

another day. I sat in the shade of a spreading maple, anxiously turning the pages of my new St. NICHOLAS, when, to my great delight, I found my name on the Roll of Honor. Having been an active member of the League but a short time, I naturally felt much encouraged. As I sat gazing at my name, another and later copy of St. NICHOLAS seemed to take the place of the first one; when, lo! herein I read that a silver badge had been awarded me.



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY JULIAN K. MILLER, AGE 14.

Before my astonishment subsided, another and another St. NICHOLAS appeared before me as by magic. In these I found that I had become the winner, first, of a gold badge, and then of a cash prize. These were followed in rapid succession by copies of "The Century," in each of which appeared some article from my pen. My life's dream was realized, for to find that my articles were accepted by "The Century," was indeed happiness.

But, sad to say, brief was the realization, for about this time I felt something gently rubbing my cheek. Opening my eyes, I saw Snowball, my little kitten, who had brought me back to the realities of life. All of the magazines save the June St. NICHOLAS had vanished, but there still remained the assurance that my name was really on the Roll of Honor.

MY FAVORITE DAY-DREAM

BY CECELIA G. GERSON (AGE 15)

I CLOSED my book and lay down in the shade of the large elm-tree. Suddenly I shut my eyes and before me there appeared several rows of benches in a bright, sunny room. There were flowers on the window-sills and five and twenty boys and girls were seated at the five and twenty desks. On the teacher's table, which was on an elevated platform, was a little bell, and, as the children were far from orderly, I began to tinkle it.

Order immediately prevailed, and I, assuming the duties of the teacher, set to work at once to teach the lessons.

What a delicious feeling I had creeping over me as I gazed at what I might at last call my own class-room! How diligently the tots worked out their sums and problems, and how delightful it was to help the little ones with their geography, and carefully pronounce for them each difficult word.

And then came the time for recess. As the last child filed out of the room I drew a deep breath of satisfaction as I thought of the success the first morning had been. I busied myself in arranging the flowers at the window, and cleaning the blackboards, when suddenly I was interrupted by a meek voice saying, "Please, teacher, may I help?" and on looking around I saw the tanned face of my prize pupil. I told him he could, and as he dusted the desks he kept talking in his innocent, childish fashion about the woods and the "old teacher," who had to leave because "she got too deaf to hear the kids' voices," and he ended up by saying how much "us fellers" liked the "new teacher already."

Then I had not hoped in vain. I had won the children's hearts, what more could I wish, to be a success. At last I raised the little bell to summon the children back to school, when the sound grew louder and louder, and I opened my eyes, not to see the children file into school, but to find myself under the elm, and sister Dorothy ringing the dinner-bell to call me to the house. My favorite day-dream was ended.

A FAMOUS HORSEBACK ADVENTURE

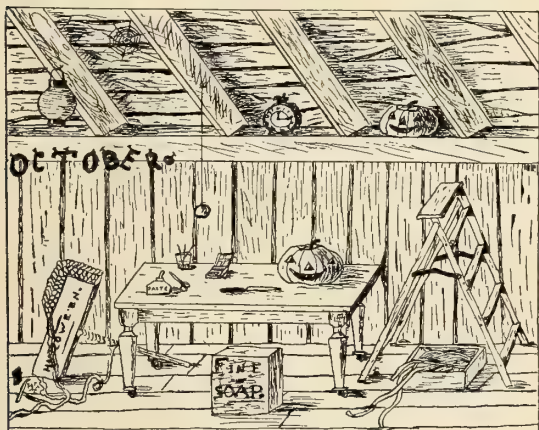
BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 12)

PROBABLY the most famous of horseback adventures occurred on the battle-field at Bosworth, 1485. There it was that the Earl of Richmond met Richard III in a serious and decisive engagement.

To make Richmond's success complete, Richard himself fell, thus losing both his crown and his life. It was then that Sir William Stanley placed the late Richard's crown, all battered and bloodstained, upon the victorious earl's head, thus formally proclaiming Henry of Richmond the occupant of the throne.

The English were wild with joy over this change of monarchs. Any change from the late king seemed to them as though it must be for the better. They were disappointed, however, for the chief virtue of the hero of that famous horseback adventure was that he was not cruel when nothing could be gained by it.

The night of the victory Richard's body was tied across a horse and carried to Leicester, where it was buried with



"A HEADING." BY HORACE HOVEY RAYMOND, AGE 10.

no ceremony or respect in the Church of the Gray Friars, after two years of one of the blackest reigns recorded in English history.

A JOURNEY TO MARS

BY MILDRED RUTH MOSS (AGE 13)

I HAD just finished reading a description of Mars in a book of astronomy and sat by the fireside thinking what a strange land Mars must be. I wondered if the inhabitants of this world would ever visit that country and what the people were like, when—surely I heard some one calling me—yes, there it was again. I looked around and saw at the other side of the fireplace, a ghostly figure.

"Would you like to see some of those places that book tells about?" the figure asked.

"Yes, indeed," I cried.

"Very well, then, you shall. My name is Bucephalus and I am from Mars. Our people often visit the earth in



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY LAURENS WEDDELL, AGE 15.

this form but never in our real shape. Only our shades can come here and only your shade can journey with me to Mars. Come."

As I left the room, I looked back and saw myself still in the arm-chair, apparently absorbed in my book again. I laughed to myself and wondered what was in store for me.

My companion took me to a wireless-telegraph station near by and, seated on one of the numerous electrical waves created there, we were soon on our way to Mars.

"I told you," said my guide, "that my name is Bucephalus. I was once the horse of Alexander the Great. Whenever an animal dies, it is translated to Mars and changed to a human being. We have a great advantage over the children of earth for, having lived there, we can profit by their mistakes and also use their best ideas."

But by this time we had arrived at our destination and alighted from our conveyance. The scene which confronted me was one of surpassing beauty. The soil was of a reddish tint and was carpeted with small white flowers of delicious fragrance. In the distance the white marble dwellings glistened in the sunlight. Coming toward us was a noble old man and two other persons.

"That," said Bucephalus, "is the chief personage here, Barry, the hero of St. Bernard with Gilpin's horse and Whittington's cat."

"What do you do with mad dogs who are killed?" I asked.

"Oh, we have an asylum for them, where they are soon cured."

But just then I awoke and found myself about to tumble from the arm-chair. So that was the end of my visit to Mars.

A FAMOUS HOME

BY YNEZ GRACE FREEMAN (AGE 13)

ONE summer while I was staying in Santa Cruz, California, we went to see the famous redwood trees. Our guide showed us the large redwood tree that Captain Frémont made his home in, for one winter.

Captain Frémont is called the pathfinder, because he fought with the Indians and found the path through the thick forests of Santa Cruz mountains, where perhaps a white man had never set foot before.

But now I must tell you how he came to live in the big tree:

It was at the time of the Mexican war, and he was traveling with his men through the redwood forest. But winter came on and he decided to stay in the forest until the rains were over, and he could continue his journey. So he and his men were looking for trees just right to cut, for building their log house. Well, Captain Frémont found this big tree and went into it. He could get in very easily because the tree was so old that the trunk had a slit on one side, leaving a little door-way. The inside was just like a little room. The Captain liked the thought of living inside a tree, so, instead of building the log cabin, they all stayed in the old giant redwood, for the winter.

This is how a redwood tree became the famous home of a famous man, for one long winter.



"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY HENRIETTA BROWNING, AGE 12.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
 No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1

- Agnes Lee Bryant
- Rosalea M. McCready
- Dorothy Keeley
- Harriet Ide Eager
- Bernard F. Trotter
- Miriam Noll
- Dorothy Kerr Floyd
- Mary Taft Atwater
- Annie L. Hillyer
- Emmeline Bradshaw
- Katharine de Kay
- Kate D. Penchoen
- Charlotte E. Newcomb
- Elizabeth Trapiere
- Elizabeth Murphy
- Eleanor Johnson
- Doris F. Halman
- Charlotte G. Sessums

VERSE, 2

- Thusa Madella Ream
- Walter Edward Watkin
- Elizabeth Toof
- Margaret E. Howard
- Edna van der Heide
- Marjorie E. Holligan
- Primrose Lawrence
- Elizabeth W. Black
- Dagmar Leggett
- Margaret T. Babcock
- Lucile Laura Chase
- Bessie Emery
- Olive Stanhope
- Celeste Dorr
- Clem Dickey
- Maud Holly Mallett
- Barbara Kathleen Webber
- Constance H. Smith
- Lucius C. Wood
- Mariza E. Clow
- Janet Jacobi
- Eulalie Barker
- Lucile Shepard
- Caroline Wilson
- Vivian Gurney
- Lucy S. Quarrier
- Ruth R. Reese
- Elizabeth Hugh Zachry
- Jessie Bogen
- Ruth Lewinson
- Eva Matthews
- Sanford
- Vera Mason
- Mary Augusta Johnson
- Frances Wilmarth
- Kennan
- Rolfe Humphries
- Roselle Gould
- Erik Achorn
- Gertrude Kinkle
- Lucile Benton
- Beauchamp
- Marian Seip
- Katharine Brown
- Dorothy Van Dyke
- Eunice G. Hussey
- Edith M. Sprague
- Eleanor J. Tevis
- Mary Frances Dickey
- Karin A. White
- Jane Rhys Griffith

- Isabel Adami
- Christine Fleisher
- Adelaide Nichols
- Doris Huestis
- Carl Thompson
- Manuel G. Gichner
- Esther Vroman Peters
- Margaret E. Cobb
- Lillie G. Menary
- William J. Cox
- Isabel D. Weaver
- Marjorie Cutler
- Margaret Monroe
- Dorothy Ramsey
- Elizabeth C. Walton
- Augusta L. Blue
- Lillian Palmer
- Anna Hunt Welles
- Ruth Livingston
- Rushmore L. Valentine
- Edward H. Estill
- Alice Phelps Rider
- Dorothy McFarland
- Emily Tyler

PROSE, 1

- Katharine Woolsey
- Frances Ward
- Elizabeth T.
- McClintock
- Anna Hutchinson
- Hanano Inagaki
- Sugimoto
- Bonita Clarke
- Ida F. Parfitt
- William B. Pressey
- Alma J. Herzfeld
- Eliza MacLean
- Piggott
- Gaylord Merritt
- Gates
- Katharine L. Ward
- Jeannette Munro
- Ruby E. Wilkins
- Francis M. Barranco
- Eleanor L. Halpin
- Avis G. Little
- Jean Russel
- Dorothy J. Ferrier
- Margaret Clarke
- Rucker
- Dorothy Wood
- Johnson
- Helen Katharine Smith
- Francis T. Kimball, Jr.
- Grace M. Scofield
- Fannie Westgate
- Butterfield
- Louise Norris
- Gretchen Pease
- Margaret F. Grant
- Nannie Gail
- Martha Clow
- John W. Hill
- Estelle Ewing
- Ruth E. Alexander
- Ellen C. Papazian
- Gertrude Hearn
- Alleene C. Bower
- Eleanor Wilson
- Mary Kennedy Little
- Rachel Estelle Albright

- Holland F. Burr
- Rosalie Waters

PROSE, 2

- Annell Howell
- Marie Spiegelberg
- Susan J. Appleton
- Annette Howe
- Carpenter
- Ruth Harvey Reboul
- Ruby Treva Scott
- Enid Sipe
- Harry F. Schlesinger
- Alice M. Forsaith
- Nancy Lee
- Florence Mickey
- Allanson L. Schenk
- Ruth Rhein
- Laurence H. Cady
- Erna Quinby
- Rose Norton
- Ethel Roberta LaMay
- Margaret Fisher
- Anita G. Lynch
- Marjorie Paine
- Greenfield
- Delia Arnstein
- Helen McLeod
- Ellen Moore Howison
- Elizabeth Page James
- Louise M. Anawalt
- Margaret E. Maloney
- Mary Frances Williams
- Josephine P. Keene
- Ruth M. Leipziger
- Ellen Coleman
- Grace F. Woods
- Helen Santmyer
- Pansy Hostetter
- Katharine Davis
- Theodore R. Hostetter
- Helen N. Howe
- Irene Clopton
- Elizabeth Burkhardt
- Ruth Moore Morris
- Pauline R. Scanlon

DRAWINGS, 1

- Margaret Wood
- Marshall B. Cutler
- Stanley C. Low
- Hester Margetson
- Max Silverstein
- Hugo Greenbaum
- Lucia E. Halstead
- Anita Moffett
- Katharine L. Havens
- Frances Darker
- Mildred Lambe
- Margaret Farnsworth
- Ernest Townsend
- Annie Lamar Noble
- Gladys Nolan
- Sara Meil
- Felicity Askew
- Muriel Read
- Jeannette Baker Plant

DRAWINGS, 2

- Martha A. Oathout
- Mabelle A. Ewing
- Jay Humphrey

- Mabel Alvarez
- Catharine Wright
- Ralph Lloyd
- Evelyn Buchanan
- Dorothy Maitland
- Falk
- Jeanne Demetre
- Harry W. Goodman
- Florence Mallett
- Dorothy Barner Loye
- Elizabeth Lewis
- Florrie T. Thomson
- Ruth Alden Adams
- Margaret A. White
- Theresa K. Robbins
- Gerald L. Kaufman
- Joan D. Clowes
- Susie Gaillard
- Anna Katharine Stimson
- Helen Underwood
- Webb Mellin Siemens
- Margaret Osborne
- Frank Steel
- Lawrence Holbrook
- Elizabeth Gardiner
- Otto Tabor
- Roberta Barton
- Dorothy Starr
- Dorothy Louise Dade
- Maria Stockton Bullitt
- Helen H. Ames
- Mildred J. Pease
- Margaret Elizabeth Kelsey
- Elizabeth Wilson
- George S. Lyman
- Raymond Hutcheson
- Ruth Merritt Erdman
- Eleanor B. Monroe
- Marie Kahn
- Ethel A. Johnson
- Marjorie Acker
- Frances Matthews
- Joyce Armstrong
- Alma Gaedertz
- Mary Willis Bounds
- Hazel S. Halstead
- Frances Hale Burt
- Barbara Wellington
- Elizabeth Mercer
- Edna Lois Taggart
- Esther Mackey
- David B. McLaughlin
- Helen J. Coates
- Hazel Fanning Dickson
- Elsie Kalter
- Ruth Boring
- Louise Jonas
- Caroline G. Heavenrich
- John Findlay
- McGonigal
- Katherine Foster
- Helen C. Otis
- Jack Hopkins
- Josephine Witherspoon
- Evelyn Andrews
- Muriel H. Minter
- Helen D. Baker
- Doris Lisle
- Marjory Bates

- Marshall Williamson
- Marjorie E. Chase

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

- Lucile W. Rogers
- Henry M. Ladd, Jr.
- Albert W. Walters
- Edmund Barnum
- Roy Phillips
- Alice Mason
- Catherine Sherwood
- Constance Ayer
- Katharine Thaw
- Mary Comstock
- Bernice Ford
- Joseph L. Moody
- Josephine C. Johnson
- Hibbard Casselberry
- Dorothy Arnold
- Raphael Wolfe
- Carman L. Bates
- Frances M. Stevenson
- Rebecca E. Meaker
- Mary C. Brown
- Derwent Sherwood
- Ada Baker
- Enid T. Lewis
- Harriett Dexter
- Helen W. Balfe
- Louise Chester
- Walbridge
- William Higgins
- Katharine Holman
- Ketcham
- Charles E. Ames
- Margaret Rogers
- F. Reeves Rutledge
- Katharine Hale
- Isabel Henderson
- Dorothy Bennett

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

- Gustav Zeese
- Celestine C. Waldron
- Geo. Switzer
- Kate Babcock
- Elizabeth P. Bigelow
- David Bernick
- Frances B. Godwin
- Maude Sawyer
- Charles B. Hone
- Harlan Depew
- George Baldwin
- McCoy
- Margaret McIntosh
- Ada Wallace
- Frederick R. Bailey
- Judith S. Finch
- Marian C. Nelson
- Zylpha Perkins
- Marion Grigg
- Charles J. Hobart
- Archibald S.
- Macdonald
- Arthur Minot Reed
- Florence E. Brodrick
- Walter B. Clark
- Margaret Hyland
- Constance E. Dowd
- Grant Simmons

- Janie Morgan
- Helen R. Brown
- Grace Logan
- Gladys Eustis
- Flavel Foster
- Lois Robins
- Louise Cottrell
- Edna Lewis
- Agnes Alexander
- Josephine Sturgis
- Helen Holman
- Anna Agassiz
- Mary E. Comstock
- Katharine J. Stearn
- Richard Thompson
- Ruth Stearns
- T. Grant Ware
- Bodil Hornemann
- Percy R. Pyne, Jr.
- Ellen K. Hone
- Maude Louise Strayer
- Harold H. Wish
- Johannes Howay
- Maurice Key
- McMicken

PUZZLES, 1

- Althea Bertha Morton
- E. Adelaide Hahn
- Ida E. C. Finlay
- Florence Dawson
- Dorothy Lewellyn
- W. Howard Steiner
- Gerald Raleigh
- McCarthy
- Marjorie Lachmund
- Elizabeth Maclay
- Arthur P. Caldwell
- Edith Elliott
- Dorothy Stabler
- Marian R. Bettmann
- Maude Van Arsdale
- Allan Cole
- Karl Hetsch
- Frances Bosanquet
- Louise McAllister
- Anna Alpert
- Elsie May Kimball
- Ethel K. Caster
- Hazel Wyeth

PUZZLES, 2

- Ruth S. Coleman
- Jennie May
- John H. Terry, Jr.
- Anna P. Hall
- Hurxthal F. Frease
- Ruth Gaylord
- Elisabeth Zulauf

THE ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.

ROLL OF THE RECKLESS

A list of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition.

NOT ENDORSED. Dwight Garber, Charles H. Miller, Alice Lawrence, J. Lee Stoking, Mildred Beckwith, Paul Jones, Jr., Helen Drill, B. Abbott Dickson, Dorothy A. Foster, Isabel Burr Case, James Thorne, Jessie Morris, Arlene Putman.

WRONG SUBJECTS. Edward Wines, Ruth Eliza Miller, Benj. Lefkovich, Hettie Harris, Josephine Ryan, Helen Thomas, Russell Blair Hussey, Lydia Hun.

AGE NOT GIVEN. Martha Robinson, Katharine Tighe, Holcomb York, Kenneth E. Fuller, Eleanor L. Acker, Olive Stanhope, Alice Gilman, Marjorie G. Hough, Mary S. Bristed, Ruth Lewinson, Sheelah S. Wood, Marie Armstrong, Raymond Moore.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PAPER. Edna L. Bowen, Alverene Conklin, John Franklin Carter, Margaret A. Hearsey.

DRAWN WITH PENCIL. Paul Thiemann, Willis Lindsey.

TOO LONG. Margaret Month.

LEAGUE LETTERS

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you for the beautiful Gold Badge, and at the same time say good-by to the League. You cannot imagine how much pleasure and encouragement the League has given me, and how sorry I am to part with it now, though of course I shall never leave off reading every word of it, as long as I live! My sister and I always wear our badges, and are ever so proud of them. I expect to have my photograph taken this winter, and then shall send you one for the League Album.

Thanking you again for the many pleasant hours I have spent with or through you, and wishing you success for many years to come,

I remain, one of your faithful Honor members,
CAROLA VON THIELMANN (age 18—alas!)

A FINE SHOWING

Here is the Second Annual Report of the St. Gabriel's Chapter of Saint Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

This is the most active League chapter, and the perseverance of its members is shown in the following result.

DEAR LEAGUE: Last year we sent you a report of the work of our Chapter for twelve months.

You were most kindly appreciative, publishing the report in the November paper.

We hope this report will give you as much pleasure, since it tells so emphatically that our enthusiasm is unabated and that you still inspire us to successful efforts.

Your loving friends,
THE SAINT GABRIEL'S CHAPTER.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE NEWS
for the year beginning June, 1907. Ending June, 1908.

- 3 Gold Medals won.
- 3 Silver Medals won.
- 87 Honorable Mentions.
- 12 Poems published.
- 2 Prose articles published.
- 1 Report published.
- 2 Letters published.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you very much for the Silver badge you awarded me for the puzzle answers in the December ST. NICHOLAS. I am so pleased to have it.

My father is a captain in the Field Artillery and we are stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco now; it is right at the Golden Gate.

My father commands Battery F, First Field Artillery on whose note paper I am writing. The Battery has one hundred and twenty-four black horses and four guns. I ride one of the horses, his name is "Long." Last spring I rode him with the Battery on a march to Monterey and last fall to Sargents, over three hundred miles in all.

Thanking you again for the badge, I am, sincerely yours,
DANIEL W. HAND, JR. (age 10).

A LEAGUE FAREWELL

FAREWELL! Farewell! From out my harp of life
Sounds forth the parting call—my last farewell,
With sadness and with longing ever rife

And yet with sweetness that no tongue can tell.

The happy thought of all these hours past—

The sadness that I now must leave it all—

The sweetness—ah! it was too sweet to last—

Ambition's answer to the world's clear call—

And hope's dear message—blending softly sweet

In richest cadence of a minor key,

Steals o'er the air in harmony complete,

A hopeful omen of what is to be.

Strike now the harp, and in a bolder strain

Besiege the world; it is not lightly won.

And yet impetuous, fiery youth restrain,

Nor think all finished when 't is scarce begun.

Let all the sweetness of the earlier note

Still guide the music of the clearer lay;

But in a martial measure let it float,

A sounding herald on the world's broad way.

And now, farewell! what thou so kindly gave

Shall cheer and comfort all the paths of life.

And if I conquer, then the guerdon brave

Be thine, the victor's token of the strife.

GLADYS MARION ADAMS (age 18).

OTHER VALUED LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED
FROM—Kathleene Carney, Dorothy Ro-Bathan, Dorothy Shurtleff, Kathryn Manahan, B. T. Simonds, Lowry A. Biggers, Harrison McCreary, Manuel G. Gichner, Marjorie W. Brown, Alice Needham Very, Elizabeth Hirsh, Frances Luthin, Frances Elizabeth Huston, Emilie O. Wagner, Rosalea M. McCreary, Orline Barnett, Elizabeth Evans, and Winifred Sackville Stoner.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 108

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 108 will close **Oct. 10** (for foreign members **Oct. 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Valentine."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Historic Valentine."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My School."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "The Old Valentine," or "Old Valentines," and a **February (1909)** Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"TAIL-PIECE."
BY
EUNICE
L.
HONE,
AGE 16.

THE LETTER-BOX

P—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have contributed to the St. NICHOLAS League, I have not sent you a letter before, and I think you may be interested to know that I live at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. My father is Navy Chaplain there.

We live on an island in the Piscataqua River, which separates us from the mainland.

On this river runs a ferry for the convenience of the officers and their families.

I have had much pleasure on that little boat, sailing across the sparkling water.

A short distance from our house is the barracks where the marines stay. In front of this are the parade grounds where they drill. I often go up and watch them because it is such an interesting sight.

Going eastward from the barracks we come to the water where lies the prison ship. She is not picturesque, but rather peculiar, and the prisoners swarm like bees over her decks. They are kept prisoners because of desertion, and my father works among them. They are dressed in suits of gray. Some cannot even read or write, and my father takes great pleasure in teaching them and holding religious services with them. As some have talent for music they are of great assistance in playing the organ.

Your little reader,

MIRIAM THOMPSON.

Y—, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to say how fond I am of you. I wait for your coming every month and wish you would come oftener.

There is only one thing I have to say against you and that is that your stories end so shortly, and you are so small that I wish you would grow big enough to continue "Harry's Island" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab." These and the other stories stop so soon that before I read you I am so anxious to start, but when I finish I always wish I had not read so fast.

Your devoted reader,

MARY DALRYMPLE SCHMIDT (age 12).

MARY's little grievance against ST. NICHOLAS is a very natural one, but then she is only half in earnest, for she doubtless knows that we cannot take too much space for any one story, for we have to give the other stories their share. Then there are the League, and Nature and Science, and the Riddle-Box, and this Letter-Box that have to be kept in mind. So perhaps it is fairer to all the readers to divide up the space so that the greatest number of readers will be pleased.

M—, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell about some kittens we have.

We have an old mother cat who had some little kittens. One was spotted, one was gray, and one a tiger. So we named them Spotty, Gray, and Tiger. Tiger had the queerest feet. He had seven claws on each front foot instead of five.

The two extra claws were on the toe that is like the thumb of a person's hand.

It gave him such a queer, big-footed appearance when he walked.

I was sick at the time the kittens came, but my father or mother brought them up to see me.

The other kittens were running all around, but Tiger

could not stand up yet. He always was the weak one. But he has grown to be a big, strong cat.

We gave the other kittens away, but we kept Tiger on account of his queer feet. He has grown into the nicest, gentlest cat. He is a year old now.

I like to read the letters in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would send you one.

Yours truly,

MARY BENTLEY BRINKERHOFF (age 9).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While I was staying in Switzerland I went to a place called Luzerne; we went to a hotel with



ELIZABETH AND THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

beautiful gardens and best of all the hotel keeper owned a fine, large, St. Bernard dog. The keeper had a great big dog-house for him.

In the garden they had a lovely swing. I inclose a picture of the dog and me.

ELIZABETH HALL YATES (age 9).

THANK you, Elizabeth—and a very charming picture it is. The dignified St. Bernard is fortunate, indeed, to have a "great big house" for a home, and a happy little American girl for a playmate.

C—, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of an incident in my last summer's vacation.

My uncle has a home about two hundred feet from Lake Michigan. Half a block from his front door some Indians camped. They had jewelry, blankets, and baskets of their own weaving for sale.

To eke out a living some of the squaws told fortunes by cards and others by reading the hand.

They fished with hooks and lines and also nets, getting a great many fish for which they easily found purchasers. Their most cherished possession was a dog which had

been trained to count by pawing the ground with his right forefoot as many times as the number given. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed you.

Your interested reader,
KNAPP MILBURN (age 12).

L—, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just returned from a visit to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where we have been staying with our uncle, who is captain of one of the batteries there. As we had a lovely time I thought you would like to hear of our visit there.

There are 500 Apache prisoners of war there on the Government Reservation. Geronimo is one of the chiefs, and we saw him when we were out there. He is 79 years old and very disagreeable. They say he has 99 scalps and is anxious to get the hundredth before he dies. Two other Apache chiefs, who are there, are Natchez and Jayson. The latter is a blacksmith on the Post and he is very nice.

We rode a great deal while out there and also went duck shooting very often. It's fine fun.

There are lots of prairie dogs there as well as coyotes.

There is a place out there called "Medicine Bluff" and it is very pretty. There is a slide on it called "Sheridan's Slide," where General Sheridan and his horse rolled down from the top to the creek below.

The prairies are very fascinating and on the whole we enjoyed our visit immensely.

Your interested reader,
MARY SYMPHOWSA BRISTED (age 12).

B—, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years, and enjoy you very much. I liked "Fritzi" very much, but I think "The Gentle Interference of Bab" is still better.

Every year my friends, sister Marion, and I give a fair. Last year we got \$42.60. We send the money to the "Seabreeze Hospital" for poor New York children.

Your very interested reader,
EVELYN H. DUNHAM (age 12).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in England many years now, but I am very anxious to see the new Chicago. I do wonder if it will resemble the old city which I so vaguely remember.

I suppose every one in America has been hearing about the wedding of Miss Jean Whitelaw Reid, the daughter of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to England. A little cousin of mine was one of her "baby bridesmaids." I don't think I ever saw quite such tiny ones.

They talked all through the service, much to Queen Alexandra's amusement.

Every one in London is interested in the "White City," as the Franco-British Exhibition is called. We went to the Olympic games the first two days, and I was so excited when the Americans won three events. I wished I had been nearer the groups of men with the college colors, who kept shouting things quite unintelligible to the English spectators.

I have only one pet in London,—my little Pomeranian dog. When he first came, my little sister thought he was a cat because of his long white fur, and the name of "Kitty" has stuck to him. When we go away in the summer I have many more,—my two peacocks, my goat, and all my canaries. Peacocks are rather unusual pets, are they not? They are not very tame, and quite forget me

while I am away. Last year, one of them, Juno, got lost in the woods and we spent ever so long looking for her. When she came back, like the poor bird in the "Jackdaw of Rheims,"—"Her feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way"—and I'm afraid it has soured her temper permanently.

With all good wishes,
BRENDA HERMIONE WOODFELL (age 12).

IT seems rather strange that though the wild animals in the great Yellowstone National Park are protected by the Government, and while no one may shoot or trap them, they do not have as much protection, in one way, as do the wild animals in other parts of the country. If the law says "hands off" the Yellowstone Park animals, how is one to cure a wounded or sick bear, or wild goose, or deer, or eagle? Who can suggest what to do in the case mentioned in the following letter?

YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are in the Yellowstone Park this summer, enjoying the many sights of this Wonderland. We have seen the geysers, paint pots, and boiling pools, the beautiful cañon, the bear, elk, and deer.

The bears come down in back of the hotels and feed on the garbage. At the Cañon Hotel we were watching them and a poor little bear came limping down the hill with a tin can fastened on his foot. About three days before he had stuck his paw inside the tin in hopes of getting food. The can was small, his foot was large, and it had caught snugly to the round paw. He is unable to get it off and licks his bleeding paw all the time. The soldiers in charge of the park are afraid to trap him. One of the guards standing by told us that they had written to Washington to get permission to shoot him. This seems cruel. I wonder if any of the ST. NICHOLAS readers can suggest another way of getting the tin can off poor Johnny-Bear's foot?

Sincerely your reader,
THODA S. COCKROFT.

L—, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For many years I have been reading you with great pleasure. I enjoy reading about authors. Several of my compositions and essays for which I received great credit were woven from the material found in ST. NICHOLAS. Among my books and magazines I have an "Authors' Scrap-book" which I made. I allow one page for each poet or author except in the case of an author like Mark Twain. I have a great many pictures and articles of him. Whenever I see a picture or article concerning a literary person I clip it out and paste it in my scrap-book. Among my treasures I have a picture of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge which I found in an old and worn magazine.

ALLIENE C. BOWER.

F—, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just joined your League and I believe I shall like it very much.

This spring there was a ship, laden with oil, wrecked off the coast of Long Island. Tuesday night some men blew up the ship and it burned all night. The sailors got off all right, but they had a very hard time. They played on their musical instruments to keep up their courage during the dreadful rage of the storm. Broken masts fell all around them, so no one dared venture out on deck. The name of the ship was the *Peter Rickmar* and it was bound for Germany.

Spring is very beautiful in Freeport, the bright green trees and grass, the lovely flowers and long-stemmed violets peeping up from the fields and roadways.

Well, I must close now, trusting I will like the League.

Your devoted reader,
MARGARET PHILLIPS (age 11).

WE are glad to be able to say to the writer of the following letter that Mr. Barbour has written a sequel to "Harry's Island" and that it will begin in the November issue, which is the first number of the new volume.

GUANAJUATO, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading over the "Letter-Box," and although there were some letters from Mexico, there were none from here.

I have only begun to take you this year, but I have read some of the continued stories in my friends' magazines and like them very much. I hope Mr. Barbour will write a sequel to "Harry's Island" when it is finished, as I like all his stories very much.

We have lovely weather here as Guanajuato is situated on a high plateau and the weather is never too hot.

There are mountains all around here, so Guanajuato is often flooded. The largest one in the last century being three years ago July 1st, was awful. It started to rain in the afternoon and the Mexicans did not think there was any danger, so there were over three hundred killed. The water was thirty feet deep in some places and in others only eight. Hardly any residences were flooded as they are built up from the street, but the gardens, offices, stores, and buildings in the center of town were all ruined. Street-cars were carried away. Some were found in a little town four miles away. We had no light for weeks and the street-cars did n't run for a long time. A Mexican servant saved two men's lives by throwing a rope to them and tying them to a balcony. A Mexican priest was standing in a window, across the street from us, holding two candles, and when he saw us he beckoned to us to come over, when the water was the very highest. The flood only lasted an hour, but the town was a ruin afterward. They began the next day to clear up the city and now it is much better. No Americans, and only the lower class of Mexicans were drowned.

I would like very much to become a League Member. I have sent for a League badge and leaflet.

Your loving reader,
HILDA MACDONALD.

MELVILLE, NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, and I like your stories so much. I like reading the other children's letters. I have a great many pets, and I am very fond of animals and birds and flowers. I have a big Newfoundland dog, Neptune. Father bought a little carriage for him to pull, and baby rides about in it. Then there is Bright-eyes, my Persian cat. She is a beautiful cat, and I tied a little bell and a blue bow round her neck, and she looks so nice. She is very gentle with little children, and never scratches them. Prince and Orlando are two little Shetland ponies. They are exactly alike, and it is very difficult for strangers to tell the difference. Grandfather gave them to me for my last birthday, with a chaise. I have ten different kinds of birds. Four canaries, a white cockatoo, three doves, and two dear little love birds. I have not had them long. We have each our own garden, and some lovely flowers in them. Every Sunday afternoon I bring some to the poor little children in the hospital. I have three sisters and one brother. Eileen is next to me and she is six; Rex is four, Francie is two,

baby is only six months; her name is Linda. I am sitting under the trees in the garden. It is a perfect day. Baby is with me. We are so far away that I do not get ST. NICHOLAS month by month. Father buys a volume, and if my letter is printed I don't expect I will see it, though I should like to very much. I cannot tell you anything more just now, as I have to give baby her bottle, and Rex is waiting to post this letter.

Good-by, from your loving reader,
FREDA GRAYSON (age 15).

ST. NICHOLAS should be a happy saint indeed to receive so many "first letters" from girls and boys; and he is. And it brings pride and joy to his heart to see how many of his young friends say they have taken the magazine "for years and years."

W—, G—, MISSOURI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received my July number this morning. As usual I read the "Letter-Box," "Harry's Island," and "The Gentle Interference of Bab." I think "The Gentle Interference of Bab" turned out "perfectly dandy" (as I would say), and am very much excited over "Harry's Island."

I like to read very much and being out of books I looked up some old ST. NICHOLASES. I found I had missed some very interesting stories. The ST. NICHOLAS is not new to our family as my father took it in 1876 and 1877, and I have taken it almost continually since 1902.

"I bar the ST. NICHOLAS" (in one of the July letters) means, "I will get the ST. NICHOLAS and no one can take it from me." Waiting anxiously for the next number, I remain,

Your devoted reader,
VIRGINIA MCMATH (age 13).

N— A—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come home from a very nice vacation in Annisquam, Mass., and I want to tell you all about it. One day we took a long boat ride. First, we went to Gloucester, then in Gloucester Harbor and down the coast to Manchester. I rode over to the pool in a canoe in my bathing suit, to swim.

I had some wings and learned to swim. I have a bicycle and I am learning to ride. I love the ST. NICHOLAS and hope to take it a long time.

Your interested reader,
MARGARET COYLE BARBER (age 9).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year now and like you very much. My grandfather gave you to me on my eighth birthday. The best stories in you, I think, are "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Harry's Island," and "The Gentle Interference of Bab." I have a baby sister named Ruth Miriam. I am going to have the ST. NICHOLAS bound, so she can enjoy it too.

Your reader,
RHODA COLLINS (age 9).

OTHER interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from M. Katharina L. Goetz, Dorothy Coleman, Aurelia Ortuzar, Frances H. Bates, Harry Gibson Zells, Kate Babcock, Dorothy Klein, Grace C. Baldwin, Ida Carolyn Brückelmann, Etelka Riley, Kathleen T. Kinney, Fonda Cunningham, Clair Wilcox, Bement Hubbard, Douglas Abbott, Evelyn L. Jones, Elizabeth Warner, J. Frederick Bergan, Bertha Bamford, Caro Bell Blair, Katie D. Bermingham, Helen H. Younker, Marion Penniman, Pauline Felix, Dorothy White, Helen M. Hayes, Emily W. Welch, Marjorie Campbell.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Beast. 2. Error. 3. Arena. 4. Songs. 5. Trash.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending."

REVERSED CITIES. Berne, Limoges. 1. Boston. 2. Erie. 3. Rome. 4. Nantes. 5. Elmira. 6. Lille. 7. Ironton. 8. Macon. 9. Odessa. 10. Geneva. 11. Evora. 12. Salem.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, France; 1 to 5, Paris; 6 to 10, Brest. Cross-words: 1. Fables. 2. Rapier. 3. Ardent. 4. Nearer. 5. Cigars. 6. Easter.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Grate. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter. 1. Rest. 2. Ella. 3. Slip. 4. Tape. II. 1. Abate. 2. Borer. 3. Arena. 4. Tends. 5. Erase. 1. Cede. 2. Even. 3. Deed. 4. Ends. III. 1. Eve. 2. Vie. 3. Eel. IV. 1. Spare. 2. Paper. 3. Apple. 4. Relic. 5. Erect. 1. Rode. 2. Odor. 3. Door. 4. Errs. V. 1. Toast. 2. Orate. 3. Aaron. 4. Store. 5. Tênet. 1. Lath. 2. Area. 3. Tell. 4. Halt.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th from Grace E. Lowenhaupt—"Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—D. W. Hand, Jr.—Jessie Colville—Stoddard P. Johnston—Mollie and Dorothy Jordan—"Queenscourt"—Violet W. Hoff—Helen L. Dawley—Duncan Scarborough.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th from A. Henriquez, 6—D. G. Vander Pyle, 2—J. Poggenburg, 2—M. D. Read, 4—E. Meyle, 5—H. Barto—A. H. Farnsworth, 5—J. Goldwater, 2—St. Mary's School Chapter, 8—Betty and Dot, 6—D. C. and G. E. Jenkins, 6—G. J. Reid, 3—L. Egbert, 3—W. S. Lloyd, Jr., 8—Alfred J. Bush, 8—H. McLeod. 3—T. O. Burdenbach, Jr., 1—J. R. Zabriskie, 1—H. Brewster, 1.

CHARADE

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

WHEN fair October crowns the land with colors bright and gay
And Indian Summer bids the bird be jocund on its way,
Earth is not counted perfect, its beauty not enow
Unless my ruddy *first* hangs low upon the swaying bough.
So lift my *next* that holds your door and seek the orchard fair,
It will delight you gazing *third*, that wondrous fruitage there;
Perhaps 't will prove too tempting, though to eat was not your aim,
I wager as you take a bite, my *last* you will exclaim.
On wintry nights heap, in the grate, my *fourth* and watch it glow;
And as you eat my crimson *first* you will forget the snow;
Dream of our own fair Southern States with rivers clear and blue,
My *whole*, a lovely Southern stream, will soon occur to you.

CECILE LEONA DECKER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of the author of serial stories in ST. NICHOLAS, while

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Evoke. 4. Eke. 5. E. II. 1. Use. 2. Sea. 3. Eat. III. 1. Eld. 2. Lie. 3. Dee. IV. 1. E. 2. Eva. 3. Evade. 4. Adz. 5. E. V. 1. Trend. 2. Rider. 3. Educe. 4. Necks. 5. Dress. VI. 1. E. 2. Inn. 3. Endue. 4. Nut. 5. E. VII. 1. End. 2. Nay. 3. Dye. VIII. 1. Sec. 2. Err. 3. Ere. IX. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erase. 4. Ask. 5. E.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Francis Marion. 1. Con-fir-med. 2. Ove-raw-ing. 3. Adv-ant-age. 4. Cog-nit-ion. 5. Buc-can-eer. 6. Spr-ink-led. 7. Mes-sen-ger. 8. Ani-mat-ing. 9. Cor-all-ine. 10. Int-rod-uce. 11. Shr-imp-net. 12. Err-one-ous. 13. Sig-nat-ure.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Greece; finals, Athens. Cross-words: 1. Goes. 2. Rain. 3. Erie. 4. Each. 5. Cent. 6. Ezra.

CHARADE. Ann-sir, answer.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Farragut. 1. Coffer. 2. Cradle. 3. Barrel. 4. Gorget. 5. Shadow. 6. Figure. 7. Crutch. 8. Letter.

another row will spell the name of a writer of amusing verse.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Acting by mere weight, without motion. 2. Imaginary objects of terror. 3. A favorite West Indian drink. 4. Persons qualified to vote at an election. 5. An inn. 6. A colorless volatile liquid, obtained from alcohol. 7. An imaginary flower supposed never to fade. 8. A road raised above the natural level of the ground. 9. A small reed organ. 10. Reciprocally. 11. One who grovels. 12. Disconcerts.

HELEN LOUISE DAWLEY.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A BIRD. 2. Mature. 3. A precious stone. 4. Sound in body.

PHILIP SHERMAN (League Member).

SPLIT WORDS

EXAMPLE: Split part of a ship and to fly, and make a heavenly body. Answer, ma-st, so-ar, star.

1. Split a pain and to mix, and make one who inherits. 2. Split to whirl and a great quantity, and make a measure of length. 3. Split a blemish and a small insect, and make surface. 4. Split a state and a search, and make to desire. 5. Split to burn and amongst, and leave dry. 6. Split a feminine name and crippled, and make to subdue. 7. Split a pain and genuine, and make to cure. 8. Split to burn and a dull color, and make a native of Arabia.

The initials of the new words will spell a famous poem.

FLORENCE E. DAWSON (League Member).

Diamond Dyes Will Make it as Good as New



Save money with Diamond Dyes

What mother has not sent her little one out to play, and had her come in bespattered with mud? Youngsters have a mania for gathering wherever there is dirt. They don't have time to think about their clothes. Here is where Diamond Dyes relieve the anxious mother who wishes her children always to look neat and clean. When the dress becomes soiled, partly worn or faded, you can dye it any color you wish with Diamond Dyes. It is just as simple as rinsing clothes and it will save you time and money.

Not only for the children's clothes are Diamond Dyes valuable. The gown you wore last year, the faded or stained ribbons or laces, the gloves that are streaked, all can be made as good as new.

Read what Mrs. Costa has to say about Diamond Dyes:—

"I buy my three little ones very good clothes about once in every three years. We are by no means rich, only comfortably situated, but I can afford to buy the best, because with the help of Diamond Dyes my children's clothes last three times as long as they ordinarily would. When their dresses become soiled or faded, and often when they begin to show wear, I dye them a suitable color with Diamond Dyes and remake them. It does not seem like making over old clothes, because the color is different, and somehow the goods itself seems changed for the better."

Mrs. H. D. Costa, New York

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the kind of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of Substitutes for Diamond Dyes. These substitutes claim that one kind of dye will color wool, silk and cotton ("all fabrics") equally well. This claim is false. We want you to know that when any one makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a special dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up a dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material.

When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool.

Diamond Dye Annual Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

At all Reliable Dealers--Insist upon the Genuine

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 82.

Time to hand in answers is up October 10. Prizes awarded in December number.

In view of the fact that the October St. Nicholas has been published September 15, Competition No. 82 has been continued so that all will have a fair chance to get in their answers.

Your answers to this Competition must be in by October 10th.

SPECIAL NOTICE: This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. See requirements as to age and former prize-winning below.

For competition No. 82, we have prepared a pleasant confusion which we ask you to set right for us. It seems to us that there must be something wrong about our method of keeping things in order, since we so often have to call upon our bright young friends to bring system out of some heterogeneous, disorganized concatenation of elementary constituents, and from them to present a result characterized by that exquisitely unobjectionable perfection so often presented simultaneously by no inconsiderable proportion of the responses received from ambitious competitors. Here is your new task:

COMPETITION No. 82

We hear more nowadays of telegrams, phonograms, and "Cablegrams" than of Anagrams, and we are less fond of them than were our noble forefathers. But anagrams are fun, and they are interesting. So we have taken a number of advertised articles and one name of a corporation, and have done our best to spell something else out of the letters that compose each name.

We wish you to rearrange the letters in each of the twenty items, so as to make the original words. Thus our old friend "Pears' Soap" might be made into the anagram "O spare Pa's," which is a very easy one. In six of those below you will find an apostrophe. This must be inserted correctly in the answers.

In each case, the number following the anagram tells how many words the answer to that anagram must contain. Thus No. 10 has four words in the answer.

Find the answers, and send them in numbered, so we can tell which is which, and how many you have solved. If necessary, age will be considered

in awarding the prizes. The other conditions will be found printed below.

Now, here are the anagrams,—all naming articles made familiar by advertisements.

THE ANAGRAMS

1. MECHANICS BY THEM (2).
2. THINK VOICE ART CALMING (3).
3. C D PRATT'S OXEN (2).
4. O SEE LEFT CUP OF CREAM (3).
5. ASK THICK SNOWS (2).
6. NELLY'S PEAR PIE (2).
7. ORDINARY MUST GO SALC (3).
8. AIR'S KEEN LIGHTNING (3).
9. PRIME ACCURATE SOUND IN N Y PLAN (3).
10. A DIP OFTEN MAN'S WANT IE UNREAL (4).
11. A COOK'S BRACE (2).
12. CAT LOANS US KIN AT SOLIDAN (4).
13. ENID'S GRUEL ASK ADDRESS (3).
14. MONDAY SIDED (2).
15. AY PROVISIO (2).
16. THE COLD OPORTO WAX (3).
17. TICCLESH (1).
18. THE CUSTARD DISH BE WIDE (3).
19. BUT FORBID COPY SOLD (3).
20. NO LUZ TRACK TREMBLE NOT (3).

Not so hard as they seem, you will find these. The best way to guess them is to cut out little squares of pasteboard, and put on these the separate letters of one anagram. Then shift them about until you make one of the well recognized names or articles with which you are familiar. Once you have a clue, the rest is easy. The anagrams followed by the numbers (1) or (2) are the easiest, of course.

Here are the usual conditions:

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

- One First Prize of \$5.
- Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.
- Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

The following are the conditions of the competition:

1. Any one under 18 years of age may compete for a higher prize than he or she has already won in the Advertising Competitions. See special notice above.
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (82). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.
3. Submit answers by October 10, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.
4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition, No. 82, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

See also page 8.



The Champion

Must have Clear Brains, Sound Sleep, Steady Nerves, and Healthy Digestion.

POSTUM

HELPS

when coffee has weakened the heart and impaired the digestion.

When boiled according to directions on pkg., Postum is a most palatable beverage. Definite results follow leaving off coffee and using Postum.

“There’s a Reason”

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 81

The judges bow to their young friends on announcing the result of one of the most interesting competitions ever held. And while they are bowing and their hats are removed, they will take, with your permission, the opportunity to mop their brows—for harder work has seldom fallen to the lot of any judge, be he a member of the Supreme Court of the United States or a country justice.

The advertising designs sent in were surprises even to your admiring friends, and the variety and excellence of the clever sketches stretched the capabilities of the judges to the utmost. Hundreds of pictures, from all parts of the United States, filled to overflowing the big tables, and only after hours of the hardest and most conscientious work were the judges enabled to sit back and view their awards with some satisfaction. Among so many good sketches of good ideas these rules were adopted for the judging as tending toward the greatest fairness:

1. The originality of the idea.
2. Its most effective execution.
3. Its advertising value.

Some of you drew excellently well, but there was not enough originality to the thought to make it compare with a clever thought not so well carried out. The winner of the first prize had a most artistic, balanced design that had good advertising value to it. She has won her prize fairly. But oh! the regret with which the painstaking work of some young friend had to be laid aside was the hardest thing with which the judges had to put up. To all those who labored long and faithfully on an advertisement only to be passed over, the judges say that they appreciate the spirit which actuated you, and that you can congratulate yourselves on making the competitions what they are: the best evidence of the ST. NICHOLAS spirit of enterprise and fair play for which each competitor is equally responsible. But if you all could only see the drawings themselves! There were the most delightful pussy-cats dyeing their fur with Diamond Dyes and leopards changing their spots; and the loveliest little girls taking Kodak pictures of their little baby brothers, or of Tuneful Tim, the musical cat, or of Bobby Burns, the poetic-looking doggie. And there were adventurous mountaineers climbing the highest Alps to place Peter's Chocolate on a still higher plane. And Ivory Soap figured anywhere from an unsinkable battle-ship to fish-line floats

and life-preservers, while Swift's little Cook telephoned and cut hams, and served the most delectable bacon in a thoroughly charming manner. Altogether the judges were made so hungry by seeing Huyler's Candy and E. C. Cornflakes, and felt so refreshed after their mental baths with Ivory, that they felt the competition had done them as much good as a vacation. To every competitor therefore the judges say "Thank you."

PRIZE-WINNERS, ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 81

One First Prize:

Anita Parkhurst (15), Chicago, Ill.

Two Second Prizes:

Ethel Shearer (15), Los Gatos, Cal.
Margaret Barr (15), East Orange, N. J.

Three Third Prizes:

Elizabeth M. Mercer (12), Steelton, Pa.
Elise R. Russell (15), New Britain, Conn.
May Dell Blackmon (11), Ennis, Texas.

Ten Fourth Prizes:

Mattie Eiker (15), Washington, D. C.
Clara Manny (12), Twin Falls, Idaho.
Mildred Carter (14), Lawrence, Kansas.
Athena Hall (17), West Philadelphia, Pa.
Percy Bluemlein (16), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Will Hack (15), Peoria, Ill.
Russell Tandy (17), Rahway, N. J.
Robert K. Leavitt (12), North Parsonsfield, Me.
Hugo D. Demorest (12), Hackensack, N. J.
Charles Irish Preston (15), Davenport, Iowa.

SPECIAL HONOR ROLL

(Except that allowance was made for age as announced in these conditions, some of these would have been prize-winners.)

Lydia Carolyn Gibson (16), Oyster Bay, L. I.
Hugo Greenbaum (16), New York City.
Olive G. Hayfler (17), Philadelphia, Pa.
Edith Mahier (15), Baton Rouge, La.
Beulah L. Hollowell (14), Los Angeles, Cal.
Alice A. Perkins (13), Duxbury, Mass.
Dorothy Houghton (14), Ambler, Pa.
Alice Dessart (16), Los Angeles, Cal.
Katherine Mary Keeler (17), Bedford City, Va.
Edward Goldberg (14), Washington, D. C.
Beatrice Banning (13), Chicago, Ill.
Louise A. Bateman (13), Arlington, Mass.
K. I. Bennett (15), New Bedford, Mass.
Elizabeth Dorothy Keeler (17), Bedford City, Va.
Harold H. Wish (16), Portland, Maine.
Eleanor Acker (15), Balmville, N. Y.
Elizabeth Woolley (12), Waukegan, Ill.
Meta Rosenberger (13), West End, N. J.
Allan Nicholson (15), Detroit, Mich.

COMPETITORS WHOSE FORMER PRIZE-WINNING PREVENTED FROM WINNING ANY BUT A HIGHER PRIZE IN COMPETITION

No. 81:

Harrison McCreary (13), Hartford, Conn.
Juanita Gray (13), Bemidji, Minn.

See also page 6

School Lunches

that are at once nutritious, easily digested, cost little, and that the children like are what mothers are always looking for.

Currant Bread

fulfils these conditions and is highly recommended by food experts for School children.

Currants

are a naturally dried seedless grape from Greece containing more than 75% of nutriment. They are easily digested, and baked in bread, make an ideal staple food for the luncheon basket.

Mothers: Send a postcard for "Currant Bread Making."



“Tammyshanty”—

That is the name of a great dog story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of “A Singular Life,” in *Woman’s Home Companion* for October. The thrilling experiences of this vagabond dog hero and his ragamuffin master will delight every St. Nicholas boy and girl. Also in October, Aunt Janet tells What to Do on Hallowe’en. How to Make a Microphone, The Sons of Daniel Boone, Letters from Aunt Janet’s boys and girls—all these and more in the October

WOMAN’S HOME COMPANION

WOMAN’S HOME COMPANION
is woman’s home companion in 600,000 homes
One Dollar will make it so in yours. Address
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
10 Cents On All Newsstands

Styles Are Greatly Changed

In New York, Long Coat Suits are in vogue and Styles are Greatly Changed.

The "NATIONAL" Style Book is sent FREE for the coupon printed below. It shows all the radical changes in fashion, pictures all the new and desirable suits exactly as worn in New York this Fall.

You can have any one of these suits, made to your order, out of your own choice of our 400 different materials. Think of it!

And all the risk of fitting you and of pleasing you in style, workmanship and material—ALL THIS RISK IS OURS. Wouldn't you like at least to see these suits? Wouldn't you like to see Samples of the materials? Fill in the coupon below right now and get your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 free Samples.

Tailored Suits

Made-to-Order **\$7⁵⁰** to **\$35**
New York Styles

Expressage Paid

Style Book and Samples FREE

LEARN WHAT NEW YORK IS WEARING—Mail us the coupon below and get the "NATIONAL" Style Book and Samples sent FREE. You will be interested in seeing the new Long Coat Suits, the new Trimmed Skirts and other New Styles for Fall. And in addition this Style Book shows the following "NATIONAL" ready-made goods at "NATIONAL" prices. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

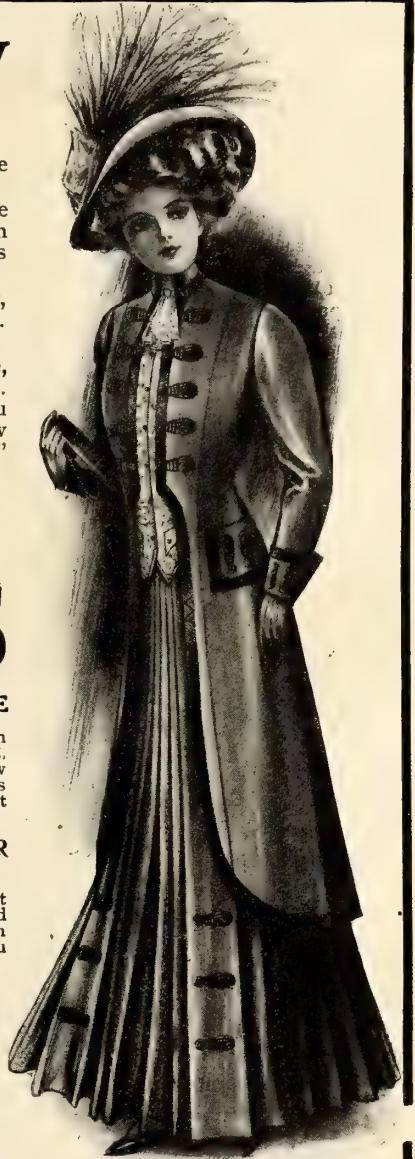
COATS SKIRTS HATS PETTICOATS UNDERWEAR
WAISTS FURS DRESSES SWEATERS RAINCOATS

These free Samples are a representative assortment from the largest stock of woollen materials in New York City, including all the imported and new novelty suitings and all desirable weaves and shades as worn in New York. The Samples and Style Book are free for the coupon if you send it back to-day.

The "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 Samples

Free for this

Coupon "NATIONAL" Style



A New "NATIONAL" Style

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.,
250 West 24th St., New York.

Please send me my copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book Free. I also want to see the Samples of the new materials. I prefer these colors:

Your money back if you ask for it. We pay all postage and expressage on our goods.

.....
Name.....
Address.....
Cut This off Right Now Before You Lose It.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

250 West 24th Street, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY.

NO AGENTS OR BRANCHES.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

QUEBEC ANNIVERSARY STAMPS

THE three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec has been commemorated by the issue of a very fine set of stamps. The four values of lowest denomination bear double portraits similar to those found on the Canadian issue of 1897 and our own Columbian issue. The one half cent has a portrait of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Edward and his Queen, Alexandra, are seen upon the two cent, the stamp in most common use, while upon the seven cent we find Montcalm and Wolfe, with the portrait of Cartier and Champlain upon the one cent denomination. The higher values, the five cent, ten cent, fifteen cent, and twenty cent, which are all that are included in this series, bear in the order named pictures of the Citadel of Quebec, Quebec in 1700, Departure for the West, Arrival of Cartier in Quebec in 1535. This set of stamps is one of the most interesting of recent issues.

The writer of this page has often called attention to the great value of stamp collecting as an aid in fixing in one's mind historical facts.

THE FIRST UNITED STATES STAMP

THE first stamp issued in the United States was a most curious specimen and looked very little like the finished product of the present time. A Philadelphia company which made a business of carrying



packages and letters for their customers either to their correspondents or to the post-office heard of the use of postage stamps, which had been begun in England the year before, and in 1841 issued the curious stamp which we illustrate. It was printed on octagonal bits of paper, sold for three cents each and would prepay the carrying of a letter or small package to the Philadelphia post-office. It was printed in red on bluish paper and in black on white paper. It is a very scarce stamp and if found on original cover should be so preserved.

CRETAN ISSUES

A SERIES of stamps which also merits attention because of its connection with the history of a people is found in the various issues of Crete since 1900. It is true that the pictures upon the stamps are connected to a considerable extent with mythology, but they have their connection with the history of the island and the mythology is that in which every school-boy reading Homer is interested. Upon the old one lepton of 1900, one sees a picture of Mercury arranging his sandals as he prepares to go forth carrying a message from Jove. Juno's head appears upon the five lepta. King George takes the usual place upon the ten, the stamp in most common use, while the winged guardian of the island, Talos, is found on the one drachma. King Minos, who ruled 1400 B.C., is seen on the two drachma, while the five honors the King and more modern mythology as well by a representation of St. George destroying the dragon. The two lepta of the succeeding issue bears the seal of the Myceneans, upon which appears their

goddess holding a scepter and standing upon a sacred mountain. The five lepta shows a nymph, Britomartis, in the branches of a tree. The twenty lepta shows us Jupiter himself as a baby, cared for by the fabled Cynosure, whom it is said was made into the constellation of the Little Bear as a reward for this service. The naval superiority of Crete is emphasized by Triton appearing on the twenty-five lepta with spear in hand. Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos, is seen on the fifty lepta, while the one drachma shows Jupiter in the form of a bull. The palace of King Minos, recently excavated, is seen upon the three drachma. The above historical and mythological figures as depicted on the stamps will well repay a careful study in connection with Cretan and Grecian history.

REDUCTION IN AMERICAN STAMP PRICES

A FEW years ago there was an especially great interest in the collection of all issues of United States stamps. The result of this was such an advance in the price of many issues that collectors were compelled to give up the attempt to complete their collections. The natural reaction which followed has reduced the prices at which these stamps may be obtained. Catalogue prices do not represent actual values, and while the depression lasts it will be well for those having a patriotic interest in the stamps of our own country, and its colonies, to complete their collections so far as may be possible. There are no stamps which have so great a future as those of our own country. It is true that it is a great country and there are, therefore, many stamps in existence, but there will also be a steadily increasing number of those who will desire these stamps, and as the years pass, more and more difficulty in obtaining fine specimens.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

☞ FREQUENT requests are made by those who have letters which were mailed before the days of postage stamps for information as to the value of marks upon them indicating that the postage had been paid. There is no value to them beyond that which attaches to them as curiosities, for there are no collectors of anything of the sort. ☞ The United States stamps of the issue of 1847 are sometimes spoken of in the reprinted form as "government counterfeits" because they were not made from the original dies. The reprinting was done for the Centennial Exposition and at that time, the originals having been destroyed, the United States government caused new dies to be prepared from which facsimiles were made. These stamps could never be used for postage as they were of an issue preceding the Civil war, which had been condemned for use on account of the presence of many of the stamps in the Southern States. This condemnation was aimed particularly at the issues of 1851-61 but included that of 1847 because it did not seem advisable to make any exception. ☞ The five cent green stamp of New Brunswick of the issue of 1860, uncanceled but without original gum, is frequently seen in this condition. It is said that a large quantity of them was rescued from a fire, the gum being destroyed by water. It is also said that the same thing occurred in relation to the eighteen cent stamp of Hawaii, issue of 1864-71, which is priced in the catalogues without gum at one-fifth of the price with it.

STAMPS, ETC.



STAMPS—108 different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 5% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

116 Stamps all different, including 8 unused Pictorial, and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent, 50 per cent. commission.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.



STAMPS 108 all diff. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album 5c. 1000 FINELY MIXED 20c.** 65 diff. U. S. **25c.** 1000 hinges **5c.** Agents wtd. 50%. **LIST FREE.** I buy stamps.

C. STEGMAN, 5941 Cote Brill Avenue, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE 40 U. S. from 1851 to 1902 for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 110 all diff. and album 10c.

D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.



STAMPS! Our Leader: 1000 stamps many varieties, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc. only 15c. Stamp Album, coupons, large new list, bargain lists all Free! Agts. wtd. 50%. We Buy Stamps.

E. J. Schuster Co., Dept. 30, St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps Free 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.**



STAMP ALBUM with 588 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Agts. Wtd. 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 80c. **ALL FREE!** We Buy Stamps.

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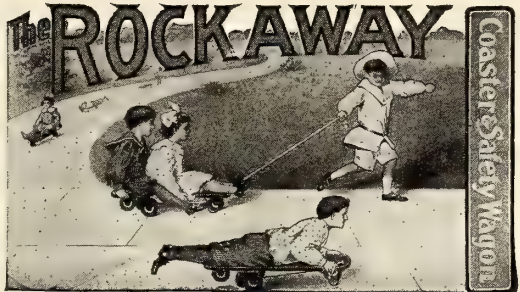
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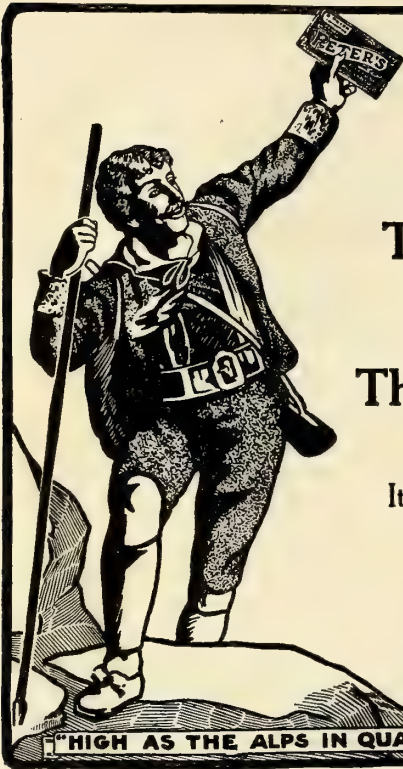
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Just because I am a little girl, don't think they are intended for little girls only. As long as I wear hair ribbons, I will always get the Dorothy Dainty kind.

Your mother can buy Dorothy Dainty Ribbons in almost any store and she can get them one at a time in a cunning little envelope, or in the beautiful sash sets that have one sash and two hair bows to just match it and come in a lovely box with my picture on the cover.

If your mother can't find my ribbons at her dealer's, tell her to send Smith & Kaufmann 32 cents in stamps for a sample taffeta ribbon, 3 3/4 x 40 inches. Just tell her to say what color she wants and who her regular dealer is.

**I WANT TO SEND
YOU A PRESENT**

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Dorothy Dainty

care of Smith & Kaufmann,

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The
Faneuil
Pattern

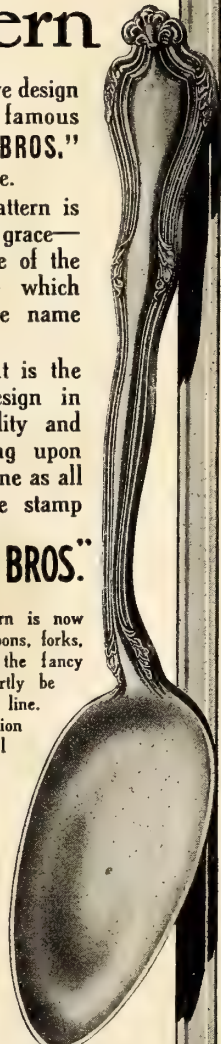
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Wash it? Yes, wash it.

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